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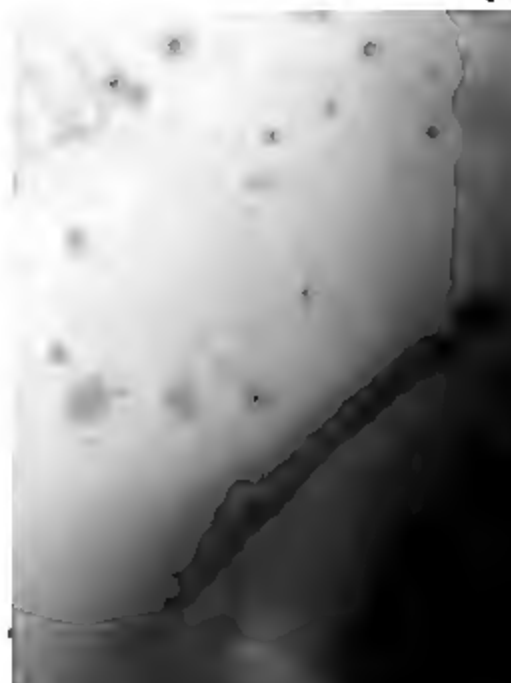


ENGLISH



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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1822.

**Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the
variety is able alone to refresh and repair us?**

BEN JONSON'S *Discoveries*.

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1822.

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PLATE of CRANIOLOGY to face Page 197:

ERRATA.

- Page 29, motto, for *ψυχοποροιας*, read *ψυχοποροιας*.
 132, col. 1, line 3, for *mass*, read *map*.
 132, col. 1, line 19 from bottom, for *acts*, read *arta*.
 188, col. 1, line 17, for *Prado*, read *Pardo*.
 271, col. 1, line 24, for *age of 90*, read *age of 60*.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXXI.

JULY, 1822.

VOL. VI.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1601 UV-Visible Spectrophotometer. The concentration of chlorophyll was expressed in $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$.

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THE LION'S HEAD

Is quite overwhelmed by the liberal offers of Sophronia. Her Sonnet on the Iron Bridge is too like Wordsworth's in the subject. The Moral Essays, in the manner of Pope, are too chaste in style for the readers of this age. The Nativity is not a good subject for a Tale; and an Essay on Platonic Love would not be fairly treated by her.

The Echo we fear will not answer.

H.'s Captivity is in some parts pathetic; but in others he has allowed himself to be tempted into a strain that accords but ill with its melancholy:

Ah me, it is the worst of wretched things,
When men are pinioned and have got no wings;
They watch regretfully the sparrows small,
And gaze with envy on a freestone wall.
Night brought me higher and relief'd my pains
Awhile, because she hid me from my chains;
The morning came and she was mist, but I
Was left in bonds, &c.

Alien is foreign to his subject.

We think prose a good vehicle for Telemague, and should be sorry to see him reduced to feet even of the Heroic measure.

Senex—is he 81 in the shade? appears to have suffered by the dry weather. Perhaps his aftercrop will be better.

H. is completely mistaken in his theory—but if he will call on Mr. Thornton, No. 59, Great ——— Street, (he knows where) the author of the article will give him a satisfactory answer.

“It is pleasant to be immortal,” says a Correspondent signed S., “if it is only for a season.” Marry, here is a fellow that discounts Eternity!

Anacreon, in his foolish Greek manner, entreated one of the Royal Academy of Antiquity (some Sir Thomas Lawrence of Teos) to paint his Mistress, and though he desired effects which were sufficient to poze the acutest brush, he still did not (to use Mr. Egan's fanciful phraseology) “render the features perfectly unintelligible.” A Chelsea Anacreon submits the following directions to the R. A.'s of this age. Whether they are capable of

execution we leave to the painters to determine—but the lines have an originality about them which seems to hold out its own protection. We should like to see Mr. Shee or Mr. Phillips working to this pattern.

COME, take thy pencil—paint my love,
 More tender than most tender dove ;
 Suffuse her cheeks with that warm glow,
 Would fain on lover hope bestow ;
 And make it frequent *go and come*,
 Back to and from its sighful home.
 Lay on her *tongue the tone of truth*,
 The vesper hymn of virgin truth,
 She loves each eve, in pious praise,
 To lisp to Sol's declining rays ;
 And hide that song from vulgar ken
 Within its own most hallow'd pen,
 By double row of pillars, chaste
 As Dian in the *moral waste*, &c.
 From those lips *let odours breathe* ;
 Round them *all my kisses wreath*.
 In her fond voluptuous chin
 Mould a dimple, hearts to *gin* ;
 And make thy magic art uprear
 A heartsease smile behind each tear, &c. &c.
 Give to her feet the airy motion
 Of sunbeams trembling on the ocean ;
 Lay her white fingers on a harp
 Of gold the pow'r of gloom to warp.
 And if *thou cans't*, in its eburn nest
 Paint, paint the heart beneath her breast ;
 Make visible its million springs,
 Nor snap one of its thousand strings ;
 Depict it in a tear wove guise
 Floating upon a sea of sighs,
 Its hundred ears inclined to one
 Sweet tale of love, &c. &c. &c.

The following are (to use a tender word) rejected :—The Exile's Lament ; Fanny Faddle ; Sonnet on a Cluster of Snowdrops ; Lines written on a height overlooking Spithead ; The First Kiss ; G.— Sonnet on the Death of Buonaparte ; Pensive on the Doctor's Pantaloon ; Aliquis ; A. S. M. Answers for others are left at our Publishers'.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXI.

JULY, 1822.

Vol. VI.

WANDERINGS IN JUNE.

THE season now is all delight,
Sweet smile the passing hours,
And Summer's pleasures, at their height,
Are sweet as are her flowers;
The purple morning waken'd soon,
The mid-day's gleaming din,
Grey evening with her silver moon,—
Are sweet to mingle in.

While waking doves betake to flight
From off each roosting bough,
While Nature's locks are wet with night,—
How sweet to wander now!
Fast fade the vapours cool and grey;
The red sun waxes strong,
And streaks on labour's early way
His shadows lank and long.

Serenely sweet the Morning comes
O'er the horizon's sweep,
And calmly breaks the wakening hums
Of Nature's nightly sleep.
What rapture swells with every sound
Of Morning's maiden hours!
What healthful feelings breathe around!
What freshness opes the flowers!

Each tree and flower, in every hue
And varied green, are spread,
As fair and frail as drops the dew
From off each blooming head;
Like to that beauty which beguiles
The eyes of wondering men,
Led blushing to perfection's smiles,
And left to wither then.

How strange a scene has come to pass
Since Summer 'gan its reign,
Spring flowers are buried in the grass,
To sleep till Spring again :—
Her dew-drops Evening still receives
To gild the morning hours ;
But dew-drops fall on open'd leaves
And moisten stranger flowers.

The artless daisies' smiling face
My wanderings find no more ;
The king-cups that supplied their place,
Their golden race is o'er ;
And clover heads, with ruddy bloom,
That blossom where they fell,
Ere Autumn's fading mornings come
Shall meet their grave as well.

Life's every beauty fades away,
And short its worldly race ;
Change leads us round its varied day,
And strangers take our place :
On Summers past, how many eyes
Have waken'd into bliss,
That Death's eclipsing hand denies
To view the charms of this !

The open flower, the loaded bough,
The fields of spindling grain,
Were blooming then the same as now,
And so will bloom again :
When with the past my being dies,
Still summer suns shall shine,
And other eyes shall see them rise
When death has darken'd mine.

Reflection, with thy mortal shrouds
When thou dost interfere,
Though all is gay, what gloomy clouds
Thy musings shadow here !
To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see !
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be !

The misty clouds of purple hue
Are fading from the eye ;
And ruddy streaks, which morning drew,
Have left a dappled sky ;
The sun has call'd the bees abroad,
Wet with the early hour,
By toiling for the honey'd load
Ere dews forsake the flower.

O'er yonder hill, a dusty rout
Wakes solitude from sleep ;
Shepherds have wattled pens about,
To shear their bleating sheep :
Less pleasing is the public way,
Traced with awaken'd toil ;
And sweet are woods shut out from day,
Where sunbeams never smile.

The woodbines, fresh with morning hours,
 Are what I love to see;
 The ivy spreading darksome bowers,
 Is where I love to be;
 Left there, as when a boy, to lie
 And talk to flower and tree,
 And fancy, in my extacy,
 Their silence answers me.

While pride desires tumultuous joys,
 And shuns what nature wears;
 Give me the choice which they despise,
 And I'll not sigh for theirs;—
 The shady wilds, the summer dreams,
 Enjoying there at will,
 The whispering voice of woods and streams
 That breathe of Eden still.

How sweet the fanning breeze is felt,
 Breathed through the dancing boughs!
 How sweet the rural noises melt
 From distant sheep and cows!
 The lovely green of wood and hill,
 The hummings in the air,
 Serenely in my breast instill
 The rapture reigning there.

To me how sweet the whispering winds,
 The woods again how sweet,—
 To find the peace which freedom finds,
 And from the world retreat;
 To stretch beneath a spreading tree,
 That far its shadow shoots,
 While by its side the water free
 Curls through the twisted roots.

Such silence oft be mine to meet
 In leisure's musing hours;
 Oft be a fountain's brink my seat—
 My partners—birds and flowers:
 No tumult here creates alarm,
 No pains our follies find;
 Peace visits us in every calm,
 Health breathes in every wind.

Now cool, the wood my wanderings shrouds,
 'Neath arbours Nature weaves,
 Shut up from viewing fields and clouds,
 And buried deep in leaves;
 The sounds without amuse me still,
 Mixt with the sounds within,—
 The scythe with sharpening tinkles shrill,
 The cuckoo's soothing din.

The eye, no longer left to range,
 Is pent in narrowest bound,
 Yet Nature's works, unnamed and strange,
 My every step surround;
 Things small as dust, of every dye,
 That scarce the sight perceives,
 Some clad with wings fly droning by,
 Some climb the stems and leaves.

And flowers these darksome woodlands rear,
Whose shades they yearly claim,
That Nature's wond'rous mystery wear
An I bloom without a name :
What different shapes in leaves are seen
That o'er my head embower,
Clad in as many shades of green
As colours in the flower !

My path now gleams with fairer light,
The side approaches near,
A heath now bolts upon the sight,
And rabbit-tracks appear :
I love the heath, though 'mid the brakes
Fear shudders, trampling through,
Oft check'd at things she fancies snakes
Quick nestling from the view.

Yet where the ground is nibbled bare
By rabbits and by sheep,
I often fearless loiter there,
And think myself to sleep ;
Dear are the scenes which Nature loves,
Where she untamed retires,
Far from the stretch of planted groves,
Which polish'd taste admires.

Here oft, though grass and moss are seen
Tann'd brown for want of showers,
Still keeps the ling its darksome green,
Thick set with little flowers ;
And here, thick mingling o'er the heath,
The furze delights to dwell,
Whose blossoms steal the summer's breath,
And shed a sultry smell.

Here threat'ning ploughs have tried in vain
To till the sandy soil ;
Yon slope, already sown with grain,
Shows Nature mocks the toil ;
The wild weeds choke the straggling ears,
And motley gardens spread ;
The blue-cap there in bloom appears,
And poppies, lively red.

And now my footsteps sidle round
The gently sloping hill,
And falter now o'er marshy ground ;
Yet Nature charms me still :
Here moss, and grass, and flowers appear
Of different forms and hues ;
And insects too inhabit here
Which still my wonder views.

Here horsetail, round the water's edge,
In bushy tufts is spread,
With rush, and cutting leaves of sedge
That children learn to dread,
Whose leaves like razors mingling there
Oft make the youngster turn,
Leaving his rushes in despair,
A wounded hand to mourn.

What wonders strike my idle gaze,
 As near the pond I stand!
 What life its stagnant depth displays,
 As varied as the land:
 All forms and sizes swimming there,
 Some, sheath'd in silvery den,
 Oft siling up as if for air,
 And nimbling down agen.

Now rising ground attempts again
 To change the restless view,
 The pathways leading down the lane
 My pleasures still renew.
 The osier's slender shade is by,
 And bushes thickly spread;
 Again the ground is firm and dry,
 Nor trembles 'neath the tread.

On this side, ash or oak embowers;
 There, hawthorns humbler grow,
 With goatsbeard wreath'd, and woodbine flowers,
 That shade a brook below,
 Which feebly purls its rippling moans
 With summer draining dry;
 And struttles, as I step the stones,
 Can scarcely struggle by.

Now soon shall end these musing dreams
 In solitude's retreat;
 The eye that dwelt on woods and streams
 The village soon shall meet:
 Nigh on the sight the steeple towers;
 The clock, with mellow hum,
 Counts out the day's declining hours,
 And calls my ramblings home.

I love to visit Spring's young blooms
 When wet with April showers;
 Nor feel less joy, when Summer comes,
 To trace her darker bowers;
 I love to meet the Autumn winds
 Till they have mourn'd their last;
 Nor less delight my journey finds
 In Winter's howling blast.

JOHN CLARE.

THE INCONSTANT LADY.

A SONNET.

DID I not fly to thee, and in thine eyes
 Look for all comfort? Listening to the sound
 Of thy gay innocent voice, have I not found
 Intense delight, speaking it with my sighs?
 Thou didst not know it, but I shaped replies,
 That so thy converse, with unbroken round
 Of melody, as from enchanted ground,
 Might win my soothed soul to paradise.—
 Ah, what a change!—The world is all alike
 Buried in darkness to the scorn'd and blind:
 I see no glimpse of joy. Thy features strike
 Other beholders still with love, and find
 Worshipers every where:—but I disdain

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM MASON.

IN CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

It is to be regretted that no one of Mason's friends has thought fit to pay the same tribute of respect to his memory, which he had himself paid to that of his two poetical friends, Gray and Whitehead. In this dearth of authentic biography, we must be contented with such information concerning him, as either his own writings, or the incidental mention made of him by others, will furnish.

William Mason was born on the 23d of February, 1725, at Hull, where his father, who was vicar of St. Trinity, resided. Whether he had any other preceptor in boyhood, except his parent, is not known. That this parent was a man of no common attainments, appears from a poem which his son addressed to him when he had attained his twenty-first year, and in which he acknowledged with gratitude the instructions he had received from him in the arts of painting, poetry, and music. In 1742, he was admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge; and there, in 1744, the year in which Pope died, he wrote *Musæus*, a monody on that poet; and *Il Bellioso* and *Il Pacifico*, a very juvenile imitation, as he properly calls it, of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. In 1745, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and in the ensuing year, with a heavy heart, and with some fear lest he should grow old 'in northern clime,' bade farewell to *Granta* in an Ode, which commemorates the virtues of his tutor Dr. Powell. He soon, however, returned; by his father's permission visited London; and removing from St. John's College to Pembroke Hall, was unexpectedly nominated Fellow of that society in 1747, when, by the advice of Dr. Powell, he published *Musæus*. His fourth Ode expresses his delight at the prospect of being restored to the banks of the Cam. In a letter to a friend written this year, he boasts that his poem had already passed through three impressions. At the same time, he wrote his Ode to a

Water Nymph, not without some fancy and elegance, in which his passion for the new style of gardening first showed itself; as his political bias did the year after in *Isis*, a poem levelled against the supposed Toryism of Oxford, and chiefly valuable for having called forth the *Triumph of Isis*, by Thomas Warton. To this he prefixed an advertisement, declaring that it would never have appeared in print, had not an interpolated copy, published in a country newspaper, scandalously misrepresented the principles of the author. Now commenced his intimacy with Gray, who was rather more than eight years his senior, a disparity which, at that period of life, is apt to prevent men at college from uniting very closely. His friend described him to Dr. Wharton as having much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty. "I take him," continued Gray, "for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body he meets with: he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it." On reviewing this character of himself twenty-five years after, he confessed, what cannot be matter of surprise, that this interval had made a considerable abatement in his general philanthropy; but denied having looked for more emolument from his publications than a few guineas to take him to a play or an opera. Gray's next report of him, after a year's farther acquaintance, is, that he grows apace into his good graces, as he knows him more; that "he is very ingenious, with great good nature and simplicity; a little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and so undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think

of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all." At this time, he published an Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle, which his friend, who was a laughing spectator of the ceremony, considers "the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance," and thinks it, "with some little abatements, uncommonly well on such an occasion:" it was, however, very inferior to that which he himself composed when the Duke of Grafton was installed.

His next production (in 1751) was *Elfrida*, written on the model of the ancient Greek Tragedy; a delicate exotic, not made to thrive in our "cold septentrion blasts," and which, when it was long after transferred to the theatre by Colman, was unable to endure the rough aspect of a British audience. The poet complained of some trimming and altering that had been thought requisite by the manager on the occasion; and Colman, it is said, in return, threatened him with a chorus of Grecian washerwomen. Matters were no better when Mason himself undertook to prepare it for the stage.

In 1752, we find him recommended to Lord Rockingham, by Mr. Charles Yorke, who thought him, said Warburton, likely to attach that Lord's liking to him, as he was a young nobleman of elegance, and loved painting and music. In the following year he lost his father, in the disposition of whose affairs he was less considered than he thought himself entitled to expect. What the reason for this partiality was, it would be vain to conjecture; nor have we any means of knowing whether the disappointment determined him to the choice of a profession which he made soon after (in 1754), when he entered into the church. From the following passage, in a letter of Warburton's, it appears that the step was not taken without some hesitation. "Mr. Mason has called on me. I found him yet unresolved whether he would take the living. I said, was the question about a mere secular employment, I should blame him without reserve if he refused the offer. But as I regarded going into

orders in another light, I frankly owned to him he ought not to go unless he had a call; by which I meant, I told him, nothing fanatical or superstitious, but an inclination, and on that a resolution, to dedicate all his studies to the science of religion, and totally to abandon his poetry: he entirely agreed with me in thinking that decency, reputation, and religion, all required this sacrifice of him, and that if he went into orders he intended to give it." This was surely an absurd squeamishness in one of the same profession, as Warburton was, who had begun his career by translations in prose and verse from Latin writers, had then mingled in the literary cabals of the day, and afterwards did not think his time misemployed in editing and commenting on Shakspeare and Pope. Yet he was unreasonable enough to continue his expectations that Mason should do what he had, without any apparent compunction, omitted to do himself; for after speaking of Brown, the unfortunate author of *Barbarossa*, who was also an ecclesiastic, he adds: "How much shall I honour one, who has a stronger propensity to poetry, and has got a greater name in it, if he performs his promise to me of putting away these idle baggages after his sacred espousal." After all, this proved to be one of the vows at which Jove laughs. The sacred espousal did not lessen his devotion to the idle baggages; and it is very doubtful whether he discharged his duties as King's Chaplain or Rector of Aston (for both which appointments he was indebted to the kindness of Lord Holderness) at all the worse for this attachment, which he was indeed barefaced enough to avow two years after by the publication of some of his odes. At his Rectory of Aston, in Yorkshire, he continued to live for great part of his remaining life, with occasional absences in the metropolis, at Cambridge, or at York, where he was made Precentor and Canon of the Cathedral, and where his residence was therefore sometimes required. I have not learnt whether he had any other preferment. Hurd, in a letter written in 1768, mentions that the death of a Dr. Atwell threw a good living into his hands. *On this on 11*

might, he was rich enough, and had an annual income of about fifteen hundred pounds at his death. Lord Orford says of him somewhere in his letters, that he intended to have refused a bishopric if it had been offered him. He might have spared himself the pains of coming to this resolution; for mitres, "though they fell on many a critic's head," and on that of his friend Hurd among the rest, did not seem adapted to the brows of a poet. When the death of Cibber had made the laurel vacant, he was informed that "being in orders he was thought merely on that account less eligible for the office than a layman." "A reason," said he, "so politely put, I was glad to hear assigned; and if I had thought it a weak one, they who know me will readily believe that I am the last man in the world who would have attempted to controvert it." Of the laurel, he probably was not more ambitious than of the mitre; though he was still so obstinate as to believe that he might unite the characters of a clerk and a poet, to which he would fain have superadded that of a statist also. *Caractacus*, another tragedy on the ancient plan, but which made a better figure on the stage, appeared in 1759; and in 1762, three elegies. In 1769, Harris heard him preach at St. James's early prayers, and give a fling at the French for the invasion of Corsica. Thus politics, added his hearer, have entered the sanctuary. The sermon is the sixth in his printed collection. A fling at the French was at all times a favourite topic with him. In the discourse delivered before George III. on the Sunday preceding his Coronation, he has stretched the text a little that he may take occasion to descant on the blessings of civil liberty, and has quoted Montesquieu's opinion of the British government. In praising our religious toleration, he is careful to justify our exception of the church of Rome from the general indulgence. Nor was it in the pulpit only that he acted the politician. He was one of those, as we are told in the *Biographical Dictionary*, who thought the decision of Parliament on the Middlesex election a violation of the rights of the people; and when the counties began, in 1779,

to associate for parliamentary reform, he took an active part in assisting their deliberations, and wrote several patriotic manifestos. In the same year appeared his Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain, on the trial of Admiral Keppel, in which the poetry is strangled by the politics. His harp was in better tune, when, in 1782, an Ode to Mr. Pitt declared the hopes he had conceived of the son of Chatham; for like many others, who espoused the cause of freedom, he had ranged himself among the partizans of the youthful statesman, who was then doing all he could to persuade others, as he had no doubt persuaded himself, that he was one of the number.

In the mean time Gray, who, if he had lived longer, might, perhaps, have restrained him from mixing in this turmoil, was no more. The office which he performed of biographer, or rather of editor, for his deceased friend, has given us one of the most delightful books in its kind that our language can boast. It is just that this acknowledgment should be made to Mason, although Mr. Mathias has recently added many others of Gray's most valuable papers, which his former editor was scarcely scholar enough to estimate as they deserved; and Mr. Mitford has shown us, that some omissions, and perhaps some alterations, were unnecessarily made by him in the letters themselves. As to the task which the latter of these gentlemen imposed on himself, few will think that every passage which he has admitted, though there be nothing in any to detract from the real worth of Gray, could have been made public consistently with those sacred feelings of regard for his memory by which the mind of Mason was impressed, and that reluctance which he must have had to conquer, before he resolved on the publication at all. The following extract from a letter, written by the Rev. Edward Jones, brings us into the presence of Mason, and almost to an acquaintance with his thoughts at this time, and on this occasion. "Being at York in September 1771," (Gray died on the thirtieth of July preceding,) "I was introduced to Mr. Mason, then in residence. On my first

vist, he was sitting in an attitude of much attention to a drawing, pinned up near the fire-place; and another gentleman, whom I afterwards found to be a Mr. Varlet, a miniature painter, who has since settled at Bath, had evidently been in conversation with him about it. My friend begged leave to ask whom it was intended to represent. Mr. Mason hesitated, and looked earnestly at Mr. Varlet. I could not resist (though I instantly felt a wish to have been silent) saying, surely from the strong likeness it must be the late Mr. Gray. Mr. Mason at once certainly forgave the intrusion, by asking my opinion as to his fears of having caricatured his poor friend. The features were certainly softened down, previously to the engraving." *—*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix. p. 718.

In the next year, 1779, appeared the first book of the *English Garden*. The other three followed separately in 1777, 1779, and 1782. The very title of this poem was enough to induce a suspicion, that the art which it taught (if art it can be called) was not founded on general and permanent principles. It was rather a mode which the taste of the time and country had rendered prevalent, and which the love of novelty is already supplanting. In the neighbourhood of those buildings which man constructs for use or magnificence, there is no reason why he should prefer irregularity to order, or dispose his paths in curved lines, rather than in straight. Homer, when he describes the cavern of Calypso, covers it with a vine, and scatters the alder, the poplar, and the cypress, without any symmetry about it; but near the palace of Alcinoüs he lays out the garden by the rule and compass. Our first parents in Paradise, are placed by Milton amidst

A happy rural seat of various view;

but let the same poet represent himself in his pensive or his cheerful moods, and he is at one time walking "by hedge-row elms on hillocks

green;" and at another, "in trim gardens." When we are willing to escape from the tedium of uniformity, nature and accident supply numberless varieties, which we shall for the most part vainly strive to heighten and improve. It is too much to say, that we will use the face of the country as the painter does his canvas;

Take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours.

The analogy can scarcely hold farther than in a parterre; and even there very imperfectly. Mason could not bear to see his own system pushed to that excess into which it naturally led; and bitterly resented the attempts made by the advocates of the picturesque, to introduce into his landscapes more factitious wildness than he intended.

In 1783, he published a Translation from the Latin of Du Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, in which the precepts are more capable of being reduced to practice. He had undertaken the task when young, partly as an exercise in versification, and partly to fix on his mind the principles of an art in which he had himself some skill. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having desired to see it, added some notes, and induced him to revise and publish it. The artist found in it the theory of ideal beauty, which had been taught him by Zachary Mudge, from the writings of Plato, and which enabled him to rise above the mere mechanism of his predecessors. That Mason's version surpasses the original, is not saying much in its praise. In some prefatory lines addressed to Reynolds, he has described the character of Dryden with much happiness.

The last poem which he published separately, was a *Secular Ode on the Revolution in 1688*. It was formal and rapid; but sufficed to show that time, though it had checked "the lyric rapture," had left him his ardour in the cause of freedom. Like the two leaders of the opposite parties, Pitt and Fox, he hailed with glad voice the dawn of French liberty. It was

* It is said, that the best likeness of Gray is to be found in the figure of Scipio, in an engraving for the edition of *Gil Blas*, printed at Amsterdam, 1766, vol. vi. p. 24. See Mr. Milford's *Gray*, vol. i. lxxxii. A copy of this figure would be acceptable to

only for the gifted eye of Burke to foresee the storm that was impending.

At the same time he recommended the cause of the enslaved negroes from the pulpit. The abolition of the slave trade was one of the few political subjects the introduction of which seemed to be allowable in that place. In 1788, appeared also his *Memoirs of William Whitehead*, attached to the posthumous works of that writer; a piece of biography, as little to be compared in interest to the former, as Whitehead himself can be compared to Gray.

His old age glided on in solitude and peace amid his favourite pursuits, at his rectory of Aston, where he had taught his two acres of garden to command the inequalities of "hill and dale," and to combine "use with beauty." The sonnet in which he dedicated his poems to his patron, the Earl of Holderness, describes in his best manner the happiness he enjoyed in this retreat. He was not long permitted to add to his other pleasures the comforts of a connubial life. In 1765, he had married Mary, daughter of William Shermon, Esq., of Kingston-upon-Hull, who in two years left him a widower. Her epitaph is one of those little poems to which we can always return with a melancholy pleasure. I have heard that this lady had so little regard for the art in which her husband excelled, that on his presenting her with a copy of verses, after the wedding was over, she crumpled them up and put them into her pocket unread. When he had entered his seventieth year, Hurd, who had been his first friend, and the faithful monitor of his studies from youth, confined him "to a sonnet once a year, or so;" warning him, that "age, like infancy, should forbear to play with pointed tools." He had more latitude allowed in prose; for in 1795 he published *Essays Historical and Critical on English Church Music*. In the former part of his subject, he is said, by those who have the best means of knowing, to be well informed and accurate; but in the latter to err on the side of a dry simplicity, which, in the present refined state of the art, it would not answer any good purpose to introduce into the music of

our churches. In speaking of a wind instrument, which William of Malmsbury seems to describe as being acted on by the vapour arising from hot water, he has unfortunately gone out of his way to ridicule the projected invention of the steam-boat by Lord Stanhope. The atrocities committed during the fury of the French revolution had so entirely cured him of his predilection for the popular part of our government, that he could not resist the opportunity, however ill-timed, of casting a slur on this nobleman, who was accused of being over-partial to it. In the third essay, on Parochial Psalmody, he gives the preference to Merrick's weak and affected version over the two other translations that are used in our churches. The late Bishop Horsley, in his *Commentary on the Psalms*, was, I believe, the first who was hardy enough to claim that palm for Sternhold, to which, with all its awkwardness, his rude vigour entitles him.

When he comes to speak of *Christianizing* our hymns, the apprehension which he expresses of deviating from the present practice of our establishment seems to have restrained him from saying something which he would otherwise have said. The question surely is not so much, what the practice of our present establishment is, as what that of the first Christians was. There is, perhaps, no alteration in our service that could be made with better effect than this, provided it were made with as great caution as its importance demands.

His death, which was at last sudden, was caused by a hurt on his shin, that happened when he was stepping out of his carriage. On the Sunday (two days after) he felt so little inconvenience from the accident as to officiate in his church at Aston. But on the next Wednesday, the 7th of April, 1797, a rapid mortification brought him to his grave. His monument, of which Bacon was the sculptor, is placed in Westminster Abbey, near that of Gray, with the following inscription:—

Optimo Viro
Guillelmo Mason, A.M.
Portæ,
Si quia alius
Culto, Casto, Pio
Sacrum.
Ob. 7. Apr. 1797.
Æt. 72.

Mason is reported to have been ugly in his person. His portrait, by Reynolds, gives to features, ill-formed and gross, an expression of intelligence and benignity. In the latter part of life, his character appears to have undergone a greater change, from its primitive openness and good nature, than mere time and experience of the world should have wrought in it. Perhaps this was nothing more than a slight perversion which he had contracted in the school of Warburton. What was a coarse arrogance in the master himself, assumed the form of nicety and superciliousness in the less confident and better regulated temper of Mason and Hurd. His harmless vanity cleaved to him longer. As a proof of this, it is related that, several years after the publication of *Iris*, when he was travelling through Oxford, and happened to cross over Magdalen Bridge at a late hour of the evening, he turned round to a friend who was riding with him, and remarked that it was luckily grown dusk, for they should enter the University unobserved. When his friend, with some surprise, inquired into the reason of this caution; what, (said he) do you not remember my *Iris*?

He was very sensible to the annoyance of the periodical critics, which Gray was too philosophical or too proud to regard otherwise than as matter of amusement. He was the butt for a long line of satirists or lampooners. Churchill, Lloyd, Colman, the author of the *Probationary Odes*, and, if I remember right, Paul Whitehead and Wolcot, all leveled their shafts at him in turn. In the *Probationary Odes*, his peculiarities were well caught: when the writer of these pages repeated some of the lines in which he was imitated, to Anna Seward, whose admiration of Mason is recorded in her letters, she observed, that what was meant for a burlesque was in itself excellent. There is reason to suppose that he sometimes indulged himself in the same licence under which he suffered from others. If he was indeed the author of the *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Cham-*

bers, and of some other anonymous satires which have been imputed to him, he must have felt Hayley's intended compliment as a severe reproach:

Sablimar Mason! not to thee belong
The reptile beauties of *Invocem's* song.

Of the *Epistle*, when it was remarked, in the hearing of Thomas Warton, that it had more energy than could have been expected from Walpole, to whom others ascribed it, Warton remarked that it might have been written by Walpole, and buckramed by Mason. Indeed, it is not unlikely that one supplied the venom, and the other spotted the snake. In a letter of expostulation to Warton, Mason did not go the length of disclaiming the satire, though he was angry enough that it should be laid at his door. I have heard that he received with much apathy the praises offered him by Hayley, in the *Essay on Epic Poetry*. He has remarked, "that if rhyme does not condense the sense, which passes through its vehicle, it ceases to be good, either as verse or rhyme."^{*} This rule is laid down too broadly. His own practice was not always consonant with it, as Hayley's never was. With Darwin's poetry, it is said that he was much pleased.

His way of composing, as we learn from Gray's remarks upon his poems, was to cast down his first thoughts carelessly, and at large, and then clip them here and there at leisure. "This method," as his friend observed, "will leave behind it a laxity, a diffuseness. The force of a thought (otherwise well-invented, well-turned, and well-placed) is often weakened by it." He might have added, that it is apt to give to poetry the air of declamation.

Mason wished to join what he considered the correctness of Pope with the high imaginative power of Milton, and the lavish colouring of Spenser. In the attempt to unite qualities so heterogeneous, the effect of each is in a great measure lost, and little better than a *caput mortuum* remains. With all his praises of simplicity, he is generally much

* *Essays on English Church Music*, Mason's Works, vol. III. p. 370.

afraid of saying any thing in a plain and natural manner. He often expresses the commonest thoughts in a studied periphrasis. He is like a man, who being admitted into better company than his birth and education have fitted him for, is under continual apprehension, lest his attitude and motions should betray his origin. Even his negligence is studied. His muse resembles the Prioress in Chaucer,

That pained her to counterfeit chere,
Of court and be stateliche of manere,
And to been holden digne of reverence.

Yet there were happier moments in which he delivered himself up to the ruling inspiration. So it was when he composed the choruses in the *Caractacus*, beginning,

Mona on Snowdon calls—

Hail, thou harp of Phrygian frame—
and

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread—
Of which it is scarcely too much to say that in some parts they remind us of the ancient tragedians.

In each of his two Tragedies, the incidents are conducted with so much skill, and there is so much power of moving the affections, that one is tempted to wish he had pursued this line, though he perhaps would never have done any thing much better in it. One great fault is that the *dramatis personæ* are too much employed in pointing out the Claudes and Salvator Rosas with which they are surrounded. They seem to want nothing but long poles in their hands to make them very good conductors over a gallery of pictures. When Earl Orgar, on seeing the habitation of his daughter, begins

How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Embosom yon fair mansion ! The soft air
Salutes me with most cool and temperate
breath ;

And, as I tread, the flower-besprinkled lawn
Sends up a cloud of fragrance—

and Aulus Didius opens the other play with a description somewhat more appropriate :

This is the secret centre of the isle :
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of
wonder

Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad
brown arms

Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark
yon altar,

The dark stream brawling round its rugged
base,

These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this
wide circus,

Skirted with unhewn stone ; they awe my
soul,

As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd through his drear domain—

we could fancy that both these personages had come fresh from the study of the English garden. The distresses of *Elfrida*, and the heroism of *Caractacus*, are in danger of becoming objects of secondary consideration, while we are admiring the shades of Harewood, and the rocks of Mona. He has attempted to shelter himself under the authority of Sophocles ; but though there are some exquisite touches of landscape-painting in that drama, the poet has introduced them with a much more sparing hand. It is said that Hurd pruned away a great deal more luxuriance of this kind, with which the first draught of the *Elfrida* was overrun ; and we learn from Gray, in his admirable letter of criticism on the *Caractacus*, that the opening of that tragedy was, as it at first stood, even much more objectionable than at present. Such descriptions are better suited to the *Masque*, a species of drama founded on some wild and romantic adventure, and of which the interest does not depend on the manners or the passions. It is therefore more in its place in *Argentile* and *Curan*, which he calls a legendary drama, written on the old English model. He composed it after the other two, and during the short time that his wife lived ; but, like several of his poems, it was not published till the year of his decease. The beginning promises well ; and the language of our old writers is at first tolerably well imitated. There is afterwards too much trick and too many prettinesses ; such is that of the nosegay which the princess finds, and concludes from its tasteful arrangement to be the work of princely fingers. The subordinate parts, of the Falconer, and Ralph, his deputy, are not sustained according to the author's first conception of them. The story is well put together. He

has, perhaps, nothing else that is equal in expression to the following passage.

Thou know'st, when we did quit our an-
chor'd barks,
We cross'd a pleasant valley; rather say
A nest of sister vales, o'erhung with hills
Of varied form and foliage; every vale
Had its own proper brook, the which it
hugg'd
In its green breast, as if it fear'd to lose
The treasur'd crystal. You might mark
the course
Of these cool rills more by the ear than eye,
For, though they oft would to the sun unfold
Their silver as they past, 'twas quickly lost;
But ever did they murmur. On the verge
Of one of these clear streams, there stood
a cell
O'ergrown with moss and ivy; near to
which,
On a fall'n trunk, that bridged the little
brook,
A hermit sat. Of him we ask'd the name
Of this sweet valley, and he call'd it Hake-
ness. (*Argentile and Curan, A. 1.*)

In two lines more, we are unluckily reminded that this is no living land-
scape.

Thither, my Sewold, go, or pitch thy tent
Near to thy ship, for they are near the
scene.

Since the time of Mason, this rage for describing what is called scenery (and scenery indeed it often is, having little of nature in it) has infected many of our play-writers and novelists.

Argentile's intention of raising a rustic monument to the memory of his father, is taken from Shakspeare.

This grove my sighs shall consecrate; in
shape
Of some fair tomb, here will I heap the turf
And call it Adelbright's. Yon aged yew,
Whose rifted trunk, rough bark, and gnarl-
ed roots,
Give solemn proof of its high ancestry,
Shall canopy the shrine. There's not a
flower,
That hangs the dewy head, and seems to
weep,
As pallid blue bells, crow-eyes and marsh
lilies,
But I'll plant here, and if they chance to
wither,
My tears shall water them; there's not a
flower
That trails a sad soft note, as ringdoves do,
Or twitters painfully like the dun martlet,
But I will lure by my best art, to roost

And plain them in these branches. Larks
and finches
Will I fright hence, nor aught shall dare
approach
This pensive spot, save solitary things
That love to mourn as I do.

How cold and lifeless are these pretty lines, when compared to the "wench-like words," of the young princes, which suggested them.

If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arg. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not
lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale prim-
rose; nor
The azure hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock
would

With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
The rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers
are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

This is grief, seeking to relieve and forget itself in fiction and fancy; the other, though the occasion required an expression of deeper sorrow, is a mere pomp of feeling.

His blank verse in the English Garden has not the majesty of Akenside, the sweetness of Dyer, or the terseness of Armstrong. Its characteristic is delicacy; but it is a delicacy approaching nearer to weakness than to grace. It has more resemblance to the rill that trickles over its fretted channel, than to the stream that winds with a full tide, and "warbles as it flows." The practice of cutting it into dialogue had perhaps crippled him. As he has made the characters in his plays too attentive to the decorations of the scene-painter, so in the last book of the English Garden he has turned his landscape into a theatre, for the representation of a play. The story of Nerina is too long and too complicated for an episode in a didactic poem. He will seldom bear to be confronted with those writers whom he is found either by accident or design to resemble. His picture of the callow young in a bird's-nest is,

think, with some alteration, copied from Statius.

—— Her young meanwhile
Callow and cold, from their moss-woven
nest
Peep forth ; they stretch their little eager
throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone
spray
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.
(*English Garden*, b. 3.)

—— Volucrum sic turba recentum,
Cum reducem longo prospexit in æthere
matrem,
Ire cupit contra, summâque e margine nidi
Extat hians ; jam jamque cadat ni pectore
toto
Obstet aperta parens et amantibus increpet
alis. (*Theb. lib. x. 458.*)

Oppian's imitation of this is happier.

Ὡς δ' ὁπότε δακτύλῳ φέρει βόσιν ὄρ-
ταλίχοισι
Μήτηρ, εἰαρινὴ Ζεφύρου πρωτάγγελος
ὄρνις,
οἱ δ' ἀκαλὸν τρύζοντες ἐπιθρῶσκουσι
καλιῶ,
Γηθόσυνοι περὶ μητρὶ, καὶ ἰμείροντες
ἰδωδῆς
Κεῖλος ἀναπτύσσουσιν ἅπαν δ' ἐπὶ δῶμα
λέληκεν
Ἀνδρὸς ξεινοδόχοιο λίγα κλάζουσι νεο-
σῶις. (*Haliut. l. iii. 248.*)

Hurd, in the letter he addressed to him on the Marks of Imitation, observed, that the imagery with which the Ode to Memory opens, is borrowed from Strada's Prohusions. The chorus in *Elfrida*, beginning

Hail to thy living light,
Ambrosial morn ! all hail thy roseate ray :
is taken from the Hymnus in *Auroram*, by Flaminio.*

His Sappho, a lyrical drama, is one of the few attempts that have been made to bring amongst us that tuneful trifle, the modern Opera of the Italians. It has been transferred by Mr. Mathias into that language, to which alone it seemed properly to belong. Mr. Glasse has done as much for Caractacus by giving it up to the Greek. Of the two Odes, which are all, excepting some few fragments, that remain to us of the Lesbian poetess, he has introduced Translations into his drama. There is

more glitter of phrase than in the versions made, if I recollect right, by Ambrose Phillips, which are inserted in the *Spectator*, No. 222 and 229 ; but much less of that passionate emotion which marks the original. Most of my readers will remember that which begins,

Blest as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

It is thus rendered by Mason :

The youth that gazes on thy charms,
Rivals in bliss the Gods on high,
Whose ear thy pleasing converse warms,
Thy lovely smile his eye.

But trembling awe my bosom heaves,
When placed those heavenly charms
among ;

The sight my voice of power bereaves,
And chains my torpid tongue.

Through every thrilling fibre flies
The subtle flame ; in dimness drear
My eyes are veil'd ; a murmuring noise
Glides tinkling through my ear ;

Death's chilly dew my limbs o'erspreads,
Shiv'ring, convuls'd, I panting lye ;
And pale, as is the flower that fades,
I droop, I faint, I die.

The rudest language, in which there was anything of natural feeling, would be preferable to this cold splendour. In the other ode, he comes into contrast with Akenside.

But lo ! to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant queen of love ;
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move.
Why is my faithful maid distress ?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast ?
Say, flies he ? soon he shall pursue :
Shuns he thy gifts ? he soon shall give :
Slight's he thy sorrows ? he shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

Akenside, b. 1, Ode 13.

This, though not unexceptionable, and particularly in the last verse, has yet a tenderness and spirit utterly wanting in Mason.

What from my power would Sappho claim ?
Who scorns thy flame ?
What wayward boy
Disdains to yield thee joy for joy ?
Soon shall he court the bliss he flies ;
Soon beg the boon he now denies,
And, hastening back to love and thee,
Repay the wrong with extacy.

* A translation of this will be found at page 77, of the present number.

In the *Pygmalion*, a lyrical scene, he has made an effort equally vain, to represent the impassioned eloquence of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In his shorter poems, there is too frequent a recurrence of the same machinery, and that, such as it needed but little invention to create. Either the poet himself, or some other person, is introduced, musing by a stream or lake, or in a forest, when the appearance of some celestial visitant, muse, spirit, or angel, suddenly awakens his attention.

Soft gleams of lustre tremble through the grove,
And sacred airs of minstrelsy divine
Are harp'd around, and flut'ring pinions move.
Ah, hark! a voice, to which the vocal rill,
The lark's extatic harmony is rude;
Distant it swells with many a holy trill,
Now breaks wide warbling from yon orient cloud.—*Elegy 2.*

And,

- But hark! methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
- In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian extasy.

Ode vi.

After the extatic notes have been heard, all vanishes away like some figure in the clouds, which

Even with a thought,
The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

His abstractions are often exalted into cherubs and seraphs. It is the "cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine;" "heaven-descended Charity;" "Constancy, heaven-born queen;" Liberty, "heaven-descending queen." Take away from him these aerial beings and their harps, and you will rob him of his best literature.

He holds nearly the same place among our poets, that Peters does among our painters. He too is best known by—

The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace;

And he too, instead of that gravity and depth of tone which might seem most accordant to his subjects, treats them with a lightness of pencil that is not far removed from flimsiness.

In the thirteenth Ode, on the late Duchess of Devonshire, the only lady of distinguished rank to whom the poets of modern times have loved to pay their homage, and in the sixteenth, which he entitles *Palinodia*, he provokes a comparison with Mr. Coleridge. One or two extracts from each will show the difference between the artificial heat of the schools and the warmth of a real enthusiasm.

Art thou not she whom fav'ring fate

In all her splendour drest,

To show in how supreme a state

A mortal might be blest?

Bade beauty, elegance, and health,

Patrician birth, patrician wealth,

Their blessings on her darling shed;

Bade Hymen, of that generous race

Who freedom's fairest annals grace,

Give to thy love th' illustrious head.

Mason.

Light as a dream, your days their circle ran,

From all that teaches brotherhood to man

Far, far removed; from want, from hope,
from fear,

Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear,

Obisant praises sooth'd your infant heart:

Emblazonments and old ancestral crests,

With many a bright obtrusive form of art,

Detain'd your eye from nature; stately
vests,

That veiling strove to deck your charms
divine,

Went your's unearn'd by toil.

Coleridge. Ode to Georgiana,

Duchess of Devonshire.

Say did I err, chaotic Liberty,

When, warm with youthful fire,

I gave the vernal fruits to thee,

That ripen'd on my lyre?

When, round thy twin-born sister's shrine

I taught the flowers of verse to twine

And blend in one their fresh perfume;

Forbade them, vagrant and disjoint'd,

To give to every wanton wind

Their fragrance and their bloom?

Mason.

Ye clouds, that far above me float and
pause,

Whose pathless march no mortal may
controul!

Ye ocean waves, that, wheresoe'er ye
roll,

Yield homage only to eternal laws!

Ye woods, that listen to the night-birds
singing,

Midway the smooth and perilous steep
reclin'd;

Save when your own imperious branches
swinging,

Have made a solemn music of the wind,
Where like a man belov'd of God,

Through glooms, which never woodman
trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flow'ring weeds
I wound,
Inspir'd beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquer-
able sound !
O, ye loud waves, and O, ye forests high,
And O, ye clouds, that far above me
soar'd !
Thou rising sun ! thou blue rejoicing sky !
Yea, every thing that is and will be free,
Bear witness for me wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still
ador'd
The spirit of divinest liberty.
Coleridge. France, An Ode.

The Elegy written in a church-
yard in South Wales, is not more be-
low Gray's.

Of eagerness to obtain poetical
distinction he had much more than
Gray ; but in tact, judgment, and
learning, was exceedingly his infe-
rior. He was altogether a man of
talent, if I may be allowed to use the
word talent according to the sense it
bore in our old English ; for he had a
vehement *desire* of excellence, but
wanted either the depth of mind or
the industry that was necessary for
producing anything that was very
excellent.

PARTING.

I CANNOT live, and love thee not !
When far away
From thee I stray,
Should slandering tongue of rival youth,
Or jealous maid, belie my truth,
Let the false rumour move thee not.

And if, when I am near thee not,
Some busy foe
Shall bid me know
“ Another basks in *my* love's smile ; ’
The tale I'll heed not of thy guile ;
Thou canst not change—I fear thee not.

No ! falsehood can assail thee not—
'Twas not the excess
Of loveliness
That hems thee round, first fix'd me thine ;
But thy pure soul—thy love divine—
And truth—and these can fail thee not.

Then let our parting grieve thee not—
But quell that sigh,
And from thine eye
I'll kiss away the gathering tear,
And think !—in one short fleeting year,
I shall return to leave thee not.

But, ah ! should truth pervade thee not !
I could not brook
Thine alter'd look ;
But, like a bud by unkind sky
Nipp'd timeless, I should droop, and die,
In silence—but upbraid thee not.

E.

P?

ON MAGAZINE WRITERS.

Metinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist! and what art thou?

I can scarcely conceive a nobler and more inspiring sight than that of the man of genius in the solitude of his closet, conscious of his powers, and warmed by the fire of his conceptions—pouring forth those treasures of imagination and intellect which are to enrich, exalt, and delight future ages. It is a spectacle of unmingled gratification, which raises our ideas of human powers, and sublimates them by the reflection that those powers are exerted for the benefit of universal man—unalloyed by any mean and sordid interests, and uninfluenced by any but the generous impulses of hope and love. There is another picture of the occupations of genius—or what would be thought genius—which we are sometimes admitted to view, and though far less interesting it is still inexpressibly amusing. I mean that of a young and unfledged author surrounded with all the equipage of his profession;—the fair sheet spread open before him, the pen freshly nibbed, the inkstand constructed after Mr. Coleridge's newest receipt—his brain throbbing with confused conceptions—his ambition all on fire to achieve something "which the world will not willingly let die"—his brows aching with the pressure of imagined laurels—and his fancy, like that of the strange but gifted enthusiast Cellini, dazzled by "resplendent lights hovering over his shadow."—Most men, I suspect, have at some period of their lives seen those visions of glory play before their eyes, and revelled in the homage which their toils were to exact from ages yet unborn. For my own part, I should be ashamed to deny what there is no shame in avowing. My early experience, some five and twenty years ago, as a magazine writer, when magazines were quite another sort of thing, furnished many such moods of mind and body, and though years, by making me "a sadder, but a wiser man," have long since struck me from the list of scribblers, yet I can still recognise the excitement of literary glory on a

ginations and hopes. Every one is more or less impressed with a consciousness of acquirement and ability, and is uneasy until he has obtained the reputation of possessing them. Hence the vast number of candidates for literary fame, who throng about the several channels of publicity. In one of these outlets by which overcharged brains free themselves from their burthen—and by which brains of a contrary description would gladly satisfy their wild ambition, it may not be misplaced or unacceptable to make a few remarks upon those writers who are, and those who wish to be writers for magazines.

The first great difficulty which presents itself is the selection of a subject. "The world is all before him where to choose." But in the midst of abundance he knows not what to select; like the supplest beast in the fable between the two bundles of hay, he is perplexed by contending claims. He sees a mass of things, but nothing distinctly. Shall he be merry or sad;—shall he fathom the depths of the mind, or sport lightly over the surface of things—shall it be a sketch, or a finished work—a disquisition, or a rhapsody?—all varieties of topics are before him, and, as he conceives, equally obedient to his will; but he knows not which to evoke from its repose into light and life—and devote to earthly immortality by enshrining it in some one of the thousand monthly temples of fame. "It is here!" said Barry, striking his forehead, after a long meditation; "It is not here," says the scribbler, using a similar gesture. This perplexity springs from an obvious source. The writer sits down to compose—not because his brain labours in the parturition of some long meditated matter—not because he has reflected deeply, and acquired much—but he is feverish with some vague longing after literary notoriety. He resolves to write before he has learned to think. Having never subdued the straggling denizens of his brain to any thing like order, when called to be remembered,

having never made the knowledge of others his own by long and habitual meditation—nothing is clear and fixed—his ideas float in an atmosphere of confusion, out of which he is still earnest

To frame he knows not what excelling things,

And win he knows not what sublime reward

Of praise and wonder.

But writing is not “as easy as lying.” The pen, it is true, is an eloquent instrument which may be made to “discourse most excellent music;” yet something more is requisite to draw forth its notes, than the bare will to make it vocal.

Some are thus, in the very outset of their career, discouraged by the difficulty of choice; they give up the pursuit in despair, and suffer the glowing visions of futurity to fade into the light of common day. After all they may be right. There is more prudence in relinquishing an enterprise too vast for our capacity, than in continuing to scribble on “in spite of nature and our stars.” But there is another and a large class, which, undaunted by difficulty, uninstructed by experience, and unabashed by ridicule, still bear up against every sort of obstacle, “bating no jot of heart or hope.” These, with some pretensions to erudition, and some habit of reflection—assist to swell out the pages of reviews and magazines, those foundling hospitals for the bastard progeny of prurient imaginations. They buzz for a while about the fields of literature, loud, busy and importunate—till some chilling blast or rude hand sweeps them away for ever, leaving behind

—— cotal vestigio

Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.

Every one at all conversant—and who is not?—with this class of publications, must be aware of the immense change which has taken place in them “for better for worse” within twenty or thirty years. They have in some respects followed, in others formed, that part of the public taste which depends on the public manners. They have changed their place in the system of literature. Emerging from the shell with which they were encrusted, they display their “gaily gilded trim” soaring

aloft into higher spheres, and venturing into regions, the terra incognita of other times. This is partly owing to the wider dispersion of letters, but chiefly, I think, to the liberality of publishers, which has made it not unworthy the very highest names in English literature to contribute to magazines. It is not of these that I am now speaking, but of a very different class. The style has undergone a change as well as the subject. If we are no longer bored with endless and heavy allegories about Asem the Manhater, the Hill of Science, and the Happy Valley, so no one who courted even an insertion in a magazine would venture to begin “Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who, &c. &c.” It might be amusing to conjecture who of the elder essayists would be popular writers in the magazines of the present day. Addison, of course, but less so, I think, than Steele. Johnson, notwithstanding the habitual elevation of his sentiments, and the justice and acuteness of most of his remarks upon life and manners, would stand but a poor chance of an engagement if he retained the ponderous armour, and heavy jack boot march of the Rambler. The bow-wow manner which gave a zest to his conversation cannot be printed with any types that I am acquainted with. Goldsmith was more at home in his *humanities*—and, together with his exhilarating gaiety and touching pathos, he had a fine conception of the ridiculous, and great tact in exposing it. He would be eagerly snapped at by an editor, especially if all his articles were as clever as Beau Tibbs, the Strolling Actor, and the Lame Sailor. Bonnel Thornton, and the elder Colman, might be worked up into prime hands, and the playful, abundant, and well toned wit of Horace Walpole would have famously “furnished forth” the epistolary corner of a popular magazine. As for the other “daily bread” writers of the last century, it may be doubted whether much could have been got out of them. It may be easily conceived that to manage a magazine is no easy task. It is not for me to prate of war to Hannibal; but it may be conceded to one who

has had some experience in these matters, and has been occasionally admitted behind the scenes, to say something of the ingredients and cookery of one part of the dishes served up to the public. Whatever any considerable portion of mankind is disposed to set a value on, is always worth our observation. The appetite of the public is manifestly very nice, and its stomach very squeamish. It is not very fond of the substantial; and is disposed to reject whatever is difficult of digestion. Hence it is, that the deep thinkers and laborious writers of the last century are obliged to yield to the light, smart, and sketchy writers of the present. Hence it is, that many of the most popular authors are men of no very disciplined education, or cultivated minds. One of the cleverest and most various minded scholars of the day lately promised a dissertation on the *ideal* of a magazine, but I am not aware that he proceeded farther than the *ideal* of an inkstand. I was anxious to see what his ingenuity could devise as the *véhicule* of any thing which springs out of, and is addressed to a tribunal so fluctuating and despotic as public caprice. The general run of contributors seems, however, to be in the least danger of suffering from any modifications in the character of magazines; inasmuch, as having no fixed and certain colours of their own, they imbibe, like theameleon, the hues of their domiciles. Of the mechanical part of their operations the reader may not be displeased to hear something; although it is like raising the curtain and showing that what resembled gold is tinsel and frippery. Such, therefore, as have upon this subject, "a vision of their own," I admonish, as Rousseau does the young ladies, to skip the rest of this article, should it chance that any have proceeded thus far. Those of whose style and manner I am about to speak, are the tip top magazine writers *par métier*, and "for the law of writ and the liberty they are your only men."

I have already mentioned the difficulty of setting out;—let us suppose the *pons asinorum* passed, and the subject chosen. It need not be one on which the writer has ever read or re-

which is likely to be taking with the public, it must please the million. When the late Lord Kames was asked the best method to study some particular subject, he replied, "write a pamphlet about it." And this is the way with our author. He runsacks his brains in the first place, for images and illustrations; for by a singular inversion of the old method of writing, his illustrations suggest the ideas, and not the ideas illustrations. This, it must be admitted, is a much more compendious and expeditious way of writing. There is no necessity that there should be any connexion or congruity between the opinions. The law of succession is shamefully disregarded, and each second does not, as in the old gradation, stand heir to the first. The more disjointed, remote, and multifarious they are, the more comprehensive must be the intellect which creates—and I may add too—that understands them. If the leading opinions are manifestly absurd and paradoxical, so much the better, as their defence affords a wider scope for ingenuity. Cicero recommends sucking orators to "flesh their maiden swords" in the defence of paradoxes, and there is no disgrace in following the counsels of Cicero. The management of *similes* and *metaphors* is one of the most intricate departments of the art. In this respect my friend X. is immensely clever. To be sure, his figures sometimes drag one way and his thoughts another, like a couple of ill paired hounds, but generally his articles are a simile-chase in little. No sooner does he start one, than he makes game of it;—opening in full cry—pursuing over hill and dale—through clear and obscure—morals and metaphysics—bush and quagmire—the panting reader toiling after him in vain, till coming in at the death, he finds himself, like Fitz-James, separated from all who set out with him, and alone in a desert country. But the chase is ended, and the article done. Thus an idea is like a cloud—a camel—an elephant—an ousel, and at last—very like a whale. This, I take it, is the summit of cleverness; not only because it proves a command of images, but also because it enables a man to write without sense or meaning. *W.C.*

magazine writer of the day—his comparisons are so wonderful, and his metaphors (as Swift has it) such as one never *met-afore*. Next to the simile is the *quotation*. But this is a science by itself, on which some ingenious person has composed a large volume, by the aid of which, and an index, the most unfurnished head is able to cope with the most learned. The Dictionary of Quotations, however, is a very wicked book, as the infidelity of its interpretations often betrays the confidence reposed in them. The beauty of this essential part of fine writing consists mainly in quoting from the older English poets, and a few of those of our day who are pretty generally unread. Shakspeare, however, is the great storehouse of quotation; not for his sentiment, or imagery, or delineation of character or poetry; but for some quaint phrase, some obsolete and fantastic expression, or some ludicrous combination of words. An article gemmed off with bits in this way is “like a frosty night studded with stars”—or it reminds one of Indian hangings,—a dark ground, spotted with bits of yellow foil, flung on without order, measure or object, except to dazzle and spangle. For my own part, I detest this trade of work, and never quote, except to show the deformity as a warning to others, as the Spartans taught their children sobriety by making their slaves drunk.

In the affair of *style*, a great deal of genius is occasionally shown. It is no easy matter to suit the shifting tastes of readers, and hit the public, as it were, between wind and water. At present, the melancholy manner is in vogue. A tender shade of sorrow must be flung over all our thoughts, and even the pleasures of life are uninteresting, unless we can squeeze out of them some mournful reflection, or dress them up in querulous exaggeration. The ladies are particularly partial to this weeping philosophy, which two or three volumes of lacrymose essays have made still more fashionable. Not a scribbler sits down to whine out an article without asking with Master Stephen for “a stool to be melancholy upon;” and as he dips his pen in ink, sighs out “*præcipe lugubrescantus, Melpomene!*” But this tone of sim-

ple sadness shows itself especially in our *ruralities*. The meanest leaflet among the smoke-tinged denizens of city bowpots, is pregnant “with thoughts that lie too deep for tears.” In order to do the sentimental well, one should have—but let a great coryphæus in this line describe the requisites, “he should have an indestructible love of flowers, odours, dews and clear waters; of soft airs, winds, bright skies, and woodland solitudes, with moonlight bowers.” These tearful tributes are copiously paid likewise, when wandering in that “atmosphere of melancholy sentiment” which breathes over scenes consecrated by the memories of past events, or when bending over the monuments of departed grandeur. Then is it that the tide of sorrowing reflection wells forth—that the heart aches with the agony of grief, and the eye dims with the tear of sensibility! There is another *style*, not quite so much cherished by the gentle sex, but very much admired by incipient orators. It is infinitely more elevated and elaborate, and possibly somewhat *à soufflé*. I will cite a specimen from a famous magazine contributor, which is in my opinion very grand. “But oh! there never will be a time with bigotry—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart, and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her god is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture-fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for more sanguinary desolation.” Addison never wrote any thing half so fine as this. Some may think that the sarcastic observation of Madame du Deffand on the style of Monsieur Thomas might be applied to it, “prick it, and it bursts;”—I think differently; and although it is rather too papilionaceous and gorgeous at first, after a little familiarity, “the ear becomes more Irish and less nice.” There is yet another *style*, which though more limited in its circulation, is still pretty often before the public. It may be called the confectionary style of writing.

It is full of "precious and golden recollections,"—"voluptuous abstractions," and "dim visitations,"—"stately remembrances,"—"intense and genial dallyings,"—"delicate crispnesses," and "jagged venerablenesses;"—it finds "a sense of deep and mysterious antiquity in every thing,"—and "every thing is imbued with sympathy and imagination;"—in short, it is one of the greatest inventions, in the way of fine writing, that modern times can boast of. It ensures a never failing variety, inasmuch as recognising no necessary connexion between words and things, and no relations between words themselves, the consequence is, that one epithet is as fit and becoming as another, and whether we say *venerable jaggedness*, or *jagged venerableness*, it is equally intelligible and correct. Whoever understands arithmetic, has only to apply the rules of permutation and combination to Johnson's Dictionary, and he may generate an infinite variety of the most original and striking phrases. The sentiments which are conveyed in this style are precisely such as might be expected, and the union forms what the author of the *Ancient Mariner* calls "a sweet jargoning." A single extract is as imperfect in the way of *sample* as the brick is of the palace; but I cannot forbear citing one of the miraculous and boundless excellences of this mode of composition, in the following description of a tragedy:—"A tragedy is a foreboding indication of destiny, a noble piece of high passion, sweetened, yet not broken, by rich fancy, and terminating in an awful catastrophe, ennobled by imagination's purest and most elemental majesties." This sort of writing bears evidently the stamp and impress of the writer's mind.

Formerly, matter, precision, and perspicuity, were reckoned among the requisites of good writing—but all that has been abolished as useless and impertinent, and a great deal of labour, vexation, study, observation, and reflection, have been thereby spared. "Thinking is now an idle waste of thought, and nought is every thing." I have heard, that a patent has been, or is about to be, taken out for an automaton writer, the principle of which is, that after

to sling into it a certain number of pages of Johnson, or any other vocabulary, and they come out completely formed into the shape of an article. It may be said, that this is not an original invention, but an imitation of the famous block-machine at Portsmouth, which instantly converts a rude piece of wood into a perfect block. Be this as it may, if the principle be not new, the application is ingenious and original. I am fearful, however, that here, as in all cases where manual labour is to be superseded by machinery—a great number of hands will be flung out of employ, by enabling publishers to manufacture their own stuffs. A literary Ludditism may be apprehended therefore among the Magazine writers. There remain two or three other classes which deserve to be held up to notice and admiration, but I must temper my inclination to show the lions to the patience of the spectators; and, indeed, whatever specific differences exist among the various orders, still the generic character is uniform. I shall pass over the decent heaviness of one, and the incompetent flippancy of another—the simpering innocence which "bath no offence in it," and that dark malignity which, for the worthless renown of a sarcasm, stabs a fellow creature to the heart,—leaving to Swift the enumeration of their common properties.

The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced—the Lord knows why.

Some of these artists are very indefatigable readers. Nothing is left unexamined, and nothing is rejected as unworthy of perusal. Every thing is fish which comes into their net. Their purpose is not to amass knowledge, or arrive at truth, but to glean from the toils of others all that may spare them the expense of thought. They in this resemble those birds whose furtive nature leads them to pilfer from the nests of others the materials for their own. It may be doubted, whether these predatory incursions into strange dominions are strictly justifiable, notwithstanding that piracy and theft were

provided they were exercised craftily and quietly; and that Sir Thomas More—a very conscientious judge—lays it down as a justifiable cause of war, if those who have territory to spare will not yield it up to those who are manifestly in want. On this principle, a magazinist looks upon a library as his domain, and the works of all who have preceded him as his fair property; and he extracts from them, sometimes with gentle disclaimings and sometimes with awful rapacity, the ornaments as well as the materials; the sentiment as well as the imagery; whatever can illustrate a position, or round a sentence, whatever may “point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

Scarcely any one is so unfortunate as not to have his ambition gratified, in being regarded as a wonderful man of parts, by some dozens of admiring imitators. Trinculo was a god to Caliban, and the young periodical has always some great exemplar, some sacred idol, before whom he bends in adoration, on whose altar he devotes the *primitiæ* of his enterprise, in the glare of whose fame his buds of promise open out into fragrance, and whose virtues he copies with a Chinese fidelity of imitation; and so he becomes, in process of years, himself “a Triton of the minnows.” Thus, naturalists say, that every flea is covered with a race of smaller fleas; and there is no scribbler so mean, that he has not some meaner one in his *suite*, and so on, down to an infinite littleness. One amusing result of this is the conspiracy to laud each other. The itch for scribbling is not greater than the itch for praise. Mr. A. scratches Mr. B., and Mr. B. tickles Mr. C., who in his turn soothes the irritation of Messrs. A. and B., and so on, through all the letters of the alphabet. Here is no Turkish jealousy, no hesitating dislike, no sneering eulogy; it is the willing homage of congenial intellects to genuine desert. I am quite delighted with this universal epainetism, it is so affectionate and brotherly; it evinces, by the frank recognition of rival merit, the entire absence of that invidious feeling which has been charged upon literary men, from Petrarch’s age to ours. These reciprocal scratchings some persons affect to regard with a

contemptuous scorn, in my mind, with very little reverence for true genius.

The ancient sophists, who methodized their quackery with surpassing ingenuity into the form and repute of a regular science, constructed the skeletons of speeches and argumentations, which by shifting head and tail-pieces might be adapted to every subject. In the same way sets of magazine articles might be manufactured for every month in the year, with blank titles. A little generalization, from the practice of the more distinguished writers, would “pluck out the heart of their mystery,” and form a rare and curious treatise with “the Art of Hashing-up” for its title, and “the oldest things the newest kind of ways” for its motto. My own ambition does not aspire to be a legislator in the art, but my *scrinia* are at the command of any one who is desirous of achieving any fame of this sort. From the extreme facility with which practised hands perform these task-works, and the pence and praise which pursue this triumph, it is not surprising that the tribe has increased so immensely, that its population, as a Malthusian might say, begins to press hardly upon the means of subsistence. Every one is ambitious of enrolling his name in the glorious catalogue—every one has a feverish thirst to be one of the thousand bubbles that float along the stream of popularity, which glitter and swell until they burst in their own inflation. What a sad misemployment is this, after all, of those divine capabilities for good and useful, and often great and splendid actions, with which we are endowed. Eager for what?—to live upon the tongue and be the talk; to be pointed at as a distinguished contributor to the ———; or as the writer of that singularly clever article—“April Musings;”—or, as (and this is the summit of fame) the suspected editor of the ———. Swift, who understood these matters, and estimated them rightly, has wittily ridiculed the month’s toil about an article, which is at last read over a dish of tea, and then flung aside for ever,—by comparing it to the month of care and labour expended in fattening a chicken, which is devoured in a moment. A moment’s attention

is all that is spared to the article, and then it

Goes to be never heard of more,
Goes where the chicken went before.

Among these throngs, who are seduced by the glare of notoriety, we sometimes meet with one gifted with nobler qualities, and destined to a kinder and more enduring recompense. Such an one is sure at last to emerge from the equivocal reputation, which attends on the labours I have been considering, and win for himself a station and a name which become the property of his country. To discourage his exertions by ridicule would be inhuman. It is never proper but when applied to such as, utterly unfitted to instruct or delight by their acquirements and talents, rush boldly into the lists, and importunately exact that praise which is only due to the loftiest exertions of genius and imagination. In vain,—a few years of experience, and all these false presentments and blear illusions melt away before the sad realities of truth. The fortunes

of the highest talent are not always unclouded and happy—what must be those of impudent pretenders? The pursuit of literary glory is often a melancholy enterprize. What numbers perish in the struggle! Days of unremitted and uncertain toil—nights of sleeplessness—envy and want—wasting anxiety and defeated hope—the spunging house and the jail—these are some of the realities which are concealed beneath the fair and goodly outside which allures the young enthusiast. Our excessive admiration of genius, and its bright and wonderful creations, is greatly mitigated, when we learn the hard conditions to which it is subjected. And even of those who have escaped the shoals and rocks which so thickly beset the voyage of literature, and whose years are crowned with affluence and honour—how many do we see like Potemkin in his old age playing with his jewels and the insignia of his various orders, and then bursting into tears when he found, at last, and too late, that they were only baubles. P.

THE DOWNFAL OF DALZELL.

1.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
The night is dark and late,
As I lift aloud my voice and cry
By the oppressor's gate.
There is a voice in every hill,
A tongue in every stone;
The greenwood sings a song of joy,
Since thou art dead and gone;
A poet's voice is in each mouth,
And songs of triumph swell;
Glad songs, that tell the gladsome earth
The downfal of Dalzell.

2.

As I raised up my voice to sing
I heard the green earth say,
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
Since thou art past away:
I hear no more the battle shout,
The martyrs' dying moans;
My cottages and cities sing
From their foundation-stones;
The carbine and the culverin's mute—
The deathshot and the yell
Are turn'd into a hymn of joy,
For thy downfal, Dalzell.

3.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
 And caused the raven call
 From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
 Hatch'd on thy castle wall ;
 I've made thy minstrels' music dumb,
 And silent now to fame
 Art thou, save when the orphan casts
 His curses on thy name.
 Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
 A long and last farewell :
 There's hope for every sin save thine—
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

4.

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
 Where punish'd spirits wail,
 And ghastly death throws wide her door,
 And hails thee with a Hail.
 Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
 A voice with hollow tones,
 Such as a spirit's tongue would have,
 That spoke through hollow bones :—
 " Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
 From earth to howling hell ;
 He comes, the persecutor comes ;
 All hail to thee, Dalzell ! "

5.

O'er an old battle-field there rush'd
 A wind, and with a moan
 The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
 Even fellow bone to bone.
 " Lo ! there he goes," I heard them cry,
 " Like babe in swathing band,
 Who shook the temples of the Lord,
 And pass'd them 'neath his brand.
 Cursed be the spot where he was born,
 There let the adders dwell,
 And from his father's hearthstone hiss :
 All hail to thee, Dalzell ! "

6.

I saw thee growing like a tree—
 Thy green head touch'd the sky—
 But birds far from thy branches built,
 The wild deer pass'd thee by ;
 No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
 Glad summer scorn'd to grace
 Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed
 Beside thy dwelling place :
 The axe has come and hewn thee down,
 Nor left one shoot to tell
 Where all thy stately glory grew.
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

7.

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
 His head like thine is gray,
 Gray with the woes of many years,
 Years four-score and a day.
 Five brave and stately sons were his ;
 Two daughters, sweet and rare ;

An old dame, dearer than them all,
 And lands both broad and fair :—
 Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
 And three in battle fell—
 An old man's curse shall cling to thee :
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell !

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
 A warrior tried and true
 As ever spurr'd a steed, when thick
 The splintering lances flew.
 I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
 And hew thy foes down fast,
 When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
 And Gordon stood aghast,
 And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
 As one redeem'd from hell.
 I came to curse thee—and I weep :
 So go in peace, Dalzell.

ON WINE.

Hæc comici dicta cave ne malè capias.

They that leave wine for water, if they had a candle in their noddles might peradventure find the way to Gotham.—*Dr. Rich. Short's Essay upon Juxtoposition, or of Drinking Water, against those Novelists who prescribed it in England.*

WHILE all the grave and wise people in the nation have been arguing one way or another about a diminution of taxation, I have been looking earnestly and anxiously for some indication that the existing duties on wine are to be abated : but vain have been my hopes ; and I have at length resolved to speak forth my sense of the matter. Let not, however, any reader fear that I mean to trouble him with any erudite or philosophic diatribe of a politico-economical nature. He shall not hear one word of consumption or production. Not one odious figure shall meet his eye. That very irksome thing, calculation, however advantageous on other occasions, does not serve my present purposes. I stand forward, backed by the authority of lyrist and poet of all ages, to protest against the proscription of that chosen object of their eulogy, the true *Nepenthes*, wine : I view with alarm the listlessness and infrequency with which the rites of the great divinity of the grape are now performed ; and I behold with consternation the accessions of each successive year to the fraternity of water-drinkers, whom I hold in utter abhorrence. As I hear one man after another ex-

best boon, I can scarce keep my patience, though it is somewhat amusing to think how wine has been voted more and more deleterious, and how the number of its traducers has increased, as that enemy of enjoyment, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has augmented his imposts. The truth is, without a fable, that the dear "grapes" are called "sour." Every man who considers the matter, must be sensible that the bottle circulates round our tables with much less velocity than it did when the impulse was supplied by the arms of our grand-sires ; and slow as is its motion, the period of rotation is dreadfully curtailed. Instead of the festive revels our ancestors held, three or four glasses are the usual modern measure of potation after the retirement of the ladies. The pitiful precept of Dionysius seems to be literally observed. How little did he know of the joys of the table when he spake thus, "*Tres tantùm crateras his qui sanà sunt mente jubes, primum sanitatis, secundum voluptatis, tertium somni ; ulteriùs probri est et luxuriæ.*" "I would have all people of sense take but three glasses of wine, the first for health, the second for pleasure, the third for sleep ;

—more is disgraceful voluptuousness.” A passage of similar purport has been palmed upon us as old Hesiod’s,—it must be an interpolation. Sage and grave as he was (not surpassed by the bye in the excellence of his moral precepts, by any of the long list of authors who have followed him) he was too much of a poet to have been guilty of uttering such an interdict.

Nulla placere diù nec vivere carmina possunt,

Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Hor. 1 Lib. Epist. xix. v. 2.

I heard a worthy Irish peer declare some time ago, that when he was a young man he was despised as a milksop, that he now drinks precisely the same quantity of wine, and finds himself shrewdly remarked upon as somewhat too fond of his bottle. Such is the degeneracy of the age, and such the woeful revolution! The good old days of English jollity and conviviality are at an end. It is true, some conceit of the washy, weak French wines is affected—to speak in the quaint phraseology of the 15th century—but there is no hearty, healthy thirst of rich and generous potent liquor. A dinner party is now a cold and formal affair; it is only sought to gratify the palate; the pestiferous French cookery, and those vinegar wines are the objects of favour: no effort is made to warm the heart, there is no cordial for the blood, nothing to quicken the flow of the affections: that juice which is potent “*solvere præcordia virum*” (to open the heart) is despised. A man may now dine with fifty hosts one after another, and be as far from any real friendship or cordial kindness for any of them, as he might after a call of ten minutes’ duration in a chill November morning, when one is disposed to like neither one’s-self nor other people. The hospitality of the present day is eminently heartless; men do not forget their cares, or their rivalries and animosities in such kindly intercourse as used to prevail over the bowl. When the gravity and severity of the English character is considered, it is plain that the conviviality in which we formerly indulged was very beneficial. “Water is but an indifferent liquor in northern climates and English constitutions,” quoth “A Fellow of the

College,” as is stiled the author of a tract published in the year 1724, with the alluring title of the “Juice of the Grape,” and written in a spirit of most commendable earnestness.—The gay and mercurial Frenchman needs not wine to excite his spirits, nor would his disposition allow him to avail himself of its more valuable operation in soothing the heart, in promoting kindness and goodfellowship, and correcting the acerbities of temper. The sober Englishman, however, is apt to become stupid, and needs the aid of wine to get rid of his constitutional frigidity. It may be remarked that the manners of the young men of this day are far less lively and agreeable than were those of what is called the old school. Many of them are cold, silent, and apathetic in society: their grandfathers were full of life and glee, and animation. In the company of women, the beau of the last century was assiduous in his efforts to render himself agreeable, and to display all possible vivacity. His attentions were constant and anxious; his countenance was lighted up with cheerfulness and joy; his language was full of fervour and devotion and gallantry. But it is now fashionable, *suprême bon ton*, to be listless, reserved, and mute. The solicitous gallantry of the former period is no more, in the presence of beauty, in conversation with the loveliest and fairest; none of the suavity and complacency natural on the occasion is betrayed: the hand of the brightest belle is received without emotion, and relinquished with indifference. An observation on the trifle of the hour is made with a gravity not less solemn than would beseem the delivery of a death-bed monition. Ease and freedom have been proclaimed the order of the day:—the punctilio and observance of the old regime have been exploded; but the effect has too often been, not that people have indulged their mirth and humour without restraint or controul, but that they have considered themselves at liberty to be stupid, that they deem themselves absolved from all obligation to amuse, or contribute to the hilarity of society. In public nothing was formerly seen but smiles—perhaps a little forced occasionally—we now see long faces as dark and

melancholy as the fogs of our northern climate can make them.

All this is part and parcel of the system by which wine is avoided. I have said that I am backed by all the poets in my defence of the grape, and I had it in contemplation to collect the testimonies in its favour from them all, beginning with old Homer himself ("laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.")

When Homer sings the joys of man, 'tis plain

Great Homer was not of a sober strain. and to preface my paper with this body of authorities, as was erst the practice of Editors who filled the first-half dozen pages of a book with all the commendations of it which could be gleaned. But the collection I made was so large, that I was forced to forego my plan, and I must content myself with referring to the poets *passim*—of all ages, and climes they unite in praise of the grape; "vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camæne." In recommendation of conviviality, I may cite graver authorities. Aristotle himself has pronounced that there is a class of virtues proper to our intercourse in society, and that moroseness and gravity are not less unbecoming on certain occasions, than levity may be unseemly on others. The most elegant and fascinating of moral philosophers, Adam Smith, in his beautiful exposition of the sympathy of our nature, (see *Theory of Moral Sentiments*) and the sagacious Hume himself, have spoken of the agreeable qualities, with a due sense of their value and importance. The ultimate object of all labour and trouble is enjoyment; he is not a wise man but a fool who despises mirth and jollity. Machiavel tells in his *Flor. Hist.* (Book 8) that Cosmo di Medicis delighted in the most simple amusements; and our own great Fox has been found actively engaged in a game at bowls with some children. "Narratur et prisci Catonis nepe mero caluisse virtus." Wine has warmed the virtues of old Cato himself. The festivities of Bacchus afford the truest delight; while engaged in them our bosoms thrill with that benevolence, and all those generous sentiments which the businesses and cares of life stifle: it has been said,

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

But it has been better and earlier said, "dissipat Evius curas edaces." "Wine dissipates all eating cares." I cannot forbear staying one moment to hint that the epithet (eating) may have been suggested to the poet by the operation which wine has in destroying the appetite, according to the learned fathers of physic. I do not commend indiscriminate conviviality; I must know and have proved the friends in whose company I celebrate the mysteries. But I abhor the man whose soul is a stranger to the joys of social intercourse. In the fable of Pentheus, who was destroyed by Bacchanalians for refusing to join in their revels, the ancients have veiled the just doom of the sullen and unsocial spirit which shuns festivity. While the impulses of interest, and of all the evil passions of our nature are so strong; while our anger, our cupidity, our avarice, our ambition, our envy, our animosities are so strongly excited by the fierce strife of human life, the soothing effect of joining the social board and banquet are most salutary. Socrates compared wine to the soft dew of Heaven, and pronounced it to be given to refresh, nourish, and invigorate the affections of men's hearts. And Cicero makes it a particular aggravation of his charges against Mark Antony, that wine itself was incapable of soothing and chastening his evil nature.

Sollicitis animis onus eximit, addocet artes.
Wine eases and refines the soul.

The earliest annals of us, Britons, from the time that cerevisia was our drink, and of our German remote progenitors, all proclaim the national habits of conviviality. And if the British character be an object worthy of our regard, we ought not to view with indifference the recent revolution in those habits which most directly and materially affect it. Let the sapient philosopher and politician draw auguries from observations beyond the reach of vulgar eyes; but while they determine the duration of one empire, and predict the rise and growth of another, while they mark the puny beginnings of a sect which is hereafter to comprehend millions of proselytes, or forever the

extensive prevalence and powerful sway of opinions now doubtfully or timorously expressed; I may be permitted to indulge my speculations on the injurious consequences of the modern *ἀδύψα*, which I shall English by "thirstlessness." England never will be well, her sailors and soldiers will want courage, our statesmen will want wisdom, our politicians will want ardour, our young men will want gallantry, and our old ones will quickly fall into the grave, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer don't give us our fill of wine. The learned Dr. Whittaker, physician to King Charles the Second, bears his honest attestation to the fact, that the "blood of the grape restores consumptive and extenuate bodies to sarcosity, makes withered bodies plump, fat and fleshy, the old and infirm, young and strong—whereas water and small beer drinkers are countenanced more like apes than men." Water is a raw, cold, crude, tasteless and scentless fluid; it manifests no virtues to any of our senses. But wine is a well concocted and purified juice, grateful to the smell, and charming to the taste. *Τὸ ὕδατος οἶνος βελτίων τα πάντα.* "In every respect, wine is better than water," says the prince of physicians, Galen himself. 'Tis true, no doubt, the use of wine is, like all the other goods of life, liable to abuse; and, like other things, most excellent in their nature, it is productive, if improperly and intemperately used, of the most pernicious results. Nevertheless,

* * * Dulce periculum est,
O Lenæe, sequi Deum
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

If, however, all the evils of occasional intemperance are fairly taken into account, it may be questioned, whether they exceed the advantages arising from a liberal use of wine. It is also to be observed, that the disuse of the article in entertainments generally, will not have the effect of preventing debauchery—young men will still carouse at a tavern, and, perhaps, the more, rather than the less, for the moderation they feel it necessary, in compliance with the reigning mode, to observe in other places. Far be it from me to commend the dementation and sopition of reason, and of the diviner

particle (the soul). I only advocate what the learned Sir Thomas Brown, Knight, of Norwich, designates "a sober incalescence and regular æstuation from wine, what may be conceived between Joseph and his brethren, when the text expresseth they were merry, or drank largely, and whereby, indeed, the commodities set down by Avicenna, viz. alleviation of spirit, resolution of superfluities, and provocation of exsudation may also ensue." Thus felicitously and perspicuously has the worthy mediciner summed up the advantages of the liquor. He has, however, failed to notice, that wine is the true assay of sterling honesty and virtue. As you prove gold and silver, says Plato, by fire, so you may men by wine. To the same purport Æschylus says, brass (of which mirrors were in his day made) may give the outward figure, wine discovers the inward man. I know no man till I see him in his cups. I would trust no man who did not stand the test. I cannot better celebrate the virtues of wine than by quoting the following eloquent and admirable passage from the book of Esdras, iii. 19. "Wine makes the mind of the king and of the fatherless both one, of the bond and free man, poor and rich; it turneth all his thoughts to joy and mirth, makes him remember no sorrow or debt, but enricheth his heart, and makes him speak by talents."

In turning over some old books I lately met with a curious and whimsical book, entitled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, a dialogue: it was printed in 1630. Wine and the other commodities in several scenes are introduced asserting their respective claims to dignity and estimation. If their arguments are not in any other way worth notice, they, at least, deserve some consideration as illustrating the literary taste of the age, and showing of what sort were the jokes, at which those who are now swept from existence once chuckled and smiled; they, their bodies, their dust, their sepulchres (*fata sunt data sepulchris*), their names all gone and forgotten.

Beere (as he is written) is introduced making a bad pun on his own name. He says to Wine, "*Beere* leave, Sir." The strength of Ale's argument (and it is better than those

of any of the others) is contained in the following passage: "You Wine and Beer, are fain to take up a corner any where—your ambition goes no farther than a cellar; the whole house where I am goes by my name, and is called Ale-house.—Who ever heard of a Wine-house, or a Beer-house? My name, too, is of a stately etymology—you must bring forth your Latin. Ale, so please you, from alo, which signifieth nourish—I am the choicest and most luscious of potables." Wine, Beer, and Ale at last compose their differences, each having a certain dominion assigned to him, and join in singing these verses.

Wine.

I generous Wine am for the court,

Beer.

The cise calls for Beere,

Ale.

But Ale, bonnie Ale, like a lord of the soils
In the country shall domincere.

Chorus.

Then let us be merry, wash sorrow away,
Wine, Beer, and Ale shall be drunk this day.

In the end Tobacco appears—He arrogates an equality with Wine.—"You and I both come out of a pipe." The reply is, "Prithee go smoke elsewhere." "Don't incense me, don't inflame Tobacco," he retorts; but is told, "no one fears your puffing—turn over a new leaf, Tobacco, most high and mighty Trinidado."

F. R.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.

Lord Foppington in the Relapse.

AN ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftsbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read any thing which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books (the Literary excepted), Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which "no gentleman's library should be without:" the Histories of Flavius Jona-

phus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost any thing. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these things in books' clothing perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tythe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymond Lully—I have them both, reader—to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their smocks.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever), is *our* costume. A Shakspeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's *Seasons*, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, which have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollet, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch

That can its light relumine—

such a book, for instance, as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints; yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers.—I do not care for a First Folio of Shakspeare. You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom every body reads. I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposeable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays; and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.—On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them, nor with Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one.—I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the latest edition to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him white-wash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt

both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played, before you enter upon him. But he brings his music—to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*—or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chanced) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over solely. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution—the effect is singularly vapid.—In barbers' shops, and public-houses, a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with his selection. So the entire journal

Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the *Chronicle* is in hand, Sir."

As in these little Diurnals I generally skip the Foreign News—the Debates—and the Politics—I find the *Morning Herald* by far the most entertaining of them. It is an agreeable miscellany, rather than a newspaper.

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures.—"The Royal Lover and Lady G——;" "the Melting Platonic and the old Beau,"—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have read to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye—a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading—*Candid!*

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her *Cythera*), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but, as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book.—We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture whether she think thee

there was one between us) was the property of the nymph, or the swain, in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow-hill (as yet Skinner's-street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread-basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit door of Covent Garden theatre, to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and his meridian—in Hamlet. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party, whom I met near the door of the play-house, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens's Shakspeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the *rush*, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscious had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamp-light. The clamour became universal. “The affectation of the fellow,” cried one. “Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa,” squeaked a young lady, who in her admiration of the novelty almost forgot her fears. I read on. “He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand,” exclaimed a puffy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved, as Saint Antony at his Holy Offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hobgoblins, mopping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight,

as if he were sole tenant of the desert.—The individual rabble (I recognized more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights before, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy, or hire, a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they “snatch a fearful joy.” Martin B—, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstances of his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

THE TWO BOYS.

I saw a boy with eager eye
Open a book upon a stall,
And read, as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stall-man did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call,
“You, Sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look.”
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should
have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,
Which never can the rich annoy:
I soon perceiv'd another boy,
Who look'd as if he'd not had any
Food, for that day at least—enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
This boy's case, then thought I, is surely
harder,
Thus hungry, longing, thus without a
penny,
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat:
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd
to eat.

ELIA.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIES OF THE LIVING DRAMATISTS.

No. V.

PROCESSIONS.

Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; the show is just going to begin!

Bartlemy-Fair Showmen.

That this evil wants a remedy is not to be contested; nor can it be denied, that the theatre is as capable of being preserved by a reformation as matters of more importance; which, for the honour of our national taste, I could wish were attempted; and then, if it could not subsist under decent regulations, by not being permitted to present any thing there, but what were worthy to be there, it would be time enough to consider whether it were necessary to let it totally fall, or effectually support it.

Cibber, Life, chap. iv.

Truth may complain, and merit murmur, with what justice it may, the few will never be a match for the many, unless authority should think fit to interpose, and put down these poetical drama, these gin-shops of the stage, that intoxicate its auditors, and dishonour their understanding, with a levity for which I want a name.

Ibid. chap. xvi.

I LATELY found myself in a society composed chiefly of old play-goers, most of whom had been contemporary with, and many of them the companions of the Burkes, the Johnsons, the Garricks, the Reynoldses, and the other eminent men who contributed to render the period at which they lived so remarkable in the annals of British literature, taste, and wit. The conversation was entirely theatrical, and consisted, on their parts, of bitter contrasts between the drama as it existed in *their time*, and, what they chose to term, its present degraded state. "In our time," said one, "a sensible man might go to a theatre and be sure of an evening's rational entertainment." "Aye, Sir," said another, "you and I have found ourselves in the pit of old Drury, on the same bench with Burke, and Charles Fox, and Johnson, and Dunning, listening to Shakespeare, or Farquhar, or poor Brinsley. We have seen there, assembled around us, a cluster of eminent statesmen, profound lawyers, elegant poets, brilliant wits, aye, and grave divines too, who considered an evening spent at the theatre an evening well spent, not one of whom but would now blush at being caught there." All this was very painful to me—*Me*, the collector and illustrator of the Beauties of the Living Dramatists! Blush at being caught there! as if being caught at a royal, patent, legitimate theatre, were like being discovered at a booth in Smithfield, or detected in sliding and cheating some

offence against taste and common sense. In my own mind, I set down their remarks as the result of that fault so common to age,—a blind partiality to past times at the expense of the present; and in other words I told them so. "So, gentlemen," said I, "you make no allowance for the progress of taste? We are an enlightened people; the age we live in is enlightened; every day brings us a step nearer towards perfection; the last thirty years have worked great changes, produced great inventions, wonderful improvements, astonishing discoveries. Burke," I continued, "never crossed the channel in a steam-boat; the homeward path of Johnson from his favourite club, never was illumined by gas; and—and—" (hurrying to my conclusion,—considering it waste of time to argue with persons so senseless and so prejudiced withal)—"the drama too has undergone its improvements." "The drama!" they all ejaculated at once, "show, sniveling sentiment, balderdash, and mummery—the drama!" Finding the modern drama so contemptuously treated by these champions of the old school, I brought the main supporters of the new school successively in review before them. "Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, and Sheridan," were pretty fellows in their day, but has either of them left us such a comedy as *Virtue's Harvest Home*, or as *La Belle Assemblée*?" "No," was the reply, but delivered, as I fancied, in a tone of irony which considerably distressed me. "Can

you, from your whole store of sterling comedy, as you fantastically term it, produce such characters as Farmer Wheatsheaf, or *Deame Wheat-sheaf*, or Lord Bluedevel?" I was answered by a second *No*, more cutting and cruel than the first. The only person who seemed inclined to take part with me, was an old gentleman, a very active member of the Agricultural Society, who, after some hesitation, said, that "For his part—not pretending to much understanding of the matter—he did not see why plough-tails, and turnip-tops, and farm-yard occupations, were not as proper subjects to talk about on the stage as any others;" (I cast a look of triumph at our opponents;) "that as we already possessed the serious comedy, the sentimental comedy, the genteel comedy, and so forth, it seemed, to his humble way of thinking, rather fastidious to object to the moral-agricultural comedy." (In the fulness of gratitude for his support I shook his hand.) "But—again disclaiming all pretensions to a proper understanding of the matter—he, admirer as he was of that class, even he must admit, that bloody towels and rusty daggers were rather out of their place in *comedy* of any class."—"Call you this backing o' your friends?"—This blow, and a ponderous blow it was, dealt from the hand of my only ally, surprised and staggered me; which my opponents perceiving, they all fell upon me one after another. "Your modern comedy gives us trades," said one; "And occupations," said another; "And pun and county dialects," said a third; "But affords neither character, nor wit, nor wholesome satire, nor common sense," said a fourth. I found that unless I made a desperate rally all would be lost. I contended that

"the drama had its fashions like all other human inventions; that fashions were liable to change; that natural character and easy wit were out; and, for that reason, were no more to be called for in the modern comedy than embroidered coats, full-bottomed wigs, stiff stomachers, and festooned hoops for the actors and actresses. Because it required half a hundred weight of horse-hair to make a wig for Congreve or for Farcu'har, would you quarrel with the authors of *Virtue's Harvest Home* and *La Belle Assemblée* for wearing a half-ounce brutus, or for wearing no wig at all? Surely you would not. Why then are you less indulgent towards the differences between the insides of men's heads than the outs. You cling to what you call your old school of comedy" (I was growing angry, as I always do, when I hear the modern drama ridiculed or contemned) "as ivy clings to an old brick wall, merely because it is old, and affect to despise the new for no better reason. You move not forward with the improvements of the age; you have allowed the world to outrun you by half a century; you do not keep pace with the march of intellect."—"Intellect, forsooth!" from the opposite benches. I called to order.)—"Had we lingered on, writing and admiring such pieces as delighted our grandfathers, never should we have wept over the serious-agricultural comedy; never should we have sat motionless and mute, or gasping in suspense and horror at the all-astounding and all-confounding melodrama; never should we have gazed, enraptured and delighted, at the glare and glitter, the taffeta and the tinsel, the waving plumes and 'all the magnificent gilt and brass-work'* of that climax of perfection in the

* "The magnificent gilt and brass-work" exhibited in the Drury Lane Coronation was one of its great attractions, and due honour was conferred on it in the play-bills. Addison says, that we always feel more interested in the perusal of a book when we know something about its author. How much more gracefully then must have waved the plumes, with what excess of brightness must have shone "All the magnificent gilt and brass work," to those who were informed of the important fact, that among the artists, or, properly speaking, the authors of the Coronation, were "Messrs. CARBERRY and Co. for the feathers, and Messrs. JOHNSON and BROOKES, *New-street-square*, for all the magnificent gilt and brass work." (See the *Drury Lane play bills*.) If any fault may be found with this elegant advertisement (in all other respects quite worthy of Old Drury's play bills) it is that the mention of the address gives it somewhat the air of a shop-card. How formal and technical would it be to announce "*Mr. William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon*, for all the magnificent poetry of the *Tempest*."

modern drama—a *Procession*!!—
Like Brutus—"I paused for a reply."
My adversaries were dumbfounded.
After staring at each other for some
time in silence and astonishment,
they liberally confessed that they did
not imagine such an *idea* as a Pro-
cession would ever have entered the
heads of any of *their* worthies; and
adding, that having entirely given
up attendance at the theatres, and
being desirous of knowing in what
the merit of such an exhibition con-
sisted, they requested I would, in an
early number of *The Beauties*, give
a specimen of this latest improve-
ment in the legitimate drama. This
I consented to do; and, so far as the
nature of the subject will allow of it,
I now proceed to fulfil my promise.

A PROCESSION

Is the latest and most successful
improvement in the modern drama.
I do not speak of processions inci-
dental to certain plays, as, for ex-
ample, the Ovation in *Coriolanus*,^{*}
but of processions got up for the
mere procession's sake. Of the lat-
ter, we have seen no fewer than *five*
within about as many months.—
Where?—At Astley's?—No. At the
Olympic?—No. At the Spring-Gar-
den Rooms, or Bartholomew Fair?—
No:—two at the Show-box Royal,
Drury Lane,—Old Drury,—Garrick's
Drury,—Sheridan's Drury—("Any
body's *Violante*, every body's *Vio-
lante*");—and three at the Show-
box Royal, Covent Garden!†

Now as the introduction of Pro-

^{*} I have heard it unthinkingly asserted that Mr. Kemble, as the introducer of processions and spectacles into some of Shakespeare's plays, ought to be considered as the original corruptor of the public taste. Kemble the corruptor of the public taste! Kemble the elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman! the man of exalted genius and refined taste! *He* the corruptor of the taste of the public! Why, his very presence on the stage was in itself sufficient to purify the atmosphere of the theatre, rendered unwholesome by the introduction of horses, dogs, monkeys, and rope-dancers. His *Cato*, his *Brutus*, his *Coriolanus*, his *Wolsey*, his *Zanga*, his *Hotspur*,—aye, or his *KINGLY Richard*—did these corrupt the public taste, or debase it, or help in any way to vulgarise it? The taste of nine-tenths of your "admirable public," could never attain the level to which he would have exalted it. When *Ac* introduced procession and spectacle, it was with a view to embellish and illustrate his "beloved Shakespeare," and complete the illusion of the scene; *Ac* introduced it, not for the pitiful purpose of dazzling the eye, but to exalt the imagination, and fill the mind with the semblance of truth and reality. Witness the *Tempest*. Witness *Coriolanus*. In the latter, the procession, splendid as it was, was merely incidental: of itself it attracted nothing. Kemble, with laurelled front and outspread arms, and altogether that poetical dignity and grandeur of attitude peculiar to himself, pausing for a while beneath the arch of triumph, his eye, his brow, his lip, his entire figure bespeaking the magnificent pride of the antique conqueror, carried the mind back to the "high and palmy state of *Rome*;" there we were, where Shakespeare intended we should be while his play was going on before us, in the seven-hilled city, with *Coriolanus*, and *Volumnia*, and all the great ones of that capital of the world. Here was a field for the imagination to revel in; but Kemble was the magician who spread it for us. The Ovation has been exhibited since his retirement from the stage, but so poor a procession-maker was he, that it has never succeeded without him. "The magnificent gilt and brass-work" is still fresh and glittering, but *Coriolanus* is gone for ever. Your pure procession-makers understand their work better. The Coronation, or the Public Entry of the Empress Elizabeth, will always draw the "admirable public," spite of the absence, or even the presence, of any particular actor.

Kemble is gone! but fortunately he has left a brother possessing many of his rare qualities. Like him he is a gentleman and a scholar. He is now in the direction of a national theatre; and surely, a fitter person for the post could not easily be found. His very name is a guarantee that he will maintain the honour of at least *one* of our national stages. He will never turn traitor to the glory of his brother, or his sister, or to his own, by an unworthy use of his power. *He also is a Kemble!* and there is something in that very sound denoting candour to teach, and trumpery, and mummery of all kinds.

† What else but show-boxes are they? What proportion do the regular tragedies, comedies, and farces, acted at both of them during the last and the present seasons, bear to the number of shows and melo-dramas exhibited? This is a calculation which might be made with some effect by the Lord Chamberlain.

cessions, as a great and important division of our national drama,* forms an epoch in theatrical history, a short notice of the sensation excited by those already produced, cannot fail to be instructive. To this end, however, the most authentic, and least interested information that can be obtained on the subject is indispensable, and I shall offer no apology for occasionally quoting those *bulletins*, so remarkable for the purity and impartiality of their auto-criticisms, and the valuable specimens of rhetoric they frequently contain—the play-bills.†

The first of the Processions, The Coronation, at the Show-box Royal, Drury Lane, was produced immediately after the Coronation at Westminster Abbey. The King at the Abbey was his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth; and, at the Show-box, Robert the first (of the Elliston dynasty). The success of this fac-simile exceeded even the most enthusiastic expectations of its most enthusiastic planner. The public has admired and delighted in Kemble's Coriolanus, and Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth, and Miss O'Neill's Juliet, and the former Elliston's Aranza; but its admiration of all this was tame, its delight was cold, compared with its extasies of delight and admiration at king Robert's crown and robes. After a few nights' exhibition, thus saith the play-bill, and in large red letters,

like a lottery-puff: "overflowing and delighted audiences nightly recognize and acknowledge The Coronation as the most correct and splendid exhibition ever produced on the British stage." The British stage!! Thirty, fifty, eighty representations are insufficient to satisfy the admiration of this most admiring public, and then we have in letters larger and redder than before: "In consequence of the unprecedented popularity, and unceasing attraction of the Coronation, (which is acknowledged to be the most correct and splendid, &c. &c.) the theatre overflows nightly. It will be repeated on every night of acting." But royalty, whatever advantages it may confer on its possessor, is, in many respects, a burthen. Perhaps no man would accept it with the condition of being obliged all his life to go about with a heavy crown upon his head. In the history of the 19th of July, we find certain allusions to the "fatigues of the day," yet this was but *one* day of crowning; what mortal could endure crowning a hundred times successively? And so it happened with the king of Drury, that after submitting to the infliction of the ceremony with ineffable patience sundry scores of times—it happened, notwithstanding "THE KING" paraded "in his royal robes, wearing his cap of estate under a canopy of cloth of gold,"—notwithstanding this cloth of gold was "borne by the barons of the cinque-

* The rapidity with which the Processions have succeeded each other, and the place of their appearance, warrant the belief that they are now received as a standing portion of the national drama. What does Thalia in a niche outside of Covent Garden, having nothing to do within? There she stands, poor melancholy wench! looking complaints to each passer-by, of the hard usage she has received from her unnatural guardians. Why not remove her, and supply her place by a centaur or a punchinello? Either would hold out a fair promise of the sights to be seen within doors. As to poor Drury, that promises nothing—it is truly an *unpromising* concern. Apollo, who presided over the late theatre, and experienced an ominous fall at its conflagration, has cut the concern altogether.

† Here is a specimen which has no connexion with the present subject, but I give it as being an admirable one in its way.

"Brutus having now attained the *utmost height* of popularity, and *universal* approbation, producing on every evening of performance a *vast* overflow from all parts of the theatre very shortly after the doors are opened; its representation being nightly accompanied by *torrents* of the *most* loud and *rapturous* applause, and its announcement for repetition constantly hailed by the unanimous *cheers* and *acclamations* of the *whole* house, will be acted every evening till further notice." Where is the police while all this uproar and rioting is going on in a theatre of good fame? It then continues: "Mr. KEAN whose representation of *Lucius Junius*, in the new tragedy, has been productive of the *most powerful effect* on the *feelings* of *delighted* and *admiring* audiences, will repeat &c." (*Drury Lane play-bill, December 9, 1818.*)

All here is super-superlative. "Exhausted language can no further go."

ports, and supported by two bishops,"—notwithstanding his Majesty's train was "supported by the eldest sons of peers, assisted by the master of the robes,"—notwithstanding the "lords of the king's bed chamber, and the keeper of his majesty's privy purse,"—notwithstanding even the "physician and apothecary," placed there perhaps (somewhat like surgeons at a military flogging) to calculate how much dignity might be inflicted on the king of Drury without danger of unsettling his mental faculties—*notwithstanding all this regal pomp, this enviable elevation nightly above "upwards of four hundred persons,"* king Robert was compelled to abdicate. But legitimacy is the order of the day: the manager of Drury is the natural king of Drury; so preferring the public weal to private ease, Robert determined to re-assume his reign, and soon the bills announced the joyful tidings (in letters of a magnitude befitting the importance of the event) that "Mr. Elliston has resumed his character" in the Coronation.—Thereupon audiences again became "crowded and overflowing;" once more the public "recognized and acknowledged the correctness and splendour of the exhibition;" again were audiences "delighted;" for the hundredth time they "admired;" then those "acknowledging" and "recognizing," and "delighted," and "admiring" audiences really grew "enthusiastic in their applause;" and, maintaining them in this pleasurable state of excitation,

the Procession continued its "successful and unprecedented career."

About the same time, a Procession appeared at the Show-box Royal, Covent Garden, the plot of which was also a Coronation. The only remarkable difference between this show and the other was, that while the Procession at legitimate Old Drury stood forward as a mere show, at Covent Garden poor Shakspeare was mangled and dragged at the tail of this triumphal car of the modern drama.†

Next in order followed the Coronation of the Empress Elizabeth; and, for this purpose, the public was treated with the revival of *The Exile*, an admirable medium for a show.‡ But the admiring public had already admired two Coronations; and though great reliance is placed on its capacities for admiration, it could not reasonably be expected that the public would go on admiring Coronations for ever; so, to coax it into admiration of a third, a sort of bonus was offered in the form of the *Grand public entry of the Empress Elizabeth, through a triumphal arch*!! An Empress going through an arch was irresistible: the Coronation was swallowed, the very Exile itself was digested, and audiences "overflowing the theatre in every part," testified their admiration of this "grand pageant, by the loudest applause and acclamations throughout."

Procession the fourth was entitled, the *Grand emblematical Procession of the Seasons, and the Elements*, and was marched, at the same show-

* Mr. Elliston's announcing that he had "resumed his character" in the Coronation, was inflicting a bitter satire on himself. Is that his character, or his place? to fill up a dumb pageant, to march in a Procession! Where is *Aranza*? Where *Felix*, *Archer*, the *Singles*, *Ranger*, *Horre*? These were the parts, among others, that gave him the character of being the pleasantest, and, in many respects, the best comedian of the time; and he would do better for himself, and for the art, were he to endeavour to RETRIEVE that character by acting those parts more frequently, than by "resuming the character" of a lay-figure, to expose a velvet robe and ostrich feathers upon.

† Shakspeare's *Henry IV.* Part II. was tacked on to this Coronation.

‡ Who would ever suspect the *Exile* to be the production of the lively author of the *Dramatist*, and of a score other pleasant pieces that kept the town in a broad laugh for twenty years together? But I suppose we must have vehicles for shows, as we sometimes have vehicles for music. Here lies the difference between the present show-system, and that of Mr. KEMBLE, "the original corruptor of the public taste." He made use of pageant and spectacle, chiefly for the purpose of illustration; now, a piece is got up as a mere medium for show and glitter. Let me ask two questions: Who would go to look at the *ovation* now that *Coriolanus* is no more? Who would go to listen to the *Exile* were the pageant withdrawn?

box,* in a scene (*classical*, according to the play-bills) representing the Carnival in the great square of Milan. With Cleopatra's galley, the palace of pleasure, an artificial mountain, Apollo's temple, and other such "appliances and means to boot," it is not surprising that this fourth procession was "enthusiastically received," or that overflowing audiences testified their delight and admiration, and extasy and enthusiasm, in all possible ways, not inconsistent with the rules of decency in a public theatre.

I had nearly forgot to mention, that in the course of this pageant was introduced the play of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.†

The fifth and latest procession which has appeared, was produced at the show-box on the opposite side of the way. The Coronation, with all its glories, could not be expected to march on for ever; and opposed as it was by three processions, given in rapid succession at the rival legitimate—national—patent—Show-box Royal, it began to limp and hobble, and show signs of fatigue. In consequence, another procession was planned, which was intended to outdo all that had ever been done before. Painters, decorators, plumassiers, braziers, silkmen, gold-lacemen, silver-lacemen, and all sorts of contrivers of show and glitter were set to work. Public expectation was excited in a very high degree; and as soon as the *Grand Procession of the installed and uninstalled Knights of St. Patrick, with the sovereign of the order* was announced for exhibition, the "applications for places were innumerable." The anxiously

expected night at length arrived, and (to use the play-bill style) the public rushed, in overwhelming and resistless torrents, to the doors; in an incredibly short time after their opening, the house was crowded almost to suffocation; and every place from which a sight of the stage could be obtained was occupied in anxious and breathless impatience for the commencement of the march. But spite of all this, spite of the promise of an "Irish jig," in large black letters; spite of the "grand installation," in large red ones; spite of much paint, and varnish, and show, and glitter, this procession was stopt in mid career. The failure of this *work* (for notwithstanding the play-bill's assurance of the contrary, it did fail) is easily to be accounted for, and on two grounds: first, as compared with a coronation, an installation is an anti-climax, a fault always to be avoided, and more cautiously avoided where the eye alone sits in judgment; and how could it have been expected that the same admiring audiences who had so long revelled in the contemplation of Mr. Elliston's majesty, surrounded by princes and dukes, the sons of peers for train-bearers, his physician and apothecary close at hand, his champion on *real* horse-back, his knights in real armour, &c. how could it have been expected that these same persons should look with complacency on drum-majors, a noble lord or two, *proxies* for dukes, a few bishops, masters in chancery, battle-axe guards, and such inferior officers? Secondly: habit has rendered modern play-goers critical about PROCESSIONS; they begin to form opinions and to pro-

* Three Processions to poor Drury's one! Emulation and well-directed industry must prosper.

† That the play of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was revived for the express purpose of producing a pageant, a carnival, or any other sort of show, there can be no doubt. As an acting play, it is notoriously one of the weakest of Shakspeare's; the simple announcement of the revival of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "unmixed with baser matter," would have been but little attractive; and, judging from the present state of theatrical policy, there is no reason to believe that the pure love of Shakspeare, or of his memory, or of the dramatic art, would have induced the revival of an unprofitable play. But the great proof lies in the arrangement of the play-bills (and the "admiring public" has seen enough of this kind of auto-criticism to understand its mysteries); for while "Shakspeare" and his "sonnets," and the "play of our immortal bard," appear in modest and ordinary type, the "Carnival" stands forth in characters of super-important dimensions.

‡ To this was appended something, entitled, *Giovanni in Ireland*.

nounce judgments on their respective merits,—that is to say, they weigh, and measure, and count,—and the practised eye of the “admirer public” soon perceived that in the *Installation* there were expended fewer hundreds of feathers, fewer yards of velvet, fewer bales of silk, fewer pounds of spangles, than in the Coronation. These are the true modern poetries, and by these was the *Installation* tried: it was found wanting; and after undergoing the process of damnation sundry times, it was finally withdrawn.*

Having given a short history of the rise of this modern addition to the legitimate drama, it remains for me to fulfil my promise of placing a specimen of a *Procession* among the Beauties of the Living Dramatists.

I now perceive that the promise was a rash one, and I was to blame in contracting it. In this species of dramatic literature there is nothing tangible to the understanding; it addresses itself solely to the eye. To embody and exhibit its beauties on paper is therefore nearly impossible; it is something like an attempt to write a dance upon the tight rope; and how can the pen represent the *à-plomb* with which MADAME SAQUI, and a company of French tumblers, capered upon three tight ropes at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, or the agility with which *she* ran up a rope extended from the back of its classical and national stage to the centre of its enlightened and admiring two shilling gallery? † Yet, since altogether to omit so important a

* According to the play-bills, it appears that poor Giovanni had to struggle against “factious efforts previously organized,” which, for a time, were “completely overpowered.” In the end, however, they completely overpowered him. Factious efforts previously organized! Unless I give a positive reference, I am persuaded that it will never be believed that a London theatre would dare to qualify by such a phrase the disapprobation expressed by a London public. See then the Drury Lane play-bill of Friday, December 28, 1821, at the bottom of which will be found, in unusually large characters, the following sentence:—

“GIOVANNI IN IRELAND, on its second performance, last night, was received with tumultuous approbation, every factious effort previously organized being completely overpowered.”—Would it not have been more decent to use the customary formula, as thus: “The public is most respectfully informed that its factious efforts previously organized being completely overpowered, &c.”

† Yes, reader, on the stage of a great national theatre, acting under the authority of the royal patent, have we beheld a set of buffoons and rope dancers, brought from the outskirts of Paris, where, in a trumpery building, they exhibit before a French rabble for two-pence!!

The following passage, which occurs in Cibber's *Life*, is so apt to the present subject, and applies so closely to the actual state of our theatres, that I must beg leave to quote it: speaking of the *then* patentee of Drury-Lane, he says: “It seems he had not purchased his share of the patent to mend the stage, but to make money of it: and to say truth, his sense of every thing to be shown there was much upon a level with the taste of the multitude, whose opinion and whose money weighed with him just as much as that of the best judges. His point was to please the majority, who could more easily comprehend any thing they saw, than the daintiest things that could be said to them. But in this notion he kept no medium; for in my memory he carried it so far that he was (some years before this time) actually dealing for an extraordinary fine elephant, at a certain sum, for any day he might think fit to show the tractable genius of that vast quiet creature in any play or farce in the theatre (then standing) in *Dorset Garden*.” [Who would not imagine this to have been written of *Covent Garden*, where we have actually seen that “vast quiet creature.”] “But from his bricklayer's assuring him it might endanger the fall of the house, he gave up so hopeful a prospect of making the receipt of the stage run higher than all the wit and force of the best writers had ever yet raised them to.

“About the same time, he put in practice another project, which was his introducing a set of rope-dancers into the same theatre; for the first day of whose performance he had given out some play in which I had a material part.” [Now mark well what followed about a century ago.] “But I was hardy enough to go into the pit and acquaint the spectators near me, that I hoped they would not think it a mark of my disrespect to them if I declined acting upon any stage that was brought to so low a disgrace as ours was like to be by that day's entertainment. My excuse was so well taken, and the whole body of actors, too, protesting against such an abuse of their profession, our cautious master was too much alarmed and intimidated to repeat it.”

feature of the modern drama would leave my collection glaringly deficient and incomplete, I will endeavour to illustrate the only two prominent literary qualities it possesses;† and if, after all, the result of my efforts should prove unsatisfactory to my readers, I trust that they will make ample allowances on my behalf, in consideration of the difficulties of the task which I have imposed on myself.

The specimens I shall exhibit are from three original MSS. in my possession; but though they are greatly inferior in *puffability* and *trapacity* to those already *marched*, I prefer se-

lecting from them to having recourse to well-known *works*; not only on account of their novelty, but that the public may be enabled to judge of the activity excited in the cultivation of this new branch of the drama, and also to form some idea of the stock of talent on which it may calculate for its future amusement and edification.

The first is a project for the revival of Foote's Farce of the *Mayor of Garrate*, for the purpose of introducing the procession of the newly-elected mayor through the village.—The opening is not amiss.

Order of the procession.

Mob.

Hot-spice gingerbread-man selling hot-spice gingerbread.

Mob.

Drum and fife.

Cobblers two and two, in their best clothes.‡

Tinkers two and two, in their best clothes.

Pedlars, &c. &c. and a long line of followers of different trades and occupations, all in *their best clothes*.

Constable with his staff. §

Marrow-bones and cleavers.

* * * *

[Shortly after appears the bellman, the author's master-stroke, as the reader may judge.]

THE BELLMAN.

In his best clothes, a gold-laced three-corner'd hat with gold buttons and loop on his head, carrying in his right hand a magnificent brass bell, decorated with blue ribbons. ||

N. B. The public is respectfully informed that the magnificent real brass

† There is yet wanting to the modern drama a polite nomenclature expressive of its peculiar beauties. The terms *trash*, *stuff*, *gag*, *humbug*, &c. are all very appropriate, but rather coarse. The *procession*, as being the latest invention in the dramatic art, is, consequently, the most deficient in this respect; so that, in order to designate the two literary qualities I have alluded to, I am compelled to make use of two words, which, though remarkably definite and exact, are somewhat vulgar—*puff* and *trap*. Having diligently searched my *Johnson* for a pair of polite, and at the same time efficient substitutes, and none being to be found, I must be content with the services of *puff* and *trap*. I will, however, be as sparing as possible in my employment of them, for were I to bring forward *puff* and *trap* on every occasion where the qualities they imply appear in the play-bills of the London Theatres-Royal, poor *puff* and *trap* would find their office no sinecure.

‡ This piece of *trap* is not ill-conceived. The author seems aware that finery is requisite in a procession, but forgets that it must be glittering finery. In the Drury-Lane Coronation we have "Trumpeters in full state liveries with silver trumpets." But this begets the idea of gold-lace and spangles; a specimen of *trap* the author may profit by in his next work.

§ An imitation of that interesting point in the Drury-Lane play-bill: "High Constable of Westminster, *with his staff*."

|| Not only is this the best point in the procession, but it will stand a comparison with one of the most effective pieces of *trap* in the Drury-Lane Coronation: "The *King* in his royal robes, wearing his cap of estate, under a canopy of cloth of gold, supported by the barons of the cinque-ports, &c."

The N. B. which follows is admirable; though, perhaps, the imitation of the famous "Messrs. Johnston and Brookes, New-street-square, for all the magnificent gilt and brass-work," is too apparent.

bell, carried by the bell-man, was cast expressly for this procession, by Messrs. Clapper and Co. Bell Founders, High Holborn.

THE MAYOR OF GARRAT.

Riding on a real ass decorated with blue ribbons. †

Marrow-bones and cleavers.

Tumblers.

Punch and Judy.

Cobblers two and two, &c. &c.

• • • • •

Mob.

And thus closes the procession. ‡

The next is *The progress of the beautiful lady Godiva through the High Street of the city of Coventry.*

Had the author adhered to the *naked truth* of the history of this event, his exhibition, however beautiful and interesting, must have been destitute of pomp and splendour; for, as it is well known that it was declared death to him that should dare

to look upon her ladyship while passing through the city, he must necessarily have made her traverse the stage *unaccompanied*. He has most ingeniously imagined a mode of overcoming this difficulty, by which her ladyship's delicate scruples are respected, and a tolerable degree of *éclat* is conferred on the procession, which is made to open by

The Town-Crier of Coventry, *blindfolded*.

Spearmen, two and two, *blindfolded*.

Archers, two and two, *blindfolded*.

Cross-bow-men, two and two, *blindfolded*.

The High Sheriff of the County of Warwick (*bearing his wand*), *blindfolded*.

Aldermen of Coventry in their robes, *carefully blindfolded*.

Mayor of Coventry, in his robes, *carefully blindfolded*.

Bishop of Coventry, *most carefully blindfolded*.

• • • • •
• • • • •

Virgins, two and two, dancing and strewing flowers.

Matrons, two and two, bearing banners, on which are embroidered icicles, drifted snow, white roses, and other emblems of chastity.

† The introduction of a *real ass* on the boards of a London theatre is not altogether new, but I believe this is the first time that such an event was ever intended to be formally announced. *Real* elephants, *real* horses, *real* dogs, and *real* monkeys, have frequently been held out as the chief attraction in an evening's amusement at the legitimate patent national theatres. Might not the licenser, suspecting a latent satire, object to the decorating of *real asses* with blue ribbons?

‡ Considering this procession as intended for a London Theatre Royal, I cannot say much in its favour. The subject is injudiciously chosen, for though it will admit of noise, it excludes show and glitter. With the exception of the tumblers and the bell-man, there is no opportunity for the display of a yard of gold lace, or one single ounce of spangles. I cannot deny it the praise of purity and precision in its conduct, and of a classical adherence to character and costume; but those very qualities, inasmuch as they render the *work* unfit for its destination, become so many defects; and whatever pleasure this procession may produce in the closet, I do unhesitatingly pronounce it unfit for representation on the stage.

The author, it seems, is a young man whose ambition it is to write for the *British stage*. Processions being the order of the day, the favoured objects of the managers as of the town, he naturally writes a procession, as perhaps he would essay a comedy were comedy in vogue. His first step in the career he has chosen is indicative of talent; but if he would write successfully and profitably, he must in future be more attentive to glitter, noise, and show.

LADY GODIVA,

Mounted on a beautiful milk-white mare, decorated with white ribbons; her long black hair flowing down her neck and shoulders, and disposed so as completely to conceal her

SADDLE.

Matrons, two and two.

Virgins, two and two.

More blindfolded aldermen.

&c. &c. &c.

In the course of this scene is introduced an incident which is highly creditable to the author's fancy. Lady Godiva pauses—a garret window is seen to open—Tom (emphatically called Peeping Tom) appears with an opera glass, a telescope, or some other magnifying instrument—as he puts it to his eye, Diana appears in the clouds—she touches it with her bow—it explodes, and strikes Tom with blindness.—Thus is a well-attested fact represented in a manner highly poetical.

It is said, that the farce of *Peeping Tom* is about to be revived, for the purpose of introducing this procession, which, though deficient in glitter, contains *natural* beauties which cannot fail of attracting admiring audiences. *Mlle. Bégrand*, who acts the *Chaste Susannah* at the *Porte St. Martin*, in a costume of antediluvian simplicity, might be engaged for the part of Lady Godiva.

The last specimen I shall produce is from a procession pure and undefiled, that is to say, a procession unaccompanied by inferior dramatic matter, as play, or opera, or any such impertinent appendage—something after the manner of the Drury Lane Coronation. The subject is remarkably fertile, and affords abundant opportunities for the exercise of those qualities which are the life and soul of the processional drama, *puff* and *trap*. Of those opportunities the author has availed himself with considerable adroitness, and some originality; but as his imitations of his predecessors, where he does imitate them, are so glaring and palpable as almost to amount to plagiarisms, I shall take particular note of them whenever they occur, not only with a view to the benefit of the art, but in justice to the illustrious dramatists whose works have served as models for

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW BY LAND AND WATER.

A superb, grand, splendid, and magnificent processional pageant in five acts.†

Act the first represents the procession by land, as seen from the obelisk in Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

[Its principal features are]

The City Marshal in a magnificent full uniform, with his staff, mounted on a real white charger.‡

The Twelve City Companies.

Superb Banner of the Fishmongers' Company.
Fishmongers.

Warden of the Fishmongers' Company.
Superb Banner of the Grocers' Company.
Grocers.

Warden of the Grocers' Company. §

* * * *

Mr. Deputy ——— in his glass coach.

Mr. Deputy ——— in his glass coach.

† As these five acts form a programme as long as a bill of the entertainments at Astley's or Drury-Lane, it is impossible to do more than just select its most attractive beauties. The term, processional pageant, is new and very expressive.

‡ This is an improvement on "The high constable of Westminster, with his staff." See D. L. Coronation.

§ Banners of Spain,—Ambassador of Spain,—Spaniards.

C. G. *Public Entry of the Emp. Eliz.*

(Here follow all the Deputies in rotation.)
Mr. Alderman ——— in his own carriage.

(All the Aldermen.)

THE MAN IN REAL ARMOUR,
mounted on a real charger,
followed by Esquires in real half-armour.†

THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH
richly painted and gilt,
drawn by

SIX REAL HORSES.†

In the coach are seen the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, bowing graciously to the populace, and the Mace Bearer, immovable at the middle window, bearing the City Mace—all as large as life!!

* * * *

Act the second is a representation of the ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor at Westminster; the chief incident in which is his Lordship's counting the hob-nails; and the only very striking beauty in the arrangement of this part of the bill is

THE JUDGES IN REAL WIGS!

NB. Messrs. Frizzle and Co. of Lincoln's Inn Fields for all the judicial wigs. §

* * * *

Act the third gives us the Lord Mayor's Show by Water, as it is seen from the Temple Gardens; with an accurate representation of Blackfriars Bridge and the Patent Shot Manufactory.

Here we have barges with bands of music, barges with double bands of music, the River Fencibles firing salutes, the Clothworkers' barge, the Vintners' barge, &c. and THE LORD MAYOR'S BARGE (in large letters,) gliding down

THE RIVER THAMES (in larger.)

The fourth act represents the interior of Guildhall, magnificently illuminated, at the upper end of which are seen

GOG AND MAGOG, THE GIANTS,

who come down to dinner when they hear the clock strike one! ||
with the

GRAND ENTRY

of

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD MAYOR

through the great centre door of the hall, decorated with variegated lamps expressly for the occasion; his Lordship being attended by all the City officers, with the Aldermen, and the Deputies of all the City wards; together with many persons of distinction from the west end of the town.††

* * * *

The fifth and concluding act is a representation of the ball in the Court

† See D. L. Coronation.

‡ It is impossible to avoid recurring to the "Car of the Empress drawn by six real horses," in the C. G. *Public Entry*.

§ Again an imitation of "All the magnificent gilt and brass work." This was a masterly touch of puff certainly, but like excellence of all kinds it has excited a wearisome quantity of imitations.

|| The author seems to consider this as one of the most fortunate hits in his piece, and is desirous of obtaining for it the honour of red letters. I think it deserves it. There are but few touches of puff or *troupe* in the play-bills of the Theatres Royal which surpass it, and as for the minor theatres, they never attempt such mighty flights.

†† This is *imitating* with a vengeance. The author has made too free with that exquisite piece of *troupe* which occurs in a Covent Garden bill, and is literally as follows:

"THE GRAND PUBLIC ENTRY
of the

EMPRESS ELIZABETH,

through a TRIUMPHAL ARCH, decorated for the occasion. The procession proceeds in its course to the cathedral, attended by deputations from her TRIBUTARY STATES, by all the dignitaries and public functionaries of the city; and the AMBASSADORS from all the various courts of Europe and Asia."

of King's Bench, which is most brilliantly illuminated. In the course of this act are danced the *Minuet de la Cour*, by the Lady Mayoress and the eldest son of an Alderman, and a Spanish Bolero, by Mr. Deputy ———, of Portsoken ward;† and the whole is concluded by a

GRAND EMBLEMATICAL AND ALLEGORICAL VISION,
and a
SHOWER OF FIRE.‡

John P. Pool

† The announcement of a dance is an allowable mode of attraction to a Theatre-Royal. In the Drury Lane *Installation* we find "In act 1, an IRISH JIG."

‡ The shower of fire would seem as inappropriate in the Court of King's Bench (except, perhaps, as affording a foretaste to the lawyers) as visions and allegories in the Drury Lane *fun-simile* of the installation of the Knights of St. Patrick; but the author sets all to rights by a marginal note in his MS. where he says, "People don't go to think at these things—they must always end with a crash, no matter how, or why, or wherefore—any thing will do, so it be but like the last scene of a pantomime."

THE FALLS OF OHIOPYLE.

ON the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsman, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog and gun, amid uninhabited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it, and finding it in good condition, I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my four-footed companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water,—a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered into the boat, and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which

forbade my leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind, when nature in her garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away, and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds. His last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the umbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude upon his meditations. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects

increased. Immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill-defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure, which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels, and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moonbeams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance; while rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure; it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me at thus beholding in their pride of loveliness the works of the creating Spirit.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into the boat lain

with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked, that though the wind had subsided, the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible, and sought with considerable anxiety for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain; high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time, my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion over me. The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have before mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered, and grew cold to think of the fate to which I was hurrying, without hope or succour, or a twig to catch at to save me from destruction. In a few moments, I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death. I had seen him in various forms. I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he

face of nature which had tempted me to my fate was the same. The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heaven, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the star of evening, and in their tranquillity seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects, a mist was over my eyes—but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. Then strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things, of whose shape I could form no idea, would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delusion as from a dream, and again the roar of the cataract would ring through my ears. These feelings succeeded each other with indefinite rapidity, for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible to the time of my reaching the waterfall. Suddenly, I seemed rapt along with inconceivable swiftness, and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven headlong, with amazing violence and rapidity. Then a shock as if my frame had been rent in atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted from the water, but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. I heard no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or

former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure, but some allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. I lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees, I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity; but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. Of my sailing on the river—of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohio-pyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it—but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house; but, on trial, I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this, I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing about me. I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form, which had flitted around me. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the old man, was music to me—her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I had never before beheld. During the whole time

of my illness, those white fingers, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that had obscured my mind and memory passed away; I was again sensible, and could call to mind with some little trouble a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, of my reaching the edge of the rock over which the full stream rushes with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings, I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences, and from whom I might gather information concerning those things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in the attempt, examined the room in which I lay, but no one was there; my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair. Being equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit, I commenced my operations. My first step was to enter into an adjoining room, which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was, however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants; and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round, I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller, Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was huzily engaged in patting and caressing him, when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while, on the other, hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumb—but

was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch; chiding me at the same time for so doing without leave. She smiling said, "I am, at present, your physician, and I assure you that I shall exercise the power which I have over you, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible." "But," added the father, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive. By this time, I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned to them. But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly by his lovely daughter. Carlo and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inexorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the Falls of Obiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river-side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation, he had great difficulty, first, in rescuing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father's dwelling, where I had lain several days, till by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business), I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over every thing the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or

selves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer, who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself a sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me (which they assured me was not the case). Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget, for—shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me was the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me with sister-like affection, I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have been benefited by the same care, and have been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile; that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves, to whom, equally with any other, their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls,

and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling above it; the neat glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green grass-plat edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with “wee modest” daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever, and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy, too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; “and yet it cannot be helped,” I repeated again and again. “How happy I should be,” I thought, “in this lovely spot, and perhaps, the daughter”—dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? “And why should I not be happy?”

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the white-washed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay, more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me; and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

SONNET, TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

It seemeth like Enchantment thus to go
 Into the calm lull'd woods, when all's asleep
 Save thou, lone minstrel of fictitious woe,
 Shade-loving Philomel, who seem'st to weep
 Thy bosom's deep wrung sufferings.--O thy voice,
 Like Angel Pity's from some drooping cloud,
 Doth bid the sullen heart of him rejoice
 Who shuns like thee the vile obnoxious crowd;—
 Where all is glitter, noise, and waste of wind;
 Where Love is aped by false-faced courtesy,
 Where Folly's converse loads the sickening wind,
 And Fashion rules with mean servility:—
 O what a break of bondage—here entwined
 With boughs, to sit, sweet Bird, and list thy harmony.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

By Harry E. O'Meara, Esq. late Surgeon to the Emperor Napoleon.

THIS work, from which, our readers will recollect, some extracts were given in our last, is on the eve of publication, but has not yet made its appearance. We avail ourselves therefore of the copy in our possession to lay before our readers a further selection from its contents. The work purports to be a compilation of Napoleon's private observations during the first three years of his captivity at St. Helena, taken down upon the spot each day, immediately after the narrator parted from his company. It is a simple, unadorned narrative of the conversations of Napoleon, not spoiled or brought into suspicion by any attempt at finery,—it is the *Boswelliana* of Bonaparte, unalloyed by the (certainly amusing) egotism of the northern biographer. To the work is prefixed a fac-simile of Napoleon's manuscript of the following sentence, the original of which is in the author's possession.

Je prie mes parents et amis de croire tout ce que le Docteur O'Meara leur dira relativement à la position ou je me trouve et aux sentimens que je conserve. S'il voit ma bonne Louise je la prie de permettre qu'il lui baise les mains.

Le 25 Juillet, 1818. NAPOLEON.

This speaks clearly the high confidence which Napoleon placed in the person to whom it was given, and confirms the strong internal evidence which every page presents of its authenticity. In addition to this, there is the attestation of Mr. Holmes, the agent of Napoleon in this country, that he received the original manuscript from St. Helena long before the arrival of Mr. O'Meara in England, a proof that the compilation was no afterthought. We think Mr. O'Meara has only acted justly towards himself, and respectfully towards the public, in producing those vouchers for the credit which he demands from them: but the trouble was scarcely necessary; there are so many anecdotes which none but Napoleon could tell—so many phrases, which none but Napoleon could use—such intensity of diction, and varieties of singular and interesting dis-

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closure, that it is difficult to refuse assent. The very nature of the work renders it necessarily most curious—there has not been a public event for the last thirty years—an actor of any distinction upon the political scene—a general of any fame—a minister of any eminence—a battle—a court—a treaty, or in short, an occurrence of any national interest whatever, which we have not Napoleon sketching for us in his own proper person, with all the rapidity and familiarity of conversation. The most minute details of his youth, his elevation, his prosperity, and his fall—the characters with whom he either combated or associated—the different members of his own family, their faults and their capabilities—the crimes of which he was accused with his own defences, the failures which he fell into; the achievements which he executed, and the plans which he had in prospect, are all developed with most interesting minuteness. One circumstance has struck us forcibly, as we have no doubt it will every one else on a perusal of this book, and that is, the facility of intercourse which Napoleon admitted, and his extreme communicativeness upon every subject; to be sure, it is natural enough that a man like him, after the surprising activity of the life he led, might wish to relieve the rigours of his confinement by a recurrence to the scenes in which he was so distinguished, thus as it were stealing a balm for the present from the memory of the past; still we did not expect to meet with so entire an absence of reserve. It is time, however, to allow the reader to judge for himself by some out of the numberless entertaining anecdotes with which these volumes abound. We should perhaps mention that the book is written in the unassuming but natural form of a diary. The following are some of his opinions of the person to whom perhaps in the world he was most attached—the Empress Josephine.

Had some conversation with him relative to the Empress Josephine, of whom he spoke in terms the most affectionate. Win

first acquaintance with that amiable being, commenced after the disarming of the sections in Paris, subsequently to the 13th of Vendémiaire, 1795. "A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me," continued he, "and entreated that his father's sword (who had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*. This first impression was daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following." Vol. i. p. 180. And again—"Josephine was subject to nervous attacks when in affliction. She was really an amiable woman—elegant, charming and affable. *Era la dama la piu graziosa di Francia*. She was the goddess of the toilet; all the fashions originated with her; every thing she put on appeared elegant; and she was so kind, so humane—she was the best woman in France." In another place he says of her,—"Josephine died worth about eighteen millions of francs. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years. She had frequently little disputes with Denon and even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues and pictures for her own gallery instead of the Museum. Now I always acted to please the people; and whenever I obtained a fine statue or a valuable picture I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine was Grace personified. Every thing she did was with a peculiar grace and delicacy. I never saw her act inclegantly during the whole time we lived together. She had grace even *en se couchant*. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time." Vol. ii. p. 101.

Of Marie Louise also he seems to have been very fond. The author relates that, he made him read to him three several times, out of the Observer Newspaper, an account of her having fallen off her horse into the Po and narrowly escaped drowning; an accident by which he appeared much affected. We have already seen that her own picture and that of her son decorated his mantelpiece; he had subsequently received from Europe a bust of young Napoleon, upon which he used to gaze at times with the most tender expression of affection. Napoleon seemed

fully impressed with an opinion that his affection for Marie Louise was returned to the last; and if the story which he relates be true, it is indeed highly to her honour.

"I have," continued he, "been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to * * * her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation, avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile."

Of his own family, and particularly of the females, he appears to have been fond of indulging the recollection.

"My excellent mother," said he, "is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud and high minded. She is capable of selling every thing even to her chemise for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and giving her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely upon the mother. She is very rich. Most of my family considered that I might die, that accidents might happen, and consequently took care to secure something. They have preserved a great part of their property." Of Joseph he thus speaks. "His virtues and talents are those of a private character; and for such nature intended him: he is too good to be a great man. He has no ambition. He is very like me in person, but handsomer. He is extremely well informed, but his learning is not that which is fitted for a king; nor is he capable of commanding an army." Vol. i. p. 232.

It is a curious fact, that Napoleon besought Mr. O'Meara to collect for him every book he could in which he was libelled, and read and commented on them continually, sometimes seriously refuting them, but much oftener in strains of ridicule. Occasionally some very awkward stories came out about the authors. We shall only extract one relating to Madame de Staël,

"Madame de Staël," said he, "was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and

restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the moment of drowning she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. At Geneva, she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me on purpose to ask payment of two millions, which her father Necker had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him, and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in in spite of this order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said that he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Stael was not however contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money in order to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; that she would be black and white for me. Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, saying that in so critical a time she might be of considerable service. I answered, that I would make no bargain.

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame de Stael in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'who at this moment is le premier homme de monde?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'she who has borne the greatest number of children,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed. He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a wicked woman, but that she was a restless intrigante, possessed of considerable talent and influence." (Vol. ii. p. 65-67.)

Napoleon, however, did not content himself with merely retorting on the motives of his traducers. Wherever there appeared any colour for the accusation he went at length into the real facts, stating what took place,

and what he had to say in his vindication. Thus the three great accusations against him, the poisoning of the soldiers, the massacre of the Turks, and the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he minutely enters into. He states the circumstances which gave rise to the report of the first, which he asserts never happened at all, and adds that there is no person in England now more convinced of its falsehood than the person who gave it the greatest circulation here, Sir Robert Wilson. If this be the fact, Sir R. Wilson is called upon by every feeling which ought to actuate an honourable man to come forward manfully and confess his misinformation. The destruction of 1200 Turks he avows and justifies; appealing to every military man in Europe for his justification: but war, we are afraid, has little connection with morality. Alluding to the death of the Duke D'Enghien, he says he was clearly implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau. We take at random one passage on this subject; which is, however, frequently discussed by Napoleon at much greater length. We must premise that he uniformly imputes the denouement to the persevering instigation of Talleyrand.

"It was found out," continued Napoleon, "by the confusion of some of the conspirators, that the Duc d'Enghien was an accomplice, and that he was only waiting on the frontiers of France for the news of my assassination, upon receiving which he was to have entered France as the king's lieutenant. Was I to suffer that the Count d'Artois should send a parcel of miscreants to murder me, and that a prince of his house should hover on the borders of the country I governed, in order to profit by my assassination? According to the laws of nature, I was authorized to cause him to be assassinated in retaliation for the numerous attempts of the kind that he had before caused to be made against me. I gave orders to have him seized. He was tried and condemned by a law made long before I had any power in France. He was tried by a military commission formed of all the colonels of the regiments then in garrison at Paris. He was accused of having borne arms against the republic, which he did not deny. When before the tribunal, he behaved with great bravery. When he arrived at Strasburg, he wrote a letter to me, in which he offered to discover every thing if pardon were granted to him, said that his family had lost their claims for a long time, and concluded by offering

his services to me. This letter was delivered to Talleyrand, who concealed it until after his execution. Had the Count d'Artois been in his place, he would have suffered the same fate; and were I now placed under similar circumstances, I would act in a similar manner. As the police," added Napoleon, "did not like to trust to the evidence of Mehée de la Touche alone, they sent Captain Rosey, a man in whose integrity they had every confidence, to Drake at Munich, with a letter from Mehée, which procured him an interview, the result of which confirmed Mehée's statement, that he was concerned in a plot to *terrasser le premier consul*, no matter by what means."* (Vol. i. p. 453, 454.)

But we gladly turn from these topics to the sketches of character with which the book is filled. Nothing can be more amusing than some, or more intensely interesting than others. We question much whether they are not far better hit off in conversation as they appear, than if they had been the result of labour and deliberation. The character of Murat thus rapidly thrown off could not be improved by any polish:—

I informed him that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. "What does he say of me?" said Napoleon. I replied, that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade that he spoke ill of him. "Oh," said he, laughing, "that is nothing; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?" I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. "It is very probable," replied Napoleon; "I could not be every where; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois bataillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not I believe two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him

my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence he was as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself he was an *imbécile* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lâche*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. *There* he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *couvert de pennes jusqu'au clocher*, and glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a paladine, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *canaille*. Strange to say, however, Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a messenger to acquaint him with what I had done. Immediately he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees to prevent him; but in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Holland, and that he must make his peace, and not adhere to *demi-mesures*. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians with his *canaille*, and ruined me. For at that time there was a negotiation going on between Austria and me, stipulating that the former should remain neuter, which would have been finally concluded, and I should have reigned undisturbed. But as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the emperor immediately conceived that he was acting by my directions, and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, 'Oh, the Emperor Napoleon is the same as ever. A man of iron. The trip to Elba has not changed him. Nothing will ever alter him: all or nothing

* While the Duc d'Enghien was on his trial, Madame la Maréchale Bessière said to Colonel Ordèner, who had arrested him, "Are there no possible means to save that *malheureux*? Has his guilt been established beyond a doubt?" "Madame," replied Colonel Ordèner, "I found in his house sacks of papers sufficient to compromise the half of France."—The duke was executed in the morning, and not by torch-light as has been represented.

for him.' Austria joined the coalition, and I was lost. Murat was unconscious that my conduct was regulated by circumstances and adapted to them. He was like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole is moved. He never however thought that his accession in the first instance would have been as injurious to me, or he would not have joined the allies. He concluded that I should be obliged to give up Italy and some other countries, but never contemplated my total ruin." (Vol. ii. p. 94—97.)

There are many sketches of Murat, but this is the best. It was Mr. O'Meara who communicated to Napoleon the intelligence of Murat's death. "He heard it," says he, with calmness, and immediately demanded if he had perished on the field of battle." He afterwards remarked that the conduct of the Calabrese towards Murat was mercy compared with the treatment which he was experiencing. The following are descriptions of some of his generals and ministers.

"Moreau," said he, "was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With a hundred thousand men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions, covering roads, and would not do more than if he had only thirty thousand. He did not know how to profit either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. Very calm and cool in the field, he was more collected and better able to command in the heat of an action than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle. Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart; *Un bon vivant, mais il n'avait pas beaucoup de caractère.* He was led away by his wife and another intriguing Creole. His having joined Pichegru and Georges in the conspiracy, and subsequently having closed his life fighting against his country, will ever disgrace his memory. As a general, Moreau was infinitely inferior to Desaix, or to Kleber, or even to Soult. Of all the generals I ever had under me, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself and despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapped up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or surveillance. When in France, I made him a present of a complete

field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, *the just sultan.* He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Memon attacked you on your landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been only a meal for them. Your army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry." (Vol. i. p. 237, 238.)

I asked his opinion of Clarke. He replied, "he is not a man of talent, but he is laborious and useful in the bureau. He is, moreover, incorruptible, and saving of the public money, which he never has appropriated to his own use. He is an excellent redactor. He is not a soldier, however, nor do I believe that he ever saw a shot fired in his life. He is infatuated with his nobility. He pretends that he is descended from the ancient kings of Scotland, or Ireland, and constantly vaunts of his noble descent. A good clerk. I sent him to Florence as ambassador, where he employed himself in nothing but turning over the old musty records of the place, in search of proofs of the nobility of my family, for you must know that they came from Florence. He plagued me with letters upon this subject, which caused me to write to him to attend to the business for which he had been sent to Florence, and not to trouble his head or mine with his nonsense about nobility; that I was the first of my family. Notwithstanding this, he still continued his inquiries. When I returned from Elba, he offered his services to me, but I sent him word that I would not employ any traitors, and ordered him to his estate." I asked if he thought that Clarke would have served him faithfully. "Yes," replied the emperor, "as long as I was the strongest, like a great many others." (Vol. i. p. 400, 401.)

The following is his description of Carnot.

A man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues and easily deceived. He had directed the operations of war, without having merited the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him, as he had neither the experience, nor the habit of war. When minister of war, he showed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the minister of finance and the treasury; in all of which he was wrong. He left the ministry, convinced that he could not fulfil his duties for want

of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire, he never asked for any thing; but after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment, and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was minister of the interior; and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, a man of truth and probity, and laborious in his exertions. After the abdication, he was named one of the provisional government, but he was *joué* by the intriguers by whom he was surrounded. He had passed for an original amongst his companions when he was young. He hated the nobles, and on that account had several quarrels with Robespierre, who latterly protected many of them. He was member of the committee of public safety along with Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and the other butchers, and was the only one who was not denounced. He afterwards demanded to be included in the denunciation, and to be tried for his conduct, as well as the others, which was refused; but his having made the demand to share the fate of the rest, gained him great credit. (Vol. i. p. 186—188.)

The characters of Fouché and Talleyrand are strongly and unfavourably drawn. The following anecdote, if not probable, is at least amusing.

Madame Talleyrand was a very fine woman, English or East Indian, but *sotte* and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon, whose works I suppose you have read, to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. Now all the intriguers and speculators paid their court to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves in the course of his conversations with me, thinking that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'my dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the emperor.' His wife being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to

think at first, but at length discovered by her questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wild-fire through the city, and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it. (Vol. i. p. 434—436.)

"At one time I had appointed Talleyrand," said he, "to proceed on a mission to Warsaw, in order to arrange and organize the best method of accomplishing the separation of Poland from Russia. He had several conferences with me respecting this mission, which was a great surprise to the ministers, as Talleyrand had no official character at the time. Having married one of his relations to the Duchess of Courland, Talleyrand was very anxious to receive the appointment, in order to revive the claims of the Duchess's family. However, some money transactions of his were discovered at Vienna, which convinced me that he was carrying on his old game and determined me not to employ him on the intended mission. I had designed at one time to have made him a cardinal, with which he refused to comply. Madame Grand threw herself twice upon her knees before me, in order to obtain permission to marry him, which I refused; but through the intreaties of Josephine, she succeeded on the second application. I afterwards forbade her the court, when I discovered the Genoa affair, of which I told you before. Latterly," continued he, "Talleyrand sunk into contempt." (Vol. i. p. 446, 447.)

The last character which we can afford to take out of these volumes, is that of his Majesty of Prussia.

I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. "Who," said he, "the king of Prussia?" He burst into a fit of laughter. "*He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. Un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talent, nè informazione.* A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes." (Vol. i. p. 102.)

"When," continued Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit, with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederic, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he, laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually

surrounded me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though, in order not to offend them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall, dry looking fellow, and would give a good blow of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragon or a hussar uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most shrewd manoeuvres possible, but I soon put a stop to their *cagliostro*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manoeuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed." (Vol. ii. p. 40, 40.)

It is a curious fact, and one mortifying enough to human greatness, that Napoleon declared, that the happiest days he ever passed were when he was but a private man, "living in a lodging near Paris." Being asked by Mr. O'Meara, what was his happiest point of time after his accession to the throne, he instantly replied, "the march from Cannes to Paris." This, our readers will doubtless recollect, was after the expedition from Elba. He declares, that he had no idea of departing from Elba at first; and that, on the contrary, he would have contentedly remained there, had it not been for the numberless violations of the treaty of Fontainebleau by the allies; amongst the most prominent of which he enumerates the following. He says, it was stipulated that all the members of his family should be permitted to follow him, and that this was violated by the almost instant seizure of his wife and child; that they were to have had the duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, of which they were deprived; that prince Eugene was to have had a principality in Italy, which was never given; that his mother and brothers were to receive pensions, which were withheld; that

his own private property, and the savings which he had made on the civil list, were to be preserved to him, but that on the contrary they were seized; that the private property of his family was to be held sacred, but it was confiscated; that the donations assigned to the army, on the Mont Napoleon, were to be preserved, but they were suppressed; that 100,000 francs, which were to be paid as pensions, to persons pointed out by him, were never paid; and last, that assassins were sent to Elba to murder him.

It must by no means be understood, that Napoleon uttered sweeping and indiscriminate censures upon those Englishmen who were opposed to him; even in acknowledging a repulse at Acre from Sir Sidney Smith, he speaks of him in terms of commendation, and says, "he liked his character."—Of Lord Cornwallis his sentiments are quite enthusiastic—of Sir John Moore he said, that he was "a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent, and that the few mistakes he made were probably inseparable from the difficulties by which he was surrounded."—Mr. Fox, he said, was so great and so good a man, that every member of his family seemed to have taken a tinge from his virtues.—Speaking of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm he said—"his countenance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man; I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine, soldier-like old man—*there is the face of an Englishman*—a countenance, pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, sincere."—Of Sir George Cockburn also, who appears to have done his duty strictly, but like a gentleman, he spoke in terms of commendation.—On the subjects both of his elevation and his fall, he is extremely minute and interesting. Our readers may recollect two reports, which in this country certainly gained considerable currency; one, that Napoleon owed much of his rise to Barras; and the other, that he at one time in his early life offered his services to England. Both of these he declares to be "romans," and says, he did not know Barras till long after the siege of Toulon, where he was chiefly indebted to Gasparin, the *baron*, for

Orange, who protected him against the *ignorantacci*, sent down by the Convention; he goes on to say, that Paoli always anticipated his elevation, and when he was a boy used frequently to pat him on the head and say, *You are one of Plutarch's men*. On the subject of his fall, in answer to a question from Mr. O'Meara, whether he did not consider Baron Stein as mainly instrumental to it? he said immediately—"No—none but myself ever did me any harm; I was, I may say, the only enemy to myself; my own projects—that expedition to Moscow, and the accidents which happened there, were the causes of my fall. I may, however, say, that those who made no opposition to me, who readily agreed with me, entered into all my views, and submitted with facility, were my greatest enemies; because, by the facility of conquest they afforded, they encouraged me to go too far." How happy would it be for the world if kings reflected upon this in time! In his exile, Napoleon seems to have so-laced himself much with the idea that Marie Louise was still strongly attached to him, and he was repeatedly recurring to the mention of the King of Rome.

I ventured, said Mr. O'Meara, upon another occasion, to express my surprise to Napoleon, that the Empress Marie Louise had not made some exertion in his behalf. "I believe," replied the Emperor, "that Marie Louise is just as much a state prisoner as I am myself, except that more attention is paid to decorum in the restraints imposed upon her. I have always had occasion to praise the conduct of my good Louise, and I believe that it is totally out of her power to assist me; moreover, she is young and timorous. It was, perhaps, a misfortune to me, that I had not married a sister of the Emperor Alexander, as proposed to me by Alexander himself, at Erfurth. But there were inconveniences in that union, arising from her religion. I did not like to allow a Russian priest to be the confessor of my wife, as I considered that he would have been a spy in the Thuilleries for Alexander. It has been said, that my union with Marie Louise was made a stipulation in the treaty of peace with Austria, which is not true. I should have spurned the idea. It was first proposed by the Emperor Francis himself, and by Metternich to Narbonne.

In presenting to the public these anticipations of a very interesting work, we have not felt ourselves called upon to exercise the office of a critic. Our object has been to give a general idea of the nature of the work, without engaging ourselves in political discussion.

The Early French Poets.

ESTIENNE JODELLE.

THE first of the French poets, who made a figure in tragedy, was Estienne Jodelle. He was, as we have seen, the intimate of Ronsard, and had a place in the French Pleiad. His *Cleopatre*, which was performed in the presence of Henry II. and his court, pleased that monarch so well, that he immediately made the author a present of five hundred crowns. On this occasion, a he-goat crowned with ivy, his beard and horns gilded, was led in mock procession to Bacchus; and the sacrifice accompanied by a dithyrambic effusion from the muse of Jan Antoine de Baïf; all this to the great scandal of the reformers. At the opening of this play, the ghost of Anthony appears, and ushers in the argument in the same manner as the ghost of Polydorus does in the He-

cuba of Euripides, and that of Ninus in the *Semiramis* of Manfredi and of Voltaire. Cleopatra then enters with Eras and Charmium, and tells them that she has seen Anthony in a dream, and that he calls her to follow him. She declares her resolution to die rather than be led in triumph by Octavius Cæsar. The other dramatis personæ are Octavius, Agrippa, Proculeius, and a chorus of Alexandrian women. Octavius expostulates with her for her conduct towards Octavia, the wife of Anthony. Cleopatra endeavours to appease him, by discovering to him her treasures. Seleucus, one of her vassals, who is present, declares she has not shown the whole of them, on which the Queen cuffs and drags him by the hair, and he flies to Octavius for protection. The

indignation expressed by Cleopatra to Eras and Charmium against Octavius when he is gone out; her resolution to die, again repeated; her lamentation over Anthony; and the

account given by Proculeius of her death, make up the rest of this tragedy.

I shall extract a short passage descriptive of her sorrow and despair.

Eras. Ha mort, o douce mort, mort seule guarison
Des esprits oppressez d'une estrange prison,
Pourquoi souffres tu tant à tes droits faire tort ?
T'avons nous fait offense, o douce et douce mort ?
Pourquoy n'approches tu, o Parque trop tardive ?
Pourquoy veux tu souffrir ceste bande captive,
Qui n'aura pas plustost le don de liberté,
Que cet esprit ne soit par ton dard ecarté ?
Haste doncq haste toy, vanter tu te pourras
Que meisme sus Cesar une despouille auras :

Cleopatre. Mourrons donc cheres soeurs, ayant plustost ce coeur
De servir a Pluton qu'à Cesar mon vainqueur,
Mais avant que mourir faire il nous conviendra
Les obseques d'Antoine, et puis mourir faudra ;
Je l'ay tantost mandé a Cesar, qui veut bien
Que Monseigneur j'honore, hélas ! et l'ami mien.
Abbaïsse toy donc ciel, et avant que je meure
Viens voir le dernier dueil qu'il faut faire a ceste heure :
Peutestre tu seras marry de m'estre tel,
Te faschant de mon deuil estrangement mortel.
Allons donc cheres soeurs ; de pleurs, de cris, de larmes,
Venons nous affoiblir, à fin qu'en ses alarmes
Notre voisine mort nous soit ores moins dure,
Quand aurons demi fait aux esprits ouverture. F. 245.

Eras. Ha death ! O, gentle death ; death, only cure
Of spirits sunk in a strange prison-house ;
Why sufferest thou thy rights thus trampled on ?
Say, have we wrong'd thee, gentle, gentle death ?
Why hastest not thy step, O lingering Fate ?
Why wilt thou bear the durance of this bond,
Which shall not know the boon of freedom, till
This spirit be deliver'd by thy dart ?
Speed then, oh speed thee : thou shalt have to boast
That thou hast e'en from Cesar won a spoil.

Cleopatra. Let us then die, sweet sisters ; having rather
The courage to serve Pluto than this Cesar ;
But ere we die, it doth behove us make
The obsequies of Anthony ; and then to die
Becomes us. I've sent word hereof but now
To Cesar, who consents that I should honour
My master and—ah me ! my lover thus.
Stoop then, O heaven, and ere I die come see
This the last mourning I shall ever make.
Perhaps 'twill grieve thee to have dealt thus with me,
Repenting thee of such strange mortal sorrow.
Come then, sweet sisters ; wailings, groans, and tears,
Shall weaken us so much, that at the last
Death will no longer scare us when we've made
An opening for our spirits half way to meet him.

There is in Maffei's collection an Italian tragedy on the same subject, by the Cardinal Delfino. It is full of moral reflections, and the choruses have nothing to do with the business of the piece. Yet there is some pathos in the description of Cleopatra's death.

In the *Didon*, Jodelle's other tragedy, (which is written in the Alexandrine measure,) the speeches are long, and of ten tedious; but there is more of what we should call poetry in it than in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, or than in the *Didon* of Le Franc de Pompignan, who is one of the best of that school.

La Didone and *la Cleopatra* occur in the catalogue of tragedies written by Giambattista Giraldi Cinthio, to whose novels Shakspeare has been so much indebted. He was contempo-

rary with Jodelle, having been born in 1504, and deceased in 1569.

L'Eugene, a comedy, revolts us by a mixture of low intrigue, indecency, and profaneness. Of the last, one sample will suffice.

Avez vous en vostre maison
Grand nombre de fils?—Trois—Je prise
Ce nombre qui est saint.

In his sonnets, the conceits are strained, and the language rugged.

The following, I believe, is as free from these imperfections as any of the number.

J'aime le verd laurier, dont l'hyver ni la glace
N'effacent la verneur en tout victorieuse,
Monstrant l'eternité à jamais bienheureuse
Que le temps ny la mort ne change ny efface.
J'aime du houx aussi la tousiours verte face,
Les poignans eguillons de sa fucille espineuse:
J'aime le lierre aussi, et sa branche amoureuse,
Qui le chesne ou le mur estroitement embrasse.
J'aime bien tous ces trois, qui tousiours verds ressemblent
Aux pensers immortels, qui dedans moy s'assemblent,
De toy que nuict et jour idolatre J'adore.
Mais ma playe, et poincture, et le noeü qui me serre,
Est plus verte, et poignante, et plus estroit encore
Que n'est le verd laurier, ny le houx, ny le lierre. Sonnet *xiii.*

I love the bay-tree's never-withering green,
Which nor the northern blast nor hoary rime
Effaceth; conqueror of death and time;
Emblem wherein eternity is seen:
I love the holly and those prickles keen
On his gloss'd leaves that keep their verdant prime;
And ivy too I love, whose tendrils climb
On tree or bower, and weave their amorous skreen.
All three I love, which alway green resemble
Th' immortal thoughts that in my heart assemble
Of thee, whom still I worship night and day.
But straiter far the knot that hath me bound,
More keen my thorns, and greener is my wound,
Than are the ivy, holly, or green bay.

His *Ode de la Chasse, au Roy*, contains much that would interest those who are curious about the manner of sporting in that time.

The lively minuteness with which he has delineated the death of the stag, would do credit to the pencil of Sir Walter Scott.

Aux trousses ja les chiens ardans
Le tiennent, il est ja par terre,
Ils le tirassent de leurs dents,
Jouissans du fruit de leur guerre;

Les larmes luy tombent des yeux.
Et bien que pitié presqu'il face,
Si faut-il que de telle chasse
Sa mort soit le pris glorieux.
La mort du cerf se sonne, alors
Les monts, les vaux et les bois rendent
Les bruyans et hautains accors,
Que les trompes dans l'air expandent,
On coupe et leve un des pieds droits,
On abat l'orgueil de sa teste,
Qui sont (Sire) de ta conquête
Les enseignes et premiers droits.

F. 296.

Now at his haunch the fleet hound hangs,
Now on the earth behold him lie:
They tear him with relentless fangs,
Rejoicing in their victory.

Big drops are falling from his eyes ;
 And though well nigh we mourn his case,
 Behoveth that of such a chase
 His death must be the glorious prize.

The stag's death-note is sounded : then
 From mountain, valley, rock, and glen,
 Loud peals in thundering echoes sound,
 Which the raised clarions scatter round.
 One of his right feet shorn away,
 The antlers from his forehead torn,
 Meet ensigne, Sire, thy pomp adorn ;
 Thy trophies in the bloody fray.

From this poem most of the terms
 used in hunting and falconry might
 probably be collected.

Tous les mots de venerie,
 Ou d'autres chasses, soit pour voir,
 Pour quester, pour poursuivre, ou prendre,
 Et que nul vers ne peut comprendre,
 Sont pris la pour un grand savoir.

F. 298.

All words of venery,
 Or what to other sports belong,
 Whether of sight, or quest, or chase,
 Or taking after weary race,
 All that may not be told in song,
 Are there esteem'd a goodly lore.

Jodelle was born at Paris in 1532,
 and died in a state of poverty occa-
 sioned, I doubt, by his own indis-
 cretion, in 1573. The edition of his
 works, to which the above references
 have been made, is entitled, *Les*
Oeuvres et Meslanges Poétiques
d'Estienne Jodelle, Sieur du Lymo-
din. A Paris, chez Nicholas Ches-
 neau, rue saint Jaques, à l'enseigne
 du Chesne verd, et Mamert Patisson,
 rue saint Jean de Beauvais devant
 les escholes de Decret. 1574.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

As I pass'd by at eve where yon old hall
 Stands mid the moonlight, with its batter'd top
 Streamer'd with woodbine—there I heard a groan.
 I oped the ancient door, look'd in, and lo!
 There sat an old man sore subdued by age,
 In an old chair he sat, lean'd o'er a staff
 Cut by his school-boy knife, and polish'd bright
 By his hard palm. Nor did he look on me,
 But kept his gray eyes moveless on the ground,
 Heart-sick and spirit-troubled. By his side
 Sat one of seventy years—a wither'd dame,
 And ever to his ear her lips she laid,
 Held her long, lean, and warning finger up,
 And mutter'd words which made the chill'd blood seek
 To mount his faded brow : much seem'd he moved ;
 And ever her converse was of other years—
 The summer morn of life, and sunny days,
 Of deeds perform'd when that right arm of his,
 So sapless now, was flourishing and green.
 And on the other side, there I beheld
 An ancient man and holy. Forth in awe
 He spread his palms—his old knees in the dust
 Knelt ; and his brow, where the meek spirit sat
 Of pious resolution, low was stoop'd
 Even till the snowy forelocks found the floor.
 And as I gazed, his gifted spirit pour'd
 A supplication forth. The sick man shudder'd,
 Cast his gray eyes around on every side,

Clench'd his weak hands, and agony within
 Sent the hot sweat-drops starting to his brow.
 And then he gave a groan, and sought to seek
 God's blessing, but his tongue spake not while he
 Pull'd o'er his sight his shaggy eye-brows down,
 Peered fearful in the dark and empty air,
 And look'd as he saw something.

THE great road from England in former times skirted the firth of Solway, pursued its wild and extraordinary way through one of the deepest and most dangerous morasses in Scotland, and emerging on the Caerlaverock side, conferred on the Kirkgate of the good town of Dumfries the rank and opulence of a chief street. Commanding a view of the winding and beautiful river Nith on one side, and of the green stately hills of Tinwald and Torthorwold on the other, with their numerous villages and decaying castles, this street became the residence of the rich and the far-descended—numbering among its people some of the most ancient and potent names of Nithsdale. The houses had in general something of a regal look—presenting a curious mixture of the Saxon and Grecian architecture, blending whimsically together in one place, or kept separate in all their native purity in another; while others of a different, but no less picturesque character towered up in peaked and ornamented Norman majesty, with their narrow turret stairs and projecting casements. But I mean not to claim for the Kirkgate the express name of a regular street. Fruit trees frequently throwing their branches, loaded with the finest fruit, far into the way, and in other places antique porchways, shaded deep with yewtree, took away the reproach of “eternal mortar and stone,” and gave the whole a retired and a sylvan look. The presence of an old church, with its thick-piled grave stones, gave a gravity of deportment to the neighbourhood; the awe inspired by a religious place was visible on the people. There was a seriousness mingled with their mirth—a reverential feeling poured through their legends and their ballads. Their laughter was not so loud, nor their joy so stormy, as that of men in less hallowed places. The maidens danced with something of a chastened step, and sang with a devotional grace. The strings of that merry instrument

which bewitched the feet of the wisest men, when placed under the left ear of a Kirkgate musician, emitted sounds so perfectly in unison with devotion, that a gifted elder of the kirk was once known to sanction and honour it, by measuring a step or two to the joyous tune of “An' O to be married an' this be the way.” Over the whole street, and far into the town, was breathed much of that meek, austere composure, which the genius of ancient sculptors has shed on their divine performances.

It was pleasant to behold the chief street of this ancient border town in its best days—those times of simplicity and virtue, as one of the town baillies, a barber by trade, remarked, when every woman went with a cushioned brow and curled locks, and all the men flourished in full bottomed wigs. But the demon who presides over the abasement of streets and cities entered into the empty place which the brain of a sheriff ought to have occupied, and the road was compelled to forsake the side of the Solway—the green fields of Caerlaverock, and the ancient Kirkgate, and approach Dumfries through five miles of swamp, and along a dull, and muddy way, which all travellers have since learned to detest under the name of the Lochmabengate. From that hour, the glory of the old chief street diminished. The giddy and the gay forsook a place, where the chariot of the stranger, with its accompaniment of running lacquies and mounted grooms, was no longer seen; and the ancient inhabitants saw with sorrow their numbers gradually lessen, and their favourite street hasting to decay. A new and a meaner race succeeded—the mansions of the Douglasses, the Dalzells, the Maxwells, the Kirkpatricks, and the Herrieses, became the homes of the labouring man and the mechanic. Tapestryed halls, and lordly rooms, were profaned by vulgar feet; and for the sound of the cittern, and the rebeck, the dull din of the weaver's

loom, and the jarring clamour of the smith's steel hammer, abounded.

With this brief and imperfect notice we shall bid farewell to the ancient splendour of the Kirkgate—it is with its degenerate days that our story has intercourse; and the persons destined to move, and act, and suffer, in our authentic drama, are among the humblest of its inhabitants. The time too with which our narrative commences and terminates, is a season somewhat uncongenial for descriptive excursions. A ruinous street, and a labouring people, on whom the last night of December is descending in angry winds and cold sleets and snows, present few attractions to dealers in genteel fictions, and few flowers, either natural or figurative, for embellishing a tale. With all these drawbacks we have one advantage, which a mind delighting in nature and truth will not willingly forego; the tale, humble and brief as it is, possesses truth beyond all power of impeachment, and follows conscientiously the traditional and accredited narrative without staying to array it and adorn it in those vain and gaudy embellishments with which fiction seeks to encumber a plain and simple story.

The night which brings in the new year to the good people of Dumfries, has long been a night of friendly meetings, and social gladness and carousal. The grave and the devout lay aside for the time the ordinary vesture of sanctity and religious observance; the sober and the self-denying revel among the good things of this life, with a fervour, perhaps, augmented by previous penance; and even some of the shining lights of the Scottish kirk have been observed to let their splendour subside for the evening, that, like the sun, perhaps they might come forth from darkness with an increase of glory. The matron suspends her thrift, and arrays herself in her marriage mantle—the maiden, and the bond-maiden, flaunt and smile, side by side, in ribbons and scarfs, and snooded love-locks, all arranged with a careful and a cunning hand, to assist merry blue or languishing black eyes in making mischief among the hearts of men. Each house smells from floor to roof with the good things of this life—the hare caught in her twilight march

through the cottager's kaleyard, or the wild duck shot by moonlight, while tasting the green herbage on some lonely stream bank—send up, stewed or roasted, a savour the more gladsome because it comes seldom; while the flavour of smuggled gin and brandy is not the less acceptable, because the dangers of the deep sea and the terrors on shore of the armed revenue officers, were in the way of its gracing once a year the humble man's supper-board.

Amid the sound of mirth and revelry, and shining of lamps and candles in porch and window, there was one house, covered with humble thatch, and of altogether a modest or rather mean exterior, which seemed not to sympathize in the joys of the evening. A small and lonely candle twinkled in a small and solitary window, and no sound proceeded from its door, save now and then the moving of the slow and aged feet of the mistress of this rude cottage. As the more roving and regardless youths passed the window, they were observed to lower their voices, regulate their steps, and smooth down their deportment to something approaching to devotional. Within the window sat one who, ungracious in the outward man, and coarse in his apparel, and owner only of a bedstead and couch, and a few controversial books, was nevertheless a man of note in those days when things external were of little note in the eyes of a presbyterian minister. Indeed, had one of the present generation glanced his eye through the coarse green glass of the low browed window, and seen an old man, whose silver hairs were half concealed by a night cap, not over pure; whose bent shoulders bore a plaid of homely chequered gray, fastened on the bosom with a wooden skewer—while over his knees lay a large old Bible clasped with iron, on which his eyes were cast with a searching and a serious glance—our youth of Saxon broad-cloth and French ruffles would have thought of something much more humble than the chief elder of the old kirk of Dumfries. It was indeed no other than William Warpentree, one of the burning and shining lights of the ancient of days, when serious prayers, and something of a shrewd and proverbial cast of

worldly counsel, were not the less esteemed that they pertained to a humble weaver. His consequence, even in this lowly situation, was felt far and wide; of the fair webs which came from the devout man's looms, let the long linsey-woolsey garments of the matrons of Dumfries even at this day bear witness—garments which surpass silk in beauty, while many a blythesome bridal and sorrowful burial bore token, in their fine linen vestments, of the skill of William's right hand. Indeed, it was one of the good man's own practical proverbs, that there was more vanity in the bier than the bridal. Though sufficiently conscious of those gifts, he wished them to be forgotten in the sedate and austere elder of the kirk; and long before the time of our tale he had become distinguished for the severity of his discipline, and his gifts in kirk controversy.

But the influence of ancient times of relaxation and joy, of which he had been a partaker in his youth, had not wholly ceased; and an observer of human nature might see, that amid all the controversial contemplations in which he seemed involved, the jolly old domestic god of Scottish cheer and moderate hilarity had not yet yielded entire place to the Crumb of Comfort, the Cup of Cold Water to the Parched Spirit, The Afflicted Man's best Companion and Boston's Fourfold State. He lifted his eyes from the page, and said, "Marion, even before I proceed to matters of spiritual import, let me know what thou hast prepared for the nourishment of the bodies of those whom we have invited according to the fashion of our fathers to sit out the old year and welcome in the new. Name me the supper dishes, I pray thee, that I may know if thou hast scorned the Babylonian observances of the sister church of England in the matter of creature-comforts. What hast thou prepared for supper, I pray thee?—no superstitious meats and drinks, Marion, I hope, but humble and holy, and wholesome things which nourish the body without risk to the soul. I dread, by thy long silence, woman, that thou hast been seeking to pamper the episcopalian propensities of our appetites by ceremonious and sinful saint-day dishes.

"Ah! William Warpentree," said

his douce spouse Marion, covering an old oaken table as she spoke, with a fine pattern'd table cloth, wove by no other hand than that of the devout owner of the feast himself; "Ah!" said she, "what words have escaped from thy lips—superstitious meats and drinks," said ye? "Na! na! I cared mair for the welfare of the spirit, and the hope to sing hallelujahs in Abram's bosom, as ye say in prayer yoursel; Ah! Willie, they say, who kenned you in your youth, that ye would sooner gang to Sarah's." "Woman, woman," said the douce man; "what say ye to the supper?" "First, then," quoth his spouse, forsaking unwillingly this darling road of domestic controversy and strife; "what have ye to say against a dish of collops scored, nicely simmered owre the head amang Spanish onions?" "Spanish onions, woman," said the elder; "I like not the sound." "Sound," said the dame, "would ye lose your supper for a sound? Had they grown in the garden of the Grand Inquisitor, and been sown by some pope or cardinal, then, man, ye might have had your scruples—but they grew in the garden of that upright man, David Bogie; I'll warrant ye'll call the scored collops episcopalian, since they were cut by a knife of Sheffield steel." "Pass to the other viands and vivers, woman," said the elder. "Gladly will I," said his obedient partner; "the mair gladly because it's a gallant Scottish haggis full and fat, and fair. Hearken to the ingredients, Willie, and try them by the scrupulous kirk standard of forbidden luxuries. What say ye against the crushed heart of the kindly corn—a singed sheep's head—plotted, par-boiled, shorn small with a slice of broiled liver ground to powder, and a dozen of onions sliced like wafers, powdered with pepper, and showered owre with salt; the whole mingled with the fat of the ox, and stowed in a bag as pure as burnbleached linen, and secured with a peg that would make seven spoolpins. I'll warrant it will spout to the rannel-tree when ye stick the knife in it. My certe will't."

At this description of the national dish, the old man displaced the book from his knee, placed his hand on his waistcoat, where time and daily me-

ditation had made some spare cloth, and rising, paced from side to side of his humble abode, with a look of subdued and decent impatience. "I wonder; wonder is an unwise word," said he, checking himself; "for nought is wonderful, save the divine presence, and the divine works; but what in the name of warp and waft—a mechanical exclamation of surprise, and therefore not sinful—what can stay Deacon Treddle, my ain dear doon neighbour, and what can keep Baillie Burnewin! I hope his prentice boy has not burnt his forge again, and made the douce man swear." "Saul to gude man, but ye feu ill." "But we have all our times of weakness—even I myself," he muttered in a low and inaudible tone, "have matters to mourn for as well as the wicked; I have buttered my own breakfast with the butter which honest men's wives have given me for anointing their webs. I have worn, but that was in my youth, the snawwhite linen purloined from many customers in hanks and cuts. And I have looked with an unrighteous eye after that dark-eyed and straight-limbed damosel Mary Macmillan; even I who rebuked her and counselled her before the session, and made even the anointed minister envy the fluency and scriptural force of my admonishment. But in gude time here comes auld Burnewin," and extending his hand as he spoke, it was grasped by a hand protruded from a broad brown mantle, and tinged by exposure at the forge into the hue of a tinker's travelling wallet. "Whole threads, and a weel gaun loom to thee, my douce auld fere," said the Baillie, removing a slouched hat as he spoke, and displaying a rough jolly countenance, on which the heat of his smithy fire had inflicted a tinge that would have done honour to Vulcan's forehand hammer man. "And a hissing welding heat, and an unburnt tew-iron, and ale fizzing and foaming for thee in thy vocation, my old comrade," returned the weaver, in the current language of his friend's trade. "Aha! Marion lass," said the blacksmith, "I have nae forgot that we were once youngers running among the moonlight on the moat-brae—here's a shawl—I wish it silk for thy sake—ye maun wear it for me at Paste

and Yule, and the seven trades dance, and other daimen times;" and enveloping the not unwilling shoulders of the matron in his present, he seated himself by the side of a blazing hearth fire, and promising supper board.

It was now eleven o'clock—the reign of the old year was within an hour of its close, and the din of the street had subsided, partly from the lateness of the hour, and the fall of a shower of thin and powdery snow which abated a little the darkness of the night. A loud scream, and the sound of something falling, were heard at the end of the little narrow close or street which descended from the old Kirk-gate to the residence of the elder. "There's the sound of Deacon Treddle's voice," said Marion, "if ever I heard it in my life; and the cry too of sore affliction." Away without bonnet or mantle ran the old friends of the expected deacon; they found him lying with his face to the pavement, his hands clutched like one in agony, while from a shattered punchbowl ran the rich and reeking contents. "As I live by drink, and sometimes bread," said the Baillie, "this is a hapless tumble; I feel the smell of as good brandy punch as ever reeked aneath the nose of the town council—there it runs; water, saith the word, cannot be gathered from the ground, nor brandy punch from the street, saith Baillie Burnewin." "Peace, peace, I pray thee," said the elder; "speak, Thomas Treddle, speak; art thou harmed in spirit, or hurt in body?" "The spirit is running from him," said the son of the forge, in the true spirit of citizenship; "dost thou not feel its fragrance?" "Peace, again I say," enjoined the elder; "I say unto you, something fearful hath happened unto him; he has felt an evil touch, or he has seen some unholy sight; such things have been rife ere now in the land;" and he endeavoured to raise his prostrate friend from the pavement.

"I renounce the sinfulness of long thrums and short ellwands, now and for ever more, Amen;" muttered the overthrown head of the venerable calling of the weavers. "Long thrums and short ellwands," said he of the smithy to him of the loom; "I'll remember his confession, how-

ever—there's knavery in all crafts, save mine." "Avaunt, avaunt, whether wilt thou carry me!" exclaimed the deacon; "that man hath perfect blessedness, who walketh not astray in counsel of ungodly men." "Oh! that I could mind a prayer now, when a prayer might be of service, and no be borne away owre the fiend's left shoulder, like holy Willie gaun home with a customer's web." "The man's demented," muttered the Elder; "possess'd by a demon—fairly possess'd—here, Baillie, bear thou his heels, I'll bear up his head, and let us carry him home, and deliver him up to the admonition of dame Marion." And lifting aloft the weaver as they spoke, away they marched—but not without speech or resistance. "A fiend at my head, and a fiend at my feet! Lost beyond redemption! Lost beyond redemption! Oh! if I maun be doomed, let me lie in my grave like other sinners, and no be borne away to be picked by the fiend behind the stake and ryse dyke that divides the foul place from purgatory, like a gled picking a cock-bird." Their entrance into the chamber beside dame Marion, seemed at first to augment his terror—he shut his eyes, and clenched his hands in the resolute agony of despair. "Ah! the black pit, and the burning fire, wi' fiends to torment me in the shape of holy Willie Warpentree, and that wicked body Baillie Burnewin. A she-fiend too! Na, then there's nae redemption for me—I'm in the hol-lowest hell, I'll warrant me!" and half unclosing his eyes, they wandered with something of a half insane and half suspicious scrutiny around the elder's apartment.

At this irreverent allusion to herself and her sex, the yoke-fellow of the elder exclaimed: "Ungracious and graceless body, I'll she-fiend thee!" and lifting up a spoonful of the fat liquid in which the haggis had been immersed, she threw it fairly in his face. This application was much more effectual than the grave inquiries of her husband; the liquid, too cool to scald, and yet hot enough to make flesh feel, caused him to utter a scream. "Weel done, she-fiend!" said the blacksmith, "if a woman's wit brings nae a man to his senses, I wot nae what will." The afflicted weaver opened his eyes, exclaimed,

"praise be blest!" leaped to his feet, shouted, "redeemed! redeemed!—won from the clutches of the auld enemy, and set on my feet at the fire-side of my sworn friend, William Warpentree. But, Oh! man, I have got such a fright this blessed evening as will gang wi' me to my grave."

"Fright!" said Marion, "what could have frightened ye in the douce Kirkgate of Dumfries; the kirk at your lug, the kirkyard at your elbow, and the fear o' God afore ye, and a gallant bowl of brandy punch in your hand. I feel the smell of the spilt mercies yet, ye donard bodie; what fiend made ye coup the creeks, and scream yon way?" "Woman, woman," said the elder to his spouse, "bridle thy unruly tongue, and curb thy irreverent speech—this man hath, peradventure, seen something; which he will do well to disburthen his conscience in describing." "I shall make bauld to tell ye," said the deacon of the weavers, "how it happened, and whereabout; but, Oh! man, never let sinful flesh pride itself again in the joys of this world. Who would have thought that a man like me, a bowl of reeking punch in one hand, and buttered short cake in the other; the town clock chapping eleven, a glass in my head, the pavement aneath, and my friend's door open before me, should in ae moment be spoiled and bereaved of all in which he had sinfully prided. Oh! William Warpentree—flesh and blood—flesh and blood." Here he wiped away the moisture of Marion's haggis from his face, muttered, "Grace be near me, I'm barely come to my senses yet—Lord, I'll never forget it—how can I—I'm a doomed creature, that's certain." The elder enjoined him to tell why he was disquieted—the elder's wife desired to know what elf or brownie had scared him out of any little sense he ever laid claim to; while the Baillie declared it would be a droll tale that would recompense him for the privation of the spilt punch.

"Oh! hard, hard!" exclaimed the deacon of the weavers; "I maun be frightened out of my senses ae minute with the Packman's ghost, and fairly die in describing it the next." "The Packman's ghost!" exclaimed the three auditors, at once gathering round the affrighted deacon. "Yes!

the Packman's ghost," said he; "give me leave to breathe, and I shall tell ye. As I came out to the street, there was a slight fall of snow; the way was as white afore me as a linen web—a light glimmered here and there—the brightest was in the home of Lowrie Linchpin, the Haunted House ye ken; the carle lies in a departing state. As I looked o'er to his window, I thought to myself, the minister or some of the elders will be there, doubtless, and a bonnie death-bed story he'll make on't, if he tells the truth. And then I stood and thought, may be, on the wild stories the neighbours tell of sights seen at midnight around his house—how he cannot rest in his bed, but converses with his dumb horse to drown darker thoughts; while atween his own house and the stable, the shadowy fingers of an auld Packman are seen plucking at him. A golden pose Auld Linchpin got by nicking the pedlar's thrapple, else there are many liars. There was my douce gudemother, ye mind her weel Baillie, many a mutchkin of brandy you and auld Brandyburn, and John Borland, and Edgar Wright, and one I winna name emptied ahint her hallan. Aweel thae days are gane, and my gudemother too; but mony a time she told me, when she was a stripling of a lassie, that the auld Packman (nae other name had he) was seen coming laden, horse and man, along the lane to the house of Lowrie Linchpin. He was never more seen; but his horse ran masterless about the fields, and mony a ride she and Peg Lawson, and Nell Thomson had: their daughters are fine madams now, and would nae like to hear that their mothers rode round the town meadows on a stray horse; but it's true that I tell ye."

"And now," said the deacon, "I am come to the present concernment. I stood looking at old Ne'er-do-good's house, and thinking how soon he might be summoned, and what a black account he would render; when lo, and behold! what should I see coming towards me from auld Lowrie's, but a creature,—the queerest creature that een ever saw: I thought I should have sunk where I stood, with dread, and yet the worst had not happened. I could nae for my

soul take my een from it, and straight towards me it came. I think I see it yet—the breeks of hodian gray, the Packman plaid, and the Kilmar-nock bonnet; the hair of my own head, gray and thin though it be, raised the bonnet from my own brow. Oh! William Warpentree, could I have remembered but three words of thy prayer which seven times to my knowledge ye have poured out before the men who swear by the wolf's head and shuttle in its mouth, I might have come off crouse perchance, and triumphant. But the world winna credit it—I tried to pray—I tried to bless myself, I could neither do the one nor the other, and curses and discreditable outis came to my lips; I shall never dare to sing a psalm, or speak of a thing that's holy again."

The deacon's story had proceeded thus far; Marion had with a light foot, and a diligent hand, and an ear that drank in every word of the narrative, replenished the table with a noble haggis reeking and rich, and distilling streams of amber from every pore; while from the collops scored a smoke thick and savoury ascended: and a table of inferior size exhibited an ancient punch bowl, curiously hooped and clasped, flanked by a brace of gardevins, filled to the corks with choice gin and brandy. Upon the whole looked the elder and Baillie with a strong wish that the deacon's adventure with the pedlar's apparition would come to a close. A hurried foot in the street, and a mighty rap, rap, rap at the door, equal to the demolishing of any ordinary hinges, accomplished the good man's wish. Ere Marion could say—"Come in,"—in started an ancient Kirkgate dame, her hood awry, and a drinking-cup, which her hurry had not hindered her to drain, though she found no leisure to set it down, was still in her right hand. She stood with her lips apart, and pointed towards the haunted house of old Linchpin, half choked with agitation and haste. "The saints be near us, woman; have ye seen a spirit also?" said Baillie Burnewin.—"Spirit," said the dame, an interrogatory suggesting words which she could not otherwise find—"ten times worse than a thousand spirits—I would re-

ther face all the shadows of sinners which haunt the earth, than sit five minutes longer by the bedside of auld Lowrie; the fiends have hold of him, there's little doubt of that—for he's talking to them, and bargaining for a cozie seat in the lowing heugh—its fearful to hear him—and what can have brought the evil spirits around him already—naeboddy will dispute possession; and then he thinks the Packman is at his elbow, and begins to speak about the old throat-cutting story: but his wife, a wicked carlin and a stout, lays ever her hand on his mouth and cries out, “he's raving, sirs, he's raving!”—But I think I'm raving myself.—Come away, Elder Warpentree, and try and speak solace to his saul, though it be a rotten and a doomed ane; he may as well gang to hell with the words of salvation sounding in his ear.”

Sore groaned the devout man at this ungracious and untimely summons; he looked on the smoking supper-table; he thought on the wretched and the worthless being, for whose soul's welfare he was called to minister by prayer and supplication—and despairing of success in his intercession, he threw himself into a chair, pulled it to the head of the table, laid aside his cap, and spread forth his hands like one ready to bless the savoury morsel before him. The Christian spirit of the messenger, reinforced by strong drink, came down like a whirlwind. “A bonnie elder of God's kirk, indeed, to sit down to his smoking supper, with his full-fed cronies aside him—and leave a poor soul to sink among the fathomless waters of eternity.—Had it been a douce and a devout person that was at death's door, the haste might have been less; but a being covered with crimes as with a garment, whose left-hand clutched men's gold, and whose right-hand wrought murder, it's a burning shame! and a crying scandal, not to fly and seek to save, and send him the road of repentance. A bonnie elder, indeed! () my conscience, Sir, if I'm but spared to Sunday—if I stand nae up and proclaim ye for a sensual and selfish man, who shuns the dying man's couch for the sake of a savoury supper, may the holy minister give

me a hot face, clad in a penitential garment on the cutty stool.” During this outpouring of remonstrance and wrath the good man found leisure for reflection; he rose ere she concluded, assumed his hat and mantle, and saying, “I will go to the couch of this wicked man, but wicked should I be to hold out the hope that an hour of repentance will atone for an age of crime—It's but casting precious words away, ane might as well try to make damask napery out of sackcloth thrums, as make a member for bliss out of such a sinner as Lowrie Linchpin.”

When the elder entered the dying man's abode he found him seated in his arm chair, pale and exhausted, his clothes torn to shreds, and his hair (as lint, white and long, as if it had waved over the temples of a saint) scattered about in handfuls; while his wife, a stern and stout old dame, pinioned him down in his seat, and fixed upon him two fierce and threatening eyes, of which he seemed to be in awe. “And what in the fiend's name brought auld Wylie Warpentree here at this uncivil hour, when we have more distress than heart can well endure,” said she of the haunted house; “are ye come to steal our purse under the pretence of prayer, like bonnie Elder Haudthegrup? de'el may care if ye were all dancing on the morning air in a St. Johnstone cravat, the land would be well rid of ye.” “Woman, woman,” said the elder, in a tone of sorrow and Christian submission, “wherefore should ye asperse the servants of Him above; I come not here to take, neither come I hither to steal, but I come to one sick and subdued in spirit, sick even unto death, for the hand of the enemy will soon be upon him. Oh man!” said he, addressing the dying person, “if ye had seven years to live, as ye may have but seven minutes; if your soul was as pure as the unfallen snow, now descending at your window, instead of being stained as with ink, and spotted as with crimson, I say unto you repent—repent—cast thyself in the ashes—groan and spread thy hands night, and morn, and noon—thy spirit will find it all too little to atone for thy follies, for thy faults, and for——” “Devil! wilt

thou talk about the Pedlar also," exclaimed Dame Linchpin, placing her hand on the mouth of the elder; "it's enough that my own poor old demented husband should upbraid me with planning and plotting on't, without thy uncivil tongue. Oh sirs! but I am a poor broken-hearted mad old woman, and my words should not be minded to my character's harm;" and she covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed her husband, "I'm coming—I'm coming—will ye not indulge me with another little-little-year—I have much to settle—much to do, and much to say, and I'm not so old—what is seventy and eight?—there's twenty in the parish older, and my limbs are strong, and my sight's good—I can see to read the small print Bible without glass, and that's a gallant brag at my time of life. Weel, weel, all flesh is grass, the word says that, and I shall fulfil it—but wherefore am I not to die in my bed like my douce father? ye will never punish an old man like me—its bad for the land when the gallows sees gray hairs. Prove it! who will prove it, I pray thee?—who shall tell that I slew him for his gold?—how my wife plotted his death, and helped me bravely to spill his blood, and rifle his well filled pack?—Ah, mony a bonnie summer day has she gone gaily to kirk and market with the price of our salvation on her back—she gave a gallant mantle from the pack to the proud wife of Provost Mucklejohn; the wife's good luck was ended: she gave a plaid to Baillie Proudfoot, and proud was he no longer; he was found drowned in the Nith on the third day: it was nae sonsie to wear the silks and satins, and fine raiment, of which a dead man was the owner. Weel, weel, woman, if ye will tell of me, even tell—all that ye can say is easily summed. Harken, and I will disclose it myself. He came with his packs and his pillions filled with rich satins and fine twined

linen, and silver in his pouch, and gold in his purse. I was poor, and my mind was prone to evil." Here he clenched his teeth, wrung his hands fiercely for a moment, his colour changed, his lips quivered, and he said, in a low and determined tone, "I see him, there he sits; there he sits; a thousand and a thousand times have I seen him seated and watching, and he will have me soon: ah, it's he—it's he! My dog Tippler sees him too, and the creature shivers with fear, for he lapt his blood as it streamed o'er my wife's knuckles upon the floor." The dying man paused again, and he said, "Wife, woman, fiend, why come ye not when I call? Wipe my brow, woman, and clear my een, and let me look on something that seems as a black shadow seated beside me:" and passing his own hand over his eyes, he looked steadfastly on the elder, and uttering a cry of fear, fell back in his chair, and lay, with his palms spread over his face, muttering, "I thought it was something from the other world; and it's ten times worse; an elder of the kirk! an elder of the kirk! He's come to hearken my disordered words; to listen to my ravings, and bear witness against me. Oh, farewell to the fair, and the honest, and the spotless name that my father gave me. The name of my forbears will be put in a prayer, made a proverb in a sermon, and halloed in a psalm; the auld wives as they go to the kirk will shake their Bibles at the naked walls, and the haunted house, and say, blood has been avenged." The shudder of death came upon him; he tried to start from his seat; he held out his hands like one repulsing the approach of an enemy, and uttering a loud groan expired. "I have been at many a death-bed," said William Warpentree, resuming his seat at his supper-table, and casting a look of sorrow on the diminished haggis—"but I never was at the marrow of this:—and now for the collops scored."—

THE DELICATE INTRICACIES.

What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn *Milton.*

He had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn,—that if there were twenty people in company,—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of them against him. *Sterne.*

AND now the outlines of the chimneys and house-tops began to cut ever more sharply and sharply against the æthereal back ground,—and the eastern gate of heaven, “soon, soon to glow with a bloody blush,” reflected a heart-cooling, moony radiance from its marble valves,—when Nina L, unable to sleep, from the united ponderosity of her heart, and the atmosphere—and tired with contemplating the bronzed Hymens, whose hands supported the luxuriant draperies of her virgin bed, raised up her fragrant head from the lace-trimmed pillows of down.—Without waiting to descend the steps in a regular and moral manner, she threw herself out on the thick leopard skin; and hastily inducing her pearl-coloured slippers, and wreathing her round arms and sweeping shoulders in a cashmeer,—the white-ankled one moved timidly (though alone) over the painted-velvet carpet towards the aristocratical semicircle of emblazoned windows which formed the southern end of her voluptuous *salon à coucher*. Her flexible fingers turned the pliant locks of the centre one, and regardless of appearances (i. e. passengers) she leant out of her balcony like the Venetian donzellas in Paolo Veronese, or (to reduce my comparison to the level of your comprehension, Mr. Simkins!) like Miss O’Neill in Juliet.—Though on second thoughts I believe I shall cross out this last touch, because she leant like no creature I ever saw; except herself—stop a bit! Has Parmegiano ever painted the kind of subject? N—p—n—no! I’m afraid not! Why then Sir, he ought to be—treated exactly as your baulked curiosity dictates:—for depend upon it you have no chance of coming within nine hundred and seventy-three degrees of her longi—altitude I mean!—But we’ll proceed with this tale a

little, or else Nina will certainly catch cold by standing so long in the vapoury dews of morn.

The gas was now waning fast; so were the patrole and watchmen.—With creaks, rumbles, *gee-whats*, and the smell of matting, cabbages, &c., market carts slowly progressed to THE GARDEN! from the delightful villages of Isleworth, Twickenham, and Turnham-green. Several noticeable men with black silk stockings, were returning from a high court-pleenary of literature and French wines—one might see at a glance that they were famous in puns, poetry, philosophy, and exalted criticism! Briefly, they were the *wise* of London! One of them “soaring aloft in the high region of his fancies, with his garlands and singing robes about him,” chaunted in the ringing emptiness of the streets, “*Diddle, diddle dumplings.*” Nina no doubt shrank within her shadowy bower (if you can call a room nine-and-twenty feet long a bower) from the hazy vision of these vigilants;—for though successive and inimical images might disturb the unity and completeness of her idea (which complex accumulation of images, troublesome to be disentangled, put in place, and labelled, is usually, and absurdly termed the *act* of forgetfulness; because the said forgetfulness proceeds not from action but its mathematical reverse, all which is extremely irrelevant in hoc loco) yet the peculiar build of the house, its striking portico, and the lofty stained-glass window *might* stick more barbed in their brain. The owner’s name *might* easily be found in the Court Guide, and then the public be extremely refreshed with the incident of Nina L. displaying her pretty self, *half naked!* (the good-nature of the ladies and the—what’s the word—of the men will take this trifling addition for

granted) at three o'clock a. m. in the green, green month of June.—“But such a thing is not to be thought of, Sir! therefore in she goes!”—You’re quite out, my sweet Miss!—Nina never stirred.—“Oh! fie! Sir—I’ll not read a word more of your naughty book.”—Nay! do but listen! Because—because—she neither saw nor heard any thing of *them*—(i. e. the cabbages and the wits!)—“La! Janus.” Indeed it was almost impossible that she should either view or be viewed—for her room was, as the politer circles say, *backwards*; nor was it much easier for her to hear their Lycean hymns, for I can make oath they never strayed within twenty streets of her situation!—I hope, madam, I have exculpated my heroine from any charge of indelicacy.—“Yes, Sir! but how came you to trouble us and your story, with this impertinent episode?” That you should ask me why—and I, in return, make my intent held.

Those niceties and particularities of narration which are to be found in myself—and all other authors of value and credibility, are the tests, the witnesses, the vouchers, for the authenticity of the tale—for every tale is or ought to be (after a fashion) historically true (look into the Schlegels! will ye?): you feel assured that the relater has actually been present at the scenes he places before you. It is first hand—*fire now!* To illustrate; in recounting the manner of X.’s detention of Z. during a proxy argument, I write,—“and with such speeches he (X) *dexterously* seized with his *sinister* hand a button of Z.’s doublet—it was the fifth button counting from the bottom.” Now does not this subtle circumstantiality put the fact that, such conference took place, beyond doubt?—for why should X. grapple Z.’s button, save to prevent Z. from escaping; and assuming that Z. attempted to leave a given spot and person, it follows tolerably logically, that Z. *must have been* on the spot, and *with* the person he essayed to quit. Is not this very clever reasoning?—And if the ingenious gentleman who has been twice didactic on the Elgin marbles would have the kindness to consider the force of my conclusions as unweakened by the rottenness of my

premises (not my tenements and hereditaments), I assure him on the word and honour of a gentleman, for so the late king’s most excellent majesty was graciously pleased to designate your most humble servant in a certain commission (not of the peace) bearing his own sign manual—I really believe I have it now in my pocket. I’ll read it, if it will gratify you at all—no! I hav’nt—I’m afraid it’s up stairs—never mind—

I say, that on the honour of a gentleman, I will do as much for every tittle he has advanced in the fore-mentioned two excellent articles—I can’t offer fairer: can I? And now having made a capital defence of my precise, and correct, and ingenuous style, I shall be for the future ingenuous, correct, and precise, as hard as ever I can!

You’ve made yourself extremely agreeable, most silent reader! all this time; and as a reward, you and I will go and gaze on Nina and all her doings in *propria persona*; and then either keep dumbness thereon, or whisper a little in the ears of some of our *heartiest* (a word desiderated L—d knows how long!) of our *heartiest* friends, just as decorum and sense of delicacy, and *all that sort of thing* shall indicate. See—here we are in Grosvenor Square! “And is the house *here*, Janus?” No, Sir! but it is not a great way off. This turn, if you please, now! we are arrived! I have the key of this wall-door—pooh—*patern* I mean—and here we—“Here! Mercy on us—why here lives Lord —.” Hush! for your life! Step in quickly—Stand close behind this bouncing laurel on the left, till I’ve relocked—There!—What a refreshing spot of summer greenery in the centre of barren brick and Portland stone! The lovely cool of its shade (*frigus amabile*) pours around the revel-severed nerves,

As glass-bright showers
On the fainting flowers.

The sweet dew which maketh the grass all grey, is not yet licked up by the fourth hour’s thirsty sun; and the high awaying trees, and the bushy shrubs seem covered with a light azure bloom. One little bird is awaking—peep—peep—at intervals. Hark! another! a thrush! with how

deep a thrill, like the startling trumpet of a knightly challenger, doth he shake forth his vigorous notes!—What delicious odours fume from that thicket of roses, and sweet-briar!—now the yet drowsy breeze varies, and is drowned in the lively perfume of lavender—it subsides, and the steam of dabbled carnations rises conqueringly over the screen of lilacs. And now that the sky is blanching fast with the reflection of Aurora's white robe, and Dian's chaste crescent narrows in the clear dawn, you may descry (a much more poetical expression than bald *see*) the rich hollyoaks, the endless-hued tall tulips, and the sceptrous wand of fairy Oberon, the lily

lifting up
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Looks through clear dew on the tender sky.

Shelley.

But we have no more time to lose, so let us creep carefully down the bank; here is a sinuous path of moss and lawny grass leading quite through the garden to the mansion, between very high hedges of privet, honeysuckle, laurel, box, and holly.—Quietly! quietly! stoop low as we cross this brief opening—well stole and lightly!—we have unravelled the verdant tangle, and from behind the thick leafy wall which flanks the terraced approach (those are its marble steps, gleaming white between the boughs of the dark cedars) we may gaze unseen on the planet of our guest.—Lo! there she stands! hanging from her loftiness to catch the incense which the enamoured flowers offer to her benign divinity in their gratitude; for grateful they must be to her whose presence was their life! and, with the tremulously-sensitive and poetical Shelley,

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet,
Rejoic'd in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their
frame.

For she sprinkled bright water from the
stream,
On those that were faint with the sunny
beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers,
She emptied the rain of the thundershowers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and other
bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nurs'd them more tenderly.*

She turns her harmonious face this way—take your opera glass—quick! It is in your right pocket—I saw you put it there three hours ago, when the dark veil of baize cut from your devout eyesight the triumphant legs of Noblet, and the petit pied of the Circæan Spaniard—Ah! *ma mignonne*, Mercandotti!—Now, did you ever?—What long, soft shadowy lashes! Oh beautiful eyes! so gentle, yet so brilliant—blessed be the garden where first I saw your dark blue!—Sapphires centered with diamond sparks! My little friend Emily S***** has the twin pair!

The sun, which colours all things, is still lingering on the plains of Persia—and her cheek appears pale—yet not pale—but only marbly pure. By day a rich glow of gold is spread like a glory over those wavy streams of hair which, released from their jewelled hands and aureate comb, pour down her sloping shoulders and back, like a dark, deep waterfall among white hills. One massy lock has fallen forwards by the side of her swan-like neck,

And crossing her round, elastic waist,
Hangs down past her round, light knee.

My good curious people who stand outside the garden-gate and wish you could get in—tell me if you have ever studied the Parma Correggios? Ah! miserable, who never truly lived, † your countenances are negative! Where do you expect to go? Hey? Home! directly, gentlemen

* The Sensitive Plant. (Evo. Olliers.) A poem inspired with the essence, moulded with the breath of love; not the Cupid of the licentious Romans, but the heavenly Eros of Plato. Don't imagine, because I endeavour to do bare justice to the high merits of Mr. Shelley's poetry, that I admire his visionary and chaotic philosophy (as it is misnamed.) Though even on that point I am convinced he has been grossly slandered.

† See remarks on this numerous class in the second canto of the *Inferno*. "But I am guiltless of Italian!" I know it. But the noble (Whibelline recites his verses in eloquent and classic English undefiled, through the lips of his most favoured pupil the Rev. H. F. Cary.

swine ! * for never shall you see with that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,
the amorous gentility, the intense elegance of those gracile wrists and hands, tingling with sensibility to the rosy-finger tops. 'Heed them not, good Janus !

In dark oblivion let them dwell.

She only is worthy to be heeded—that *she*—who shrined in a living frame of all odorous exotics and choicer native plants, seems scarcely like a being of this world !—The interior of the room behind her is yet gilt with the flame of her alabaster lamp,—on such a golden ground does the holy *Madonna* repose in the saintly paintings of those old Italians, Giotto, Cimabue—"or later still, Pierre Perugine or Francia."—But what sound is that ?—It is nought but the dashing of the jet d'eau, which the wind wafts this way ! 'Nay, nay, but Nina turns her bright ivory neck into the warm gloom of her splendid chamber—again ! there !' And in truth an echoing twang as from a full harp-chord at this moment seemed to ride with a swoop from the open glass doors—a whistling breeze ran round the projections of the building, and floated in rapid folds over the airy but ample robe of the noble maiden—O, white dimpled feet ! O, round ancles—one moment—and the cold balcony is vacant.

CHAP. II.

'Did she throw herself over, Mr. Janus ?'—Excuse me, madam, but I am not accustomed to be interrupted with foolish questions, when I take on me to relate one of the most interesting adventures that ever was adventured in all London ! Another word and I am dumb for ever.—'Oh dear, good, nice Janus, pray forgive me this time : it was quite a slip !' Exactly so ; but allow me to suggest to your discretion that when a young damsel of eighteen makes a slip, it is the Dulwich Watteau to Mr. *****'s ***** (that is the way we painters, and poets, and stock-jobbers, are wont to bet, with goods which never were and never will be the property of said betters) but she scratches off

the skin of her poor (*reputation's* the word, isn't it ?) of her poor reputation, in such an incurable manner as to keep her tender and raw in that part to the end of her days.—Now be a good girl and sit down.

When Nina entered the room she fancied for one indivisible dot of time that it was pervaded with the light which occasionally envelopes the *Paradises* of sleep. Her heart felt a sharply pleasing thrill like an electric stroke. Nonsense ! the lamp but flared up with the whirl-blast, and her harp (it stood near the window) vibrated under its rude onset. All is the same as when she left it—her door is fast—her favourite *Leonardo* hangs just where it did—How silly to have felt fluttered !—She gazed on the wily eyes of *Gioconda*, she knew not why. The light of the lamp mingled strangely with the light of dawn :—the eyes looked at her altogether quite painfully, and the corners of the mouth curled slightly upwards. It seemed to Nina as if the domed ceiling panted forth a nightmare weight ; and her breath seemed to heave in sympathetic pants ! All reminiscences of her former corporeal life were blotted out ; and the present mystic condition swallowed all faculties. The colours of the portrait bloomed into a fresher vividness, and a splendid iris concealed the features for the space of an eyewink. Could it be that the imaged lips were indued with the power of evoking like phantoms ?—For lo ! they move—and the eyes closing up narrower and narrower—leer amorously at a masculine head which appeared over her shoulder !—How, and when it came there, Nina was unconscious ; yet her specular orbs had remained fastened to the picture. The apparition was of a man about thirty—the hair black, and parted on the forehead, was long, thick and curled ;—one large white hand decorated with regal rings encircled the waist of *Gioconda* ;—the other pointed at the beautiful human creature before it. It was the very countenance—the ideal of all the spiritual Nina's deep aspirations :—a countenance not of feature, but of mind ; and yet the features were noble and love-instilling.—A harp—

* Mungo said that the only gentleman in *Whitz-land* was the Hog ! " *H* : no workee ; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he walk about, he lib like a gentleman ! "

twang rung grandly as if from cavernous depths afar off—the walls slid around her in long gliding curves, and her limbs seemed to float in a glass-smooth cradle of green sweeping waves—her languid lids were drooping with a holy peace; and she saw——“What? for heaven’s sake?”——That, Miss! you shall never know.

* * * *

CHAP. III.

Here’s a pretty business! to have got into the marrow of a story that would have——Mercy upon me! what a system of philosophy and psychology should have been disclosed in it!—It would have brought to light the riddle which has driven the world crazy so long, namely the doctrine of—O Jupiter Ammon! that all the bursting hopes of the public should be blasted by the folly of a bread-and-butter-faced chit, that ought to have——By the side of it, the Romances of Fouqué should have been *Fables for the Nursery*; the Categories of Kant, *Mrs. Lovechild’s Primmer*; and the Analogies of Novalis, *Dilworth’s Spelling book*.—But, alas! I swore that a second interruption—my oath is sacred—and there is nothing for it but that the world must go on—just as it has done for these—How many thousand years ago was this earth created, my little boy? I learnt these things so long ago—(if I ever learnt them at all) Ah, exactly so! nine thousand seven hundred and sixty three years! quite correct! a very forward child indeed—there’s a penny for you to buy some twopenny tarts with! and take care not to eat too many at once, —there’s a man!

And now this article, or work, or paper is to be commenced a second time!—I declare I feel as if I was set backwards two hours of my life. You shall have my sensations on the business in a parable. Being dressed an hour sooner than usual one morning, for the purpose of obtaining an interview with an early great man, I discover from a finishing look in the parlour glass that my clean shirt and neckcloth are starred and flowered with chin-blood.—Obliged to unshirt and reshirt!

I shall never do it without a bottle of soda.—Fiz—whiz!—wish—wush—bounce!—Uh! Uh! O my breath’s gone!—Now give me my fiddle—trum—trum—this string’s wrong—Now, let us try—trum—trum—tram—diddle—diddle—diddle—diddle—very well!

“Come! Come! Master Janus! be serious for a minute, and tell us what you mean by sticking up a Pygmalion’s idol to be admired; and hiring lodgings for her, and buying jewels, and a harp, and a Leonardo, and no one knows what besides; and frisking, and skipping about her; and fidgetting her gown this way, and twitching her ribbons t’other, and all sorts of monkey tricks; and then as soon as you have got together a tolerable crowd of spectators, you give her a slap on the back—tumble her down on the flags, and break her all to bits! We say again, what do you mean by it, Sir?” Most respected Editor! have mercy on me, and don’t look so black! I didn’t go to do any harm; indeed I didn’t! I’ll tell you the truth upon my word!

You must know I’ve been grieving some time at the unfair dealing of Sir Walter towards Mr. Francis Tunstall (The fortunes of Niggle). He introduced him to us at first with great ceremony, and semblance of almost parental regard—he painted his mind and body in the most flattering colours; and then suddenly without any visible cause turned his back on him, and never showed him any countenance thenceforwards.

Now, Sir! my sister took a liking to the young man; (and so did a *great many* girls for that matter!) she said it was pity he couldn’t find a wife suitable to him—and so—I said.—I’d write him one, and so Sir!—

That’s all, Sir.—“Yes, Sir. It is all indeed! all that you shall ever speak in this house. Thomas! show Mr. Weathercock down stairs!—Mr. Secretary!—Erase his name from the list of contributors!”

Oh! pray dear—charming ladies! do speak for me! I’ll never—(*The double door recoils, and knocks Janus backwards down the stone staircase. Exit Janus!*)

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

FROM THE LATIN OF FLAMINIO.

Lo from the East's extremest verge
Aurora's pearly car
Advance its buoyant orb, and urge
The lingering mists from far.
Lo from her wavy skirts unfold
The lengthen'd lines of fluid gold ;
Ye pallid spectres, grisly dreams,
That nightly break my rest, avaunt ;
Back to your dread Cimmerian haunt,
And fly the cheerful beams.

Boy, bring the lute. Well pleased, I sound
Once more the tuneful string ;
Be thine the task to scatter round
Fresh odours while I sing.
Hail, Goddess, to thy roseate ray :
All earth, reviving, owns thy sway ;
All, all, in glowing vest array'd,
The lowly mead, the mountain's brow,
And streams that warble as they flow,
And softly whispering shade.

For thee an offering meet prepared,
Behold our incense rise ;
The crocus gay, the breathing nard,
And violets' purple dyes.
Mix'd with their fragrance, may my note
Upon the wings of ether float.
What muse, how skill'd soe'er, may claim
In worthy strain to emulate
The glory of thy rising state,
And hymn thy favourite name ?

Soon as thy bright'ning cheeks they spy
And radiance of thy hair,
Each from his station in the sky,
The starry train repair.
Wan Cynthia bids her lamp expire,
As jealous of thy goodlier fire ;
Upstarting from his death-like trance,
Sleep throws his leaden fetters by ;
And Nature opens her charmed eye,
Awaken'd at thy glance.

Forth to their labours mortals hie
By thine auspicious light ;
Labours that but for thee would lie
In one perpetual night.
The traveller quits his short repose,
And gladly on his journey goes.
The patient steers the furrows trace ;
And, singing blythe, the shepherd swain
Drives to their woody range again
The flock, with quicken'd pace.

Not so the lover : loth to rise,
 He slowly steals away,
 Chides thy first blush that paints the skies,
 And wisheth night's delay.
 With other voice thy beam I greet,
 With other speed thy coming meet ;
 And as I mark thy opening bloom,
 Prefer to heaven the ardent vow
 That I may welcome thee as now
 For many a year to come.

SKETCH OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.*

LETTER II.

On our arrival, the circumstance that particularly struck us, as a feature entirely different from all that we had observed on a former visit, was the military appearance of the people, every barber, every dapper shopkeeper, every vain and lazy Signorino, was metamorphosed into

A soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard ;
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 not, indeed, "in the cannon's mouth," but in the coffee-houses, which were filled with noisy Neapolitans bawling politics, and breathing defiance. The "*Giornale delle Due Sicilie*," the only newspaper they ever had, had now adopted the more spirited title of "*Giornale Costituzionale*," and was bearded by a host of rivals, as "*Lo Spirito del Secolo*," "*L'Indipendente*," "*L'Amico della Costituzione*," "*La Minerva Napolitana*," &c. &c. The streets were taken up, every here and there, by knots of people engaged in loud and arrogant dispute ; every third word was *Libertà*, or *Tedeschi*, *Parlamento*, or *Armata*, &c. We heard continually such questions, and such salutations as, "*Nè ci vedremo alla vendita stasera*." "*O' Signor Gran Maestro!*" We were met in Toledo by an old acquaintance, who, after a few com-

pliments, said, with an air of triumph, "*Ci noi avete lasciate Schiavi, e ci noi trovate uomini liberi!*" The people had all encouraged their dark mustaches ; and those who were dressed in the uniform of the national guards, green faced with red, made a very gallant appearance.

We now leave Toledo, and take our way to the *Largo del Palazzo*, a large open place, which will be rather fine, if the range of buildings in front of the palace be ever finished ; we found it, however, in the same condition that we had left it, encumbered with scaffoldings, and screens, and heaps of stone.† One passes from the *Largo del Palazzo* by a broad way looking over the arsenal and the sea, which is called "*Strada del Gigante* ;" it is so called from an immense and hideous statue, which once deformed the place, and of which the head and trunk are now deposited in a lumber room of the Studj. Turning round to the right from this street, we reach *Santa Lucia*, which is another broad way well flagged, and having on one side a row of large irregular houses that look over the bay ; and on the other, ranges of stalls, covered with sloping canvas roofs, where fish, "*frutta di mare*," shells, &c. are sold ; these are flanked by a low dirty wall, and by several ugly and ridiculous fountains, some of which are no

* Vide p. 517, last Vol.

† These buildings are a church to be dedicated to *San. Francesco di Paolo*, and a colonnade forming a crescent. The church is in the middle of the colonnade ; it is to have a cupola in imitation of *St. Peter's* at *Rome*, which will be peculiarly ill placed here, and out of harmony with the near objects. The colonnade is too low, it is fronted and flanked by lofty plain palaces, and high buildings that rise immediately behind it on the hills of the *Solitario* and *Santo Spirito*, seem quite to smother it. The architect is *Bianchi*, an Italian Swiss, from *Lugano* ; a Roman sculptor, but a very poor workman, is employed on the exterior figures ; and *Schweigle*, a German, and an artist of great merit, is to do one or two principal statues.

longer furnished with water: these contemptible things are mentioned by poor Giannone, the best historian of Naples, as great ornaments to the city, and memorials of the taste and magnificence of various viceroys. A particular "ceto," or class of people inhabits this neighbourhood; thousands of them live in narrow vicoli, which run backward from Santa Lucia, and which are seldom entered by any but the "Santa-Luciani;" these people are nearly all pescatori and pecevendori (fishermen and sellers of fish), they are particularly distinguished by their loyalty, and the costume of their women. At the end of Santa Lucia we turn another angle, still keeping along the shore, and reach Chiaia; at this corner the hill of Piazzafalcone, which is seen above the houses on Santa Lucia, is cut down precipitately, and almost looks like a wall. Just here we pass the causeway conducting to the Castello dell' Uovo; it is a long narrow ledge, and the memorable castle itself stands on a rock in the sea. On Chiaia there is a pleasant palace with a little garden, at present belonging to the king, and there are several good houses, which are generally let out to foreigners. The continuation of this terrace, called La Vittoria, leads to the Villa Reale. This public garden is, indeed, a pleasant place; a broad walk leads down the middle; on either side are two paths shaded by acacias: there are also parterres of flowers, and fountains ornamented with statues, which, like a great number that are ranged along the length of the Villa, are copies from the antique. In the middle of the great walk stands the celebrated group of the *Troia*: an imitation of rocks is placed in a circular trough, at the base of the pedestal on which it is raised, and several little *jets d'eau*, which spirt out from the rocks, are collected in the trough, which is adorned by some aquatic plants, and in which a number of dirty coloured ducks are kept. Of this group enough, perhaps, has been said, but we cannot forbear observing, that, to us, it seems (in its present state) little to be admired; the head of the bull is certainly very fine, but the hinder quarters are faulty; and as for the figures that surround it, which are half modern and half

ancient, we consider them as deserving no great attention. Two or three edifices adorn, or are intended to adorn this promenade; there is a sort of circular temple on one side, in which there is a very poor and unfaithful bust of Tasso; and on the other side there is a much larger building, where it is intended to place a statue of Virgil, but which, as yet, is without any inhabitant. The pleasant part of the villa is at the end towards Posillipo, where, to the right of the grand path, it is formed into shady bosquets, called "Il Giardino Inglese."

The great beauty of this promenade, the beauty which renders it, perhaps, superior to any public walk in Europe, and which no labour could very well spoil, is the view to which it gives access: towards the end is a terrace, which has been erected within the last three or four years, projecting into the sea; the view thence is enchanting, particularly when the sun goes behind the long green hill of Posillipo, and throws its purple rays over the bay full on that part of the town, now called the "Piazzafalcone" (the ancient Mons Echia, where the luxurious Lucullus had one of his many habitations), which throws itself out in a bold and lofty headland.

Mr. Hobhouse has unwarily and incorrectly censured Mr. Eustace, on account of the latter gentleman's having asserted, that the Villa was adorned with orange-trees. When Mr. Hobhouse was in Naples there were certainly no orange-trees there; but it is equally certain, that when Mr. Eustace was, there were; indeed, there was scarcely any thing else but oranges and vines; but the French, who entirely altered, and considerably extended the gardens, removed them, and planted acacias in their stead. It may, perhaps, be considered unlucky that this circumstance was not known, or did not occur to the defenders of Mr. Eustace's accuracy, among whom, however, we cannot on every occasion enrol ourselves.

The grand Corso runs along close to and parallel with the Villa, and is a wide well paved street, or rather row, since there are no houses on the side of the Villa, and in this range are the best and almost the only view-

sant habitations of which Naples can boast. Of this Neapolitans are well aware, and compel foreigners to pay an extravagant price for lodgings in this quarter; an English family often pays as much for a suite of apartments on the Riviera di Chiaja, as would be paid for a whole house in a fashionable square in London. There is something curious in letting houses at Naples; the nobles in former times occupied the whole of their immense palaces, but in these days of retrenchment and humility they condescend to let out their *piani* (floors), only taking care to secure exorbitant prices, thus "hiding their honor in their necessity," or rather propitiating their pride by procuring means to indulge their luxury: but some of these not only let out their floors, but also furnish their lodgers with dinners, suppers, &c. for similar considerations.

The Corso extends beyond the Villa; and leaving on the right the straight road which leads to the grotto of Posilippo, sweeps round the shore towards Strada Nuova, passes under the tomb of Virgil, and winding along Mergellina, ends a little below the church which contains the tomb of Sannazarius. This is the prescribed Corso, and hardly any Neapolitan thinks of extending his ride to the beautiful Strada Nuova, that commands such fine views of the bay, but turning short round, by a contemptible fountain of lions, returns the way he came, and goes backward and forward as long as there is sufficient light to see and be seen. Day after day he repeats his ride, with a constancy which is highly amusing. The time for this periodical exercise is *venti tre ore*, and winter or summer, at the hour fixed, the Neapolitans repair thither in crowds. In summer this hour is good enough, for it is that glorious hour which sees the sinking of the sun, and in which a sweet twilight and a refreshing breeze begin to succeed to the intense glare, and oppressive heats of the day; but in winter it is almost the worst time that could be selected: the Neapolitans, however, persevere through good and through bad. There is the same wise regulation with respect to the theatres, which open at *due ore di notte*, in winter about seven o'clock, in

summer about ten; but no inconvenience can shake the uniformity of custom; her laws are here immutable and undisputed: it is a pity, really, that a few virtuous customs cannot be established.

The Corso is a fine exhibition of Neapolitan pride and folly, and is often amusing enough for a pedestrian, who takes no part in these four-wheeled or two-wheeled excursions, and who is incited to observation by that feeling, half envy and half contempt, which finds its way into the breast of him who goes on foot. The coaches roll in two lines, one advancing and one returning; and as there is always an immense quantity, the lines extend the whole length of the Corso, about a mile, and are so compact, that when the files are once formed, no straggler can well enter them: they roll on slowly, very slowly, and stop ever and anon, for they are subject to many little interruptions. Now and then a miserable horse in a miserable *corribilo* falls down, and until he can be restored to the position which nature assigned to him, the whole procession, Princes and Dukes, Knights and Ladies, Generals and Lawyers, and Bishops, must wait. On Sundays and other *giorni di festa*, the *facchini*, mechanics, and other people, from Bosso lo Molo, Il Borgo di Sant' Antonio, Il Mercato, &c. adorn the Corso with a new grace; the men are usually accompanied by their fair ones, and are very closely crammed into their respective carriages, or *corribili*, yet they appear equally, if not more, pleased than the every day visitors. On particular feasts, such as Easter and Whitsuntide, the lines are reinforced by the country people from Fuori Grotta, &c.: the carriages containing these worthies are generally distinguished by being overloaded; by the company in them, men and women, being generally pretty drunk; by their being covered with boughs, and by the gilt jackets of the women.

All these pass on, admiring and commenting on the beauties of the show. The lines being, as we have said, very close, at every interruption the pole of one coach is thrust between the footman's legs on the coach before; and as it is impossible to draw up in a moment, this sometimes happens to ten or twelve car-

rages following, and elicits various explanations, between coachmen and footmen, which are always very pithy and emphatic, and we have observed, consist chiefly of adjectives, nouns, and a few favorite verbs, receiving very little assistance from other inferior parts of speech: now and then a soldier, one of those placed to preserve order, volunteers his opinion upon the matter in debate, and generally testifies the same singular contempt for connectives; his eloquence is sometimes illustrated in a remarkably familiar manner, which, though not admitted in the schools, is much used in vulgar life, and always produces instantaneous conviction. The soldiers, however, it must be confessed, show a very unjust partiality for the humbler members of the Corso, and usually bestow their most impressive remarks upon the meanest classes of the community.

The vehicles collected here are of almost every fashion, colour, and condition; we have carriages, landaus, landaulets, tandems, droshies, caestre, corribati, and dog-carts; some are elegant and gay, some are old and decayed; a family coach wheeled out with care, and drawn by two hare-boned horses, with two ancient codgers mounted behind, furnished with bits of red cloth for their collars and sleeves, to show they are in livery, is perhaps followed by a light dashing English landau, and that by a *corribato* with a foundered, one-eyed horse, fastened by a rotten harness of ropes. Such is the corso of Naples; but we have not yet mentioned a trifling circumstance which deserves to be remarked; at the end towards Mergellina it passes a row of mean half-ruined houses, the habitations of fishermen, whose black pitched boats lie just opposite on the sands, and whose children, some half-naked, some stark-naked, meet the eye wherever it turns, and continually clamour "*date ci qualche cosa Eccellenza*."

But let us leave this scene, and take a silent walk along the *Strada Nuova*; this is certainly a fine road in every respect, but particularly in its situation, and as a most agreeable walk or ride; it is not at present of much use, as it has the defect incidental to passages in old castles which we have sometimes seen, that is, it does

not lead anywhere. It sweeps round the end of Posilippo, and stops abruptly at a steep. It was intended that it should descend to Pozzuoli and afford an easy and agreeable communication with that interesting part of the neighbourhood of Naples, at the same time avoiding the long dark cold gloomy grotto of Posilippo, which was then, and is now the only road to the country towards Baja, Cuma, &c. This road, which would be so useful, so necessary, and so beautiful, stops at the edge of the hill, at a point which commands one of the most beautiful views in the environs of Naples, especially in autumn and in spring, when in the evening all the scene around is radiant with the glories of the setting sun. Ischia, Procida, Baja, Pozzuoli, the mountain of the Camaldoli, shine out in the warm mellow hues, and the exaggeration of evening; the little island of Nisita, black in shade, is just beneath the eye, being but a very small distance from the Capo di Posilippo; and the broad flat land below, which ends at the slope of the hills that shut in the Lago Agnano and the Solfatara, is adorned by an impressive variety of shade and colour. The road is partly cut out in a sort of ledge in the hill, and partly built up on the side towards the sea; the cutting of the hill, however, cannot have been attended with much difficulty, as it is composed of a soft *tufa*, which may be separated by a common knife; and this circumstance makes the long perforation of the grotto of Posilippo less extraordinary than it would have been in almost any other mountain. In several parts the road is carried by bridges over deep ravines. A few paces after leaving the corso we leave also the *pavé*, and soon arrive at the large ruined palace about which M. Dupaty was so sentimental; this palace is called by the common people *Il Palazzo di Donna Anna*, and by the polite that of the *Regina Giovanna*. That lady had a palace at Posilippo, and on the sea-shore; but according to some old Neapolitan gentry who are skilled in these matters, it certainly was not near here; it was situated at the end of the hill, beyond the little village of Marchiano, very near the Roman ruins, called, we know not why, *Le Scavi di Virgilio*, and there indeed we find

the shell of a palace which very probably was hers. The building in question was the work of one of the Viceroys, but, like many other large undertakings in this country, the plan exceeded the means appropriated for its execution, and after the death of the Viceroy it was abandoned and suffered to fall into ruins without ever having been finished. It is, however, a very picturesque object, though it must be deprived of the interest which would attach to it as the residence of beauty, misfortune, and vice. It stands on the edge of the road, which indeed it formerly crossed, and with which its middle stories still communicate; its upper stories rise above, and its lower descend to the shore, and some rooms, or rather caverns contained within the massy walls, admit the sea, and probably were intended to serve as baths; in one of the immense halls opening on the shore, there is during the fine season a Neapolitan *taverna*, where people go and eat fish by moonlight; there are also a few rooms, used by persons who resort there in summer for sea-bathing, and these are all of this immense palace which ever serves as a shelter for man. There is a darkness and desolation in the interior, in its wide halls, its ruined arches, and vaults, and spiral staircases, and its dismal heaps of rubbish, which will furnish materials for meditation, founded on grander and more solemn subjects than the vices of a queen or the crosses of a lady's love.

On leaving this palace, we keep along the road, enjoying the open and beautiful view; the green descent below the road leads the eye down to the edge of the sea: the indented shore is thickly scattered with houses, once the resort of the gentry of Naples, proving that once even Neapolitans were sensible of the beauties of nature, and of the charms of solitude, and showing by their present desolation and ruin that they are sensible of such things no longer. There are also two or three ruined monasteries most delightfully situated; the spots which nature seems to have been most careful and curious to adorn, have been commonly those chosen by the heedful monks, for the erection of their retreats, in order that they might enjoy all that

could make solitude beautiful, or ease luxurious: indeed, we are not the only travellers who have remarked the felicity of selection by which those reverend gentlemen were so distinguished.

In one beautiful point, just by two little rocks, called by the country people *Li Scogli di Pietro e Paolo*, stands the house of Domenico Cirelli, the victim, perhaps the most to be deplored, of the revolution of ninety-nine; it remained unoccupied until lately, and the person who then took it, found the portraits of the physician's family, things which probably he had esteemed as much as all his house possessed besides, left to neglect, and damp, and ruin, as if of so little value that no one thought them worth the trouble of removing. The road continues to rise gently: in some places the descent to the sea is sudden and precipitous, but generally it consists in pleasant slopes, planted with fine vines which hang in thick festoons. At about the highest point of the ascent there is a small flat, which was given by the court, with some land on the declivity, to the Margravine of Anspach, and that lady has erected a pleasure house on the spot. It were to be wished that an edifice in such a beautiful and remarkable situation should be classical and appropriate, but we think the building in question is neither the one nor the other: the land is separated from the road by a wooden railing, and the first object that catches the attention is a porter's lodge, low, dark, and heavy, and fronted by columns made in imitation of the ponderous pillars of the temples of Pæstum: the house itself is a dull unmeaning square building, which seems by its heaviness, and discordance with all the aerial objects around, to be sinking into the hill. The lodge is such a silly and solemn edifice that the Neapolitans call it the *Sepolcro della Margravia*; indeed, a report was spread when it first reared its grim head, that it was intended as a sepulchre for that lady,—nobody once suspected it was a pleasure house.

A little beyond this, there is a road which leads to the top of Posilippo, going along which, we pass two villages; the one nearest to Naples is called in the true Neapolitan dialect,

Pestilence in gesso; the sides of the hill are covered with delightful *Mosses* and vineyards, where a good strong wine is produced. On the hill there are many of that particular species of pine, which has something the appearance of the upper part of a parachute when opened. The scenery along the road and on the hill, and indeed, all around, is exquisitely beautiful; and though so near a noisy capital, these uplands are rural, quiet, and retired; indeed, from the tranquillity and loveliness of the place, it merits the name bestowed upon it, *Pausilypum*, or repose from sorrow.

The road runs along the ridge of the hill, and leads to the Vomero and Sant Elmo: some four or five years ago an attempt was made to render it passable for carriages, but the work stopped after a short time, as all public works are apt to do in this country.

The Strada Nuova, of which we have spoken, is one of the *sortirs* from Naples, and is, we think, the finest; it offers scenery beautiful, varied, and inexhaustible, in which the painter may study the finer parts of his art, and often as we have walked along it, we never return to it without fresh delight.

The road next to this in beauty leaves the city in a contrary direction, and leads to the *Campo di Marte*; this is called *La Strada Nuova del Campo*; it goes out of the city by the Studi, passes through the *Largo delle Pigne*, and along a broad dull street called *Foria*, leaving on the left the *Orto Botanico*, and the *Seraglio*, a house built, as the inscription says, to contain all the poor in the kingdom; but which, though it is certainly enormously large, would not contain the poor of the capital, and which is, as usual, left, *alla Napolitana*, unfinished. The road continues to run on straight until, reaching the great northern road to Rome, which goes off to the left, it begins to ascend, and winds gradually along the hill, commanding fine views of the plain lying between it and Vesuvius. As we keep along the heights we see below us the Campo Santo, a low quadrilateral building, enclosing a paved area, divided into three hundred and sixty-five squares, in each of which is the mouth of a vault, the

whole of the place being excavated: every day one of these vaults is opened, and the bodies of the poor who die in hospitals, &c. and who cannot pay for the privilege of mouldering in the churches of Naples, are deposited there; the vault is then closed, and remains shut for a twelvemonth, another vault being opened the next day, receiving the dead, and then being shut in the same manner. The apertures of the vaults are small, and closed by a ponderous stone, which is further secured by cement; and thus, in a great measure, the effluvia is prevented from escaping. This establishment is very useful, as it removes a great source of corrupted air from the city; it is kept very clean, and emits in general very little smell, considering the numbers of the dead that are continually putrifying there; but there is one circumstance in the ceremony of the place which is scandalous, not only to Neapolitans, but to human nature itself, that is, the indecency and brutality with which the obsequies of the dead are performed: the bodies are stripped quite naked, and thrown through the narrow apertures down into the deep vaults, one upon another, in a confused heap; the mouth of the vault is frequently stained with blood, in consequence of the bodies being pitched rudely and unskilfully down. But a few days ago we were walking there, and looked into one of the vaults, where several bodies had just been thrown down—the sight was too horrible to be described, we wish we could forget it! We observed a woman who was employed there in saying prayers for the repose of the dead; she walked as she prayed, and appeared to have the intention of passing over every vault, as she went up and down the files regularly; when we came away the gates were locked upon her, and she was left to her solitary devotions.

But let us return to the road, which soon after this passes near the church of *La Madonna del Pianto*, so called from the melancholy events which followed the siege of Naples, by Lautrec, in 1528; unwilling to bombard the city, he cut off the aqueducts which supplied it with water; the water running to waste inundated and stagnated on the plain, and the vapours which arose from it made

his army the victim of a dreadful epidemic distemper; an excessive mortality was the consequence, and hundreds of poor wretches were interred near this spot, or rather in caves and grottoes beneath. The present church, which was afterwards erected there, is known by name to many English readers from the frequent allusions made to it by Mrs. Radcliffe, in her "*Italian*." The Neapolitans, when any one loses in the lottery, have a proverbial saying about going to *Santa Maria del Pianto*, to bewail their misfortunes. Just by this church the Strada Nuova turns a corner and reaches the Campo di Marte, a fine large flat, which was laid out by the French, and appropriated to the purpose of teaching and practising the manœuvres of war.

Since the late vicissitudes, the government considering the nation did not need any further instructions in military matters, has declined having any native exhibitions of the sort; and indeed, a short time ago, part of the place was advertised to be sold.

One of the finest views of Naples is to be enjoyed from this road; and it would be well for travellers to pay half a post more for the sake of approaching the city that way, instead of descending by *Capo di Chino*, where there is no interesting object and no fine view. First impressions produced by scenery are always the most forcible, and should be, if possible, received where there is every advantage of locality that a place affords.

SONG.

1.

THE banners are waving,
Oh, wilt thou not stay?
The war cry is sounding,
My *Wilhelme*, away!

2.

Shall the land of thy fathers
Be sold to the slave?
Shall the light of their freedom
Be quench'd in the grave?

3.

In the heart of my lover
Their glory decay?
Oh no! to the battle—
My *Wilhelme*, away!

4.

Oh, wilt thou not look on
Thy love and thy bride?
There are many who told me
My *Wilhelme* had died.

5.

They tell me he slumbers,
So still and so deep,
That the cry of the hunters
Ne'er breaks on his sleep;

6.

That the chamois is couching
My warrior beside,
And yet he awakes not!
Thy love and thy bride

7.

In the lone valley waits thee,
At sun setting hour;
Oh *Wilhelme*, my lover,
Return to my bower.

8.

I fain would chase from me
The dream of despair;—
That I saw the blood dark on
Thy forehead so fair,

9.

That the cheek of my *Wilhelme*
Lay cold in the blast,
And the hoofs of the war-horse
Had over thee pass'd.

10.

There are many who soothe me,
Yet soothe me in vain;
For there's one who will never
Look on me again.

11.

Oh the flowers of my bridal
Have wither'd away;
And I too have faded;
Oh why wilt thou stay?

12.

But I come to inhabit
Thy dark silent cave;
For war cannot sever
Our hearts in the grave.

A. S.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Roman Actor.—*Mountaineers.*—*The Waterman.*

Notwithstanding the strong allurements held out in these three pieces, Kean's benefit was but thinly attended—a pretty plain proof that something more than the drama itself is requisite to call the public to the theatres. Our pleasures, we suspect, are not quite so pure and intellectual as human nature in its vanity would willingly believe; fine acting and fine writing are indeed the ostensible motives with all play-goers; but what share in the evening's amusement have the crowd, and the lights, and the decorations? There must be, moreover, the stimulus of novelty or of fashion; and as far as concerns Kean, both the one and the other have long since past away, or if there be any fashion in regard to him, it is a fashion of dislike. The fault, however, rests in a great measure, perhaps entirely, with himself; he cannot, it is true, invest himself afresh with the charms of novelty; yet he ought to make himself more popular, not by paltry arts, or by becoming the mountebank of any society, but by a fair and honourable discharge of his duty as an actor. Let him too be more chary of his good name; for the audience, whether right or wrong, will mix up the private with the public character; and he who is to live by the people, must not despise the humours of the people.

The first of these pieces is nothing more than a prelude from Massinger's play of the same name, from which it has borrowed so much of the first and third scenes as was calculated for the display of Kean's talent, and only Kean's. This, to say the least of it, is a very paltry ambition,—this grasping after every thing in the style of most judicious Bottom, of asinine memory,—“Let me play Thisby too—let me play the lion too.” If he goes on at this rate Mr. Elliston may dismiss the rest of his company, and he and the manager may divide the drama between them, each having as many notes of admiration tacked to his name, as he plays characters.

This will chime in gloriously with the avarice of the one and the vanity of the other; then if the manager has small receipts, at least he will have small outgoings; and if the actor gets little praise, he yet will have that little entirely to himself, without any need of division with his brethren. What can be better than such an arrangement? Try it, gentlemen; by all means try it, and pray do not forget us, your gentle counsellors.

We should have said thus much in the way of reprobation even if the prelude had been dexterously put together; for a bad design, though well executed, does not change its character of evil; but this was not the case; simple as his task was, the compiler has contrived to commit two blunders, and those of no little magnitude; why, in the name of dulness, must he give the part of Latinus to Junius Rusticus? This metamorphosis of a Roman senator into an actor was remarkably judicious, and the more so as nothing was to be gained by it except the praise of ignorance, in regard to Massinger as well as history. Not satisfied with this, he has blended Aretinus with Tiberius; and thus, in defiance of all probability and common sense, and to the utter ruin of the scene, we have Aretinus playing the double part of a friend and an enemy, an informer and an emperor. Nor was there any thing in Kean's performance to reconcile us to these enormities; great as he has shown himself on many occasions, his “*Roman Actor*” was equally bad in conception and execution: the Paris of Massinger pleads his cause in a strain of manly and fervid eloquence, as remote from violence as it is from weakness; he attempts to convince, not to overawe, the senate; for how indeed could a poor actor hope to frighten the Patricians of Rome by a few big words? It is not even an appeal to the passions, but to the understandings, of men; and the slight sarcasm aimed at Aretinus is so guardedly couched that it may pass either for satire or compliment. Yet in defiance of these obvious truths, Kean was overbearing.

familiar, and sarcastic, pompous without dignity, and violent without energy. This is the more surprising as he is undoubtedly the first orator upon the stage; and as to dignity, he has enough of that when he chooses. Notwithstanding the vulgar prejudice on this subject, dignity has nothing at all to do with the stature; it is entirely a thing of intellect, and its expression depends on manner, not on a man's being tall or short. If this were not so, little could be said for Kean's Othello, which is yet the triumph of the modern school of acting. What can be more noble than his quiet rebuke of Cassio's intemperance? "How comes it, Cassio, you are thus forgot?" What more dignified than his appeal to the senate? What more sublime, more terribly sublime, than the passion of his jealousy?—We must, therefore, look to some other cause for his failure in "*The Roman Actor*,"—perhaps to his neglect, for he can do nothing without study; the contrary indeed has usually been imagined of him, but it is a notorious fact to those at all acquainted with his habits, that he never has succeeded in any character so hastily adopted. Hence it is that he has so frequently failed in new plays, his indolence not permitting him to give them the requisite attention.

Of the few others that performed in this little prelude, we may say with Grumio, "the rest were ragged, old, and beggarly." By the bye, while we are on this subject, we wish Mr. Barnard would inform us who is Agave; we have heard indeed of a certain Agavē, of whom both Ovid and Horace speak, though we only quote from the first:—

Adspice, mater, ait. Visis ululavit Agavē.

Is this the lady that Mr. Barnard meant when he talked of Agave?

The next piece on the list of the evening's entertainments was *The Mountaineers*, in the second act of which Kean's Octavian was no better than his Paris; but in the cottage scene, both before and after the entrance of Floranthe, he was brilliant beyond the power of words to do him justice. Indeed he acted the part rather as it ought to be than as it is; for Colman, while intending to write the language of madness, has written only

downright nonsense, and that too in verse which is verse only to the eye, or when counted on the fingers: but poor as the materials were, the actor contrived to work wonders with them, and exhibited a fearful scene of insanity struggling with the return of reason. Nothing in art could be finer than the alternate light and shadow that played upon his face, like the fitful blazings of a fire, flashing up for a moment to sink again into utter darkness. There was a painful consciousness of the truth expressed in every feature, a wavering between reason and insanity, till the fit again came on him in all its strength, and then it seemed to tear up his very soul. There was an irresistible and sweeping grandeur in his passion that made him in form a giant—it was a visible emanation of the mind, fresh and glowing from the fountain—and the expression of superior intellect, whatever is its character, can never be called little.

If we compare Kean's Octavian with that of Kemble (the only thing to which it can be compared), we should be inclined to allow the preference to the former. There was a quiet grandeur in Kemble's acting that gave it all the effect of a marble statue—it was bold and beautiful in the outlines, but it wanted colour; his mind, like his features, was noble; but, like them, it was too rigid, too little flexible, to put on any form that was not native to it; he wanted that pliability of mind and face which is the highest excellence of Kean, and perhaps of all acting. Kemble was always himself, always peculiar, and his peculiarities were a little apt to mix up with the general varieties of feeling. Kean is only peculiar by some vile tricks that too often stare out of his assumption of character and betray the individual; but then he has the power of flinging them off when he pleases; and there are times when it does please him to wear the mask most closely. He has less of that grandeur which belongs to sober reason, and more of that which springs from the energy of passion, than was the case with Kemble. His voice too is infinitely more rich and varied, notwithstanding the objections raised against its hoarseness, objections that have originated in people confounding full round tones (like those of

Young and Macready) with a voice of compass and flexibility. His Octavian was an instance of this, and a striking instance. At the same time we object entirely to any superiority being allowed him on the score of his being more natural, a phrase that is most cruelly abused; his acting was natural just as much as a fine picture or a fine statue is natural, but no further. There is an essential difference between all the works of art and nature, distinct from all the differences that may arise out of inequality—for many a subject that is exceedingly unpleasant in nature, becomes the very reverse in its imitation. The products of the two therefore cannot be precisely the same, for they do not bring with them the same association of ideas; nor is it desirable that they should do so, for we find that imitation does not delight in exact ratio to its resemblance with any given reality; if it did, a wax figure, which has form and colour, would please much more than a marble statue, which has form only, both qualities being a part of natural objects, and the wax figure therefore being the nearest in its likeness to nature. There seems to be in every work of art a something superadded to nature, which, in the absence of a more definite name, the world is content to call *poetical*, and which, as far as it has reference to the present business, means nothing more than the association of other and more pleasant ideas than belonged to the object of imitation. Hence it is that so few local descriptions correspond with the reality; the ideas that are called up by the description are not the same as those excited by the things themselves, when subjected to the sight; and yet at the same time the features of the imitation may be so very like the subject imitated, that it would not be an easy matter to find a single point of difference. The subject, however, is one of considerable difficulty, and is not to be settled by a few brief assertions, the results rather than the proofs of our conviction; but we have no space at present for pursuing the question any farther, for there is still much matter upon our hands, and indeed more than we well know what to do with; to do full justice to the deservits of the Drury-lane Company would require half our Magazine, and

we must therefore hasten to despatch them as rapidly as may be.

In the hands of Fitzwilliam and Miss Cubitt, the parts of Killmallock and Agnes were "much abused,"—and Harley, from whom we have a right to expect better things, was very indifferent in Sadi. His humour was by no means characteristic of the Moor, yet still it was humour; and, as it tickled the fat ribs of laughter, it might pass well enough for the novice. But his pathos will never do; he must confine himself to such parts as are purely comic, and those too of a peculiar class; they must be full of life and bustle, and depend on sprightliness for their effect rather than that rich oily kind of humour which characterizes Munden. It is by these that he first gained his good name with the public, and it is by these he must retain it. But we are weary of the task of censure, and pass over the rest to come to Kean's *Tom Tug*, a still, beautiful piece of acting, that only wants to be more known to become a subject of general admiration. Like his tragedy, it has nothing in common with any existing school of acting; there was no grimace about it, no effort to produce a barren laugh by any trick of voice or manner; it was a true and perfect character, and differed from the waterman of real life only by the superaddition of that poetic colouring which is the charm of art, and which we have already noticed as distinguishing it from nature. The great aim of most comedians is to excite laughter, no matter by what means; with Kean, on the contrary, truth of character is the first object—if it contain the seeds of the ridiculous, well and good; but he does not go out of his way to seek for it. His singing too was of the same school, and consequently no less delightful to those who can overlook the absence of all science for the sake of expression; indeed it was rather speaking to music than what is usually understood by the term singing; but with all our love for the vocal art, we are inclined to suspect, that this thing, *sine nomine*, is the more delicious of the two, and we are quite sure that it is the most intellectual.

This evening may be considered the close of Mr. Elliston's season, as far as criticism is concerned; for during

the theatre continued open until the 14th, yet nothing occurred in that interval worth the trouble of relation. As to his views for the next winter, we are given to understand, and from good authority, that he intends to remodel the interior of the house altogether, as if his past failure were to be attributed to the brick walls, and his future success were to be ensured by their alteration. If such indeed be his idea he will find himself most lamentably mistaken; such a novelty may, and no doubt will, attract the people for a few nights, but it will not command for him a permanent prosperity, nor will it even pay its own expenses. He must look to other and more solid measures if he wishes for solid success—to good actors—to good plays—to good management—in short, to every thing that is exactly the reverse of what he has done. Independent of all this, we much question the utility of the proposed alterations; to contract the proscenium is well enough, but why change the form of the house? Why not lessen the interior altogether? The house will be too large for its company under any circumstances. Then too a new Scene-room is to be built on the site of the second Green-room; but if such a building be necessary, this is not the place for its erection; if indeed there were a similar room on the other side of the house, it would do all very well; but as this is not the case, it would be better that the scenes should lie at the back of the stage, where they are at hand for either wing, according as they are wanted. But in truth this is nothing more than a rage to be doing—no matter whether good or mischief; it is something for the manager to talk about, and look wondrous wise and busy—and hold meetings, and write letters, and be most terribly industrious, while his prime minister, Winston, will bustle about the theatre in all the importance of a hen about to lay. This scheme will never answer, notwithstanding the acknowledged talents of Mr. Beazley, who is employed to make the alterations, liable, of course, to the superintendence of Mr. Soane in his capacity of honorary architect to the establishment. The plans have already been submitted to that gentleman, and, having met with his approbation, will now be shown to

the King, with whom rests the final decision on the subject. But we repeat it—this plan will never answer.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The Bill of Fare.—Beggars' Opera.

This theatre has opened at last, and with all manner of novelties,—new actors, new singers, new pieces, and a new ceiling, the sounding-board having been removed from over the proscenium; but, of all these novelties, the last is the only one worth mentioning, or, at least, it is the only one that deserves any singular praise; by this slight alteration, the interior assumes the appearance of an elegant, and even splendid, drawing-room, where all is light, gay, and sparkling. Little as the gain of this may seem to some, it is yet of vital importance, for man is in a great measure the slave of outward circumstance; and if the mind is sublimed into devotion by the still grandeur of twilight aisles, and shafted oriel, why may it not be warmed to mirth by the cheerful play of lights, and the gaiety of splendour? To deny this, is to deny the facts of our every-day experience; the lights, the music, the local brilliance, all are portions of our pleasure, inasmuch as they contribute to its reception; for it is these outward circumstances that tune the human instrument either to mirth or melancholy, to harmony or discord.

The company, though tolerably fair in its numbers, is very far from being so in its quality. Five or six good names, indeed, are to be found amongst a troop of miseries; but of what use are five or six good names, if they stand alone? There they twinkle, sadly and mistily, in the surrounding dreariness, like a few faint stars in a dull night, their lustre half eclipsed by the darkness that they in vain strive to brighten. This it is that is the bane of the English stage in general; individual parts are well played—perhaps better than with the French; but the effect of the whole is sure to be spoilt by the piteous ignorance and incapacity that is employed on the minor characters. Your Covenys, and your Ebsworths, and your Williamses, and your Pearces, never ought to venture upon the stage except to sweep it. To begin, however, with the beginning; Mr. Dibdin's new farcical sketch, called, ..

The Bill of Fare, was the opening attraction, and therefore ought to be the first considered; if, indeed, the term consideration can aptly be applied to such matters; for, to speak the truth, it is a large phrase for so slight a business. The plot is simple enough, and may be told in very few words. Samuel Stingo, a provincial innkeeper, and Solomon Strutt, a provincial manager, both take up their abode at the inn of a Mr. Hoaxley, the one for the purpose of hiring servants, and the other for the purpose of hiring actors. With this view, they advertise in the papers under their initials only, S. S.; from which happy coincidence, their landlord takes occasion to play off a hoax on both parties, sending the actors to Mr. Stingo, and the servants to Mr. Strutt. This admirable joke is rendered more pungent by the manager having requested his candidates to appear in costume, as it keeps the parties in error, and the audience in a decent state of laughter, for the space of an hour, on the most moderate calculation. Still this is no more than a second edition of the popular farce, *Amateurs and Actors*, as performed at the English Opera, and not a very good edition either, for it is to the full as absurd, without the one half of its amusement. Nor was it much assisted by the actors, if we except Mrs. Chatterley and Mr. Terry, who worked with a zeal and ability deserving of a better cause; with them "materiam superabat opus," and well for the author that it was so; he had been damned else. As to Mrs. H. Johnston, we cannot well conceive why she is brought forward as the star of the Haymarket, for whatever light she might once have, it has been long ago extinguished; the manager had much better look for support in the rising genius of Mrs. Chatterley, who is slowly, but surely, gaining on the affections of the public, and who, if properly fostered, will one day hold a distinguished situation.

But while this lady is thus rapidly marching onward to her zenith, Oxberry is hastening no less rapidly in his downward course, and will soon be at his sunset, unless he pays a little more attention to himself as well as to his audience: his natural

are obscured and overwhelmed by a multitude of faults, and he is now little more than a memory of better days. He has not only fallen into a slovenly habit of acting, but he has ceased to pay any attention to character beyond the mere outward circumstance of costume; one unchanging set of manners, like the wardrobe of a country actor, serves for all parts and all purposes, or at best is occasionally relieved by a vile habit of mimicking the character he addresses. All this is the natural result of his having played so much at minor theatres, among a set of misers who had not the slightest pretensions to the name of actors. The consciousness of superiority engenders carelessness; besides that any thing short of genius is sure to be warped by the bias of surrounding circumstances. Talent is always a local quality, that borrows its vices and its virtues, its defects and its merits, from the good or evil that is about it: genius, and genius only, is superior to outward circumstances; and, like the sun-light, can give its own colour to whatever it may chance to shine upon. There is hope then for Oxberry, if he chooses to attend to himself; his talent is rust- eaten, but still it is talent, and it only wants the polish of better company to make it as bright as ever.

This is a small portion of *The Bill of Fare*; but the other dishes are hardly worth serving up, unless to a very hungry appetite, and we had therefore as well pass on to the lady who made her first appearance in the part of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*. She strongly reminded us of Virgil's cautious admonition, "nimium ne crede colori;" for though her features promised wonders, her voice was far from performing any such prodigies. It is not, perhaps, deficient in compass, but she evidently wants science, and that power over the organ which is only to be got by practice. Her transitions are much too violent and abrupt, her voice bounding up and down as if she were playing at ducks and drakes, or trying conclusions with an echo. Her flourishes were neither well-timed nor well-executed; and, what is still worse, we are strongly inclined to suspect that she has not a correct ear, or, if

iciency of practice to do justice to her intentions. But some allowances ought to be made—perhaps more than we have made—to the timidity of a first appearance, when female modesty may in reason be supposed to clog the powers of execution. Fear, and the awkwardness incident to a novice, might have caused much of those deficiencies which we have noticed, but then such experiments ought not to be tried on a London public. The country is the proper place for novices; it is the regular school for actors; and, even when they have learnt all that it can teach

them, they yet ought not to assume the first places on a Metropolitan stage, till they have fairly past through the drudgery of the lower branches. A very little talent goes a great way in a provincial barn; and hence it is that managers of the soundest judgment are so often deceived; they visit a country theatre for recruits, where they are sure to be taken in by the appearance of some glow-worm actor, who, the moment he is removed to the brilliance of a London stage, is eclipsed by its light, or visible only as an object of detestation.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

It would seem a singular assertion to one unacquainted with the facts, to say, that although every night at this season of the year presents a fresh concert, there is little of musical variety to afford a subject for narration or remark. Nevertheless the assertion is perfectly true. Art advances, but the additions to its parts are few and slow and minute—so slow, that the finest tenor singers in London for the last thirty years (Messrs. Harrison and Vaughan) have not probably sung more than a dozen *favourite* songs. A concerto from Mr. Mori, Mr. John Cramer, or Mr. Lindley, is much the same as heretofore; and singers and players rise to real eminence in such tardy succession, that the novelties are very soon exhausted in narration. Were it not for the Italian Opera and the Philharmonic, which are importers, we should be nearly stagnant; and yet we complain of the predominance of foreign music and musicians, —and justly too. England may well be held in low estimation, when the English language is almost banished from our concerts, and even from our oratorios, and when the greater proportion of our leading instrumental and vocal performers are Italian, German, or French. Even in the city, the foreign compositions performed have been to the English as seventy to three. Alas, poor England!

Yet never were concerts so numerous as this year. Subsequently to our last report (up to the 20th of May,) there were given in that

month, morning and evening, besides the Opera, the theatres which were performing operas, the Ancient, Philharmonic, and Opera concerts,—besides these, we say, there were in these few open days at the close of the month no less than ten concerts, viz. those of Begrez, Catalani, Knyvett, Bochsa, (an oratorio) Madame Caravita, Madame Obert, Rovedino, Bellamy, and Puzzi.

None of these, however, presented any important novelty. Madame Catalani carried off the money (a cause of hearty complaint amongst all her competitors); for her first four concerts averaged one thousand persons each night; and we have reason to know, that very few indeed obtained the gratuitous admittance so common at benefits, when, speaking moderately, one half are not unfrequently *the friends*, as they consider themselves, of the performer whose night it happens to be: to such a scope does this kind of friendship extend that, as we are assured, a celebrated Italian singer lately had a private concert at the house of a Marchioness, where no less than five hundred of the noble hostess's intimates *lent the Signor their countenance* for the night upon these terms; while another was constrained to give away no less than seven hundred tickets of admission to the Opera house at her benefit, in order to compensate the services of the company, and to satisfy the eager desires of her acquaintances to be present; this would seem a simple way of accounting for the otherwise unaccountable

"flux of company," in these bankrupt times of tribulation and complaint.

However, it is not less true, that three concerts, the Ancient, Philharmonic, and City amateur subscription, have not raised less than ten thousand guineas, and the Opera, seventy thousand. Music, therefore, neither lacks patronage nor pecuniary support. Subsequently to the concerts above mentioned, Madame Catalani has given her sixth and last concert, as she retires, it is said, from public life. When this "Foreign Wonder" returned last season to England, we gave so extended an account of her powers and manner, that little or nothing remains for us to add. If her style had undergone any change, it was, that she regulated more considerably the display of her various attainments. The chief fault of most singers of the first class is that they merge their judgment in their anxiety to exhibit every species of perfection at once. This fault Madame Catalani has evidently guarded against; and she was as pure, simple, and majestic, in *Comfort ye my people*, as she was ornamental, rapid, and forceful, in *Rode's air with variations*. Her voice is perhaps a little sunk; for we observed that her preference inclined her to very low songs, and that she obviously avoided very high notes even in the most rapid parts of her execution. She retires, however, in the fullest enjoyment of her most wonderful powers. It would be difficult, nay impossible to ascertain which was the most efficient agent in her triumphs—her voice, or her beautiful and majestic features—so entirely did "each give to each a double charm," in the expression of passion. Take her for all in all, the world has never heard or seen such a singer, and no other age will probably produce two such prodigies as Siddons and Catalani; for the one can only be estimated in dramatic art by a comparison with the other in vocal science. The prodigious sums Catalani has earned have not greatly enriched her, it is said—but as there is no inducement but a love of ease to allure her at this moment from the profitable exertion of her talents, we are to conclude that

she is sufficiently wealthy to satisfy the desires of both herself and family. The public loss will be far less easily supplied than her own contentment.

At Miss Goodall's Concert (who by the way is of late greatly improved in her general style) Mr. H. Field, of Bath, performed a concerto on the pianoforte. This professor came up and assisted at one of the early Philharmonics, when his feeling and execution made a deep impression. He was indeed considered little, if at all, inferior to those who stand first. On this occasion, his choice of subject was not happy—the excessive heat of the room indisposed his hearers to attention—and the player himself was a little nervous, for upon the whole he did not maintain the ground he had so decidedly taken. At this concert, Master Ormsby also assisted. His voice is rich and sweet, but is fast approaching its period of decay. This circumstance, however, has changed the boy's destination, and he has been sent to England to engage in the profession of music. We believe the song he sang, *Ever's's Bower*, to have been the melody which so deeply affected the King.*

The Oratorio on Whitsun-ere comprised a noble and very various selection of ancient and modern composition, and was supported by a cento of the finest talents, both English and foreign. Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sapio, Mr. Pyno, Mr. Bexrez, and Signor Torri, were the tenors. Mr. Bellamy, Signors Ambrogetti, Zucchelli, Placci, De Begnis, and Carloni, the basses. Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Bellchambers, Mesdames Camporese and De Begnis, with Misses Stephens, Goodall, and Povey, the sopranos. Moscheles, Mori, Lindley, Bochsa, Dixi, and Nicholson, the concerto and obligato players, made up a band that has rarely been exceeded. Some of the most splendid of Handel's songs, duets, and choruses, with Lord Burgherab's *Bajazet*, Rossini's *Moss in Egitta*, part of Haydn's *Creation*, and Beethoven's *Moss of Olives*, afforded the sacred and serious parts. To these were added, airs and duets, from Aruc, Mozart, and living composers; altogether presenting a mass of performance so

vast, that we almost wonder at the patience of the audience to hear it out. The million must love quantity dearly, for no excellence of quality could keep attention alive during so protracted a period.

Music for charity's sake, it seems, does not succeed so well as dancing. The grand Concert at the Mansion House failed to attract; and the provision in the bills by which the tickets were limited to 1200, was found quite unnecessary; not more than 150 persons attending, in spite of the very earnest endeavours of the Lady Mayoress, of the two Duchesses, the six Marchionesses, two Countesses, and other noble ladies, the patronesses, (a list almost as long as that in Leporello's *Madamina*) who doubtless exerted all their interest and energy in the cause of the famished Irish. Mr. Lafont performed, and justified the good opinion we had entertained of his ability. But Mr. Kieseewetter, whose Concert has just taken place, certainly surpasses his competitors as a concerto player, in neatness and velocity of execution, in delicacy of tone and expression, in precision, and in general power. How far these great qualities may be compensated by Mori's boldness, vigour, and grandeur of style, is perhaps a nice and doubtful question; the profession and the public appear to incline towards the former. Thus there can be little question that England is now thoroughly engaged in the study, practice, and enjoyment of music, and that the rewards held out by the metropolis have this season concentrated an immense proportion of the talents of all the great European schools of art. At present, we have been so much occupied by the contemplation of the practical examples, that we have neither time nor space for the general conclusions that present themselves. Such speculations, however, will serve, when facts are less abundant.

The largest and most important publication of this month is the *Grace Book*, an anonymous, but very philosophical treatise on the science and application of the ornamental parts of vocal art; with nearly *seven hundred* examples, drawn from composers and singers of all ages, and in all styles. This is in every sense a very valuable addition to the litera-

ture of music, as well as to the demonstrations of the particular branch to which it belongs. It very philosophically marks the boundaries which good taste has assigned to *gracing*—that hitherto indefinite and ill-understood term; it classes and distinguishes the powers of ornament, and supplies an almost unlimited combination of passages in all keys. The method of arrangement is very simple, when understood. All the intervals are classed and divided from a single note to the widest distances met with—as into seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, &c.; the original interval is given in large notes, and the grace notes, or those to be substituted, are put in smaller. The keys are classed, and are the same as in the songs from which they are actually selected, and by transposition may be applied to any other key within the impress of the singer's voice. Thus a diversity of twenty or thirty, or more passages, upon every possible interval which it may be desired to ornament, is presented to the choice of the singer. And it is not only to singing that the book applies. Instrumentalists will find in it a great help to their invention and imagination, while provincial teachers will have a fund of ornament to apply to, which exists nowhere else. The practice of such a book as *Solfeggi*, will, we are persuaded, confer a facility that nothing else can give, and we therefore earnestly recommend it.

The published parts of the music of *The Law of Java* (which the composer has presented to his Majesty, at court, by express permission) are very lively, light, and catching. There are two duets, which, though they cannot be said to equal Mr. Bishop's very beautiful and original adaptation of Shakspeare's words, are nevertheless very pleasing and sweet. *Dungeons and Slavery*, a cantata, and *When Clouds of Sorrow*, are agreeable songs. The one is written in a short compass, to display probably Miss M. Tree's particular quality of voice; and the other, a slow introductory expressive movement, with a quick second part, mingles traits of Rossini's, with Mr. Bishop's own manner. These, with a French Romance to English words, are all of the Opera that are yet in print. They

are scarcely so good as the compositions which Mr. Bishop has lately produced.

Absence, and Scenes of Childhood, by this composer, are two single songs of no ordinary conception or merit; yet we find it difficult to say in what the peculiarity consists. First, however, it lies in the intensity of feeling, which is cast into such curious melody and modulation, as are to be found in these canzonetti. They are both singular and expressive, and we may combine both epithets again, and say their expression is in itself of a very singular cast; they

are like olives, or caviare. They must be often tasted to be relished, though, at first, the palate is allured to overcome the strength of the flavour. Both are, however, worthy of Mr. Bishop's genius.

Mr. I. Cooke has published an Overture, as performed at Drury Lane; consisting almost entirely of favorite Irish Airs. It contains many solos for wind instruments, particularly for the clarionet, flute, and trumpet. The Young May Moon is allotted to the latter instrument, which is, we believe, rather a singular circumstance.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

WE should only *mis*tify our readers were we to enumerate the various contradictory reports which have risen and perished in the course of the last month, with respect to the state of affairs between Russia and the Porte. The cause of difference between these powers remains still as undecided as ever; and their respective armies still remain in the attitude of hostility, without, however, having struck a blow. If we were to incline to the statements on one side or the other, it would be to that which leans to an amicable adjustment; and this opinion we draw from the protracted manoeuvres, and the clear disinclination of each to commence the contest. In this view it is not unlikely that the late accounts contained in the Gazette de France have some foundation. That paper declares, on the authority of Austrian letters, that one of the objects of the mission of Mon. de Tatischeff to Vienna was to arrange with that Cabinet a convenient place for a meeting between the Plenipotentiaries of Russia, Austria, and a minister of the Porte, in order to come to a definitive settlement. It is added that the town of Kaminiack, in Padolia, has been fixed upon for this diplomatic rendezvous. We give this, however, as one of many statements, and calling for credit only on account of the great portion of the season during which Russia was not prevented, by any local impediments,

from commencing operations, having passed away.

The King of France has called the Chambers together somewhat earlier than usual, and in his speech accounts for it by representing the necessity which exists of liberating the financial administration from the provisional measures to which a recurrence was unavoidable. The tenour of the speech is favourable to a pacification in the East; and his Majesty says he hopes that tranquillity may be restored in these countries without the occurrence of a new war to aggravate their miseries. The speech also alludes to the existence of the *cordon sanitaire*, and of the necessity which compels him not to relax in his precautions, at least during the continuance of the present season. He, however, deprecates any malevolent interpretation on this point, hostile to his real intentions. But why the King of France should strengthen this cordon now does not precisely appear; the measure certainly derives no colour from any recent increase of the disease alluded to. However, strong, and, to the Spaniards, somewhat suspicious indications begin undoubtedly to present themselves. General Donnadieu, a violent ultra, has been appointed to a very high command on this station; orders have been issued for the march of six thousand men from Lisle, &c. to Bayonne and Perpignan; and a re-organization of the national guards.

in the South of France has been just resolved upon by the French government. It is not to be wondered at, that, under such circumstances, very strong suspicions should be excited as to the real motive for these precautions; and, accordingly, private letters from France state, that the assemblage of this large body of troops upon the Spanish frontier is to prevent, not the physical infection pretended, but the moral infection of Spanish revolutionary principles spreading into the newly legitimated Southern provinces of France! France seems to be in a state internally to cause every apprehension in her present rulers. Even the capital itself is not exempted from occasional scenes of political commotion: during the last month a serious riot took place in Paris, in consequence of an attempt on the part of the law students to commemorate the anniversary of the death of the younger Lallemand, who, it will be recollected, met an untimely fate during a previous collegiate commotion. The authorities, from a foolish obstinacy in preventing the design, caused the gates of the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, to be closed, and posted a civil power in the neighbourhood. When the students appeared clothed in deep mourning, they were refused admission to the grave of their companion; they persisted in their ceremony; they were opposed with equal obstinacy; and the consequence was a charge of the gendarmerie, in which upwards of twenty of the students were grievously wounded, and eight taken prisoners. Some idea may be formed of the *old regime* feeling on the part of the Bourbons, from the following fact, which lately occurred in Paris. The Duke d'Angoulême thought proper, a short time since, to lead a procession of monks, nuns, and friars to Notre Dame, on the day of the *fete dieu*. His Royal Highness proceeded *bare headed*; and, unfortunately, during his progress a dreadful storm of wind and rain came on. The zeal of the Parisians was not proof against the elements, and they fled in all directions, leaving prince, priests, bishops, sisters and all, to propitiate the genius of the storms by banners, crosses, and prostrations: the rain

fell in torrents; and as the Royal pilgrim disdained the use of either umbrella or hat, he has been laid up, in consequence, ever since, with an inflammatory cold, which for a time, threatened very serious consequences! It is stated that General Berton has been arrested.

In Spain the Cortes have addressed King Ferdinand in language which it is impossible his Majesty could misunderstand. They declared to him, that "the Representatives of the Spanish nation, assembled in Cortes, are overcome with grief at the prospect of the evils which afflict the country; that the heroic nation is already fatigued by the continual attacks of wicked men, and by the blows they unceasingly aim at its wise institutions, and that the Cortes and the *Constitutional* King ought to tranquillize it, to secure its repose, to put an end to the conspiracies which are on foot, and to prevent the horrors which are meditated." They also complain, that the enemies of the country are "slowly proceeded against," that "the administration of some of the provinces is confided to inexperienced hands—to men not liked by the *people*,"—that "great criminals" are covered with "impunity," and "unjust and arbitrary prosecutions instituted." The Cortes have not confined themselves to mere verbal remonstrance; a considerable body of troops has been stationed in the neighbourhood of the cordon sanitaire; and by way of a significant hint to their neighbours on the subject, a decree has been passed, allowing the same pension to French refugees flying from prosecution at home for political offences, which they had previously granted to Italian patriots, flying from a foreign invader! France, on the other hand, affords a refuge to the mal-content Spanish legitimate refugees; and such is the spirit at present sedulously fostered by the governments of the respective countries.

A plot has been just detected at Lisbon, the objects of which were, the deposition of the King of Portugal, the nomination of the infant Michael as the head of the regency, the dissolution of the Cortes, and the establishment of a new legislative body—the Upper Chamber was to have been

composed of the hereditary nobles, and it was supposed, also of some of the higher order of ecclesiastics. It was also agreed upon to murder such members of the present Cortes and Ministry as were supposed to be favourable to the principles of freedom. It is mentioned, we hope without foundation, that a private secretary to a late British Commander in that country, has been deeply implicated in this base and sanguinary conspiracy. The discovery of the plot was said to have taken place in consequence of an application of M. Januario des Neves, the secretary just alluded to, to General Luiz do Nego Barello to join them. The General declined giving an immediate answer, and desired a further conference on the following day. The minister of justice was informed of the circumstance, and Januario unguardedly developed the whole plot before concealed witnesses; of course he was immediately apprehended. Many persons of high rank are suspected of a participation in this conspiracy, but the arrests hitherto have not been numerous. The affair will, however, doubtless undergo a full investigation.

The plague has broken out at Algiers, and incalculable numbers are stated to have fallen victims. The streets are represented as being in a state of silent desolation. While upon the subject, we may just remark, *ex passim*, that a report was very current last week in London, that this dreadful disease had appeared in one of our hospitals; on an official investigation, however, it appeared, that there was no foundation whatever for the apprehension, and that the hospital was never so free from all contagious complaints as it is at present. Such rumours ought not to be lightly circulated amidst such an immense population as London contains—they may lead to the worst consequences.

From returns lately made to Parliament it appears, that the debts of six thousand and ninety discharged debtors amounted to upwards of *five millions and a half*, while the amount of property received by the assignees was 1,409*l.* being, on an average, about four shillings from each estate!

By an official return, also made

to the House of Commons, the state of pauperism in four parishes, of the county of Sussex, appears to be as follows:—In the parish of Northiam, the total population, according to the last census, amounts to 1,352—paupers 636. Salehurst, population 2,121—paupers, 1,002. Burwash, population 1,937—paupers 1,053. Mayfield, population 2,698—paupers 1,391! Thus in these four parishes the number of paupers equals half the amount of the entire population!

The Court of King's Bench has granted a new trial to the defendants in the case of "the King v. Conant, Collins, and Mills," who were lately convicted of a conspiracy, corruptly to refuse a license to Mr. Meek, a publican.

The sum received from the Committee for the management of the ball, lately given at the King's Theatre, for the relief of the distress in Ireland, amounted to 3,500*l.* It is singular enough, that this was the only one of all the attempts made to raise money by public amusement, for this charitable purpose, which has not failed. Mr. Kean's benefit, which, he so munificently appropriated to this fund, at Drury-lane Theatre, only netted 2*l.*—A clear proof, that proverbially benevolent as England is, she does not wish to blend any other pleasure with charity, except that which charity itself originates.

In the details of our domestic intelligence, Ireland still unfortunately takes a prominent and melancholy station. The accounts from that wretched country, transmitted to the City of London Charitable Committee, and but too well authenticated, are enough to fill the soul with horror.

In our Parliamentary report for the month, some questions of considerable importance appear. The first in the list is undoubtedly the discussion on the revision of the criminal code. This was brought before the House of Commons by Mr James Macintosh, in a very able and lucid manner. The learned gentleman stated some strong facts to prove that, in place of an improvement, the present criminal code of England was producing a rapid demoralization in the country, not to be ac-

counted for by the increase of population. As an instance of this, the average of capital convictions from 1805 to 1809 was 381, and in the last five years it was 1260, or three and a half to one! Such a rapid acceleration of crime, was, he said, unequalled in the history of mankind, and supplied a strong argument against the rigour of our penal code. From 1811 to 1820, the English capital crimes were double those of France, or relatively to the population, five times as many; now they are about ten times the proportion. The English had 229 capital punishments; the French only *six*. The learned gentleman concluded by moving a resolution, pledging the House early in the next session, "to take into their most serious consideration the means of giving greater efficacy to the criminal law, by abating the present undue rigour of punishment; by improving the state of the police; and by establishing a system of transportation and imprisonment, which shall be more effective for the purposes of example, and the amendment of offenders." The resolution was opposed by the Attorney General, but on a division, there appeared, for its adoption 117, against it 101, leaving a majority of 16 in its favour; a result on which we sincerely congratulate the country.

A long and animated debate took place on a proposition of Mr. Peel's to continue the *Alien Bill* in force for two years longer. On a division, there appeared, for the motion 189—against it, 92—majority 97.

Mr. Goulburn introduced a Bill for the regulation of the Irish police into the House of Commons, which we consider it unnecessary to discuss now, as it is understood that it must undergo very considerable modifications in the committee. It was violently opposed, and the opposition was the more remarkable, as it came principally from Mr. Charles Grant, the Irish ex-secretary, a gentleman who generally votes with administration. He declared that it was an attempt to place all Ireland under an armed police—a *gens-d'armes*; and

to impose upon the country a stipendiary magistracy, under the dominion of the Lord Lieutenant. The second reading was, however, carried by a majority of 113 to 55.

Mr. Canning's Bill, for the restoration of their seats in the House of Lords to Roman Catholic Peers, came on for discussion in that House, on Friday the 21st, where it was rejected by a majority of 42. The numbers were, for the second reading, 129—against it, 171. The Lord Chancellor headed the opposition to the Bill.

The Marriage Act Amendment Bill has passed the House of Commons, and is in a successful progress through the upper House.

Mr. James Daly having in the House of Commons withdrawn his promised motion upon Irish Tithes, Mr. Hume, who had abandoned a motion on the subject early in the session, took up the question on the sudden, and moved a resolution, pledging the House, "early next session to take into its consideration the state of the church, and the manner of collecting tithes in Ireland, with a view to making such alteration as might be thought fit;" to this Sir John Newport moved an amendment, pledging the House to "substitute a commutation for the present precarious and vexatious mode of supporting the church establishment." This was met by ministers, with the previous question, which was carried finally, by a majority of 73, against 65. A meeting of all the great Irish landholders has since been held, at which they unanimously recommended the adoption of a commutation, in preference to any other remedy.

The following important resolution has been adopted by the Bank of England:

"*Bank of England, June 30, 1822.*
 "Resolved—That all Bills and Notes approved of in the usual manner, and not having more than ninety-five days to run, be discounted at the rate of four per cent. per annum, on and after the 21st of June, 1822."

MONTHLY REGISTER,

JULY 1, 1872.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE New Corn Bill has passed the House of Commons, receiving from Mr. Western his "final malediction," on its third reading. That gentleman pronounced it to be calculated to increase every existing evil, and to add others to the miserable catalogue.

There is, in truth, not any party in the commonwealth, who will be satisfied with its provisions; for they recognize no one principle, yet partake of all. They impose a duty, which, should importation be resorted to, will, for a time, raise the price considerably (about 75 per cent.) above its natural level. This rise will, of course, press severely upon the manufacturing classes, and upon persons of fixed income; it will, in fact, have the effect of elevating the price of commodities to that amount above the continental price. But the worst of its pernicious consequences will be, that by its artificial regulations, a pretext will be set up similar to that afforded by the former Corn Bill, for the continued exaltation of rents, tithes, and taxes. Ministers will say to the complaints of the farmer: we have given you a duty of 75 per cent. which is intended to operate as a bounty upon your production, we have hazarded much by the protection of your interests at the expense of the public; we therefore have done all that we can do, and more than we ought to have done for your relief.

The farmer, however, will perceive no effect, but occasional fluctuations, to him ruinous, because the casual elevation will be turned against him, and will, indeed, inspire hopes that cannot be realized; for, should the ports be opened, it is to be proved by figures, that the price of wheat (and other grain in proportion) will immediately sink to about 50s. per quarter, or almost 15s. less than the farmer, with all his present deductions, alleges it costs him to grow it. In the mean time, we have the assurance of Lord Londonderry, that the ports are not likely to open for three years, if at all, which assertion goes to establish the fact, that England grows enough, or more than enough for her own consumption; in which case, the consumption will probably fall to the continental average; because, if the supply be superabundant, as Lord Londonderry holds out, some part of our supply must be exported, and no one will export till he finds he cannot obtain so good a price at home as he can

abroad. Yet such is the nature of the provisions of the present act, that they promised the farmer a protection, which, at the very time of making such promise, the Minister declares is not likely to be demanded. Nothing indeed could be more delusive than the whole proceeding of the Agricultural committee, and for this plain reason: they have evaded, not met the difficulties of the Agricultural case. Ministers, who in point of fact appointed the committee, and framed the first report, saw only the imperative necessity of supporting the revenue, and they saw also this could not be done, if the question was fairly treated. In the endeavour, therefore, to conceal from public view the operation of taxation, the whole thing has been mystified and perplexed. No principle has been established. It has neither been stated that the farmer is to be protected, nor that he is not to be protected. A sort of middle term has been adopted, which will be found to strip the farmer of the property that remains to him, and plunge the proprietor hereafter into difficulties scarcely less severe, by making him the accessory and instrument of absorbing the operative capital of the occupier of the soil. The whole evil has originated in this sort of shift and evasion on the part of ministers. It was the same in 1818-1819 as now. It is quite clear that the admission of the principle of free trade is approaching rapidly; we are recognizing it in almost every instance. How infinitely absurd then to impose restrictions, which, if they can act at all, will lay an addition of nearly one per cent upon the cost of subsistence, the real foundation of the price of all other commodities. Yet so it is; and if called into action at all, the effects of this Bill will be again what they have heretofore been in the last Corn Bill, exaltation of price, and a subsequent ruinous depression.

But while these results are but too obvious there are good grounds for differing with the Marquis of Londonderry, as to the probable period when the provisions of the new bill may be called into action. These reasons, which we lately gave, are augmented by the present prospect of the harvest and of the country, particularly of Ireland, whose consumption of corn must, both this and next year, be augmented, unless famine be allowed to depopulate her towns and cities. The strong arguments

which the average importation of 28 years affords, together with the increase of population, the augmented quantities the artisan is enabled by cheapness to consume, and the decline of agriculture, are enforced by the view presented by the coming harvest. The long drought has all but destroyed the crop of beans, peas, oats, and barley, on the light lands; and the wheat has by no means escaped severe injury. We have lying under our eye, at the moment we thus write, a tract of land, which last year, at this time, exhibited the most exuberant growth. The barleys and oats, which adjoin the fields of hay recently got up, are scarcely less brown than the shorn grass—the blade very rarely exceeds six inches in height, except where very early sown; and, on lifting up our eyes, we see as much soil as verdure. Nor is this an uncommon case—the whole light land districts are in the same state; to which is to be added the unusually foul condition of the land. We certainly never witnessed such a garniture of red weed, carlick, docks, and thistles, as now serve to diversify the colour and reduce the value of the various crops. Nothing gives so painful or so positive a proof of the farmer's self-abandonment and hopelessness: but so it is. A very little longer continuance of the drought will render the barley scarcely worth the expense of harvesting, and in any event the quantity must be incalculably shortened. These facts, so pregnant with evil to the farmer, add strikingly to the chance of open ports before the harvest of 1823. Our view of the subject is, that the distress will be much aggravated,

soon after Michaelmas, by the call of landlords for their arrears—that in consequence much corn will be *forced* into the market and the price kept down. When these the first effects are passed over, the market will be more sparingly supplied; the price will rise, and the grand problem, whether the kingdom does, or does not produce enough for its consumption, will be solved. In any event, the ensuing year will probably be a year of much speculation, for the low rate of the interest of money will invite adventure not less than the circumstances attending the nature of the commodity and the larger field it affords.

The hay harvest has been favoured by the absence of that moisture which is so indispensable to the other branches of vegetation. The upland crop has all been got up without a drop of rain falling upon it, and the meadows are now cutting. The second crop must, however, be rendered exceedingly short, and in many parts there will be none at all. The drought has also retarded the sowing of turnips; and where sown they will, of course, be much injured, though the breadth is comparatively small.

The meat markets have exhibited nearly the same appearances as noticed in our last—a stagnant price and a slack demand. Mutton 2s. 6d. per stone; beef 3s. at Smithfield. At York wool fair, hog-wool sold at 13s. to 16s. Hog and ewe at 12s. 6d. to 14s. Inferior ditto at 11s. per stone of 15lbs. The price of butter in the provincial markets is considerably raised within a week, from the drought.

June 22.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, June 21.)

WE have now to notice the commencement of that change in our commercial system to which we have had frequent occasion to allude. Of the bills introduced by the recommendation of the Committee on Foreign Trade, three have already passed both Houses, and wait only the Royal sanction to become laws: a fourth is in the last stage of its progress through the Upper House, and yet the public seems not to have paid that attention to them which their importance demands, not only from the effect of their enactments, but as the commencement of a new system, and as the first instance in which practical statesmen have avowedly acted on the more liberal principles of political economy. The first and least important of the three bills, though much the longest, is “An act to repeal divers ancient statutes, and parts of statutes, so far as they relate to the importation and exportation of goods and merchandise, from

and to foreign countries.” This includes such acts as were passed between the reign of Edward III, and the date of the Act of Navigation, 12th of Charles II; and which, though inconsistent with, or superseded by subsequent acts, have hitherto remained unrepealed. The acts thus repealed are some hundreds in number.

The second bill, “An Act to repeal certain acts, and parts of acts, relating to the importation of goods and merchandise,” cancels statutes, and parts of statutes, subsequent to the reign of Charles II, in order that other regulations relating to importation may be consolidated, and comprised in one act. This act repeals the 3d, 8th, 12th, and 14th sections of the act of navigation, and several other acts, and parts of acts, from Charles II, to the present time, which it was necessary to cancel, to make way for the enactments of the third bill—“An Act for the encourage-

ment of navigation and commerce, by regulating the importation of goods and merchandise, as far as relates to the countries or places from whence, and the ships in which, such importation is made." While this new bill maintains the general principle of the act of navigation, it enacts dispositions adapted to the altered situation of the world. By the former act South American produce was to be imported only from certain ports in Spain or Portugal, or in Portuguese and Spanish ships. By this bill, "goods of any place or country in America, or the West Indies, belonging to, or which have belonged to Spain, may be imported direct from the place of growth, in ships of the country. No importation is permitted in foreign ships from any port in America or the West Indies where British ships are not admitted. On the whole, we are inclined to think, that both in the selection of the enumerated articles, which must be imported exclusively in British ships, or in ships belonging to the place whence the commodities come, as well as in the relaxations which it allows of the law with regard to Holland, &c. it will be acknowledged to have been drawn up with great wisdom and sound knowledge of the true principles of commerce. Mr. Wallace having deferred the "warehousing bill" to the next session, it does not require any notice at present.

The reports of the markets have been so uniformly unfavourable, during the last month, that we shall have little occasion to go into detail.

Cotton.—The accounts from Liverpool and the manufacturing districts having been generally unfavourable, the market has been very languid; and though no general reduction can be stated, yet purchases might be made a shade lower. In the week ending the 18th, the purchases were 436 bales, all in bond, viz. 100 Perenns fair 11½d; 30 Bahias 9½d; 80 Boweds 8½d. a 9d. for good fair 10, and very ordinary 8½d; and about 200 Bengal 8½d. good fair, to 9½d. for good.

The public sale on the 18th, fair middling Bahia, 193 bags, were all taken in at 9½d. a 10d., no offers.

This day (the 31st) there has been a sale at the India-house of 1000 bags of Surats, and 400 Bourbon. The Surats (being ordinary to good in quality), were all sold at 6½d. a 6¾d. per lb., being a reduction of ½d. a ¾d. per lb. upon the sale in February last; of the Bourbons about one half were sold at the extreme low prices of 9½d. a 11½d. for the common qualities up to real fine, and the remainder brought in at 9d. a 11½d. per lb.

At Liverpool, from the 18th of May to the 18th of June, the sales were only 25,050 bags, and the arrivals nearly

57,000 bags. 11,000 bags of the above were sold in the last of the four weeks, the depression in the prices tempting buyers; yet there was such a disposition to sell that there was a general reduction of ½d. a ¾d. per lb.

Sugar.—We regret to say, that the sugar market is not only extremely languid, but that there has been a most alarming diminution in the delivery of about 1000 hhds. weekly; nay, in the week ending June 4, the deliveries were 1800 casks less than in the corresponding week of 1861. This great falling off is ascribed to the refiners giving up working, which many of them have actually done, and discharged their workmen; and unless the government does something by way of bounty, or other encouragement, the valuable trade of refined sugars for exportation will be lost to this country. The value of refined sugars, exported during the first three months of 1862, was 393,657l. of which 214,000l. were to the Mediterranean, to Hamburg 120,000l. to Bremen 20000l. and to Ireland 19,000l. The prices of Havannah rather gave way early in the week, and there were few purchases reported by private contract, as the buyers waited the event of the public sale advertised for yesterday: it consisted of, 501 hhds. 19 casks and 80 brls. St. Lucia sugars, and, contrary to the general expectation, the whole sold freely, fully supporting the previous market prices: low brown 80s. a 81s., the remainder according to quality 84s. a 86s.; the market since has been more firm than for several weeks preceding. In refined goods there is little alteration: the finer qualities are in good demand for home consumption, and at steady prices; the purchases made for export are still considerable. Molasses are to-day 25s. At public sales this week nearly 1000 chests Havannah sugars were brought forward; the whole sold heavily at a further reduction of 1s. a 2s.

White, fine 37s. a 37s. 6d.
middling 35s. 6d. a 36s.

Yellow 34s. a 36s.

By public sale this forenoon, about 2000 bags Bourbon sugars sold at the previous prices: ordinary yellow and fine brown 19s. 6d. a 21s. 6d. low and damp brown 17s. 6d. a 18s. 6d.

Average prices of raw sugars, by Cargoes:—

May 26 32s. 8½d.

June 1 32s. 6½d.

8 32s. 8½d.

10 32s. 8½d.

23 30s. 1½d.

Coffee.—In the week ending June 4th, Jamaica declined from 3s. to 2s. the cwt. and Dominica from 1s. to 2s., and in the following week there was a further decline of 2s. per cwt. The public sales on June 4th.

two weeks were considerable. On the 11th there were three public sales, the Porto Rico sold 2s. a 3s. higher, the St. Domingo at former rates; good ordinary Porto Rico 104s. a 106s. 6d., fine ordinary 107s. a 108s. 6d. middling 117s. 6d. a 120s.; middling Dominica 120s. a 120s. 6d. good and fine middling 124s. a 130s. 6d.; ordinary to good ordinary St. Domingo 98s. a 100s. In the following week, though the public sales amounted to 1,684 casks and 1,273 bags; the whole sold briskly, and in general at prices 1s. to 2s. per cwt. higher; but at three public sales on the 18th the prices declined again 1s. to 2s. and the market was heavy; middling Dominica sold at 123s. to 123s. 6d.; a large parcel of good middling Berbice was taken in at 129s. to 130s.; good middling Jamaica 130s. to 132s. 6d. There have been very extensive public sales of coffee brought forward this week; the whole has gone off with considerable briskness, and at full prices.

This forenoon four sales were again brought forward; the quantity appeared to be too considerable even for the present great demand: the prices were a shade lower, and the market dull, yet no general reduction in the prices can be stated.

Tee.—A good deal of sensation has been excited by the accounts of the suspension of the trade at Canton, in consequence of an affray between some sailors of the *Topaze* frigate and the Chinese. A considerable advance has taken place in the prices since the conclusion of the India sale which commenced on the 4th instant. The advance has been 1d. per lb. on Bohea; 2d. to 2½d. on Congo, and 2½d. to 4d. on Twankay. The market yesterday and today has been rather damped, by favourable intelligence up to the 19th February, when the differences with the Chinese authorities were in a fair way of being arranged.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Rum market is extremely depressed, and fine qualities are offered at a further reduction without facilitating sales to any extent. The low prices of Brandy have revived the demand, and an improvement of 2d. per gallon has taken place. Geneva without alteration.

Spices.—There is a considerable revival in the demand for Pepper, and few sellers of Company's at 6½d. By public sale this forenoon, 83 bags Pimento, middling quality, sold at 8½d. good 8½d.

Indigo.—The quantity arrived for the sale 9th proximo little exceeds 2,000 chests: there is little alteration in the prices.

Logwood.—The late arrivals from Jamaica sell at 9l. 9s. per ton.

Oil.—By public sale on Tuesday, about 70 tons Sperm Oil, 40l. a 42l.; 42 tons Southern Oil, 20l. 5s. a 20l. 15s.

Hemp.—By public sale on Tuesday, 60 tons sound St. Petersburg clean Hemp sold 35l. 15s. a 36l. 10s.; it was of an inferior quality, soft. In Flax little doing.

Tallow, &c.—The demand for foreign Tallow has become languid; the prices must again be quoted lower: for yellow candle Tallow, parcels here, the nearest price is 35s., and for arrival 36s.

By public sale on Tuesday, 35 casks Siberia Tallow realized good prices, 32s. a 33s. 3d.

Palm Oil.—By public sale this forenoon, 307 casks Palm Oil, chiefly 22s. a 23s.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Archangel, May 10th.—Four vessels from foreign ports have already arrived, a circumstance unparalleled so early in the season: on the other hand, very few barks have yet come down from the interior, but most of them are in the neighbourhood, and only detained by contrary winds. There is every appearance that, contrary to the usual course of things, our summer prices will be lower than in winter. Our last accounts say that the Mats this year are of very good quality, and that the supply will be greater than was at first expected.

Riga, 24th May.—*Flax.* The prices last paid were, for Thiessenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 45 r.; grey ditto 40 r.; cut Badstuh, white 38 r.; grey 36 r.; Risten Threeband, 29½ r. a 30 r.—*Hemp.* Clean Ukraine has been bought at 100 a 105 r.; Polish ditto, 105 a 106 r.; but very little has been doing in it; inferior sorts on the contrary have not only continued in constant request, but higher prices have been given for them, viz. Ukraine, outshot, 85 r.; Polish ditto, 87 r.; Ukraine Pass, 75 r.; Polish, 77 a 78 r.; and at these prices there are more buyers than sellers. Polish Torse may be had at 47 r.—*Hemp Oil*, at 93 r. meets with but few purchasers.—*Potashes.* We have lately received some supplies. Purchases might have been made at 33 r. but there are few buyers.—*Herrings.* 13 Cargoes having arrived in a short time, the prices have been rather depressed: Bergen in beech barrels are offered at 72 r.; in fir barrels at 70 r.; at which prices however there have been considerable sales. No sale has yet been effected of the cargoes of Salt lately arrived, the purchasers refusing to give the prices hitherto paid. While *Havannah Sugars* have been sold at 17 cop. at from 4 to 6 months credit; yellow, likewise on credit at, 11½ cop.

Hamburgh, 8th June.—*Coffee.* Though the greater part of our divers spring supplies has arrived, yet except the inferior sorts which have been a trifle lower, all descriptions have maintained their prices, with a brisk demand. Above 35,000 lbs. of damaged Domingo has been sold by

suction at 10½d. to 11½d.; the best sold even at 11½d. to 11½d. By private contract the following prices have been obtained: good ordinary Domingo, 11½d. to 11½d.; fine ordinary ditto 11½d.; fine ordinary Porto Rico, 12½d.; small middling ditto, 12½d.; middling ditto, 12½d.; good middling ditto, 13½d. to 14d.—Indigo continues in demand, and some purchases have been made of it, as well as of Gum Senegal.—Corn. Even by the mode of public auction which was again had recourse to last week, very little wheat could be sold, and even this at the low price of 77 six dollars for good Upland; another parcel of fine heavy Mecklenburg was sold by private contract at 77 six dollars.

Lemberg (in Austrian Galicia), 26th May.—The new Russian tariff has spread consternation among our linen manufacturers, and the glass manufacturers of Bohemia. Another circumstance equally unfavourable to our trade is, that at the end of this month the new Russian tariff is to be in force in Bessarabia, in the room of the late provisional administration of the customs which levied only a duty of from 3 to 6 per cent. on the value of the goods to be imported. The merchants at Hedy have profited as far as possible of this short interval, to send all the stock on hand, of refined sugar, by speedy conveyances to Bessarabia. The importation of our Muscovian cloths to that province is now quite put a stop to, for the importation by way of St. Petersburg cannot avail us. It is possible that some alterations may soon take place in the Austrian tariff, for sealed orders have been sent to all the principal custom houses, with directions to open them on the 1st of June.

Frankfort, June 15.—Fresh difficulties appear to have arisen in bringing the negotiations at Darmstadt, for a commercial

union between the South German States, to the hoped for conclusion. Meantime the second Chamber of the Assembly of the States of Baden, resolved on presenting an address to the Grand Duke, in which they request him to take measures of reprisal against those states whose prohibitory system is most injurious to Baden, and particularly against France, and to this end to cause a law to be laid before the Diet, by which—1. The importation of all French produce, without exception, shall be wholly prohibited, and the transit duty on such produce raised so high, as to be equivalent to a prohibition—2. To adopt similar measures against Rhenish Prussia, if the Prussian Government does not take off the enormous duties: and 3. To propose similar measures against Holland and England.

This proposal was adopted unanimously by the Chambers, and the Grand Duke honoured this address with his entire approbation.

The Leipzig Easter fair, which at the commencement did not appear likely to be a good one, has, it seems, turned out much better than could possibly have been expected, considering the effects of the new Russian tariff, and the disturbed state of Greece. Formerly a fourth part of the purchases at the fair were made by Greeks and their agents. Of course this branch of trade is wholly destroyed.

Hamburg, June 15.—Cafes in great demand, and prices very firm.—Corns in demand on speculation, on account of the continued drought.—Tobacco in request, and prices improving.—Tea more in demand, and rising in price.—Sugar. Little done this week; the prices of refined, unaltered; raw rather duller, especially ordinary white Havannah and Brazil.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Napoleon in Exile; consisting of his own Remarks, and Conversations, Anecdotes, &c. collected during Three Years' Intercourse; with a Narrative of the Public and Private Events of his Life, Character of his Generals, &c.

Macmillan, a Tale of the last Century. By P. Croft. 8vo.

Cumner, and other Plays and Poems. By E. B. Impey, M.A. Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

Prælectiones Academicæ; or, Academic Lectures on Subjects connected with the History of Modern Europe. By the Rev. St. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. In 4 Quarterly Parts, making 1 Vol. 8vo.

A Succinct Account of the Lime Rocks of Plymouth, with 10 Lithographic Plates of some of the most remarkable of the Abinal Remains found in them. By the

A new Edition of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of Islington, with 20 Plates. By Mr. Nelson.

A History of a severe case of Neuralgia, commonly called Tic Douloureux, occupying the Nerves of the Right Thigh, Leg, and Foot, successfully treated, with some Observations. By G. D. Yeats, M.D.

A Treatise on the Use of Moxas, as a Therapeutical Agent. By Baron Larrey. Translated from the French, with Notes, and an Introduction, containing a History of the Substance; by Robley Dunglison.

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Courthope, F. W. Lauxbourne-chambers, Fenchurch-street, timber-merchant. [Pearson, 26, Change-alley, Cornhill. T.]
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[Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.
C.]

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Mark-lane. T.]

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field, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. C.]

Stonall, G. Box, Wilts, tailor. [Poole, Gray's-
inn-square. C.]

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[Gude, 44, Bedford-row. C.]

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cher. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office of Pleas,
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penter. [Norton, 37, Old Broad-street. T.]

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ers. [Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone. T.]

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BIRTHS.

May 23. The Lady of Sir James Astley, of Malton
 Constable, Norfolk, and Susan Dalzell, York-
 shire, a son and heir.
 24. In Great Chamberland-place, the Rt. Hon. Lady
 Burghersh, a daughter.
 — At Whitehall, the lady of Joseph Phillimore,
 C.D. and M.P. a son.
 25. The lady of Lieut.-Col. Parker, Royal Artillery, a son.
 31. In Langham-place, the lady of Fred. Webb,
 Esq. a daughter.
 June 3. In Grosvenor-square, the lady of John
 Maberly, Esq. M.P. a daughter.
 5. At Becon, the lady of Mr. Wm. Dick, Bart. a
 daughter.
 6. The lady of the Rev. Henry White, of New
 Green, a daughter.
 7. In Manchester-square, the lady of Sir Henry
 Lambert, Bart. a son and heir.
 10. In Berkeley-square, the Rt. Hon. the Countess
 of Dartmouth, a son and heir.
 14. In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square,
 the lady of Major-General Sir John Keane, K.C.B. a
 son.
 18. The lady of the Rev. Charles Shipley, Rector
 of Mappowder, in the county of Dorset, a daughter.
 19. At Danlondon Park, the Lady of Sir Francis
 Sykes, Bart. a son and heir.
 — At Brentford House, the lady of Henry Ronald,
 M.D. a daughter.
 19. In Upper Brook-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col.
 Sir F. Noel Hill, a daughter.
 — At Repell's Green, Kent, the lady of Sir Charles
 Dalrymple, a son.

ABROAD.

At Havre de Grace, the lady of William Davidson,
 Esq. a daughter.
 Her Most Highness, the Princess of Orange, a
 Prince.
 At Naples, the lady of Charles Selwyn, Esq. of
 Down Hall, Essex, a son.

MARRIAGES.

May 23. Nathaniel Ellison, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn,
 and Fellow of Merton College Oxford, to Frances
 George, daughter of the late J. Wombwell, Esq.
 25. Lieut. Henry Jellison, R.N. of Wandsworth,
 to Jane daughter of Sir A. M. King, Bart. late
 Lord Mayor of Dublin.
 — At Masham, Yorkshire, Charles Harrison, Esq.
 of Lincoln's Inn, to Anna, Widow of John Lodge
 Batley, Esq. of Masham.
 26. At St. George's, Manover-square, by the Very
 Rev. the Dean of Bristol, John Kirkman, Esq.
 of Grove place, Alton-road, to Elizabeth, eldest
 daughter of Thos. Cherrill, Esq. of South
 Ambley street.
 28. At Mary-above, by the Rev. Robert Pym, the
 Rev. W. W. Pym, second son of Francis Pym,
 Esq. M.P. for the county of Bedford, to Sophia
 Rose, sixth daughter of the late Samuel Cam-
 ber, Esq.
 June 1. At Cobham-hall, by the Rev. J. Stokes,
 A.M. Vicar of Cobham, Kent, Charles Grosvenor
 Esq. M.P. for the county of Arundel, to Lady
 Mary Alice, eldest daughter of the Earl and
 Countess of Dunmore.
 4. At Aldbrough, in the county of Suffolk, by
 the Rev. George Harry Vichell, the Rev.
 Benjamin Philpot, of Walpole, in the same
 county, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the
 Rev. J. Vichell, Rector of Littleport, Cambridgeshire.
 5. At St. Marcelline-church, by the Rev. Edward
 Banks, Prebend of Worcester and Gloucester,
 George Banks, Esq. M.P. second son of Henry
 Banks, Esq. M.P. of Kingston Hall, Dorset, to
 Georgiana Charlotte, only child of Admiral Ro-

6. W. Carroll, Esq. to Elizabeth, relict of the late
 George Thackeray, Esq. of Twickenham-lodge,
 Middlesex.
 7. At Liverpool, John Hayward Turner, Esq.
 youngest son of the late Samuel Turner, Esq.
 of Upper Wimpole-street, to Elizabeth, third
 daughter of the late Nicholas Crooke, Esq. of
 Liverpool.
 8. Henry H. Goodall, Esq. of the East India
 House, to Mary, daughter of Henry Smith, Esq.
 of Prebham house, Surrey.
 11. At Durham John Trotter, Esq. M.D. to Mary
 Anne, second daughter of the Rev. J. Forrest,
 of Newton hall, in the county of Durham.
 13. At Boughden church, Walsol Brimmer, Esq. jun.
 of Devonshire-place, to Maria, only daughter of
 John Hubday Laid, Esq. of Boughden-house,
 in the county of Kent.
 14. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. J.
 K. Compton, William Compton, Esq. of Pro-
 derrick's-place, Old Jewry, youngest son of James
 Compton, Esq. of Clonsbury Mortimer, Shropshire,
 to Charlotte, third daughter of the late
 Wm. Finlay, Esq. of Carrickfergus, in the coun-
 ty of Antrim.
 — At St. Marylebone-church, by the Lord Bishop
 of St. Asaph, Edmund William Williams, se-
 cond son of Henry Thomas Williams, Esq. of
 Keppel street, Russell-square, to Isabella Mary
 Weston, second daughter of the late Rev. Sam.
 Ryder Weston, D.D. Canon Residentiary of St.
 Paul's Cathedral.
 17. At Lambeth Palace, by his Grace the Arch-
 bishop of Canterbury, the Hon. Robt. Smith,
 M.P. for the county of Buckingham, only son of
 Lord Harrington, to the Hon. Eliza Katharine
 Forester, second daughter of Lord Forester.
 18. At St. George's, Manover-square, Lord Francis
 Gower, second son of the Marquis of Stafford,
 to Miss Treville, daughter of Lady Charlotte
 Treville. After the ceremony, the new married
 couple set off to spend the honeymoon at Strath-
 field Hall, the seat of the Duke of Wellington.
 21. At St. Andrew's, Holborn, by the very Rev. the
 Dean of Rochester, Langensville Clarke, Esq.
 M.A. Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, and
 of the Privy Council, to Maria Hart, only child
 of Joseph Hart Myers, M.D. of John-street,
 Arundel-square.

IN IRELAND.

At Dublin, Edward Nelson, Esq. of Newtown-
 lodge, to Susan Prescott, only daughter of Lieut.-
 General Doyle.

ABROAD.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Henry Win-
 ston Harrow, Esq. of Mount Harrow, in the
 county of Wiltshire, to Miss Eliza Page Turner,
 only daughter of the late Sir Gregory Leach Page
 Turner, Bart. of Balforden park, Bedfordshire.
 At Florence, at the residence of his Majesty's Mi-
 nister to the Court of Tuscany, by the Rev. Dr.
 Trevor, Rector of West Kirby and Vicar of Stan-
 ham, Cheshire, Wm. Burn, Esq. of Colwich,
 Staffordshire, to Jacqueline, fourth daughter of Wm.
 Truss Hall, Esq. of Marpool Hall, in the county
 of Devon.

DEATHS.

May 20. In Gloucester-place, at the house of his
 son-in-law, Wm. Thompson, Esq. M.P. Samuel
 Humphrey Esq. of Convent-house, Yorkshire, in
 his 81st year.
 21. At Grosvenor-house, near Ripon, Fife, young-
 est daughter of the late Sir J. J. Smith, Bart. of
 New and Park, Yorkshire.
 22. At Eltham-house, Eltham, Hants, the
 Rev. Christopher Taylor, D.D. aged 83.
 25. At Sandringham, aged 92, Mrs. Dent, Grand-
 mother of the Countess of Northampton.
 — At her house, in Leeson Walk, aged 78, Mrs.
 Mary Anne, late of the late Thomas Thackeray Esq.

- Gooden, widow of Henry Augustus, Duke of Gooden, and daughter of the very Rev. Sir Rich. Woodroffe, Bart. Dean of Windsor.
24. At her house in Marlford-street, Mayfair, after a long illness, the Dowager Countess Grey, in her 78th year. Her ladyship was only daughter of George Grey, Esq. of Southwark, in the county of Durham, and widow of General, the Right Hon. Charles, first Earl Grey, K.H.
25. At Sunderland, in his 43d year, Henry Pearson, M.D. This gentleman may justly be said to have been an ornament to the medical profession, above, to strong intellect, and superior scientific attainments, he united unusual benevolence, and the most charitable attention to the indigent poor.
- At Marston, near York, aged 42, Farnard Smith, Esq. youngest son of the late Alderman Smith. He served the office of Sheriff of York in 1819.
26. At his house in Bolton-row, Edward Jerningham, Esq.
27. At the house of Benjamin Hobhouse, Esq. Thomas Smith, Esq. of Kansas Grey, in the county of Wilt.
- June 2.—In her 20th year, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Bladford, Esq. of the Inner Temple.
- In his 20th year, William Davis, Esq. twin brother of Sir John Davis, Bart. of Croydon, in the county of Devon.
28. Suddenly, at his seat, Englefield green, Berks, the Right Hon. Viscount Belknap. In the morning previous to his disease his Lordship complained of a sore throat, but intended to have come to town for the purpose of entertaining a party at his residence in St. James-street, Mayfair.
29. At the Grove, near Durham, after a short illness, George Stephen Kemble, Esq. aged 43. The last time of his appearing on the stage was the 20th of the preceding month, when he performed the character of Sir Christopher Curry, in *Johle and Yorke*.
30. At Southend, Essex, wife of the Rev. W. S. Giffy, Rector of North Fambridge, Essex.
31. At Southborough, Northamptonshire, in his 60th year, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hewett Bart. many years Rector of that place.
- At his residence, Pinney green lodge, Middlesex, Daniel Winstock, Esq. in his 74th year.
32. At Ealing park, aged 72. Mrs. Fisher, relict of the late Sir Robert Fisher, Esq.
- The Right Hon. Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, Baron Walpole of Wollerton, in the county of Norfolk, and Baron Walpole, of Walpole, Ald. and High Steward of Lynn Regis. His Lordship was born July 20th 1731, and succeeded his father Feb. 28th, 1819. He is succeeded by his son, Horatio Walpole, now Earl of Orford.
33. At her grandfather's (the Earl of Tankerville,) aged 13, Elizabeth Mary, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William Herford, and Lady Anne Herford, and grand-daughter of the late Archbishop of Tarr.
34. Jane, the wife of John Joseph Garney, Esq. of Earham hall, in the county of Norfolk.
35. At his house, North End, Fulham, in his 43d year, John M'Adams, Esq. late of Gerrard-street, John-square.
36. At her house, Duke-street, Westminster, in her 87th year, Margaret Banks, relict of H. Banks, Esq. of Kingston, Hull, and mother of H. Banks, Esq. M.P.
- At Highgate, Maria, eldest daughter of William Donville, Esq.
- Colonel George Evans, fourth son of the late Thomas Evans, Esq. of Knightsbridge.
37. At Norwich, in Cheshire, in his 78th year, George Lappar, Esq.
38. At his residence, in Manchester square, aged 78, the Most Hon. Francis Ingram Seymour Conway, Marquis and Earl of Hertford K.G. Earl of Yarmouth, Viscount Brancourt, Baron of Marley, of Conway, and of Hillsburgh, late Lord High Chamberlain of the King's Household, and Lord Lieutenant and Captain Marshal of Warwickshire. He was born in 1743, and is succeeded by his only son, the Earl of Yarmouth, in his titles and estates. The entailed estates are estimated at nearly 30,000l. per annum. His remains were removed on the 24th, for interment in the family vault, at Hagley, Warwickshire.
39. At Sandgate, in Kent, Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Boscawen, Esq. of 1,00, in the same county, and niece of the late Chas. Boscawen, Esq. of Berkeley-square.
- Mrs. Grosvenor, relict of the late Richard Easton Grosvenor, Esq. of Chesham park, in the county of Dorset. The circumstances of this lady's death are very remarkable—she had intended to give evidence before a magistrate, against a man of the name of Taylor, for a violent outrage, as she was taking an airing in her carriage, he having insisted upon getting up behind to ride, and actually pulled down the servant standing there. The prisoner was a very powerful man; nor was he secured without extreme difficulty. On his examination he requested to be permitted to speak with Mrs. G., when he pleaded so powerfully on behalf of his wife and children, that the Lady was so greatly affected as to be seized with a fit, went into convulsions, and by the time that medical aid could be procured expired.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Rhylis, Aberdeenshire, the Rev. James Miller, aged 73.

IN IRELAND.

At Belmore, near Killybeg, aged 33, Christina, wife of Daniel Cronin, Jun. Esq. and daughter of John Coleman, Esq. of Hinde-street, Manchester-square.

ABROAD.

After a long illness, succeeded by apoplexy, Prince Augustus, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Altenburg. He is succeeded by his brother, Prince Frederick.

At Leghorn, in her 17th year, Mary, youngest daughter of John Falconer, Esq. his Majesty's Consul General for Tuscany.

At Barrado, in the East Indies, in his 31st year, and 17th of his service, Captain John Brough, of the Bombay European Regiment, and Commanding a Division of the Punjab Auxiliary Force, eldest son of Captain Brough, of the county of Carlow, Ireland.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. H. Chappin de Crespiroy, instituted to the Rectory of Souke Doole, Northamptonshire.

— The Rev. Richard Corbitt, to the Rectory of Upton Parva, Salop.—The Rev. J. Brinall, late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, instituted to the Rectory of St. Mary, South Kensington, near St. Nicholas, South Kensington, in the county and Diocese of Lincoln on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.—The Rev. J. Sinclair has been appointed to the Pastoral Charge of St. Paul's Episcopi-al Chapel, (at) Edinburgh.

— The Rev. H. Lother, to the Rectory of Bolton, Cumberland.—The Rev. J. M. Gains, Jun. to the Rectory of Poulton, Cumberland.—The Rev. T. Chevallier, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Catherine-hall Cambridge, elected Lecturer of Great St. Andrews, Ipswich.

OXFORD.—The Prizes for the present year have been adjudged as follows:—The Chancellor's Prize, Latin Verse, *Apes of Aristotle* represents,

Mr. J. Carson, of Brasenose College.—English Essay, *On Moral Frugality*, Mr. W. A. Shirley, New College.—Latin Essay, *An eversus prouturum apud Erythraeos Antiquorum Polytechnia*, Mr. J. B. Otley, Oriel College.

Mr. Roger Newdigate's Prize.—English Verse—*Palmyra*, Mr. A. Barber, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE.—J. H. Henslow, Esq. M.A. of St. John's, was elected, May 31st, Professor of Mineralogy, in the room of the late Dr. V. D. Clarke. The other Candidates were, the Rev. Francis Lums, M.A. and the Rev. Thomas Jepson, B.D. of St. John's College.

The Chancellor's Gold Medal, for the best English Poem, by a Resident Under Graduate, has been adjudged to Mr. John Henry Bright, of St. John's College—the subject *Palmyra*.

The Bishop of Chester has obtained a grant to settle every benefice in his diocese under 500l. in that amount.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROMETER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in inches, &c.	Rain in inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Altostratus.	Fragments.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.			Nimbus.
1		30.32	30.32	30.350	63	45	54	47	44	43	NE to NE									
2		30.27	30.15	30.210	63	45	54	52	44	40	NE to NE									
3		30.04	29.92	29.980	67	54	60.5	51	38	33	E								70	
4		29.74	29.08	29.700	67	52	59.5	52	51	74	E to SE									71
5		29.29	29.76	29.700	70	53	61.5	57	57	70	E to SE									41
6		29.83	29.81	29.820	72	56	63	61	52	66	E to SE									
7		29.91	29.88	29.870	65	49	57	58	78	79	NE to N									30
8		30.00	29.84	29.920	58	50	48.5	61	43	57	NE									
9		29.80	29.61	29.720	63	43	54	52	47	68	E to N								40	
10		29.41	29.38	29.410	53	44	48.5	70	61	74	N to SW									45
11		29.78	29.58	29.670	68	40	56	60	45	51	SE to NE									38
12		29.88	29.78	29.830	52	49	50.5	67	62	61	NE								80	
13		29.93	29.89	29.910	60	46	53	65	63	66	NE									
14		29.94	29.87	29.905	72	47	59.5	60	44	60	N to NE									
15		30.02	30.01	30.015	64	49	56.5	60	52	44	S to E								50	
16		30.06	30.05	30.055	62	49	55.5	58	53	54	E to NW									
17		30.01	30.04	30.040	75	58	66.5	55	47	56	N									30
18		30.14	30.10	30.120	72	56	68.5	77	57	66	N to NW								40	30
19		30.18	30.18	30.170	71	53	62	57	45	47	SE to W									
20		30.25	30.23	30.240	74	56	65	50	38	70	S to N									
21		30.36	30.34	30.350	80	58	69	55	30	57	NW to NE								68	
22		30.43	30.39	30.410	77	52	64.5	48	44	51	NE									
23		30.34	30.20	30.270	67	40	58	50	40	33	E									
24		30.12	30.10	30.090	62	51	60	55	40	47	NE to E								15	
25		30.03	29.97	30.000	71	61	61	47	56	64	NE to W								18	
26		30.06	29.92	29.900	65	48	55.5	58	72	62	SW to NW									18
27		30.24	30.23	30.230	64	57	60.5	66	50	68	SW								45	70
28		30.33	30.26	30.220	73	52	62.5	60	48	67	W to SW									
29		30.38	30.36	30.370	70	49	59	58	45	58	W to NW									
30		30.41	30.35	30.380	67	51	59	53	47	53	NW to SW									
31		30.42	30.38	30.400	74	53	63.5	52	45	60	NW to W								1.05	
		30.43	29.88	30.151	80	70	59.90	57.5	40.3	61.0		20	21	2	4	22	16	11	6.05	1.810

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER: Maximum..... 30.43 May, 23d, Wind NE.
Minimum..... 29.04 Do. 10th, Do. NW.

Range of the Mercury..... 1.05

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 30.081

..... for the lunar period, ending the 20th instant..... 29.972

..... for 15 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.084

..... for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.840

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury..... 4.840

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 6.390

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 18

THERMOMETER: Maximum..... 80.1° May 21st, Wind N.
Minimum..... 29.0° Do. 10th, Do. NE.

Range..... 41.1

Mean temperature of the Air..... 58.90

..... for 31 days with the Sun in Tauri..... 57.30

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 20.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 51.91

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 79° in the evening of the 7th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto..... 34° in the afternoons of the 3d and 20th.

Range of the Index..... 41

Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 50.3

..... at 8 Do. .. AM..... 57.5

..... at 8 Do. .. PM..... 61.0

..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 57.3

Evaporation for the month..... 6.06 inch.

Rain for Ditto with the gauge near the ground..... 1.510 ditto.

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high..... 1.865 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, NE.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 4; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 17; an overcast sky without rain, 4—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.
20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
4	8	6	4	1	2½	2½	3	31

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR MAY, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

THE first part of this month was cold, with several wet days, and very blighty winds from E. and N.E., which cut off much of the young fruit, particularly pears and plums; and apparently burnt many of the leaves on the windward side of the trees: the latter part, from the 12th, was generally fair, with scorching sunshine, equal to what is felt in the height of summer, notwithstanding the winds prevailed from the eastern side of the meridian. Much *gossamer* appeared throughout the period, both within doors and about the walls and trees; its texture was remarkably fine, and the webs of the common size, having been spun by very small spiders. Slugs, grubs, palmer, and wire-worms, have this month augmented in size and numbers, and have made great havoc in the gardens.

From the increased temperature since the 12th inst. the mean thermometrical heat of this month is 4° and $\frac{3}{4}$ th higher than the mean heat of May for the last seven years; it is nearly 7° higher than the mean of last May, and $\frac{65}{100}$ th of a degree higher than that of last June! Although the barometer has been gentle in its elevations and

depressions, yet uncommon changes have occurred in the diurnal temperature of the air, as well as in spring-water. On the 12th, the external thermometer only rose to 52° ; and on the 21st, it rose to $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the shade; a difference of $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ at the same hours in the afternoon in the short interval of nine days. The heat of the 21st, which kept up till nearly 6 P.M., was equal to the hottest day of last summer, and $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than in any day of May during the last seven years! As the result of this high temperature, an anomaly worth recording, appeared in this neighbourhood, namely—several new hayricks were made here by the close of May.

The dry winds and hot sunshine have also produced an unusually great evaporation, upwards of half a foot in depth, and several heavy thunder storms have been felt in London, Birmingham, &c. The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 1 *anthelion*, 3 *parhelia*, 5 solar halos, lightning in the evenings of the 5th and 16th, and 1 gale of wind from the West.

DAILY REMARKS.

May 1. Fair, with a dry easterly breeze: a clear sky and some dew by night.

2. As the preceding day, with the addition of an upper current from the north: a moonlight night, and some lofty *Cirri*.

3. A sunny day, and a solar halo in the afternoon: overcast and windy by night.

4. A.M. rain at intervals: P.M. fine.

5. Showery the first part of the morning, then fine, with two winds, the upper one from the south. Some heavy thunder clouds about noon after sunset, after which vivid lightning appeared to the east, south, and west, and ceased with a light shower of rain at 11 P.M.: a moonlight night.

6. A fair day: overcast with *Cumulostratus*, and sultry in the evening.

7. Two winds early, the upper one from the south, followed by a rainy day: overcast by night.

8. A.M. overcast and windy: P.M. a clear sky, and a cold N.E. wind.

9. Two *parhelia* with long white trains formed in a hazy atmosphere from 7 till 9 A.M. A sunny morning and a solar halo, with nearly opposite winds, the upper one from N.W., and elevated *Cirri* descending: P.M. overcast and light rain at intervals, with a sinking barometer and a cold northerly wind.

10. Steady rain, and a cold N.W. wind in the day: cloudy and fine by night.

11. A fine sunny day. Soon after sunset a mixture of *Cirrus*, *Cirrocumulus*, and *Cirrostratus* clouds presented a variety of colours in the light blue western sky, namely, crimson, orange, lemon, dark blue, and rose colours blended with each other, arising probably from the different qualities, heights, and distances of these modifications, on receiving the horizontal rays of the sun. Some light rain in the night, and a strong breeze from the N.E.

12. Overcast with *Cumulostratus*, a blighty gale

from the N.E., and only 3° difference in the temperature of the air for the past 24 hours.

13. As the preceding nearly, with an increase of temperature. Cockchafers were out for the first time this spring.

14. A summer-like day, with hot sunshine, a shifting wind, and a great increase in the diurnal temperature: a fine night.

15. Nearly as the preceding, and two gentle currents of wind.

16. A cloudless day: some flashes of lightning to the eastward in the evening, followed by *Cirrostratus* clouds.

17. A.M. steady rain: P.M. calm, with light shifting winds, and an inoculation of clouds, which were richly tinged at sunset.

18. As the preceding day and night, nearly.

19 and 20. Fair, calm, and hot sunshine in the day; and much dew after sunset.

21. Fair with light shifting winds, and lofty *Cumuli* in a dark blue sky, which eventually passed to *Cumulostratus*. A *Stratus* was formed over Portsmouth Harbour, both in the morning and evening, by a strong evaporation.

22. A.M. fair, with *Cumuli*: P.M. a clear sky, but rather hazy near the ground. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc this evening, resembled a dull copper-colour.

23. Fair, with a brisk wind from the east; and the night as the preceding. At 5 o'clock this morning a faint *parhelion* appeared on the east side of the sun, a few degrees above the horizon, and nearly due east.

24. Fair with haze near the ground, and faint sunshine in the morning: P.M. a clear sky, and a brisk N.E. wind. This and the preceding evening the unilluminated part of the moon's disc was much brighter than in the evening of the 22d.

25. Two winds, which towards noon united the clouds, so that they had a thundery appearance, followed by a brisk shower of rain: P.M. fine.

26. A.M. rain and a strong gale from the S.W.:

PM. fine, with a brisk NW. wind, and a rising barometer.

27. Fair, with frequent beds of Cirrocumulus in small and large white flocks: low and dark undulating Cirrostratus of an electrical appearance, passed to the NE. under another stratum of cloud in the evening, followed by light rain.

28. Fair, with a brisk SW. wind, and Cirri pointing upwards and downwards: a clear sky by night.

29. Fair, with a steady breeze from NW.: the night as the preceding.

30. AM. fair, with Cirri, &c. PM. a cloudless sky.

31. Fair, with prevailing Cirri, which soon after sunset passed through red and lake colours, which reflected a light crimson tint on the smooth water in Portsmouth Harbour. The planet Mercury appeared visible to the naked eye in the NW. till near the time of his setting. A clear dewy night.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Pride, Uley, Gloucestershire, engineer; for a self-regulating apparatus for spooling and warping woollen or other warps or chains. April 16.

W. Daniell, Aborcarne, Monmouthshire, manufacturer of iron; for certain improvements in the rolling of iron into bars, used for manufacturing tin plates. April 16.

B. Cook, Birmingham, patent tube manufacturer; for a certain mixture, or preparation, which may be used with advantage in preventing the damage of accident from fire. April 16.

J. Grimshaw, Bishopwearmouth, Durham, ropemaker; for a method of stitching, lacing, or manufacturing flat ropes, by means of certain rotative machinery, worked by a steam-engine. April 16.

P. Erard, Great Marlborough-street,

musical instrument-maker; for improvements on harps. Communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. April 24.

E. Dodd, St. Martin's-lane, musical instrument-maker; for improvements on pedal harps. April 24.

J. Delvean, Wardour-street, musical instrument-maker; for certain improvements on harps. April 24.

R. Ford, Abingdon-row, Goswell street-road, chemist; for a chemical liquid or solution of annatto. April 24.

R. Knight, Foster-lane, Cheapside, ironmonger, and R. Kirk, Osborn-place, Whitechapel, dyer; for a process for the more rapid crystallization, and for the evaporation of fluids, at comparative low temperatures, by a peculiar mechanical application of air. May 9.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 June.	Hamburg. 18 June.	Amsterdam. 21 June.	Vienna. 5 June.	Nuremberg. 13 June.	Berlin. 15 June.	Naples.	Leipzig. 7 June.	Bremen. 17 June.
London ...	26.55	37	111 1/2	10.42	6.10 9	6.13 1/2	—	6.19 1/2	617
Paris	—	26 1/2	57	118 1/2	fr. 119 1/2	84 1/2	—	80 1/2	17 1/2
Hamburg .	189	—	34 1/2	145	146	151 1/2	—	140 1/2	123
Amsterdam	57 1/2	104 1/2	—	137 1/2	130 1/2	143 1/2	—	140	190 1/2
Vienna ...	251 1/2	146 1/2	36	—	40	103 1/2	—	101	—
Frankfort.	3 1/2	147 1/2	35 1/2	90	100	102 1/2	—	90 1/2	111 1/2
Augsburg .	250 1/2	146 1/2	35 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	103 1/2	—	100 1/2	—
Genoa	474	82 1/2	90	61 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
Leipzig ...	—	—	—	—	90 1/2	103 1/2	—	—	111 1/2
Lisbon ...	512	89	98 1/2	56 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	553	38 1/2	42	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadix	15.50	92 1/2	102 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	432	—	61 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15.50	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15.50	93 1/2	103 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	553	38 1/2	42 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 17 June.	Breslau. 12 June.	Christiania. 5 June.	Petersburg. 4 June.	Riga. 7 June.	Antwerp. 17 June.	Madrid. 10 June.	Lisbon. 1 June.
London	153 1/2	7	9 Sp. 24	9 1/2	9 1/2	40.4	37	52 1/2
Paris	80 1/2	—	—	103 1/2	—	1	16.1	545
Hamburg	147 1/2	152 1/2	202	9 1/2	9	24 1/2	—	39
Amsterdam .	140 1/2	142 1/2	187 1/2	10	9 1/2	1 1/2	—	43
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From May 21 to June 25.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-8	12-10
Ditto at sight	12-5	12-7
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-9	12-11
Antwerp	12-4	12-6
Hamburg, 2½ U	37-8	37-11
Altona, 2½ U	37-8	38
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-30	25-65
Ditto 2 U	25-60	25-95
Bordeaux	25-60	25-95
Frankfort on the Main	155½	157½
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us	9	9½
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-12	10-20
Trieste ditto	10-12	10-20
Madrid, effective	36½	36
Odis, effective	36	35½
Bilboa	36½	35½
Barcelona	36	35½
Seville	36½	35½
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	46	47½
Genoa	43½	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	40½	39½
Palermo, per oz.	118	
Lisbon	50½	51½
Oporto	51½	51½
Rio Janeiro	46	
Bahia	51-50	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	3	17	6
New doubloons	3	14	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	4	9
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	4	11

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 30s. 1½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quarter loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Ware	£7	0	0	to	10	0	0
Middlings	3	0	0	to	6	0	0
Chats	1	6	0	to	2	6	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	May.	June.	June.	June.	June.
	25	1	8	15	22
Wheat	47 0	46 4	45 11	44 7	43 10
Rye	22 0	20 10	20 5	18 0	17 4
Barley	16 11	16 7	16 0	15 10	16 8
Oats	17 4	17 5	17 0	17 5	17 10
Beans	22 8	22 4	22 10	22 8	22 4
Peas	24 6	25 3	24 8	24 5	22 0

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from May 18 to June 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	47,241	279	—	47,520
Barley	7,358	—	—	7,358
Oats	96,418	3,623	—	99,041
Rye	35	6	—	41
Beans	6,327	—	—	6,327
Peas	1,720	—	—	1,720
Malt	14,668	—	—	14,668

Qua. Flour 39,531 Sacks.
Foreign Flour—none.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	54s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.		Clover.		Straw.	
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Smithfield.					
3	0 to 4	4..4	0 to 4	5..1	16 to 2
Whitechapel.					
3	8 to 4	0..3	8 to 4	15..1	8 to 2
St. James's.					
3	0 to 4	6..3	9 to 4	4..1	14 to 2

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	1s.	8d. to 2s.	8d.
Mutton	1s.	8d. to 2s.	4d.
Veal	2s.	0d. to 3s.	8d.
Pork	1s.	8d. to 3s.	4d.
Lamb	3s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	1s.	8d. to 2s.	6d.
Mutton	1s.	8d. to 2s.	4d.
Veal	2s.	4d. to 3s.	8d.
Pork	2s.	0d. to 3s.	4d.
Lamb	3s.	0d. to 3s.	8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from May 24 to June 24, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
12,468	4,126	174,160	2,640

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from May 27 to June 17.

	May 27.	June 3.	June 10.	June 17.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	20 6 to 38 6	23 0 to 36 0	30 0 to 38 3	31 0 to 38 0
Sunderland	30 0 to 39 0	28 0 to 27 6	38 3 to 39 3	28 0 to 30 0

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(June 20th, 1832.)

	Per Share	Annual Div.	No. of Shares	Shares of		Per Share	Annual Div.	No. of Shares	Shares of
Canals.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.	Bridges.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark.....	31 10	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	—	1462	100	Do. new.....	69	7 1/2 p.a.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham.....	100	4	1760	—	Vauxhall.....	17	—	3000	100
Basingstoke.....	6	—	1200	100	Do. Promissory Notes.....	100	5	54,000	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	—	54,000	—	Waterloo.....	5	—	3000	100
Birmingham (divided).....	800	2 1/2	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.....	25	—	8000	—
Bolton and Bury.....	25	—	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.....	25	—	5000	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	10	—	958	150	Bonds.....	102	5	60,000	—
Chelmer and Blackwater.....	25	—	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield.....	120	—	1500	100	Barking.....	30	—	300	100
Coventry.....	1000	44 3	500	100	Commercial.....	100	5	1000	100
Croydon.....	2	—	4548	100	— East-India.....	100	5	—	100
Derby.....	125	—	800	100	Branch.....	100	5	—	100
Dudley.....	63	—	2060	100	Great Dover Street.....	33	1 1/2	492	100
Ellenmore and Chester.....	61	—	2575	125	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	2500	50
Brewnash.....	1000	50	251	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	—	1000	—
Forth and Clyde.....	470	25	1257	100	Surrey Do.....	—	—	1000	—
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	—	—	1900	100	Severn and Wye Do.....	31 10	—	3782	50
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	—	Water Works.				
Grand Junction.....	245	10	11,515	100	East London.....	100	—	2900	100
Grand Surrey.....	55	—	521	100	Grand Junction.....	55	2 1/2	4500	50
Do. Loan.....	100	—	60,000	—	Kent.....	81 10	1 1/2	2000	100
Grand Union.....	21	—	2849	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 1/2	1500	—
Do. Loan.....	100	5	19,327	—	South London.....	50	—	800	—
Grand Western.....	3	—	3006	100	West Middlesex.....	54 10	2 5	7540	—
Grantham.....	145	—	749	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield.....	18 10	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon.....	18 4	—	25,338	100	Albion.....	50	2 1/2	3000	500
Lancaster.....	27	—	11,800	100	Atlas.....	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	300	12	2,879	100	Bath.....	375	40	—	—
Leicester.....	300	14	545	—	Birmingham.....	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	60	4	1895	100	British.....	50	5	—	200
Loughborough.....	5400	170	70	—	County.....	40	2 1/2	4000	100
Mellon Mowbray.....	221	11	250	100	Eagle.....	2 12 6	—	40,800	50
Mercy and Irwell.....	—	—	—	—	European.....	20	1	50,000	50
Monmouthshire.....	100	6	2400	100	Globe.....	124	6	1,000,000	100
Do. Debentures.....	100	5	43,124	100	Guardian.....	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire.....	70	2 1/2	700	100	Hope.....	4 5	6	40,000	50
North.....	420	25	247	—	Imperial.....	98	4 1/2	2400	400
North Wilts.....	—	—	1770	25	London.....	—	1 1/4	3000	25
Nottingham.....	200	12	500	150	London Ship.....	17	1	—	25
Oxford.....	270	32	1720	100	Provident.....	17	15	—	100
Peak Forest.....	70	3	2400	100	Rock.....	1 10	2	100,000	50
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange.....	300	10	745,100	—
Regent's.....	50	—	12,294	—	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale.....	52 10	2	400	100	Sun Life.....	33 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury.....	170	9 10	500	125	Union.....	40	1 5	1500	200
Shropshire.....	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	71	4	2000	50
Stafford & Worcesterhire.....	700	40	700	145	Do. New Shares.....	85 10	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge.....	210	9	300	—	City Gas Light Company.....	113	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon.....	12	—	3547	—	Do. New.....	60 10	—	1000	100
Stroudwater.....	405	22	—	—	Bath Gas.....	17	15	2500	50
Swansea.....	180	10	545	100	Brighton Gas.....	20	1	1500	20
Tavistock.....	80	—	250	100	Bristol.....	25 10	1 1/4	3000	20
Thames and Medway.....	30	—	2870	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk.....	—	75	1300	200	London.....	27	—	1000	75 p.a.
Warwick and Birmingham.....	220	10	1000	100	Russel.....	11	—	700	25 p.a.
Warwick and Napton.....	210	10	900	100	Surrey.....	5	—	700	25 p.a.
Wilts and Berks.....	6	—	14,308	100	Miscellaneous.				
Winbeach.....	60	—	125	100	Auction Mart.....	22	1 5	1000	50
Worcester and Birmingham.....	25	1	8000	—	British Copper Company.....	42	9 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery.....	10	—	2300	50
Bristol.....	14	—	2200	145	Do.....	6	—	3447	50
Do. Notes.....	100	—	285,324	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	15	1	2000	150
Commercial.....	31	3 10	3132	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class.....	82	4 5	—	—
East-India.....	100	8	450,000	100	Do..... 2d Class.....	74	—	—	—
East Country.....	31	—	1038	100	City Bonds.....	—	—	—	—
London.....	100	4	3,114,000	100					
West-India.....	100	10	5,200,000	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th May to 24th June.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	New 4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Ordnance.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
May															
25	240	78½	79½	80½	84½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	55	—	3 5	80½
27	Hol.														
28	Hol.														
29	240	78½	79½	80½	84½	95½	—	—	—	—	—	54	—	2d6p	80½
30	240	78½	79½	80½	84½	95½	—	19½	77½	—	240	53	89½	1 5	80½
31	240	78½	79½	80½	84½	95½	—	19½	77½	—	239	46	—	1 5	80½
June															
1	239½	78½	79½	80½	84½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	43	—	1 4	80½
3	230½	78½	79½	80½	84½	—	—	19½	—	—	230½	42	89	1 5	80½
4	239½	78½	79½	80½	84½	95½	—	19½	—	—	239½	42	—	2 3	80½
5	—	78½	shut.	80½	84½	95½	—	19½	—	—	—	42	—	1 1	80½
6	240	78½	—	80½	84½	95½	—	20	—	—	—	46	—	1 1	80½
7	240	78½	—	80½	84½	95½	—	20	—	—	—	48	—	1 5	80½
8	—	78½	9	90½	95½	96	—	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 2	80½
10	240½	79½	—	90½	95½	96½	—	20½	—	—	—	47	—	1 4	80½
11	Hol.														
12	240½	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	49	—	1 5	80½
13	240½	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	—	—	—	47	—	par 6	80½
14	240	79½	9	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	48	—	1d6p	80½
15	240	79½	9	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 5	80½
17	230½	79½	—	—	96	—	—	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 1	80½
18	240	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	100	20½	—	—	—	48	—	1 5	80½
19	—	79½	—	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	50	—	1 5	80½
20	240	79½	89	90½	96½	96½	—	20½	78½	—	—	51	—	2 5	81½
21	242½	80½	—	90½	97½	98	—	20½	79½	—	—	51	—	par 5	81½
22	—	80½	—	91½	97½	98½	—	20½	—	—	—	—	—	par 6	81½
24	—	80½	—	—	98½	—	—	20½	—	—	—	—	—	—	81½

IRISH FUNDS.

										Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS. From May 25. to June 17			
May	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
18	246	90½	89½	—	—	—	103	—	—	71½	23	May fr. c.	fr. c.
21	—	—	90	—	—	102½	102½	—	—	71½	—	25 89 30	1607 50
22	246½	—	90	—	—	103	103	par.	—	—	—	27 89 80	—
23	245½	90½	89½	—	—	102½	102½	par.	—	71½	—	31 89 80	—
25	—	90½	89½	—	—	103	103	par.	—	—	—	June	
30	246	—	89½	—	—	—	103½	—	—	—	—	3 90 6	—
June												5 90 30	—
5	245½	90	89½	—	—	103	103	par.	—	71	—	7 90 90	—
8	246	90	89½	—	—	—	102½	par.	—	70½	—	10 92 15	1635
13	—	91½	90½	—	—	102½	102½	100½	45½	70½	—	12 91 50	1630
15	—	91½	90½	—	—	102½	102½	100½	46	70½	—	15 92	—
												17 91 70	1632

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.				NEW YORK.	
	June 4	14	18	21	May 7	15
Bank Shares.....	22	22	22	22	105½	104½
5 per cent..... 1812....	—	—	92½	—	102½	102½
1813....	—	—	—	—	103½	103
1814.... 95½	—	—	—	—	104	104
1815....	—	—	96½	98½	108	107
5 per cent..... 1821....	—	—	95½	95½	—	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXXII.

AUGUST, 1822.

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Re-prints of ELIA.—Many are the sayings of *Elia*, painful and frequent his lucubrations, set forth for the most part (such his modesty!) without a name, scattered about in obscure periodicals and forgotten miscellanies. From the dust of some of these, it is our intention, occasionally, to revive a Tract or two, that shall seem worthy of a better fate; especially at a time like the present, when the pen of our industrious Contributor, engaged in a laborious digest of his recent Continental Tour, may haply want the leisure to expatiate in more miscellaneous speculations. We have been induced, in the first instance, to re-print a Thing, which he put forth in a friend's volume some years since, entitled the *Confessions of a Drunkard*, seeing that Messieurs the Quarterly Reviewers have chosen to embellish their last dry pages with fruitful quotations therefrom; adding, from their peculiar brains, the gratuitous affirmation, that they have reason to believe that the describer (in his delineations of a drunkard forsooth!) partly sate for his own picture. The truth is, that our friend had been reading among the *Essays of a contemporary*, who has perversely been confounded with him, a paper in which *Edas* (or the *Great Eater*) humorously complaineth of an inordinate appetite; and it struck him, that a better paper—of deeper interest, and wider usefulness—might be made out of the imagined experiences of a *Great Drinker*. Accordingly he set to work, and with that mock fervor, and counterfeit earnestness, with which he is too apt to over-realise his descriptions, has given us—a frightful picture indeed—but no more resembling the man *Elia*, than the fictitious *Edas* may be supposed to identify itself with Mr. L., its author. It is indeed a compound extracted out of his long observations of the effects of drinking upon all the world about him; and this accumulated mass of misery he hath centered (as the custom is with judicious essayists) in a single figure. We deny not that a portion of his own experiences may have passed into the picture, (as 'who, that is not a washy fellow, but must at some times have felt the after-operation of a too generous cup?)—but then how heightened! how exaggerated!—how little within the sense of the Review, where a part, in their slanderous usage, must be understood to stand for the whole!—but it is useless to expostulate with this Quarterly slime, brood of Nilus, watery heads with hearts of jelly, spawned under the sign of Aquarius, incapable of Bacchus, and therefore cold, washy, spiteful, bloodless.——*Elia* shall string them up one day, and show their colours—or rather how colourless and vapid the whole fry—when he putteth forth his long promised, but unaccountably hitherto delayed, *Confessions of a Water-drinker*.

By a coincidence common to translations, the *Tales of Miles Colvine*, the Cumberland mariner, and of *Elphin Irving*, the Fairies' cupbearer, which appeared in our 4th and 5th Volumes, are also to be found in the *Morgenblatt*, a German periodical publication, where they pass for excellent German stories. The translation of the first was made so early, that it had nearly anticipated the original; the *Morgenblatt* for January, 1822, containing what we

published in December, 1821: the second came to light in the LONDON MAGAZINE for January, 1822, and emerged in Germany in March. We are, of course, no enemies to translations; but when stories are thus seduced into foreign countries, and taught to speak other languages, we wish them not to forget their allegiance to their Father-land, though they renounce their Mother-tongue. The piracy requires to be thus noticed in justice to the original genius of our excellent friend Mr. Allan Cunningham.

The Editor of the above work has not omitted this reference to the original in his abridgment of our article on the Elgin Marbles, inserted in the Morgenblatt for April, 1822; nor is it often neglected by the periodical press of our own country, though no work has ever received more of the flattering distinction of their reprints, and quotations, than the LONDON MAGAZINE.

It is much to the credit of D.'s good sense that he is willing to be "put out of conceit of his poetry;" which, indeed, we cannot honestly advise him to pursue but as an amusement. For his sake, and perhaps for the benefit of some others of our Correspondents, we would quote these words of Hölty: "I will not become a poet at all, unless I can become a great one. A middling poet is a nonentity."

The Memoir of a Hypochondriac has been received, but is delayed from "a press of matter," as the newspapers say.

P.'s "Time," we are sorry to say, is lost; and in endeavouring to find it ours has shared the same fate.

Stretch'd on the grave with clenched hands,
The lifeless Malcolm lay:
While through the new-raised earth, his head
Had forced its wretched way;

like the ostrich, which, hiding its head in the sand, imagines it has buried its whole body. This is a wretched picture indeed, Mr. Basil Cathcart!

If our industrious friend, * * * *—(whose letters really amuse us)—would write only one Sonnet where he now sends three, it might be such as we should be glad to see in our pages.

The riddle from Woodford is a mystery that "puzzles more than wit." It is, however, a pleasant token of the existence of a former Correspondent.

The following are scarcely good enough to tempt us:—My Native Land, written in the Bay of Dublin.—Walks in the Environs of Paris, by F.—Ellen of the Vale, &c.—Sonnet on an Infant Sleeping.—Sonnet on Viewing, an Eruption of Strombolo.

We should be glad to hear again from our friend P. M.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXII.

AUGUST, 1822.

VOL. VI.

ENGLISH SMUGGLERS.

HARRY WOODRIF.

THE smugglers are the only race of people in this country who have not been at all acted upon by the improvements of society. Every where else civilization has been hard at work; scouring through the land with the speed of a twopenny postman,—building schools, breeching Highlanders, and grubbing up the spirit of adventure from the very bosom of rocks and mountains. It has made a smart attack too on the gipsies, but with only a sort of pye-bald success, robbing the gallows to augment the population of Botany Bay; taking off the edge of their daring, yet, by no means lessening their indolence, or their love of petty larceny. But the smuggler,—the sturdy smuggler,—is still the same creature he was fifty years ago, and even allowing him to be a villain,—villain is a hard word,—there is yet something noble in his doings and his sufferings. In fact, the good people of this city know as little about him as they do of Prester John, or the Cham of Tartary. I have some right to speak on the subject, for one part of my early days was spent on the sea-coast, when,—to my shame be it spoken,—I preferred the smugglers to my books; and, from many wild pranks, became a favorite among them. There was one outlaw in particular, Harry Woodriff, or Woodrieve, who was much attached to the MASTER, as they called me,
VOL. VI.

partly, I believe, from the eagerness with which I listened to his tales of himself and his associates, and not a little because he mistook my romantic feelings for courage. Our acquaintance, or rather, our intimacy, commenced by my going out with him in a storm, to the relief of a distressed collier, when the chances were twenty to one against our ever returning; but with me it certainly was not courage; there was an exaltation of the spirits more like the effect of wine, as we swept along the waves, that at one moment rose like a mountain, and in the next opened almost to the very sands. I feared no danger, for I felt no danger, and there can hardly be courage without the consciousness of peril. But Harry was not the man to look so nicely into things; I had shown no symptoms of fear, and that was enough for him, who held that a stout spirit included all the cardinal virtues: ever after he loved me as a son, and many a tale did I gather from the sturdy smuggler, as he paced up and down the cliff with his glass in his hand, on the look out for what the sea was next to bring him.

It was not, however, of Harry's early stories that I would speak at present, though a time may come for them too, but of our meeting two years ago, when we least expected it, and for an end that thrilled my blood with horror. Remember this

is no fiction; here and there some local deviations are introduced, for reasons sufficiently obvious, but the main facts are as true as that the sun is in the heavens.

It was in the autumn of 1820 that my friend, Lieutenant E——, invited me to pass a few weeks with him on the coast where he was stationed on the preventive service,—an invitation that had been too often repeated to be again slighted without offence to honest Frank, whose heart was much better ballasted than his head. Accordingly I set out a little before sun-rise, and by six o'clock at night I reached my friend's house. This was a snug cottage, about a hundred yards from a long bed of shingle, which had originally been thrown up there by the sea, and which now served as a defence against its encroachments. As it was impossible to drive the chaise up to the door, I was obliged to get out, and, having paid the post-boy, shouldered my portmanteau, and strode forward lustily to the cottage, where the first thing I heard was the voice of my friend, the Lieutenant, loud in anger on some half dozen subjects, which he contrived to twist together like the different plies of a cable, and of which my absence seemed to be the principal.

"Confound all landlubbers!—Peg, you jade, hand us up the supper—Kit not cleaned my barkers yet! If I don't give that fellow monkey's allowance—Betsy—What a d——d fool the captain must be to let them smugglers get off—Betsy—Well, well, George—Betsy—D——n it, you're as stupid as the girl. Hand over that bundle of cigars—I tell you what, George,"—

"Well, what will you tell me?" said I, breaking in upon his medley soliloquy.

"George!—glad to see you with all my heart and soul, boy. You're just in time."

"Yes, I smell the supper."

"You shall smell gunpowder, my boy, before you are two days older. A cargo from Dunkirk—red stern—twelve men and a boy—white gunnel—know all about her—figured on the other side," he added with a knowing wink, at the same time jingling some loose silver in his pocket. "D——n

it all, I was afraid you'd be too late for the fun, but here you are, and in good time."

"I can't say I see the fun."

"But you shall, boy; you shall go with us; they fight like devils; no sneakers among them."

I fancy my face testified no great symptoms of delight at the proposed amusement, for the Lieutenant, though not much given to observation, exclaimed quickly, "You're not afraid, lad?"

Still, I rather think, I should have declined this favour,—for Frank really meant it as a favour,—if his wife had not come in at the critical moment: no man would even seem to be a coward in the presence of a woman, and, before I well knew what I was about, my word was pledged to the business, to the infinite delight of Frank, who thereupon showed me, with great glee, a brace of barkers, as he called them, that Kit was to scour for my especial service. As to any danger I might run, that never once entered into Frank's calculation; he looked on these smuggling frays much as a fox-hunter looks on the chase, in which bruises and broken heads are necessary contingencies, not to be talked of for a moment, and which by no means take away from the pleasure of the pursuit.

Supper over, and the regular allowance of pipes and grog being duly despatched, I was suffered to retire, with a promise from Frank of calling me if there was any stir among the smugglers; a promise that, it may be easily supposed, was altogether unsolicited on my part; indeed, I could have willingly dispensed with his punctuality on this point, but I knew him too well to doubt his keeping his word, and it was now over late to draw back; to bed therefore I went, in all that ferment of the spirits, which men of sedentary habits never fail to experience after a day of travel.

It was ten o'clock before I rose from my morning sleep,—the only sleep I had enjoyed,—and on going down to breakfast, I found that my friend was out, and myself very much in the way of Peggy and her mistress, whose daily occupations were at a stand-still from my laziness. My

hostess had involuntarily caught up a broom that had been left by Peggy, and I plainly saw that she was burning to commence a vigorous campaign against the dust and the spiders. In pity, therefore, to her troubles, I swallowed down my breakfast, without, indeed, the least danger to my throat, and posted off in quest of my friend, the Lieutenant, who, she told me, was at the battery, a name by which they had dignified a large mound of earth with two old guns, that might be said to be on half-pay, for though they retained their place, they were never employed. It was not, however, my fate to reach the battery that morning, for I must needs try to make a short cut to my end, by which, as many wise men have done before me, I lost it altogether. The ground, a large tract of open country, was intersected by dykes; the first of these, having low banks, and not being very wide, I got over easily enough; the next was too much for me, and I therefore bent my course to a narrower part, which again led me into another difficulty, to be avoided by a similar circuit, and so on, till I was completely entangled. The greater my efforts now, the more they removed me from my object, and, at last, they brought me to a small hollow, partly formed by nature, and partly by the chalk having been originally dug out for the purpose of making lime; three sides of it were perpendicular rocks, with here and there a few broad weeds, not unlike dock-leaves, shooting through the interstices; the fourth sloped roughly down to a depth of ninety feet, or perhaps more, and was covered with briars that twined their long thin arms with the high grass, and made the descent a work of toil, except by one beaten path. In breadth it was about two hundred feet, in length full twice as many. In the bottom was a cottage and garden, as I expected, for I had been used to these artificial glens in Kent, where they are sure to find occupants the moment they are deserted by the chalk-miners. A soil is easily and cheaply formed from the sea-weed, while the exclusion of the wind, and the reflection of the sun from the chalk, make a shelter for trees and vego-

tables, which will thrive there much better than on the open downs, exposed as they are to all the bleakness of the weather, and the influence of the salt sea-air.

Curiosity led me down into the hollow, where I found the door of the cottage open, and the first object that attracted my attention was a young girl, apparently not more than seventeen years of age: even in a drawing-room, amidst lights and crowds, the enemies to all romance, I should yet have noticed her as something singular; but here, in this wild glen, where the mind was previously prepared by local circumstance for the reception of every fanciful impression, I felt as much startled at her presence as if she had been a shadow from the world of spirits. Her form, though extremely elegant in its proportions, seemed as light and airy as if no earth had entered into its composition; her hair curled in jet-black ringlets about a face that was as pale as marble; her eyes were of a deep blue, with an expression that was something akin to madness; and a dark melancholy note on her forehead, that seemed to fling a shadow over the whole face, and deepen its natural paleness. What rendered her still more striking was the utter discordance of her dress and manners with the luxurious poverty about her, in which wealth and want were strangely blended. A deal table, scored and stained, was waited upon by half a dozen mahogany chairs, of as many fashions as there were chairs; two large silver goblets stood in the same row with a party of coarse white plates, flawed and fractured in every direction; and a Brussels carpet was spread on the floor, though the laths of the ceiling showed through the plaster above, like ribs from the thin sides of poverty. On the mantel-piece, which was tolerably well smoked, was a handsome gold time-keeper, flanked by a whole host of tobacco-pipes in every possible stage, from the black stump to the immaculate whiteness of the perfect tube. Higher up, guns, pistols, and cutlasses were ranged in formidable order, and with the same love of variety no one weapon had its fellow. I had been too much used to such dwellings in my boyhood. 19

to guess pretty well upon what company I had stumbled, and when a man came out of the inner room I was prepared to see a smuggler, but not to see Harry Woodriff. It was Harry, however!—the identical Harry!—and though full fifteen years had elapsed since we last walked together on the cliffs of Kent, I knew him that instant; it was impossible to mistake that peculiar face; the features were too strongly cast originally to be much affected by time, which, indeed, had only hardened the mould against successive years, and not altered it.—His name burst from my lips involuntarily—"Harry Woodriff!"

"Aye, aye," exclaimed the old man, without the least symptom of recognition.—"What cheer now, messmate?"

"Don't you know me, Harry? Don't you remember your old friend George, and our going off to the brig Sophy!"

"What! the Master?—Sink the customs! you can't be he: George was a little rosy-faced chap, no higher than this table."

"That was fifteen years ago, Harry; and fifteen years will make a difference in your *little rosy-faced chaps no higher than the table*."

"Right, messmate;—Sink the customs! and so you are the Master?—D—n you"—And he grasped me with his iron hand till my bones cracked again, though without the slightest change of feature on his part, or any symptoms of emotion in his voice.—"Am as glad to see you as though you were an anker of brandy—Nance, girl,"—turning to his daughter, who had hitherto looked on our meeting with silent curiosity,—"*Fetch us a drop of the right stuff, and a clean pipe—though stay, there's plenty of pipes here.*"

"I don't smoke, Harry, and as to drinking,"—

"You don't drink neither?"

"Not at this hour."

"Why Lunnun has clean spoilt you, master—you could smoke, and drink too for that matter, and without asking whether it was morn or midnight.—But you're another-guess sort of chap now. You had better have staid in Kent, master."

"Why did you leave it?"

"Wouldn't do—grew hot as h—ll—sink the customs!"

"I doubt whether you have much mended the matter by coming here."

"Aye, aye; hard times, master, when a poor man can't eat his bread and cheese without fighting for it first.—Not that I much mind that either, if things were a little more on the square, but 'tis d—d hard to fight with the rope round one's neck. It was all fair enough when they looked after the cargo and let the man alone: if they could seize the goods, that was their luck; if we got off, that was ours; and all friends afterwards. But now if they catch you, they haul you off to jail, and if you fight for it, they hang you up as though you were a pirate.—Sink the customs!"

"Better take to some other business."

"Why, look ye, lad; I'm hard on sixty, and that's over late to go on a new tack. But here comes Nance with the grog—What's that bottle, girl?"

"Some of the claret that you brought over last week for the inn-keeper of——"

"Avast heaving, Nance—Not that I think the Master would tell tales, but,—draw the cork."

This was more easily said than done, a corkscrew forming no part of Harry's domestic economy, and for a long time Nancy worked at it with a broken fork to very little purpose.

"Hand it over," said Harry, and he gravely knocked off the neck of the bottle.

"There; I've done it—Brave liquor it is too, so help yourself, master.—Sink the customs! Do you call that helping yourself? Here's a change! You could put your beak deep enough into a pint pot when you were a younker."

"Let me help you, Sir," said Nancy, and she filled up my glass with a grace that certainly did not belong to a smuggler's cottage. I could not keep my eyes off her, and the old man must have read my thoughts, for he spoke as if in answer to them.

"She did not learn it of me, you may be sure, master; it was all got at Miss Trott's boarding school."

"So, so," thought I—"Another

precious instance of parents educating their children above the situation they are to fill in life,—refining them into misery." Something of the same kind was evidently passing through Nancy's mind, for her eyes were suffused with tears, to the sore annoyance of the smuggler, who was dotingly fond of her notwithstanding his apparent apathy, and who was loved by her in return with no less sincerity.

"What's the matter with you, Nance?—Squalls again?—Is there any thing I can do for you?"

There was a beseeching look in Nancy's eyes, the meaning of which I did not then understand, but which was perfectly intelligible to Harry, for he added, though in his usual even tone,—“That is, any thing but the old story. Is it a gown you want? Silk?—Brussels lace? Only say the word, and it's yours; for not to tell you a lie, Nance, if you wished for all the shells that lie between here and Dunkirk, you should have them or I'd drown for it—Sink the customs!”

And all this he said without the least correspondence of tone, or, indeed, any symptom of feeling, except that he laid one of his huge iron paws on the girl's right shoulder, and gently patted her. Nancy made no answer but by leaning her head on her father's brawny bosom. Following up my first idea of the unfitness of such a situation to a girl of her habits, I referred her grief to that cause; and under the idea of pleasing her, I ventured to suggest that she would do better by seeking her fortune in the world, and even proffered my assistance. She cut short this proposal, however, with a tone of energy and decision that completely silenced me.

“I shall go no where, Sir, without my father. Where he is, there his daughter must and shall be.”

There was a moment's pause; I was too much confounded by the manner of this address to make any reply: Harry kept on smoking his pipe as if we had been talking of matters that in no wise concerned him, and in a language that he did not understand, while the girl herself seemed to be struggling with some internal resolution. For a few mo-

ments she fixed her wild flashing eyes on me with a gaze so keen that it made the blood start up into my cheeks, till at last, as if satisfied with the inquiry, she repeated in a milder tone, “I will not leave my father—Is this a time to leave him?” And she pointed to his grey hairs—“Is this a place? I will not leave him. But oh, Sir, if you are his friend, persuade him to quit this life, which must sooner or later end by the waves, or the sword, or the gallows. Persuade him, Sir;—'tis a better deed than giving ten alms to the poor, for in that you save the body only, but here you save both soul and body. Persuade him, Sir;—he shall not want—indeed he shall not—I will work for him, beg for him, steal for him—”

The poor creature burst into tears, exclaiming, “O father! father!”

“Hey for Dunkirk! No soft-water, Nance; you know I can't abide it.—So, hark ye in your ear.”

He drew his daughter aside, whispered a few words with his usual imperturbability, and finished by exclaiming aloud, “I will! sink the customs!”

“But will you indeed?”

“There's my hand to it—smuggler's faith!—Will you believe me now?”

Nancy only answered with a kiss; but there was still a restless expression about her eyes and lips that showed she was far from being satisfied; at the time I attributed it to some lurking distrust of her father's sincerity, for I had no doubt that he had promised her to give up smuggling; shrewd, however, as this guess was, it did not happen to be quite correct, and it was only by combining one fact with another that I afterwards got at the whole truth. It seems that Harry had risked all he possessed, nearly four hundred pounds, in a single venture to Dunkirk, under the conduct of his son, and his promise to quit the free trade was with express reference to the safe return of his cargo,—a sort of compromise that could not altogether quiet the fears of Nancy. To those who are unacquainted with such scenes it may appear strange that the old man did not rather go out with the boat himself; but the fact is, that in

smuggling, as much, if not more, depends on the management by land than by water. Experience has shown these people that they can put very little confidence in each other; the temptations to betray are much too strong for their slender stock of honesty; and the chiefs, therefore, seldom trust more than one of their associates with the secret of the boat's landing-place, which one the rest follow at a moment's warning, through brake and briar, over moor and mountain, like so many wild ducks after their leader. Now, Harry thought, and wisely, that such a secret could be trusted to no one so well as to himself, and he had therefore sent out his son, a stout able young fellow who had been brought up to the business from his cradle, while he himself staid behind to look after the landing of the cargo.

It was now nearly two o'clock, the Lieutenant's dinner hour, and I rose to take my leave, saying, "To-morrow I will be here again."

So saying, I left the glen and returned to the Lieutenant's; but, notwithstanding my improved knowledge in the geography of these parts, I did not arrive time enough to save my credit with my little fat hostess, whom I found in sad tribulation, fretting and fuming over half-cold fish, fowls done to death, and pudding that was as heavy as lead.

The day passed as might have been expected; my friend, in his capacity of host, toiled like a mill-horse to entertain me, and I, as in duty bound, laboured equally to be entertained, though it was by objects that could have no interest for me whatever. I was dragged successively to see his new cutter, the two old guns, the kennel of his seamen,—I can give it no better name,—and the birth of his Mids, who, according to his idea of things, were lodged like princes. Their principality, however, did not appear to me a subject for much envy; it consisted of two apartments, one of which was a general bedroom, and the other a general parlour. The floor was sanded, and the white-washed walls were ornamented with a variety of long and short heads, and sundry witty inscriptions, such as "Tom Jenkins is a fool," "Sweet Polly Beaver," "Snug's the

word," &c. &c. The windows, indeed, looked out upon the sea, and close under them was a patch of garden, which the Mids, in the lack of better occupation, had surrounded with a wall, formed of rude chalk blocks loosely piled together without cement; under this shelter a few cabbages contrived to run to seed amidst a luxuriant crop of thistles.

Having seen these lions, we returned to tea, and passed the dreary interval between that and supper-time in a water excursion, which only wanted a more congenial companion to have been delightful. I know nothing more annoying to a man of romantic habits than the being linked in with your plain matter-of-fact folks, who have no ideas associated with any subject beyond what are presented to them by the obvious qualities of form and colour. My friend, though an excellent seaman, was precisely one of these; he saw nothing in the ocean but a road for shipping; and as to the sky, I question much whether he ever looked up to it, except to take an observation. Still this water-excursion was not without its use; it had whiled away three hours, and that was something; it had procured me an excellent appetite for supper, and that too was not to be slighted; and lastly, the sea-air had so much influence on me, that, when bed-time came, I dropt fast asleep the very moment I laid my head on my pillow. My sleep, however, was any thing but quiet; I dreamt, and my dreams were full of grotesque images, and all more vivid than any I have ever experienced either before or after. The agony was too great for endurance, and I awoke. To my surprise there stood Frank by my bed-side, a pair of cutlasses under his arm, and a candle in one hand, while with the other he pulled and tugged at me might and main. He had no doubt been the black dog of my dreams, for his fingers were closed on my arm with the gripe of a blacksmith's vice.

"Why, how now, lad? You ate too much of the pork last night." And with that he gave me another shake as if he meant to shake my arm out of its socket.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" I exclaimed, for I was not

yet quite awake; and black dogs, and Nancies, were making a strange medley of it in my brain.

"There's no time for talking—but clap on your rage as quick as may be."—And I set about dressing myself almost mechanically, while he paced up and down the room, as if he had been walking the quarter-deck, whistling a very popular, but not very elegant tune in all manner of times, now fast, and now slow, according to the rise and fall of his fits of impatience. In a few minutes, the last tie was tied, and the last button buttoned.

"All ready, lad?—Here's your cutlass then, and your barker. And now we'll clap on all sails and be up with them in a jiffy."

I was by this time fully awake and conscious of our business, for the night-air, that blew on me as we left the cottage, sobered down the fumes of sleep in an instant. The wind was cold and boisterous, rolling the clouds along in dark broken masses over the sky, where neither moon nor stars were shining, but there was a dull grey light that just served to make the darkness visible. Frank was incessantly urging me to speed, though we were going at a brisk rate, and as we went along communicated to me the whole matter, as an additional stimulus to my tardiness. This was precisely what I anticipated; a smuggling boat had long been expected on this very night, according to his information from the other side of the water; and some fishermen, bribed to his purpose, had kept a sharp look-out from their smack, and had thus been able to give him timely warning of its approach. This story was told with great glee by my friend, but I must honestly confess that, "I had no devotion to the business." While all was dark, and still, and nothing announced that the fray was near, and I had reason to believe that it was at least a mile from us, I only felt anxious and bewildered; but when a sudden shout burst on us, followed by a rapid discharge of fire-arms, and the turn of the cliff showed us the battle that moment begun and not a hundred yards from us—what a change then came over me!—It was not fear, for it had none of the palsy of fear; my hand was firm and my eye was cer-

tain; but it was a most intense consciousness of self and of the present moment. I felt I scarce knew how, nor even at this distance of time can I well make out what were my feelings; to be thus suddenly dragged from warm sleep to deal with blows and death on the midnight shingle, was enough to stupify any man of peaceful habits, and such mine had been for years. At this moment, a voice seemed to whisper close to my ear, "*Mary!*" So perfect was the illusion,—if it was illusion,—that I involuntarily echoed, "*Mary!*" and looked up for the speaker. Yet no Mary was there—how, indeed, could she be?—Still it was her voice; I was neither drunk, nor dreaming, nor lunatic, and yet I heard it as clearly as ears could hear it, and at the sound my heart swelled, and I felt that I could dare any thing. In an instant I was in the very midst of the fray, dealing my blows right and left with all the fury of a maniac. As I learnt afterwards, my death had been certain twenty times in the course of the scuffle, if it had not been for Frank, and still more for poor Harry, who was fighting among the smugglers, yet could not forget his young friend, though his hand was against him. Many a blow that was meant for me was parried by their watchfulness; but of all this I knew nothing: when all was over,—and it had scarcely lasted ten minutes,—I had only a confused recollection of having struggled stoutly for life amidst sword-cuts and pistol-shots, and men dropping as if struck by some invisible power. It is difficult to make any body understand this, who never has been in danger, or who has so often faced it, that the circumstance has lost its novelty; these are sensations that belong only to the first time of periling life, and are totally independent of fear or courage; they can not occur a second time.

The fray ended by the seizure of all the goods, the death of five smugglers, and the capture of two, who afterwards contrived to get away. As to the rest, they all escaped, as I then imagined, by favour of the dykes and their better knowledge of the country, with the exception of one poor wretch, who was desperately wounded; him they were now a way

boat-house, which was nothing more than a rude shed, pitched and tarred, and covered with dry seaweed, as a sort of shelter for the nets and skiffs when not employed. Hither I went with the rest, and looked upon a scene that I shall not easily forget; the poor creature was lying on the ground, pale and dripping with blood; his neckcloth had been taken off, and his clothes were torn to tatters. As the torches glared on his eyes, they seemed blue and glassy, and as if fixed in their sockets; he was evidently dying, and though I had often looked on death in hospitals, I could not stand this sight. The visitations of nature may be even more painful to the sufferer, but there is something soothing in the idea that they are visitations of nature; the sick one is struck by the hand of the Deity himself; he is only undergoing the common doom: but a violent death is always connected with the idea of crime or of unusual suffering; it is an end that might have been avoided; and as I gazed on this poor creature, my very heart was sick; every thing was beginning to swim before me, when I rushed out into the open air, and even there I was forced to lean a few moments for support against the shed.

As I began to breathe more freely in the night-wind, my attention was caught by the sound of voices, and on looking round, I saw on the shingles below, on the other side of the dyke, where the fight had first taken place, a young girl, supporting a wounded smuggler in her arms; it was too dark to distinguish their faces with any degree of precision, but their voices soon betrayed them to me. My blood ran cold as I listened to the following short dialogue, for I was in the shadow and could not be seen by the speakers.

"Sink the customs! It's of no use, Nance; I'm fairly a-ground, and you ha'n't strength enough to shove me off again. So here I must lie, old rotten hull as I am, till they find me, and then I swing for it."

"But try, father; only try; lean on me."

Again she endeavoured to drag or rather support the old man forwards, and her efforts were really wonderful for a creature so slim and lightly-

formed. She actually succeeded in dragging him up a low bank, and even a few yards beyond it, but there her strength failed; she could go no farther, and it was only by an almost superhuman exertion that she held him from falling.

"It won't do, Nance; this shot in the thigh won't let me move an inch farther—so here I must be caught, and I suppose they'll hang me for being found in arms against the King's officers. Sink the customs! They sha'n't tie a noose about my neck, however. We'll blow up the ship sooner than she shall fall into the hands of the enemy. So give us a kiss, my girl—God bless you. And now—hey for Dunkirk!"

And I saw him hold a pistol to his breast, which Nancy seized with a suppressed scream. Poor thing! her gestures at that moment would have wrung pity from a heart of stone.

"For God's sake, father—for your poor Nancy's sake—there is yet hope. Some of our friends may return before the king's-men leave the boat-house."

"Not much likelihoods of that, Nance: they'll hardly slip their own necks into a halter to save mine."

And I stood listening to all this, like a fool! I must have been bewildered—stunned by what had passed. But I was now awake again, and, cursing my own dullness that could waste so many precious moments, I dashed down into the dyke, waded knee-deep through the mud and water, and with infinite difficulty clambered up the opposite bank, where I was instantly observed by the old smuggler.

"Sink the customs! They are here, Nance."

In another moment I was at his side, but in that moment the pistol was discharged, and he dropped into my arms mortally wounded, exclaiming:—

"Sink the customs! You are too late to hang me, messmate. Nance, my girl, they cannot say your father was hung; you're a wife now for any man,—the best in the land, let him be who he will.—Sink the customs!"

"'Tis I, Harry—your friend, George Seymour."

"What, the Master!—Give us your hand—d—n you!—You're a

brave lad, Master—fought better than any six of the King's blue jackets, tho' it was against myself.—But, Master,"—

He tried to go on, but could not, and was evidently bleeding apace internally, though one little drop of blood upon his lips was the only outward sign of injury.

"Master—you'll think of"—

Again the words were as if stifled in his breast as he pointed with a shivering hand to Nancy. But I replied to the sign, for I understood it well—too well.

"She shall not want a home, Harry, while I have one."

"God bless you, Master. Nancy, my girl, where are you?—The night grows so dark—or something is coming over my eyes—kiss me, Nance."

And Nancy moved towards him with a calmness that was truly frightful. As she stooped to kiss him, something like a smile passed over her blue lips.—May I never see such a smile again!—In the same moment Harry was slightly convulsed, and with a groan that was scarcely audible he expired in my arms.

By this time, the Lieutenant and his party, who had been alarmed by the report of the pistol, came up to us, and explanations were asked and given in less time than it has taken me to write or my readers to peruse them. Frank carefully minuted down every thing in his pocket-book, and, having given the dead body in charge to a party of his seamen, attempted in his rude way to comfort Nancy. The poor girl, however, was not in a state to need, or listen to, comfort; the blow had stunned her into insensibility, and there she stood a thing of life, but without its functions. After many fruitless attempts at consolation, he exclaimed in a tone that under any other circumstances had been ludicrous,—

"By G—d! the poor thing has gone mad or stupid! I tell you what, George, we'll have her home with us, and put her in Bet's hands; she's a better doctor than half our old women in the navy."

This was no sooner said than done, and without either thanks or opposition from Nancy, who seemed to have lost all powers of volition.—The Lieutenant's wife, however, feel-

ing that such a case was something beyond the usual range of her practice, begged the ship-surgeon might be sent for, and willingly sank into the subordinate situation of nurse, to the sore displeasure of Frank, who hated the very sight of a doctor. Yet neither the skill of the one, nor the more than sisterly attention of the other, availed any thing. The morning came, and she was evidently mad; a second, and a third day followed, and still she was no better; the idea that her father lived, and was to be hung, had got firm hold of her mind, and nothing could root it out. All we could say was in vain; she brooded on this one thought with a sullen silence, much worse than any violence of frenzy could have been; and I now began to feel myself placed in a most awkward situation by my promise, so unwittingly given, to the father. It could not be expected that Frank would trouble himself many days longer with a maniac, and what was I to do with her? One moment I wished the poor thing might die, and in the next was angry with myself for my selfishness:—then again, I cursed the hour that brought me on such an unlucky visit; when, as if all this was not enough, I was summoned to the coroner's inquest, sitting on the body of Henry Woodriff. I was not a little surprised at such a call, but it seems I might have spared my wonder; for however the smugglers may perish, this ceremony is never omitted, and the inquest had already sate on the others who were found dead near the beach.

Internally vowing to leave this abominable place within the next four-and-twenty hours—never to return,—I set off in obedience to the summons of the law, and found the inquest assembled in the parlour of a little public-house, divided only by a field from the village. Here too was Frank, with a party of his sailors, either as witnesses or accessories. The foreman of the inquest was a short stout man, with a round face, and a short nose turned up as if in scorn of the two thick lips that opened beneath it, and a pair of yellow, flaring eyes, though destitute of all expression. He looked full of the dignity of his office, and, on a

entered, was in the high tide of discussion with a stout young smuggler, who by his tone and manner seemed to care very little for any body present. This proved to be the son of poor Harry; and he spoke out his mind as plainly as his father would have done, though not quite so coolly.

"Then, I'll be d——d if you do. Gentlemen, as you call yourselves, there's ne'er a Crowner of you all shall drive a stake through the old man's corpse, while there's a hand to this body."

"Respect the dignity of the court, young man. Your father, being compos, did make away with himself. I take it, gentlemen, the evidence is sufficient to that effect; but we'll presently examine Mr. Seymour—"

"My name is Seymour."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Seymour; I'll speak to you directly.—Your father, I say, being compos, did make away with himself, and the law, in that case made and provided, says,—"

"Damn the law. I say, whoever runs a stake through my father's body, I'll send a bullet through his head. So now you all know my mind, and let him try it who likes it."

With this he burst out of the court, to the great dismay of the foreman, who, when he recovered from his surprise, said in a tone of grave importance:—

"This is contempt of the court, and must be punished."

The Lieutenant, however, put in his veto; for with all his roughness he did not want for feeling, and the gallantry of the young smuggler had evidently won his heart.

"Psha! the poor fellow only speaks up for his father, and he has a right to do so."

"Yes, but with your leave, Lieutenant E——,"

"Come, come, Master Denton, I know you are too kind-hearted to hurt the lad for such a trifle."

"Trifle! Do you call it a trifle to damn the court?"

"Well, call it what you will, but let the poor fellow go scot-free. He has enough of it already, I think; his goods have been taken, his father killed, and his sister is run mad."

"Why, as you say, Lieutenant E——, I am not hard-hearted, and—Oh, Mr. Seymour, I beg your pardon for detaining you. We want your evidence as to this business, merely as a matter of form. You were present when Harry Woodruff shot himself.—Administer the oath to Mr. Seymour."

The oath was accordingly administered in due form, and I was reluctantly compelled to tell the whole business, which still farther authorized the little foreman in his darling scheme of burying a man in the meeting of four roads, and driving a stake through his body. I do not believe he was really of a bad disposition, but this ceremony flattered his importance, besides that it gratified the appetite for horror so common to all vulgar minds. To have been present at such a sight, under any circumstances, would have delighted him, merely as a spectator; but to have it take place under his own immediate auspices, was too great a treat to be given up for any consideration that Frank or myself could offer. In addition to the mere pleasure of the thing itself, his persistency gave him in his own eyes all the dignity of a man resolute in the performance of his duty, however unpleasant, and in spite of the most powerful solicitations. We were, therefore, obliged to yield the point, and leave the field to the little foreman, who instantly selected half a dozen stout peasants to keep watch over the body.

In coming out we saw a knot of smugglers in earnest conversation at the end of the street, about fifty yards from us. Among them was young Woodruff, whose gestures spoke pretty plainly that the council was not a peaceful one, and the Lieutenant was not slow in guessing their purpose.

"Do you see them, George? Just as I thought:—they'll have a haul now at the old smuggler's body before night is over, and I'll not stand in their way for any coroner's quest of them all—not I. It's no seaman's duty to look after corpses."

As he said this, we came close upon the little party, who were suddenly silent, eyeing us with looks of scorn and sullen hatred, that made

me expect a second fray; Frank, however, was too brave to be quarrelsome.

"You need not scowl so, lads; I have only done my duty, and mayhap I may be sorry to have it to do, but still it was my duty, and I did it, and will do it again, if the same thing happens again. But that's neither here nor there. All I meant to say was, that I shall keep a sharp look-out on the water to-night for any boat that may be coming over; and, in case of the worst, I shall have all hands aboard. So, good bye to you."

"The Lieutenant's a brave fellow after all," said one, as we walked off.—

"I never thought worse of him," replied young Harry; "but if I find out the scoundrel who first shot my father, b——t my soul, but he's as dead a man as any that lies in the church-yard."

"Come on, George," cried the Lieutenant; "if I seem to hear what these fellows say, I must notice it, and I don't wish that, if I can help it—poor devils!"

It may be easily supposed, that the day did not pass very pleasantly, with me at least, who was not used to the trade of murder, though on Frank the whole business made very little impression; he was too much accustomed to such things to be much affected by them,—for a sailor's life is one of occurrences, while that of a studious man flows on so equally, that a simple thunder-storm is to him a matter of excitement. My brain seemed to reel again, and I was heartily glad when eleven o'clock gave me an excuse for retiring, for I was wearied out—mind and body, and wished for nothing so much as to be alone.

It was a dark and stormy night, though as yet no rain fell; the thunder too rolled fearfully, and the lightning leapt along the waters, that were almost as black as the clouds above them. I was too weary for sleep, and feeling no inclination to toss about for hours in bed, placed myself at the window to enjoy the sublimity of the tempest. At any other time this splendid scene would have been delightful to me, but now it awoke none of its usual sym-

thies: it was in vain that I tried to give myself up to it—my mind was out of tune for such things. Still I sat there, gazing on the sea,—when my attention was diverted by a gentle tap at the door, and ere I could well answer, it swung slowly back on its hinges, and Nancy stood before me, with a lamp in one hand, and a large case-knife in the other. I thought she was asleep, for her eyes, though wide open, were fixed; and her voice, when she spoke, was subdued and broken, exactly like one who talks in his slumbers. Something, however, may be attributed to the excited state of my fancy.

"I must pass through your window, it opens upon the lawn—for the front door is locked and the key taken away by the Lieutenant, who is out at sea to-night on the watch for smugglers."

As she muttered this indistinctly, she glided across the room to the window, and, undoing the button that held it, walked slowly out. Still impressed with the idea of her being asleep, I made no opposition, fearing that she might be seriously affected in health or mind by any sudden attempt to wake her. At the same time I resolved not to lose sight of her lest she should come into peril from the cliffs or the dykes, and accordingly I followed her steps at a short distance till we came to the public-house. Late as the hour was, the people had not yet gone to bed, for lights were shining through the kitchen-window, and from the room immediately over it came the glimmer of a solitary lamp that stood on a table by the casement. Hitherto Nancy had gone on without taking the least notice of my presence, which had served to confirm me in the idea that she walked in her sleep,—but now she turned round upon me—

"The Lieutenant's wife told me truly; he is here; but not a word; follow me softly,—as though you feared to wake the dead."

I saw now that she was really awake, and my first impulse was either by force or persuasion to take her back. And yet to what purpose? If her madness should grow violent I could always overpower her, and at any rate we were going to, and not from, assistance. I did therefore

as she bade me, and followed her in silence, while she went cautiously up to the window, and having examined what was passing within with all the deliberate cunning of a maniac, then gently lifted the latch of the door, which opened into a narrow brick-passage to the left of the kitchen. At the end of it was a short flight of stairs, and these led us into the room where I had before observed the lamp was burning; in the middle of the chamber was a plain deal coffin on tressels, in which lay the corpse of poor Harry, all but the face covered over with a dirty table-cloth. I now saw plainly that the peasants had held their watch below from pure fear of being in the same room with the dead, and a state of partial intoxication might account for their having left the door open,—but to what purpose was this visit of Nancy's? She did not long leave me in doubt.

“Now, Mr. Seymour; you call yourself my father's friend; you have eaten of his bread;—will you see him hung like a thief on a gibbet?”

The strangeness of this appeal startled me so that I knew not well what to answer. She repeated the question while her eyes flashed fire:

“Will you see him hung?—hung?—hung?—You understand that word, I suppose.”

“My dear Nancy,”—

“By God's light, coward, I have a mind to put this knife into you. Don't you see he is their prisoner—in chains?—And to-morrow he will be tried and hung—Yes, my poor father will be hung.”

And in her changing mood she wept and sobbed like an infant; this however did not last long—

“But they shall not—no—they shall not. Here, take this knife—plunge it into him, that they may not have him alive—'tis a hard task for a daughter, and since you are here, take it and stab him as he sleeps—mind you do not wake him though—stab home—no half-work—home to the heart—you know where it is—Here—here.”

She placed my hand upon her heart as if to show me where to strike—I drew back shuddering.

“Coward!—But you shall do it—it is a task of your own seeking—

you came here of your own free will—I did not ask you to follow me—and you shall do it!”

I knew not what to say or do, and for a moment thought of flinging myself upon her to force away the knife, when I heard a scuffle below. A few blows were exchanged, a single pistol-shot discharged, and immediately after was the tramp of feet upon the stairs. Nancy uttered a loud shriek—

“They are here!”

Scarcely were the words uttered than she rushed up to the coffin, and ere I could prevent her, plunged the knife twice or thrice into the dead body. In the same instant the room was filled with smugglers, headed by young Woodriff, who was astonished, as well he might be, at the extraordinary scene before him.

“Mr. Seymour!—Nance too!—Poor girl!—But we have no time for talking, so all hands to work and help bear off the old man to the boat—we'll soon have him in fifty fathoms water out of the reach of these b——d harpies.”

“My father!—You shall not take my father from me!”—shrieked the poor maniac.

“Be quiet, Nance!—Gently, lads, down the stair-case—look to our Nance, Mr. Seymour—gently, lads—I'd sooner knock twenty living men on the head than hear one blow given to a dead one.”

So saying, and having again briefly entreated my care of his sister, he followed the corpse out, while the unfortunate maniac, quite contrary to my expectations, made no farther opposition. She leant for a time against the window without speaking a word, and, when I tried to persuade her to return, very calmly replied,—“with all my heart. To what purpose should I stay here since they have taken my father from me? They'll hang him now, and I cannot help it.”

“My poor girl, your father is dead.”

Nancy smiled contemptuously, and, passing her hand across her brow as if exhausted, said, “I am ready to faint; will you be kind enough to fetch me a glass of water.”

She did, indeed, seem ready to drop, and I went down into the

kitchen to fetch the water. Seven or eight smugglers were there keeping watch over the peasants, and the sentinel, mistaking me for an enemy, levelled his pistol at my head; but the priming flashed in the pan, and, before he could repeat the attack, an old man, who had often seen me with Frank, stepped between us just in good time to save me by his explanation.

Upon telling him my purpose he directed me to the well in the yard, at the same time putting a lantern into my hand with a caution to "look to the rotting tackling."—A caution that was not given without good reason, for the wood-work round the well was so decayed that it would scarcely bear the action of the cylinder.

In a few minutes I had drawn up the bucket, and hastened back to Nancy with a jug full of the water. To my great surprise she was gone, and I now saw—too late indeed,—that her request for water was merely a trick to get rid of me, that she might the better escape, though, what her farther object in it might be, I could not possibly divine. It was not long, however, before I learnt this too; for on looking out of the window, I saw her, with the lamp still in her hand, pushing out to sea in a small skiff, that was half afloat,

and held only by a thin cable. How she contrived to throw off the rope I know not, but she did contrive it—perhaps she had the knife with her, and cut it. Be this as it may, she was pushing off amidst the breakers that burst about her most tremendously, and kept up a most violent surf for at least half a mile from the shore. Was not this under the idea of rescuing her father?

In an instant I gave the alarm, and the smugglers, leaving the peasants to do their worst, hurried off with me to the beach. Nancy was now about a hundred yards from the shore in the midst of a furious surge, for though it was too dark to see her, the glimmer of the lamp was visible every now and then as the boat rose upon the waters.

"By G—d! it's of no use," said the old smuggler,—*"No skiff can get through them breakers."*

"Well, but she has."

"Not yet, master—see—the light's gone—it's all up with her now."

The light had indeed gone, and not as before to rise again with the rise of the waters. Minute after minute elapsed, and still all was dark upon the waves,—and the next morning the corse of Nancy Woodriff was found on the sands, about half a mile from the place where she had first pushed off amid the breakers.

G. S.

THE SICK MAN'S SUMMER EVENING.

Oh, life is all so sweet! so sweet!
To feel the living pulses beat!
To drink the air that round us flows!
To gaze upon the sky's deep ocean!
To see the life that round us glows,
And feel that life in us has motion!
All this has been—all this must be;—
But oh! it will no more for me.

The Spring, with Pleasure by her side,
That pipes the measure of his bride!
The Summer, faint with hot desire!
The Autumn drunk, his rich ales flowing!
The gossip Winter's blazing fire,
With tales of eld, while winds are blowing!
All this has been—all this must be;—
But oh! it will no more for me,

MARSHAL SOULT, AND HIS MURILLOS.

An older and a better soldier none.—

..... Your gallery
I have passed through, not without much content.
Shakspeare.

Be not alarmed, Mr. Editor;—I am no artist, no professional critic, no established connoisseur; not even an amateur of paintings, except in its primitive sense of an admirer or lover of that art, whose legitimate object is to convey a faithful imitation of pleasing nature. I know little of the masters; care nothing for the schools; and disdain to learn by rote the technical babble about gusto, chiaro-oscuro, handling, tints and half tints, orpiments, pigments, lucid and opaque, carnations, Spanish brown, Venetian red, and Naples yellow: but having a practised eye and a fervent feeling for the great original, as executed by the hand of the Creator, I consider myself competent, without other apprenticeship, to form an opinion of any copy modified by the pencil of man. I need not put my eye to school to enable it to judge of resemblances; nor make my heart member of an academy, that it may learn responses to the whisperings of external beauty. Perhaps the critics think otherwise, but they may be very positive and yet very wrong. In the infancy of painting, the artists contented themselves with a simple imitation of nature, and he was the best performer who could produce the cleverest deception. It was reckoned a great triumph when Bucephalus neighed at Alexander's portrait; Zeuxis snapped his fingers at Parrhasius when the birds came to peck at his painted grapes, but confessed himself outdone, when, on offering to remove a curtain that apparently covered a portion of his rival's canvas, he discovered it to be the production of his brush. In the progress of professional ambition, such easy victories are disdained; difficulties are overcome which were before considered insuperable; foreshortening, perspective, composition, light and shade, are scientifically combined; and while nature assumes no position in which she cannot be faithfully reflected, her imitators select none in which she cannot be pleasingly as well as accurately represented. The arts have their de-

cline and fall as well as empires; and painting, from this epoch, begins to feel the touches of corruption, until the conquest of technical difficulties is deemed the paramount excellence; subjects are selected, not because they are pleasing, but because they afford an opportunity for display of talent; and it becomes the grand object of an artist to exhibit *himself* rather than nature. Hence mannerism, and hence the propriety of terming the present era the age of artists rather than the age of the arts. Literature follows the same course: in Lord Byron, for instance, is not nature every where subordinate to self-display? he is his own muse, and drawing upon himself for inspiration, needs no other Pegasus than his favourite hobby-horse—Egotism. Our musical composers are too busy in exhibiting their science to think of pleasing our ears: Braham forgets the composer, that the singer may manifest his execution; and even our daughters when they come from boarding-school, disdain to recreate us with any simple or pathetic melodies, that they may dazzle and astonish us with the velocity of their fingers in rattling through a difficult piece.

But what has all this to do with Soult and his Murillos?—nothing—save that it occurred to me as I was crossing the Pont Royal on my way to his hotel, and so completely engrossed my attention, that I was nearly run over by a cabriolet.—Having finished my exordium, and escaped the wheels, I proceeded to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and turned into the court-yard of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, in a corner of which were four stablemen, too busy in tossing up halfpence to bestow even a look upon the visitors. Probably, his Grace has often indulged in a similar recreation, but having tossed up his halfpence to better account, he has found his way into the saloon, and left his competitors in the stable-yard. A groom of the chambers having conducted us through that indispensable ap-

pendage to every French mansion, a spacious billiard-room, led us to a small ante-chamber, where we were received with a plain frank courtesy by the Marshal,—a middle-sized, though somewhat corpulent personage of from fifty to sixty years of age, whose dark curling hair rendered somewhat conspicuous the bald patch in the middle of his head, while his sun-burnt complexion accorded well with his dark intelligent eye. His black stock, plain dark coat, and loose blue trousers, which, capacious as they were, could not hide his bow-legged form, obviously suggested the soldier rather than the courtier, the Marshal rather than the Duke; though if I had encountered such a figure in London, I should rather have guessed him to be an honest East or West India captain. A Frenchman entitled by birth to similar rank and fortune would have been forward, and vain, and loquacious, amid his unmerited distinctions,—but methought upon Soult's countenance there sat an air of reserve, and even awkwardness, in doing the honours of his proud mansion, as if he felt conscious that he assimilated not well with its magnificence: I could fancy him saying to himself—Here I stand, a plain soldier of fortune, consenting to use splendidly the wealth which I have acquired, and the greatness which has been thrust upon me, but disdaining to adopt in my own person any of the fopperies of state.

Beside him, in a round, light-coloured frock-coat descending nearly to his feet, stood a tallish thin figure, whose matted powdered hair, falling over his forehead and ears like the sedge of a river-god, seemed to render still paler his coarse and somewhat pock-marked countenance, which bore an expression of habitual cunning. This was the celebrated Talleyrand. Distrust and subtlety appeared lurking in his peeping eyes, deep set beneath a contracted brow; and though he looked sometimes at the pictures, sometimes at the visitors, his thoughts were not with his looks; his brain was at work, but upon other machinations than the criticising of Murillo. How different the animated physiognomy of that vivacious little baldheaded man, whose sparkling black eyes de-

ploded mouth and plain features, as it catches with keen enjoyment the beauties of art, and points them out to others with not less eagerness than it discovers them. That is Denon, the Egyptian traveller, now in his eighty-fifth year, whose whole exterior indicates the savant so much more than the soldier, that one is astonished how he could so far have combined the two, as to gallop round the ruins of the great temple at Luxor in an hour.

Accompanied by these personages, and others of less celebrity, we walked through the sumptuous apartments, all decorated in the most costly and elegant manner, although the gold leaf, as usual in this country, had been spread over the cornices, and doors, and ceilings, with somewhat of gilt-gingerbread prodigality. In the last room but one we encountered the state bed, of blue embroidered satin, with rich gold fringe and decorations, the bedstead emblazoned with gorgeous military trophies and devices; the dogs of the fire-places formed so as to represent handsome brass mortars; the walls painted with martial symbols, and every thing in the same warlike consistency, except a white marble console, on which stood a bust of Louis the eighteenth! This incongruity seemed to impart its puzzling contradiction to my own thoughts. Unable to account for the presence of this royal personage either in the copy or the original, I threw back my mind a few years, and found it still more incredible that I myself should be where I then was, courteously received by personages who were figuring in our papers as implacable and eternal enemies,—and gazing upon altar-pieces which were then hallowed by the "dim religious light" of Spanish cathedrals, or only uncurtained that they might receive the adoration of kneeling nuns, while sacred music and symphonious hymns floated around them. The past and the present refused to amalgamate in my reveries—all seemed a waking dream—a solecism of fact—a practical impossibility—an anomalous jumble both of time and place.

Roused from this abstraction by the admiration expressed at Murillo's large painting of the Nativity, I proceeded to examine it. Having scarcely

tage Girls, Gipsy Boys, and other juvenile *polissons* of this artist, one is prepossessed with the idea that he could not elevate himself to the poetry of painting and the sublime of Scriptural illustration; but if this single picture be not sufficient to remove so erroneous an impression, let the spectator contemplate the Return of the Prodigal Son, by its side; and their combined effect will banish all his scepticism. In that of Our Saviour at the Pool of Bethesda, the head of Christ is conceived to have realised that almost unattainable perfection—a happy union of the divine and human expression; while the Angel appearing to St. Peter in his Prison does not lose the celestial beauty in the look of sympathising earnestness with which he is addressing the saint. Almost all the paintings are of large dimensions, and in excellent preservation; and not one can be scrutinised without a conviction that Murillo's great teacher was Nature. The Fairs and Markets

of his master Juan del Castillio were too ignoble for his ambition; he was too poor to go to Italy; and though he had access at Madrid to some of the works of Rubens and Vandyck, he was content with neither a pulpy Venus, nor a full-ruffed portrait, but betook himself to the study of the great goddess. Exhibiting none of that mannerism, self-display, and pedantry to which I alluded in the outset, he blends every thing harmoniously and naturally; and remembering that the object of his art is to please, he lends himself to the expression of amiable and tender sentiments with a felicity in which no artist has exceeded him. Let any unprejudiced person proceed from the annual exposition of the gaudy and theatrical French school at the Louvre to Marshal Soult's gallery of Murillos, and he will at once recognise the superiority of native untutored genius over the imitative pedantic efforts of institutions, schools, and academies. H.

SONNETS.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

O EARLIEST singer! O care-charming bird!
 Married to morning by a sweeter hymn
 Than priest e'er chaunted from his cloister dim
 At midnight; or veil'd virgin's holier word,
 At sun-rise, or the paler evening heard;—
 To which of all heaven's young and lovely Hours,
 That wreathes soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
 Beautiful spirit, is thy suit preferr'd?—
 Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
 Still dost thou woo although thy suit be won;
 And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
 Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth;
 So may'st thou yet live on from sun to sun,
 Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

B.

A STILL PLACE.

Under what beechen shade, or silent oak,
 Lies the mute Sylvan now,—mysterious Pan?
 —Once (while rich Peneus and Ilissus ran
 Clear from their fountains)—as the morning broke,
 'Tis said, the satyr with Apollo spoke,
 And to harmonious strife, with his wild reed,
 Challenged the god, whose music was indeed
 Divine, and fit for heaven.—Each play'd, and woke
 Beautiful sounds to life, deep melodies:
 One blew his pastoral pipe with such nice care
 That flocks and birds all answer'd him; and one
 Shook his immortal showers upon the air.
 That music hath ascended to the sun;—
 But where the other?—Speak! ye dells and trees!

B.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

DEPORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced not——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the name which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou may'st virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? in the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

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I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no piling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six and twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with

some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a profest joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solid fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length

opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have re-

solved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realize it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministrings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone—

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this

represented in one point of time.—When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble and feeble outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em

To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yes, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? If the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering!—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to

thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication*: for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministeries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.*

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to

be. I scarce knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c. haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for

* When poor M—— painted his last picture, with a pencil in one trembling hand and a glass of brandy and water in the other, his fingers owed the comparative steadiness, with which they were enabled to go through their task in an imperfect manner, to a temporary firmness derived from a repetition of practices, the general effect of which had shaken both them and him so terribly.

ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was pruned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time. ELIA.

ON THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

THE child is rich in hope, and longs to be a man; the man has his treasures in memory, and wishes that he had always been a child. We are all pleased to look back upon ourselves as school-boys, and recall, with a mournful tenderness, those thoughtless happy days when we had masters to instruct us that we were born to suffer and to die, but when the feeling was, that we had life within us, whose principle was enjoyment, and whose duration without end. Whether our school-days are the happiest of our lives is a contested question; but there can be no doubt, I think, as to those of them passed out of school. I have no great favour, I confess, for masters, and cannot conscientiously defend the agreeableness of lessons, or the pleasing propriety of being flogged for not attending to them; but the playground! and the holidays!—no, there is nothing like them afterwards.—In estimating the happiness of a school-boy, people are apt to think more of the school than of the boy.—He is not happy in consequence of being at school, but in spite of it. I may incur some disgrace with elderly gentlemen, but I shall have all the boys on my side, I believe, when I admit, absolutely, that school is but a dreary place: it is not worse, however, than the after-schools in which men must learn to toil and suffer; while the boys have an advantage all their own, in the unconquerable sportiveness of their age. On this

ground I am clearly disposed to conclude, that school-days are the happiest of our lives.

How beautiful is that law of playfulness, which governs the youth of all created animals! How glorious that short-lived era of the blood, when school-boys, and puppies, and kittens, caper and dance, by a sort of instinct, or necessity! This irresistible gaiety is not the result of superior health and strength: it is the exulting spirit of mere life in the newly born—an elementary joyousness, which requires no aid from without, which is not excited in them, but is a part of them. The child, in proof of its being, might say, in the spirit of the philosopher—I rejoice, therefore, I am.—We, whom years and knowledge have invested with the prerogative of being serious, smile at the ecstasies of youthful levity, with a sympathy moderated by contempt. Poor, foolish creature, how happy it allows itself to be! Pleasant enough, we exclaim; but, ah! if it knew what was to come! We shake our prophetic heads when we see the lambs frisking about us, and think of mutton.

This triumphant sense of life has different degrees of duration, according to varieties in moral and constitutional temperament; it may give way, before its natural period, to the shocks of accident; sometimes it is prolonged almost to that term which we call our years of discretion; and sometimes it bursts out in brief

transports through the gloom and the cares of perfect reason and melancholy maturity. Once in a way, in a spring morning, perhaps, a gentleman of sober habits feels himself, on the first taste of the air, very unaccountably disposed.—If he be in the country, he falls incontinently to rolling in the grass, or takes to kicking his heels, or tries a short run with a jump at the end of it, with other caprices of motion, which have nothing at all to do with getting on, and for which, very likely, he heartily despises himself. He is soon relieved. His habitual feelings, and numberless little circumstances of his daily experience, are at hand to quell his romping vivacity at a moment's notice. He feels a twinge of the rheumatism, or recollects a bad bargain,—and we see no more of his jumps.

For my part, whenever a fit of this sort of coltishness comes upon me, I not only indulge in it without remorse, but encourage it by all the means in my power. Oh! for the secret of commanding such a spirit at all times! the noble art of going through life with a hop and a skip! How grievous it is that we cannot always be boys; that we cannot grow from three feet to six, without an absolute change of nature! Lady Mary Wortley observes, with her usual liveliness, “It is a maxim with me, to be young as long as one can. There is nothing can pay one for that valuable ignorance which is the companion of youth; those sanguine, groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make up all the happiness of life.—To my extreme mortification, I find myself growing wiser and wiser every day.” “’Tis folly to be wise,” is not a mere conceit. But we can't help it. The most limited experience of life is sufficient to dispel the charming illusions of ignorance.—Every day, from the hour of our birth, takes from us some happy error, never to return. The fugitive enchantments of our swaddling clothes are superseded by the frail wonders of short coats; these again we are soon taught to despise; and so, as we live, we are reasoned or ridiculed out of all our jocund mistakes, till the full-grown man sees things as they are, and is just wise enough to *be miserable*. Ah! a Jack-a-lan-

thorn! At this hour of my sad maturity, I remember the throb of heart with which I used to welcome this metaphysical stranger; how I chuckled and crowed, as my dazzled eye followed him through the changeful figures of his fantastical harlequinade.—What it was, or how it came, it never occurred to me to inquire; it was regarded simply as one of the delicious accidents of life, sent on purpose to puzzle and to please. Soon, however, a tender instructor broke in upon my senseless delight, and explained to me the cause of the phenomenon. From that moment the sprightly meteor danced and gambolled unheeded over my head.—Who remembers, without regret, the extinction of his thrilling belief on the subject of that grim couple in Guildhall, Gog and Magog? “And do they really come down?” Why ride in a coach, when one is no longer convinced that the houses are running away after one another on each side of us? Who cares for Punch when he is nearly certain that he is not alive? and what do we go to a play for, after the time when we turned to mamma to beg her not to let the man stab the lady? And then the Man in the moon!—not to mention the precision with which you absolutely made out his face! Can we forget that such things were, and can we forgive ourselves that they cease to be?

But if we regret the changes which time and knowledge produce in the sights and sounds of the physical world as they affect our young fancies, how much more may we grieve for those which they establish in our moral attributes, our passions, affections, loves, and aversions! What a cost of honest nature goes to make up a gentleman! Talk of teaching dogs to dance—what is it, compared with the barbarity necessary to make a man, in the common sense of the term, polite? There is a politeness, the gift of nature; but it has many awkwardnesses and simplicities of feeling, gesture, and carriage, which must be removed or refined before it will pass current in the commerce of genteel life. See the poor biped turning out his toes in the stocks; see him under the slow torture of elaborating a bow, and then trace him through all the heart-aches of

his moral drilling, that system of disguising, cramping, twisting, and pinching, by which, inside and out, body and soul—Lord help us! what have we done to deserve all this?

The school-boy looks forward with rapture to the time when, says he, "I shall be my own master." Idle anticipation! His first essay, perhaps, as a free agent, is in the critical business of love; his young heart burning for the realities of that tender passion which he has doated on in the creations of poetry and romance. He is informed, however, that he must not love Miss Brown, for whom he is really dying, because she is only beautiful and amiable—he must learn, nevertheless, he is told, to love the ugly Miss Jones, because she is rich, with the same sort of respect for his natural predilections as was shown when he was formerly taught to swallow rhubarb without making faces, like a man. He has a sincere friendship for an old crony of his school days, because he admires his talents and honours his principles; but he must learn to give him up, or see him at the risk of being disinherited, because he is wickedly of a family opposite to his father in political interests and opinions. He has a just indignation against a certain patriot who sold his conscience for a place; but he must learn to treat him with respect, because who knows what may happen. He is disposed to be on very easy terms with an agreeable foreigner who falls in his way; but he must learn to be shy and distant, because nobody knows him: while he must go premeditatedly to dine with Mr. Crump, notorious only for his dullness, because, in fact, he lives at the next door but one, and is an old acquaintance. He plays at whist, which he abhors, lest Mrs. Screw should be out of humour; drinks wine, which always makes him ill, because he is asked; goes to bed, when he is not sleepy, because it is eleven o'clock; and gets up, when dying for more sleep, because it is time to rise; sits shivering with cold, because it is June; faints for want of food, because dinner is not ready; or eats without hunger, because it is ready; sees visitors who only annoy him, because they call; and then annoys

himself and them, because he must return their visit; goes out when he would rather be within, because his horse is at the door; and stays at home when he is longing to be abroad, because it is only noon, and nobody goes out till two. And this is being his own master.

No pity for simple nature, straightforward will, and comfortable ignorance. Learn—learn—is the cry—till we give up all we love, and bear all we hate. While yet untaught and unpractised, how eager are we to trust all that smile upon us; to give all we can to all that want; to love and to hate as the heart directs; to speak what we think, and all we think; to despise all that is despicable; to cherish those that have served us; to love our country for its own sake; and to love religion for God's sake. But alas! what sad havoc do instruction and fashion make with these native impulses and fresh desires. Confidence must learn to look about her; charity, to listen to reason and to self; love, how to keep a house over its head; hate, not to make faces; sincerity, to hold its tongue; scorn, to be polite; gratitude, to forget; patriotism, to get a place; and religion, to be a bishop.

"Men are but children of a larger growth," might be a high compliment to human nature—but, unfortunately, it is not true. If old age could be regarded only as a condition of ripe infancy, it would be full of attraction and endearment; but, stamped with the impress of the world, with all its tricks, its shuffling wisdom and callous experience, it no more resembles the open soul of childhood, than a sallow and wrinkled skin resembles the smoothness, and softness, and bloom of its smiling face. Once in a century, indeed, one meets a man who may seem to make out the vision of the poet—one who has borne the shock of conflicting interests and passions, untaught, or at least unchanged; who has pushed his way through the crowd of this villainous world, and yet, in every respect of moral simplicity, still wears his bib and tucker and eats with a spoon. Such a person makes but a bad figure "on Change," and would be out of all decent costume at court. He is much too young for the law.

and not quite old enough for the church. It is not impossible that you might find him among the curates; but never think of looking for him in a wig. I have known one individual of this description, and only one; a joyous baby of threescore, with whom I once went a bird-nesting in company with his grand-children. It was in a spring morning, early, when the dew still sparkled on the grass, and all nature was an image of youth and freshness. The grey head of my companion might be considered a little out of season; but his cheerful eye, his lively talk, and ready laugh, were in perfect keeping with the general scene. Time had set his mark upon him; but, like an old thorn, he blossomed to the last. Age had stiffened his joints, and hardened his sinews; but his affections were still full of spring and flexibility. He could not exactly play at leap-frog; but he could still stand and look on with wonderful agility. I would not have these considered as the happiest instances of his childishness. The simpleton, after sixty winters, was still warm-hearted and disinterested; had still faith in the natural kindness of man; and an immovable conviction, that to do good was to be happy, and to be happy, the end of his living. He was not ignorant of the use and the power of money; but somehow or other, it was seldom connected in his mind with any more dignified associations than bull's-eyes and sugar-balls; and he never could be brought to admit, by any force of calculation, that it was a component part of love and friendship. He had many other peculiarities, which he cherished with a reference to his own feelings, rather than the opinion of the world. He had a shocking habit of laughing at grave faces, and at all sorts of gravities not founded in sincerity. He could look sad, and be sad, at a tale of distress, and had a laugh always ripe for a joke, or even the intention of one; but the artifices of affectation, mere physiognomical solemnity, or a smile discovering more teeth than pleasantry, excited in him no kind of emotion. His sister, who, in relation to him, was altogether of the Antipodes, was perpetually op-

pressing him with the remark,—“Brother, you ought to know better.” But, poor man, he never improved—like all children he was very impatient of leading strings, and would be running alone though he got many a bump on the head for his pains. He died, I grieve to say, a martyr to a game at nine-pins.

Such characters, according to my observation, are among the rarest in the motley crowd of mankind. An “old buck,” and an “old boy,” are common phrases; but they apply rather to a system of blood and juices, than to any moral distinctions. A *fine* “old boy,” is one somewhat shrunk, perhaps, in the legs, and a little protuberant in the belly, but active withal—who wears buckskins—is carnivorous,—no flincher from the bottle, and can walk up stairs without touching the banisters. I by no means wish to undervalue the merits of such a person. It is said of him “that he wears surprisingly well,” as one says of a pair of boots; and that, let me tell you, is something. The “old boy,” however, whom I desiderate, is quite of another description; he would answer better, perhaps, to the world's denomination of an *old fool*; one whom a knave might cheat, or a hypocrite over-reach, somewhat more easily than they could practise upon other people; and with whom they might have gained all their ends, fairly and openly, by trusting to that benevolence which was as little able to deny as to suspect. The Vicar of Wakefield, when he suffered himself in his wisdom and experience to be cheated out of his horse by the cosmogony man, was certainly an old fool. His son Moses had the excuse of youth, and the fatalism of his thunder-and-lightning great coat—but the great Monogamist—what shall we say for him? This same Vicar, indeed, is a delicious example, in all respects, of the kind of old boy so much the object of my love and respect; and as I have mentioned him, I will leave the associations inseparable from his name to perfect and embellish for me the character that I have been aiming to illustrate. R. A.

DEFENCE OF THE CLAIMS OF PROPERTIUS.

THERE were a good many choice things in *The Reflector*, a quarterly magazine, of which only a few numbers were published. I have, however, a quarrel with the essay "on the claims of Propertius." This unfortunate poet had exclaimed in his fine manner (as I presume to call it),

At mihi, quod vivo detraxerit invida turba,
Post obitum duplici fenore reddet Homæ.
Omnia post obitum singit majores vetustas;
Majus ab exsequiis nomen in ora venit.
(*El.* 1—21, b. 2.)

What th' envious herd deny me whilst I live,
Fame to my ashes shall with interest give;
From human ashes breaks a brighter flame,
And tongues are loud to lend the dead a name.

This prophecy has been verified to the letter: but the critic in the *Reflector* is extremely angry at this. I shall take the liberty to contest some of his positions.

One reason of a grudging dislike towards the poet of Umbria is the overweening fondness entertained by most classical readers towards his contemporary Tibullus. The praise of Propertius is uniformly construed into an indirect slur thrown upon Tibullus. We are indignantly reminded of the pedantry of courting a mistress by eternal allusions to the fables of mythology; and the *Reflector* sums up his proofs of the Propertian stiffness, and turgidity, and hardness, and what not, by an anathematizing clause, savouring of something like the *odium theologicum*: "I shall now conclude, wishing no other evil to the friends of Propertius, than that they may have no relish for the beauties of Tibullus." This is, to be sure, mightily conclusive.

But why, because I recur sometimes to one or two favourite passages of Tibullus, must I, to be consistent, absolutely toss Propertius out of my window? In this land of party, we can never be allowed to like one person or thing but we must hate another. A "good hater," as Johnson terms it, seems to be thought synonymous with a good patriot, a good churchman, a staunch dissenter, a sound classical scholar; and the man who loves his species and his books,

and has, moreover, a fondness for crossing his legs in an easy chair by the fire, or dangling them over a river bank, is sure to place himself in the predicament of *Candide*, who for his indifference as to how his mutton was drest, provided only it was tender, drew on himself the sputtering reproaches and fisty-cuff expostulations of two factions. This proselytizing and damnatory zeal pursues you from the library to the exhibition room, and erects a court of inquisition in the pit of the theatre. If your attention is arrested by the strong mental power of Hippius's pencil, you are angrily twitched by the elbow and reminded of Wilkie. If you venture to admire the gay bold-faced villainy and supple-smooth hypocrisy of *Booth's Richard*, I would not answer for your making your escape through the lobbies without being jostled by the people who choose to see nobody but *Kean*. And thus it is in books: if you can bear to read the tale of *Amalgam* and *Ajet*, you must give up the *Vision of Mirza*: if you confess a partiality to some passages in the *Essay on Man*, it is quite clear you have no taste for *Paradise Lost*: if you talk of the dramatic vivacity of Propertius, then you shall never read another line of Tibullus as long as you live.

The "head and front of offending" in Propertius, seems to be that he writes elegies in a different manner from Tibullus. Now this, which some think an unanswerable objection, I consider as a decisive recommendation. I am tired out with excellence only of one kind. It is indeed affirmed that Propertius possesses no excellence of any kind; but this I hope to disprove.

There is a double absurdity in this objection. It supposes both that the subject of elegy is restricted to an effusion of tender sentiment, and that the passion which Propertius usually describes is precisely similar to that felt and described by Tibullus; or that there is but one character of passion, and can be but one way of describing it. But the Elegy embraces as wide a latitude as the Ode—

cian Idyll, or the Italian sonnet. It bends itself to invective as well as eulogy; to reproach as well as supplication. Propertius indulges in strokes of satire, and gives way to impulses of resentment, much more frequently than Tibullus. To object that his style is less easy and flowing, is to censure him for adapting his language and rhythm to the sentiment and to the occasion. The critic's designation of the verses of Propertius as "frigid," is as complete a misnomer as ever was hazarded in the spirit of sweeping dogmatical censure. They are often caustic, indignant, acrimonious, philosophically and morally vituperative; they are not therefore *frigid*. Let us take an instance or two.

How spirited is the following complaint of his mistress's capricious cupidity! (*El.* 24, 11, b. 2.)

Et modò pavonis caudæ flabella superbæ
Et manibus durâ frigus habere pilâ :
Et cupit iratum talos me poscere eburnos,
Quæque nitent Sacrâ vilia dona viâ :
Ah ! peream, si me ista movent dispendia :
verùm

Fallaci dominæ jam pudet esse jocum.

She'll now a gaudy peacock fan demand,
Or the hard crystal ball, to cool her hand ;
For ivory dice with teasing coil entreat,
And tawdry baubles of th' accursed street ;
Ah ! let me die if I regard the cost ;
To be a jilt's diversion shames me most.

In such quotations as I shall have occasion to make, I shall transcribe the Latin text at full, that the original may not suffer from any inadequacy in the translation.

The taunt which he throws at his mistress, in allusion to a prætor who had supplanted him in her good graces, has a bitterness of irony which is any thing but frigid.

Quare, si sapias, oblatas ne desere messes,
Et stolidum pleno vellere carpe pecus.
Deinde, ubi consumto restabit munere pauper,
Dic, alias iterum naviget Illyrias.
(*El.* 16, 7, b. 2.)

Then if you're wise the tempting harvest reap ;
Shear to the quick ; fleece, fleece the simple sheep ;
And when the pauper fool stands bare,
" pursue
Your voyage, friend !—the provinces !—
adieu ! "

The verse in which he lashes Cynthia's avarice,

Semper amatorum ponderat illa sinus.

(*Ibid.* 12.)

She weighs the merits of her lover's purse :
has a sarcastic pithiness peculiarly his own. This brevity of expression is often the vehicle of pregnant reflection : as in the close of an easy and natural passage, where he blames himself for being the slave of an inglorious attachment.

Tot jam abiêre dies, cùm me nec cura
theatri,

Nec tetigit campi ; nec mea Musa juvat :
Ah pudeat, certè pudeat : nisi fortè (quod
aiunt)

Turpis amor surdis auribus esse solet.
(*El.* 16, 33, b. 2.)

So many days are gone, and I in vain
Would haunt the ring, the stage, or pen
the strain ;
Where is thy blush ?—but shameful passion still
Stoppeth the ears, conjure it as you will.

Of this concise sententiousness numerous single verses might be cited from his works, many of which take the shape of apophthegms: such as

Una sit et cuivis femina multa mala.
(*El.* 25, 48, 2.)

Nullus liber erit, si quis amare volet.
(*El.* 23, 24, 2.)

Siqua venit serò, magna ruina venit.
(*El.* 25, 28, 2.)

A single woman is a troop of illa.
Who choose to love, choose never to be free.

Slow comes the ruin, mightier is the fall.

This axiomatic condensation of thought and language is not a mark of " contemptible mediocrity."

Sudden and unlooked-for turns of feeling, and the transition from a tone of seeming acquiescence or compliment to passionate accusation, are commonly characteristic of this poet's style and manner, and are not easily reducible under the class of " dullness:" thus in detailing Cynthia's pleas for leaving Rome.

Scilicet umbrosis sordet Pompeia columnis
Porticus, anlæis nobilis Attalicis :
Et creber platanis pariter surgentibus ordo,
Flumina sopito quæque Marone cadunt ;
Et leviter Nymphis totâ crepitantibus urbe,
Quum subitò Triton ore recondit aquam.
(*El.* 32, 11, b. 2.)

Yes—Pompey's shadowy colonnade, inwrought
With gorgeous tapestries, palls upon thy thought :

The planes in thickening alley rising tall,
And Maro slumbering to the river's fall;
The Naiad statues ringing far and wide,
And Triton spouting from his trump the
tide:

In which elegant lines he artfully
diminishes the plausibility of her pre-
sence by heightening the beauties of
the city; but throwing off the mask
with a start of sudden anger, he ex-
claims abruptly,

Falleris!—ista tui fursum via monstrat a-
moris;
Non urbem, demens! lumina nostra,
fugia. (Ibid. 17.)

Thou mock'st thyself!—thy road detects
thee: fly!

But not from Rome, fond wretch!—'tis
from this searching eye.

I have no hesitation in challenging
a finer example of bantering resent-
ment and irrepressible jealousy, not
in Tibullus only, but in every poet of
antiquity, be he who he may.

With what spirit, yet with what
elegance, he pours his execrations
on the jewels with which he sup-
poses his mistress to have been cor-
rupted!

Sed quascunque tibi vestes, quoscunque
maragulos,
Quove dedit flavo lumine chrysolithos,
Hec videam rapidas in vanum ferre pro-
cellas,
Que tibi terra, velim, que tibi fiat aqua.
(El. 16, 43, b. 2.)

But may his gifts, vest, emerald, chrysolite
Of yellow lustre, in thy very sight
Be whirl'd on storms along the void of skies,
Be changed to clay or water in thine eyes:

and with how much of the true feel-
ing of a poet he takes advantage of a
passing thunder storm!

Vidistin' toto sonitus percurrere celo?
Fulminaque æthera desiluisse domo?
Non hæc Pleiades faciunt neque aqueus
Orion,
Nec sic de nihilo fulminis ira cadit.
(Ibid. 49.)

Mark'st thou yon sounds run rattling
through the sky?

Saw'st thou the flash leap down from æther's
canopy?

Of moist Orion's stars—of Pleiads dream—
Thou art the cause—for thee the angry
glam.

If I am not mistaken, the reader
will remark in these passages a vi-

gor and elocution above the level of
the mere amatory elegy. I shall se-
lect one or two additional proofs of
similar qualities.

The following is his indignant re-
probation of licentious pictures.

Quæ manus obscenas depinxit, prima ta-
bellas,
Et posuit castâ turpia visa domo;
Illa puellarum ingenuos corruptit ocellos,
Nequitieque suæ noluit esse rudes;
Ah! gemat in terris, istâ qui protulit arte
Jurgia sub tacitâ condita lætitiâ.
Non istis olim variabant tecta figuris.
Tum paries nullo crimine pictus erat.
Sed non immerito velavit aranea fatum,
Et mala desertos occupat herba Deos.
(El. 6, 27, b. 2.)

The hand that traced on tablets wanton
flames,
And blazon'd modest roofs with pictured
shames,
That hand made artless minds too deeply
wise,
And sear'd th' ingenuous shame of virgin
eyes.

Be sorrow on his head! whose painted snare
Hid with mute joys the ravings of despair!
Not thus were checker'd our ancestral halls,
Nor crime was imaged on the blushing walls.
Thus then the spider weaves in heaven's
abode,
And the rank herbage chokes the courts of
God.

I need scarcely observe that, in the
above extract, the moral dignity of
the sentiment is fully equal to the
force and delicacy of the expression:
yet this is the writer in whom the
critic of the Reflector can see only
"abominable obscenity." For the
occasional prostitution of his powers
to the adorning of vulgar profligacy
and sensual enslavement of mind I
offer no defence: but why is this
unhappy imputation on gentile ge-
nius to rest individually on Propertius?
It was the reproach of the
manners, rather than the man; and
the virulence of censure does not
seem very consistent in the mouth of
that critic, who in the same breath
gives vent to lamentations that any
thing of *Catullus* should have been
lost.

The ideas in his prophecy of im-
mortality were common to the Ro-
man writers, but I question whether
either Ovid or Horace approaches so
nearly to sublimity as the despised
and reviled Propertius.

Fortunata, meo si qua es celebrata libello ;
Carmina erunt formæ tot monumenta tuæ.
Nam neque Pyramidum sumtus ad sidera
ducti,

Nec Jovis Elæi cœlum imitata domus,
Nec Mausolei dives fortuna sepulcri,
Mortis ab extremâ conditione vacant :
Aut illis flamma aut imber subducet honores ;

Annorum aut ictu pondera victa ruent ;
At non, ingenio quæsitum, nomen ab ævo
Excidet : ingenio stat sinè morte decus
(*El.* 2, 17, b. 3.)

O happy nymph ! to whom my page is lent,
Each verse shall be thy beauty's monument :

The pyramid star-crown'd, the fane of Jove
Whose dome expanding mocks heav'n's arch
above,

The mausoleum's sumptuous pile—yea, all
One lot awaits, one common funeral.

Lightnings shall strike ; rains wash their
pomp away ;

Ages in dust the ponderous ruin lay ;
But genius drops not from the roll of time,
Stands o'er the wrecks of death, and shares
th' eternal prime.

We may now, I think, appreciate the justice of the Reflector's observation, that the reported recommendation of Mæcenas, the undertaking of an epic poem, was too ridiculous to be any thing but a *mauvaise plaisanterie* : and that if Propertius had attempted the epopœa, he would have "furnished a consolation for modern genius, in enabling them to say, that a Roman nobleman could *write as sillily* as an English knight." (Sir Richard Blackmore.) The Reflector supposes a line in Propertius, implying that "in love a single verse of Mimnermus avails more than the whole of Homer," was the "real origin of the opinion that Propertius would have been an excellent epic poet ;" his disclaiming epic verse, as unsuitable to amatory purposes, leading to the idea that he could have employed it had he chosen. I think I have already shown that a much better ground might be laid in the power of thought, the splendour of fancy, and the vehemence of expression, which are continually breaking out in the love-elegies of this poet.

On this sentiment of Propertius, the critic in the Reflector falls rather testily, but it is surely very true, allowing for poetic hyperbole. What he says of "the utter falsity of the idea," inasmuch as he could "pro-

duce innumerable passages of the softest delicacy and tenderness from Homer," is just nothing to the purpose. Such passages are only incidental to epic poetry ; they do not form its essential character. So in exposing what he thinks an absurdity in *Gravina*, who speaks of Tibullus as "replete with sweetness, grace, tenderness, passion, purity, and elegance," and assigns to Propertius "novelty of expression, a truly lyrical fancy, and a fitness for great subjects," he smartly rejoins, "he would have been an excellent epic poet, because it is an understood thing that in this higher species of poetry we never look for grace, or tenderness, or passion, or purity, or any such minor and trivial ornaments." To this it is obvious to reply, that the sweetness and grace of a love-elegy are not the sweetness and grace appropriate to an epic poem.

The critic seems to imagine that "novelty of expression" can only mean either new words or new combinations : this is to limit the phrase, and contract the encomium : I understand by the words, that colouring which diction imbibes from the conceptions of an original mind. Though the Reflector is "utterly at a loss to discover whence a critic of the present day can determine whether the expressions of any particular author were new or customary—whether they were part of the vulgar currency of poetical phraseology, or were produced fresh from the mint of the poet's genius," I confess, without pretending to peculiar sagacity, that I do not feel myself thus utterly at a loss, so long as the poets contemporary with Propertius are open to my perusal. Who can doubt whether the expressions of the following exquisite passage were peculiar to the poet?

—Ferâ Galatea sub Ætnâ
Ad tua rorantes carmina flexit equos.
(*El.* 2. 7, b. 3.)

Beneath wild Ætna to thy warbling reeds
The sea-nymph hush'd rein'd back her
dripping steeds.

But this critic, equally unhappy when he praises as when he censures, selects as the "only merit" which Propertius possesses, (and this he

takes care to tell us was "the merit of his age" rather than his own) the "correctness and even harmony of his versification:" whereas to even harmony few poets have less pretensions: few have more to richness and selectness of diction. To the charge of obscurity I shall say nothing; for every writer remarkable for originality and boldness of language is taunted with obscurity. When the imputation is extended to entire elegies, however, it is proper to remind the objector of the confusion of the copies, and the frequent ingraftment of one elegy on another; and as to the "desultory manner," objected by Dr. Jortin, (who, we are told, "wrote himself excellent Latin verses," as if the writing Latin verses constituted a man a judge of Latin poetry, or as if the best modern Latin verses might not have been indited by the *select* of Propertius) the passionate transitions, which I have before instanced, are among the most striking beauties of this author.

Chor lui un beau dardétre est un effet de l'art.

His grand disorder speaks his matchless art.

The Reflector is, however, most angry with Grævius's observation; "perhaps there is more nature in Tibullus;" and I am about to stand convicted in his eyes of "being either a man of wretched taste, or an ignorant one, who presumes to talk of what he does not understand," by doubting the fact. This remark brings me at once to what might, after all, be considered as the only proper point of comparison between Propertius and Tibullus; the expression of tender sentiment.

The pedantry of Propertius is always taken for granted; and is adduced as incontrovertible proof of his deficiency in the description of natural passion. "Open Propertius in any place," remarks this critic, "and you will find that he cannot pay a common compliment to his mistress, except, like a lawyer, he ransack antiquity for some precedent or case in point. Is she 'yellow-haired, and are her hands long?' Such was Minerva. Is she 'six feet high without her shoes?' (a burlesque parody of the common characteristic of Greek and Roman beauty, *maxima toto corpore*), so was Ischomache Lapi-

the genus *hæcinnæ*. See *Elegy 2*, book 2. Is he jealous of his mistress, because her mother or sister kissed her, or for some reason equally substantial? Why then he is as mad—not as a March hare, or a dog in July—but precisely as the furious Centaurs were, who flourished some dozen centuries before his time." *El. 6*, b. 2.

Whether the simile of a "dog in July" would have been more poetical than a comparison which brings before the imagination one of the wild adventures of heroic fable, I shall not stay to inquire; and it is scarcely worth while to notice the inaccuracy of this statement; for the poet is not comparing his own madness to that of a Centaur, but illustrating the ill effects of female inconstancy by the height of frenzy to which it is capable of inflaming the passions. The proper answer to all this ludicrous style of cavil is, that to call such "allusions to ancient fable" "futile and superfluous," is not to prove them so. This is to criticize an ancient author by modern rules, and to forget that what in a modern writer might be pedantic, would be natural and becoming in a Roman poet. We might as well say of the graceful comparison of Dido to Diana, on the banks of the Erimanthus—(which Virgil, by the bye, from whom Propertius is accused of stealing, stole from Homer), "Did Dido look six feet in her stockings? So did Diana, when dancing a quadrille with her nymphs."

The pedantic and unnatural manner of Propertius is argued from his mythological learning, as if his poems contained nothing else; whereas it is merely the ornament of his style; his source of illustration; his machinery. Does Tibullus himself, of whose nature and unaffected ease we hear so much, confine his invention within the limits of every-day incident? certainly not. On most occasions he has recourse to pastoral occupations, and takes care to remind us, that the "beautiful Apollo fed the bulls of Admetus." *El. 3*, b. 2. I, for one, perceive more spirit and variety in the diversified illustrations of Propertius, who manages his store of legendary tradition with much poetic effect, and strikes the fancy with surprising or affecting incidents.

many of which have formed the subject of Grecian tragedy, and which are ingeniously conceived to warn his mistress of the dangers of cruelty or faithlessness, and to paint the consequences of amorous despair. The everlasting pastorals of Tibullus, I am free to say, are somewhat tiresome; and it is a rather trying exercise of my credulity to suppose a Roman gentleman goading oxen, and trimming vines like a vintager. In this particular, Propertius, who is accused of being forced, and stiff, and affected, is really more natural; and his beautiful elegy on Cynthia's retiring into the country, while abounding with fresh and well-selected images of rural scenery, has no allusion but to employments which a lady of Rome and her lover might consistently adopt. *El. 19, b. 2.*

Sheep and goats, however, supply an inadequate topic of allusion for the sort of passion which Propertius is usually occupied with describing. If he has less amenity in his style than Tibullus, he has also less softness in his sentiments; and as the harsh and disconnected manner which has been charged upon him is but the natural dress of jealous irritation, and the fits and starts of contending emotions, so the field of adventure opened to him in heroic fable formed a more appropriate machinery for his powers than the scenes of pastoral life. The sensitiveness and excitability of his temperament are powerfully drawn in his own confession. The passage is also a master-piece of graphical painting, exercised on the familiar subject of a lady sitting in the theatre:

Interea nostri quaerunt sibi vulnus ocelli,
Candida non tecto pectore si qua sedet;
Sive vagi crines puris in frontibus errant,
Indica quos medio vertice gemma tenet;
Quæ si fortè aliquid vultu mihi dura negarat,
Frigida de totâ fronte cadebat aqua.
(*El. 22, 7, b. 2.*)

My wandering eyes now court their wound,
if there
Some damsel sit, her dazzling bosom bare:
O'er her pure brow if mazy ringlets rove,
And India's jewel grasps the tressed tier
above;
Then should her stern cold look some boon
refuse,
From all my forehead start the chilling dew.

A lover of this tremblingly acute sensibility and impetuosity of feeling

would talk out of character, if he promised to turn up clods or carry lambs in his bosom. He would find more natural food for meditation in the romantic adventure of Milanion.

Nam modò Partheniis amens errabat in
antris,

Ibat et hirsutas ille videre feras.

Ille etiam, Hylæi percussus vulnere rami,
Saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.

(*El. 1. 11. b. 1.*)

Witless he ranged Parthenian dens, and
went

To look on shaggy beasts in dreariment;
Smote by the Centaur's branch he mied the
wound;

Arcadia's rocks dispers'd his groans around.

But does the whole elegy consist of
only historic examples?

At vos, deductæ quibus est fallacia lunæ,

Et labor in magicis sacra piare focis;

En agedum dominæ mentem convertite
nostræ,

Et facite illa meo palleat ore magis:

Tunc ego crediderim vobis, et sidera et annes
Posse Cytææis ducere carminibus.

(*Ibid. 19.*)

Deceivers! ye that drag the moon to earth,
And act devotions on a magic hearth;
Come now and turn my mistress' heart of
stone,

And blanch her cheek with paleness like
my own;

I'll then believe that rivers rush along,
And stars shoot headlong to your Colchian
song.

After this fine taunting invocation
of the pretended power of magic to
inspire his mistress with a sym-
pathetic passion, we have this animated
burst of resentment and despair:

Ferte per extremas gentes, et ferte per undas,
Quæ non ulla meum femina nôrit iter!

(*Ibid. 20.*)

Let me to farthest realms and oceans fly,
Where none of that false sex may track me
with her eye.

If this be not *nature*, I must sup-
pose it to be meant that nature con-
sists in tame and obvious sentiments,
conveyed in common-place language.

In the 13th elegy, v. 43, second
book, there occurs a double allusion
to historic and mythological tradi-
tion. Let the reader judge how far
these allusions are unnatural in a Ro-
man poet, and how far they inter-
fere with the genuine expression of
feeling and melancholy tenderness.

Atque utinam primis animam me ponere
cunis

Jussisset quævis de tribus una soror!

Nam quæ tam dâhm cœvatur spiritus hæm?
 . Nestor's est viciu post tria cœchâ clau.
 Et tam longæve minimec fata senectæ
 Gallicus Iliacis miles in aggeribus,
 Næm ille Antilochi vidisset corpus humati,
 Diceret aut, "O mors! cur mihi sœm
 venia?"

Tu tamen amisso nœmquam flebis amicos
 Fas est præteritos cœper amare viros.
 Testis, quem niveum quondam percussit,
 Adonis,

Veneremur Iðaliæ vertice durus aper.
 Illis formosam flevine paludibus; illuc
 Diceris effusa tu, Venus, læm cœm:
 Sed frustra mutes revocabis, Cynthia, me-
 nus;

Nam mea quid poterunt cœm minuta loqui?
 Oh had a fatal sister cut the thread,
 And for the cradle made the grave my bed!
 What boots the breath saved for a doubtful
 year?

Three ages Nestor lived—his dust is here.
 If in the Trojan trench the soldier's rage
 Had snapt the fated limit of his age,
 He had not look'd upon his buried son,
 Nor cried, "Oh Death! when will my days
 be run?"

Soon o'er thy lover shall thy tears be shed,
 Love still may burn for the departed dead.
 Witness Adonis, in whose limbs of snow
 The fell bear flash'd his fang on Ida's brow.
 The mæredos rang with her laments: yea,
 there

Went Venus weeping with her scatter'd hair.
 But thou wilt call my silent ghost in vain:
 These crumbling bones—ah! can they speak
 again?—

I shall add only one other instance
 of this poet's total "want of delicacy,
 and softness, and pathos."

Sidæra sũt testes et matutina pruina,
 Et furtim misero janua aperta mihi,
 Te nihil in vitâ nobis acceptius unquam,
 Nunc quoque eris, quamvis sis inimica
 mihi. (Æl. 9, 41, b. 2.)

The stars bear witness, the hoar dews of morn,
 The door unbarr'd by stealth to me who
 am thy scorn,
 That life had nothing dearer to my heart,
 Nor has—nor has, unfriendly as thou art!

Whether this passage comes under
 the description of "a pedantic roun-
 delay" I leave to be decided by
 him who has ever been in love. Such
 is the writer of whom the critic in the
 Reflector asserts, that "his *frigid*
verses deserve no other notice from
 the ladies, than to cool their irons or
 curl their hair."

I think sufficient proofs have been
 collected to show, that the judgment
 which was passed on Propertius, in re-
 ference to the indications in his works
 of a genius superior to mere amatory

poetry, was correct; that while he has
 more instances of ingenious thought,
 and of sublime diction than Tibullus,
 his expression of passion, though dif-
 ferent in manner, is equally true to
 nature; and that he is by no means
 deficient in those little turns of deli-
 cate affection, of the praise of which
 I am far from wishing to deprive Ti-
 bullus.

But what says antiquity?—The
 critic in the Reflector cannot object
 to this appeal; for he has doubted
 the claim of Propertius to the merit
 of having enriched the Roman lan-
 guage, on the score of the silence of
 ancient authors, and has urged that
 with respect to Horace, "we have
 the authority of antiquity to assert
 with boldness, that he adorned his
 diction with new and happy combi-
 nations." Now we have also the au-
 thority of antiquity to assert with
 boldness, that while to some "Ti-
 bullus appeared the most terse and
 elegant," others preferred Proper-
 tius; *Quintilian*, b. 10, no. 512; and
 that instead of being an author of
 "contemptible mediocrity," or of
 "about an equal rank with the Shef-
 fields and Hallfaxes of English poe-
 try," he was in fact a leading poet,
 and an established classic; and that
 by the acknowledgment of poets of
 merit coetaneous with him, and pos-
 terior to him. Ovid, in his *Tristia*,
 æl. 10, b. 4, mentions him in terms
 of friendly admiration.

Sæpè suos solitus rectare Propertius ignes,
 Jure sodalitii qui mihi junctus erat.
 To me Propertius would recte his flames,
 My friend by intimacy's closest claims.

He afterwards classes him in the
 list of eminent poets.

Et tenuit nostras numerosus Horatius aures,
 Dum ferit Ausoniâ carmina culta lyrà:
 Virgilium vidi tantùm; nec amara Tibullo
 Tempus amicitie fata dare moræ.
 Successor fuit hic tibi, Galle: PROPERTIUS
 illi:

Quartus ab his serie temporis ipse sui.
 (*Trist.* Æl. 10, b. 4.)

The varied Horace would my ear detain,
 Fitting to Lætiæ's lyre his cultured strain;
 Virgil I could but see; and, born too late,
 Tibullus' friendship too was grudged by
 Fate:

He Galle track'd; Propertius him; and
 mine
 The name in fourth degree, which closed
 the line.

He means the fourth of the series of amatory poets.

And again, in excusing himself to Augustus for the licentiousness of his amatory poems, by the example of celebrated writers, as Catullus, Calvus, Cornificius, Hortensius, Gallus, and Tibullus, he ranks Propertius with them.

Invenies eadem blandi præcepta Properti.
(*Trist.* b. 2.)

You'll find the soft Propertius teach the same.

And Martial, who, living later, cannot be regarded as biased by the partiality of friendship, exclaims,

Cynthia, FACUNDI carmen juvenile * PROPERTI,
Acceptit famam, nec minus ipsa dedit.

Cynthia, the smooth Propertius' youthful flame,
Received and gave the glory of a name.

I leave these authorities of antiquity to outweigh the hard words of the Reflector.

AN IDLER.

* The elegies, of which *Cynthia* was the theme, were not, in *his* opinion, the verses of an old mumbling poetaster of 75. The sneering remark of the Reflector, that he "continued to write elegies till the above venerable age," seems grounded on the observation of Vulpius: "*fortasse ultimam senectutem exegit in studiis illis;*" but Barthius calculates that Propertius died in about his thirty-eighth year. *Propertii vita per annos digesta.*

THE MARINER'S SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

2.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

3.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

AN INQUIRY WHY CANDLES INVARIABLY BURN BLUE IN THE PRESENCE OF A GHOST.

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

Shakespeare.

THIS mysterious subject has exercised the faculties of some of the world's most erudite scholars and profound thinkers. The learned German Blumenbergius,* after maintaining that candles derive their name from Candaules, King of Lydia, who first made use of them when he showed his wife unattired to his minister Gyges, for which he lost his crown and life, enters into a scholastic but somewhat far-fetched argument, to prove that, as that monarch was a great magician, and in habits of frequent intercourse with ghosts and spectres, he endued his candles with this inexplicable property, that he might learn the approach of his supernatural visitants. Suetonius, however,† who took his name from the circumstance of his being a tallow-chandler, on which trade he has left a learned treatise, altogether derides this solution as fantastical and vain, asking very pertinently why this ghost-indicating quality, even if originally imparted, should have descended to posterity; and proceeds to argue first—that the colour assumed is not blue but purple, such being the proper translation of the ancient word *purpureus*; and secondly, that this being the colour sacred to kings and bishops, the number of those personages in the lower regions may have so saturated the air with purple, that all revisitors of our purer atmosphere give it out, like a halo, and impart its hue more particularly to the lights that surround them. This seems to me a fond

conceit, and moreover savouring of the same illiberality that made Barry so prodigal of stars, garters, and mitres, when painting his scene of Judgment for the Arts and Sciences in the Adelphi.

Certain mysterious *ignis fatui* always assume spontaneously a bluish tint. In the Pyritegium, or Curfew Act, passed by the Conqueror, is the following exceptive clause:—"Hoc nonobstante liceat ut Gulielmus de Wispo, alias Johannes de Lanternâ, det lucem cœruleam quocunque quotiesque vellet."‡—"Be it enacted nevertheless, that Will-o'-the-Wisp, alias Jack-o'-Lanthorn, have permission to show his blue light wheresoever and whensoever he will."—Whence we learn, that so early as the Conquest this was the prevalent colour of all supernatural flames, and that they were specially exempted from the jurisdiction of extinguisher or snuffers. Swift, in a note on his lines—

This squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the lights burnt blue,—

hazards a conjecture, that as none but the ghosts of the wicked reappear, and candles, if properly made, are themselves wick-ed, there may be some secret sympathy or affinity between them; in support of which hypothesis he affirms, that they give out generally a faint blue whenever there is a thief in them. He asserts also, plausibly enough, that there may be a visual deception produced by the prevalent expecta-

* De Bluit. Candel. vide Joseph Drillingionus in his *Talamon Ajax. Chronic.* in Edit. Georg. Homedida. Seriem Godolm Tradit. Hebraic. Corpus Paradoxon Titulo Dips. c. 1. § 8.

† Vide Suet. de Spect. et Apparit. lib. 4. cap. 2. where he strenuously avers in opposition to Blumenbergius, that candles came originally not from Lydia but from Greece, and were dedicated to Pan by the Dryopes; whence, probably, our recipient of fat intended for candles is termed dripping-pan.

‡ Vide Hawkins's Brief Abridgment of the Statutes. Folio, vol. 171, p. 14, 129.

tion of this coloured light; that nothing is so varying or uncertain as the hues which the same object assumes to different optics; that men seem to take a perverse delight in confounding the whole theory of colours, as one sees constantly written up over various shops—GREY, greengrocer,—BROWN, blacksmith,—BLACK, whitesmith,—SCARLET, blue-maker, &c.; while Nature herself has given us theameleon as a puzzle; and has so confused one of our field-fruits in its progress to maturity, that we may say with strict regard to truth, “All blackberries are either white or red when they are green, (*i. e.* unripe.)” * Men moreover,” he acutely remarks, “never see spectres except when they are in a fit of the blue-devils, which may impart their tone to surrounding objects; and that blue-devils are superinduced by the parties getting into hot water, which circumstance alone may account for a change of hue as violent as it produces on lobsters and fleas, and occasion the patients to imagine every thing blue, as men in a calenture fancy the whole world to be green.” These lucubrations appear to me profound and philosophical, but I doubt whether we may implicitly adopt them without further inquiry.

Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, informs us that—

Soon after the murder of King Charles I. a commission was appointed to survey the King's house at Woodstock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demesnes, for which purpose, they met on the 13th of October, 1649, and took up their residence in the King's own rooms, sitting in the Presence Chamber for the dispatch of business. On the 16th of this month, in the midst of their debate, there entered a large black dog howling, who overturned three of their chairs, crept under a bed, and vanished, although all the doors had been kept carefully locked. The next day, sitting in a lower room, they heard persons walking overhead, though the chamber was locked up; the wood of the King's oak was brought from the dining room, and thrown with great violence into the Presence Chamber; the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture were forcibly

hurried about the room; the papers containing the minutes of their transactions were torn, and the ink-glass broken, the doors all the while remaining fast, and the keys in the custody of the commissioners. The night following, Sharp, the secretary, and two of the servants, being asleep in the same room, had their beds' feet lifted up so much higher than their heads that they expected to have their necks broken, and then were let fall again with a violence that shook the whole house. On the night of the 19th, all being abed in the same room for greater security, and lights burning by them, the candles in an instant *burnt blue*, and then went out with a sulphureous smell, and that moment the wooden trenchers whereon they had eaten the day before, and which had been locked up in the pantry, were hurled about the room with great violence. On several following nights the candles changed colour as before, strange noises were heard, their honours received sore bruises from logs of wood and other substances thrown upon them which kept rolling about the room all night, though next morning nothing could be seen. On the 29th, about midnight, the candles went out *blue* as usual, something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the windows, great stones flew about in all directions, and at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance, which being heard through the country for sixteen miles round, brought all the neighbourhood into their honours' room, where they gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where in Dr. Plot's time they were still to be seen. The commissioners during this visitation gave themselves up for lost, crying aloud for help, and Giles Sharp snatching up a sword had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit as he ran in his shirt from one room to the other. Still, however, they resolved on continuing their labours, when, on the 1st of November the most dreadful scene of all ensued: candles were lighted up in every part of the room, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all burning blue, a noise like the bursting of a cannon was heard, and the burning billets were tossed about even on their honours' beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground; an hour after the candles went out as usual, horses' bones came pouring into the room with great force, the curtains and windows

* See his and Sir Isaac Newton's joint Essay on Chromatics, which won the prize from the Board of Longitude. *Philosop. Trans.* vol. 7.

were violently torn and shaken, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with such tremendous noises, that even the rabbit-stuffers who were abroad that night in the warren were so terrified that they fled away, leaving their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night spoke, and in the name of God asked the spirit what it was, and why it disturbed them so? to which, however, no answer was given.

One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it on the door-way between the two chambers; and as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the stuff, scraped it out. Upon this he was so bold as to draw a sword, but had scarce got it out when he felt another invisible hand pulling it from him, and at length prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this instant was heard another explosion like the broadside of a ship of war, and at about a minute or two's distance each, no less than nineteen more such, shaking the house so violently that they expected every minute it would fall upon their heads. But what put an end to their proceedings happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when a paper in which they had signed a mutual agreement to share a part of the premises among themselves, (which paper they had hid for the present under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew,) was consumed in a wonderful manner by the earth's taking fire and burning violently with a blue flame and an intolerable stench, so that they were all driven out of the house, to which they could never again be prevailed on to return."

Thus far Dr. Plot, whose narrative, occurring in a grave and authentic county history, affords abundant testimony to the fact which forms the subject of this Essay, while it supplies much matter for serious and deep reflection. Later writers offer concurrent evidence. Colman in his pathetic ballad, describing the appearance of the gardener's ghost, particularly notes that the candle turned blue—"Though a large Dip of four to the pound;" and Lewis, in his *Lorenzo the Brave*, fails not to

record, that at the appearance of the skeleton guest—

All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at
his sight,
The dogs as they eyed him drew back in
affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt
blue:

but neither author attempts any solution of the phenomenon.

My own theory, which I submit with great deference, is entirely founded on the system of chromatics. Every ray of light, it is well known, consists of seven primary colours, and that the colours of bodies proceed from their disposition to reflect one sort of rays and absorb the other; such substances as reflect two or more sorts of rays appearing of various colours; the whiteness of bodies arising from their reflecting all the rays of light promiscuously, and their blackness from their inability to reflect any. Now, if a candle—but I forgot to mention in the conclusion of Dr. Plot's marvellous narrative, that the whole contrivance was subsequently discovered to be the invention of the memorable Joseph Collins, of Oxford, otherwise called *Franky Joe*, who, having hired himself as secretary to the Commissioners under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the house, and the help of *pulvis fuliginis*, and other chemical preparations, and letting his fellow servants into the scheme, carried on the deceit without discovery to the very last. Combining this circumstance with the great doubts as to the existence of ghosts themselves, I conceive it less necessary to proceed with the exposition of my theory, because, if there be no spectres, there can be no change of colour in the candles; and if there be, the change is perfectly natural, for I should like to know which of us, standing in such a presence, would not look blue.

H.

THE TEA-GARDEN.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

I describe men and their manners.

CAN you spare a little room, Mr. Editor, for a humble subject, being little more than the adventures of an evening? If so, I shall find myself a contributor of the LONDON MAGAZINE, and put on high-heeled shoes accordingly.

The late warm weather that kept us all, as Falstaff has it, in a continual "dissolution and thaw," wafted with it a languor nearly tropical. On the evening of each burning day, the good citizen, puffing, with his hat in his hand, wandered along the City Road, towards Islington, in search of fresh air, while his spouse moved heavily at his side, exactly as Hogarth has delineated them. Others a little wealthier went off to the coast, or, to avoid the closeness of Cheapside, drove early into the country, where they reposed in a cooler atmosphere, and arose "powerfully refreshed," as a drunkard once said of himself, when in a state of ebriety. At the west end of London, the down beds of the flaccid votaries of fashion became unbearable, and they were compelled to "turn out" of them at noon; with irritable feelings, annoyed at straws and feathers, they trailed themselves across the pavement to their carriages, and drove through clouds of dust to Grange's, or some favoured *limonadier's* to kill time and heat with ices and lemonade. Lady C. a withering spinster of my acquaintance, whose aridity of fibre rendered her long insensible to "skiey influences," mollified under the discipline of the caloric, and her countenance, which was commonly of an ash colour, became flushed for the first time these twenty years. Tom R——, an *exquisite*, so like a "waiting gentlewoman" that the breath of a zephyr discomposes him, seated himself in muslin trousers,

Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face, at his dressing room window in St. James's-street, sprinkling himself occasionally with lavender water, and *eau de Cologne*; Faublas in one hand,

and a cambric handkerchief in the other. Evening, however, revived the enervated *beau monde*. Like the bird of night, it hailed the darkness with rapture; routs and quadrille parties were assembled in an atmosphere almost suffocating, which was endured until sinking nature reminded them, as Philip's valet did his master, that they were mortal.

Such being the general character of this visitation, it may easily be conjectured, that I also, a mere bookworm, and *caput mortuum* in creation, vegetating for the most part in the solitude of my study, suffered inconvenience from the heat even there. I lost the power of fixing my attention on any thing; I could neither read nor compose, and therefore emerging from my "nook obscure," I rambled out into the fields. It was after seven o'clock when I cleared the smoke and dust,

———The eclipse

That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Where Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long,

in spite of Mr. Angelo Taylor's attempts to put an extinguisher upon them by means of an Act of Parliament. At length I found myself on the top of Primrose Hill. Startle not, ye who lampoon every thing in and around London with the title of "cockney," because ye cannot taste what is only to be enjoyed by less vulgar perceptions than yours. Take to yourselves the rebuke of Churchill to some foreigners who were abusing Kensington gardens. "Gentlemen, when the Samoied ambassadors were in England, they could relish nothing but train oil." If by confessing an unaffected admiration of the view from Primrose Hill, I should subject myself to the epithet in question, I am ready to bear the appellation. It is enough for me that the beauty of the view must be notorious to all who have a relish for a noble landscape, particularly under the warm sun that glowed around me at the time. But few great cities in the

world can show such a vicinity. The Regent's Park, with its handsome buildings, lay at my feet like a mass. Its clumps of young plantations, and the tall trees here and there of a darker shade of foliage, the villas, the church spires innumerable of "proud Augusta," the "sister hills that skirt her plain," with lofty Harrow in the distance, the canal lacing the green turf with a winding stripe of water of a luminous blue colour, the little silvery lakes scattered about, reflecting their "living light," and the modern Babylon stretching right and left away until it was lost in the obscurity of the atmosphere, formed together a *coup-d'œil* of magnificent though mingled character, partly natural, and partly artificial. If it be cockneyism to enjoy such a prospect, then hail cockneyism! there is truth, beauty, and nature in the term. Its original meaning shall be forgotten; and in future, it shall be a designation of whatever is beautiful and excellent for ten miles around St. Paul's.

I gazed with intense interest upon a city where a million of human beings were pursuing pleasure or business, mischief or downright villainy; the bird's eye view of it which was before me diminished its aggregate effect. The inhabitants were to me as ants in their little cells, and I a giant of Brobdingnag contemplating them. The mighty accumulation of buildings seemed but one entire mass, no streets, nor passages of communication being visible. Yet among these ants what schemes were devising, what scenes acting, what acts perfecting, what ingenious mechanisms constructing, what acts of virtue and benevolence performing, what vices committing, what monuments of glory rearing;—royalty, legislation, nobility, learning, science, trade, and commerce, were concentrated before me in a mightier whole than they had ever before been in the history of the world; and its fame and glory had gone forth and been felt in the most remote corners of the earth. Pondering in this way, I gradually lost the irritability from which I had suffered during the heat of the day. The "intellectual being" actively employed itself in conjecturing what might be the predominating passion of the congregated mass,

what the ultimate object of individual aims, whether worthy or unworthy; and even pried into the designs of the awful Being who had placed them all there, to run each his race of "glory" or "shame," and at no distant time "to be with them that rest." Some scenes thus accidentally brought before the eye call up thoughts worthy of record, and these thoughts are possessed very frequently of a brilliancy which we look for in vain in the most studied efforts. Idea crowded upon idea, until my mind was overflowing with them, and I had taken out my notebook to preserve one or two, when my friend M. came up to me, and broke in upon my abstractions. M. is a worthy fellow, always over head and ears in love, and for ever meeting disappointments; imaginative, and fond of propounding favourite theories upon every possible subject. The weather with Englishmen is always the first topic of discourse on meeting. M. is too well informed to put any faith in old women's gossip, or Moore's Almanack; he therefore does not imagine that a comet has had a "finger in the pie" lately, but he has revived the notion, and pushed it very far too, that the obliquity of the earth's axis is constantly varying, and that we are getting every year more and more under the perpendicular action of the sun's rays. He had consulted the Gentleman's Magazine of forty years ago, and found that seventy degrees of Fahrenheit was then the extreme of summer heat, and of late it had been ten or fifteen degrees more elevated several times in the season. This was basis enough for one of his theories. He accordingly asserted that the Regent's Canal will one day be choked up with mangroves; that palms and plantains will flourish on the banks of the Thames; date trees overshadow the sands of Hounslow; and cocons and ananas spring up wild in Hyde Park, while the bee constrictor writhes himself in many a "fold voluminous" round the old oaks of Windsor Forest, now and then feasting on royal venison, or gorging a prime Merino ram. He confidently anticipates that the mango, kismis, and tamarind, will be as plentiful at our deserts as *uyjen*.

are now; that our ladies, a little duller in complexion than at present, will bathe themselves in rose water, and go shopping in Bond-street in their palanquins; that the perfumed hookah will supersede the segar; indigo and cochineal be grown at Chelsea; the window tax, from the uselessness of glass, die a natural death, to the consternation of some future Chancellor of the Exchequer; and tallow candles, butter, and fat London mutton, be altogether dispensed with. As Montesquieu has demonstrated that laws depend upon climate, M. asserts that our present ones will all be repealed, and others enacted more suitable to tropical habits. A plurality of wives will be tolerated; our lords will establish harams; while our cits, jealous as Turks of their wives and daughters, will keep them closely locked up in the loftiest stories of their dwellings. He admits, however, that we shall not get the warmth of India more than a month together in the year, for a century or two to come.

Full of this subject, he continued explaining the effect of this change on our habits and manners, as we walked to the bottom of the hill, on the side of Chalk Farm, that most pugnacious of tea gardens, celebrated in the annals of duelling, and renowned among volunteer riflemen. There many a tyro in the art of rifle-shooting, first soils the virgin purity of his weapon with a leaden bullet, and pulls the trigger at the undangered target with heroic resolution. As we proceeded further, we heard the hum of voices, and saw a number of people assembled in the garden of the tavern. It is pleasant to observe holiday-keeping folks in their relaxations from the affairs of business. The Frenchman dances, the Italian both sings and dances, the Dutchman smokes in a state of apparent insensibility and apathy, and the Englishman drinks himself drunk before he utters more than a monosyllable, and finishes with a boxing match. The visitants of a tea-garden may furnish as good matter for observation as the more showy devotees to Almack's or the Opera. The humour of Hogarth, in his delineations of vulgar life, is as conspicuous and interesting as his ex-

quisite satires on more elevated stations. When we seek to observe the natural man only, the more he is divested of the mere garnish of life the better. Outside the garden fence, we saw two well-dressed persons, with double-barrelled guns, of prime workmanship. A round table with bottles and glasses upon it stood near them. There were several lookers on, and a servant, and five or six ragged boys in attendance. A box which had contained ten or twelve dozen of unlucky sparrows destined for the *amusement*, some of them scarcely fledged, was under the care of an attendant who supplied the place of the fugitives or slain, with fresh victims. These birds were let out of a secondary box, at about twenty yards distance, having a trap door which opened with a string on a signal being given for the purpose. Though so near to the shooters, not more than one in ten was killed outright; numbers were cruelly maimed, and some flew away unhurt, not from the mercy, but clumsiness of the marksmen. These two would-be sportsmen had amused themselves thus the entire afternoon of a burning day, when, as they say at Naples, "None but Englishmen and dogs would be out of doors." A number of the poor birds lay about on the ground, convulsed and bleeding to death in the hot sun. M. and I passed these men of coarse natures with disgust; my friend observing, that he was sorry "human blood was not the only kind wantonly spilled at that place." The English vulgar, whether those in mind among the better orders, like the late Mr. Windham, or those in manners and person among the lower, are far more cruel to animals than any classes of persons in other countries. The agonies of suffering nature only heighten their flagitious merriment. The true sportsman derives little advantage from these practices, and they always tend to brutalize the heart.

We now entered the garden, surrounded by boxes, in which people of every age, and both sexes, were regaling themselves. Every spot was occupied with a table or form, save where the green sward extended itself, and a number of children were gambolling. We entered the tavern,

and while sipping our port, amused ourselves with contemplating the company outside. English people, of a certain class in particular, have a strange method of pleasure taking. Nothing can be more extraordinary than their sullenness and stiff unbending manner on such occasions. The man of virtue cannot hold vice in greater detestation than most of our good citizens do the least approach to flexibility of limb and feature, or the levity of an innocent mirthfulness. They drink and smoke, or both, and may easily, by the stimulus of the bottle, be roused into an argument on business or politics; but all is serious. A dinner is their grand *fête*, and a speech to the chair an indispensable duty; at every toast their eyes sparkle, and the fresh glass is swallowed as if it were to be the last. They scorn "thin potations," and gulp down bumpers that no heads but their own can withstand, and then taciturnity is changed into loquacity, and their eloquence becomes boisterous. Meetings for charitable purposes, art, science, literature, and politics, must finish with a dinner. The lawyers eat their way to the bar, and the judges hold their feasts at the assizes. In truth it is at such times only that Englishmen relax and seem to be enjoying life and society; at all others, in spite of their many virtues, their manners are cold and austere, and they seem incapable of simple lively enjoyments of any kind. Three plain well-dressed men were sitting in a box opposite to us; two of them exchanged a few syllables about the weather, but the third sat as if he had but just emerged from the cave of Trophonius, and left even the shadow of every former recollection behind him. All three did not seem to possess more than one idea among them that belonged not to the every-day concerns of life. Their notion of enjoyment might be guessed to imply an absence from labour, a neutrality between pleasure and pain, a momentary insensibility to every thing in the regions of fancy or reality that was not under their noses. What a contrast they afforded to a groupe of fine healthy looking children near them, who were all enjoyment; their countenances the pic-

tures of primeval innocence, and lit up by something that approached very near to happiness; their fine eyes flashing with animation as they flung about the flowers in the wantonness of their delight. Can there be original sin?—the child of the Hottentot and Briton, of the Negro and Esquimaux, is the same innocent, light-hearted joyous thing; it must be maturer age that makes sinners of us, begging pardon of divines for the supposition.

O happy years! once more who would not be a boy!

There is something of the innocent playfulness of children in its amusements seen in genius. Scipio played at ducks and drakes on the sea-shore; and Mr. Burke used to roll on the carpet among the children and share their pastimes. The generality of men cannot do this; they must preserve their imagined dignity even among children. The nursemaids too, who attended these young ones, looked careless and happy; one of them, sweetly pretty, held an earnest conversation with a young man whom we fancied her lover, for the dialogue was low, and the hearts of both seemed to be upon their lips.

Our attention was next attracted to a table, at which sat a little prim figure of a man, his wife, and son, rustivating over their punch. Many a wishful eye was cast by the sickly looking urchin towards the other children at play hard by. Once he went towards them as if he wished to mingle in their sport; and a discordant scream from his mother, who desired him not to "venture upon the nasty wet grass," was not sufficient to recall him, till she arose, and rolled her unwieldy bulk after him; it could not be said she ran, as if so—

Elle courut alors pour la première fois,—and she brought him to her side, pampering his disappointment with a glass of punch. She seemed to be one of those women whom nature had well treated in respect to person, until her suppers and strong waters became accendants. She was an immense rotunda, and more like an animated woolpack than any other thing earthly. Her studded red face reminded me of the sign of the full moon in my native village, which the

artist for want of leaf-gold had covered with vermillion. Her voice, as she snappishly addressed her husband, is still present to my ear; but a Scotsman playing a clarionet prevented our catching the dialogue which ensued with her spouse, whose meekness and resignation were too plainly the result of long discipline, the conviction that resistance was unavailing, and that only to imagine treason towards her would infallibly make him its victim.

The clarionet player was an old man with white locks that hung over his shoulders, and that meagre but never unmeaning physiognomy which distinguishes his countrymen. He had lost an eye, and stooped and hobbled in his gait, but his features were good though timeworn; they had that kind of expression that told his life's tale better than his tongue could have done; they spoke of care, sorrow, and isolation. He was dressed in ragged plaid, and as he tuned a merry air to amuse the bystanders, we thought how very little his feelings must agree with it. He should have played only the melancholy music of his country, for he had tasted of the waters of bitterness. After long serving as a soldier in every climate, he was discharged with his glory and wounds for a subsistence, and begged his way to his native place in Sutherlandshire, where his fathers had dwelt for ages. He found it a desert. Its inhabitants had emigrated to the frozen shores of Canada, or haply

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Two-thirds of the county were depopulated to make sheep walks; the moral tie, (why was it not a legal one?) that bound the lord of the soil to his tenantry, scorned and violated. He wept over the heartless desolation before him and fled from it for ever. We dropped our mite into the old man's bonnet, and he went away playing "Queen Mary's Lament." M. in the mean time was repeating to himself,

Has heaven reserved in pity to the poor
No pathless waste—no undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?—

And he would have communicated to me a scheme for removing the evils of poverty, and achieving a more

equitable distribution of the good things of this life, had not the girls of a large charity school at that moment entered the gardens. They are a pleasing sight, these charity schools, they cover a multitude of our sins. No nation under heaven has ever yet come near us in deeds of charity. It is true we are rich, and therefore can give more than others, but in these days we have demands enough upon us that leave little superfluity. Much money is no doubt given away ostentatiously to shine forth in public advertisements, for we have our Pharisees as well as the Jews had. But we have also a stock of pure unadulterated feeling—a redeeming charity of the most exalted kind, that does honour to human nature. The sums expended in good done "by stealth" are enormous, and perhaps equal in amount all that is given away publicly. Let it be recollected too, that this benevolence is free from superstition. Few think, at the time they are giving, that the act will propitiate secret crime, and recommend them to the Being who has been sufficiently bountiful to them to enable them to give—modern charity in this country is therefore of the most honourable species. The children before mentioned had come to be regaled with tea on their annual public day, when they are marshalled to gratify their patrons as they did us, by their wholesome neat appearance, and to exhibit their proficiency in reading and writing. The sight is heart-cheering, it is the triumph of social life over savage, of intellect over ignorance, of Christianity over the thousand creeds that divide mankind.

By this time the sun had set, and the coolness tempted us to ramble homewards. I might enlarge my description with other incidents, but the reader will doubtless think I have said enough of objects encountered in an evening ramble; yet he will not do amiss to remember that subjects are sometimes valuable for their simplicity, and that a home scene by Teniers or Wilkie is universally pleasing, while the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo or the Cartoons of Raphael must be "caviare to the general."

W.

LYCUS, THE CENTAUR.

FROM AN UNROLLED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONIUS CURIUS.

Nec fasces oculos poma videre Deas. Propertius.

Tom Hood

Who hath ever been lured and bound by a spell
To wander, fore-damn'd, in that circle of hell
Where Witchery works with her will like a God,
Works more than the wonders of time at a nod—
At a word—at a touch—at a flash of the eye,
But each form is a cheat and each sound is a lie,
Things born of a wish—to endure for a thought,
Or last for long ages—to vanish to nought,
Or put on new semblance? O Jove, I had given
The throne of a kingdom to know if that heaven,
And the earth, and its streams were of Circe, or whether
They kept the world's birth-day and brighten'd together?
For I loved them in terror, and constantly dreaded
The earth that I trod, and the cave where I bedded,
The face I might dote on, should live out the lease
Of the charm that created, and suddenly cease:
And I gave me to slumber, as if from one dream
To another—each horrid—and drank of the stream
Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaff'd
Swift poison, and never should breathe from the draught,—
Such drink as her own monarch husband drain'd up
When he pledged her, and Fate closed his eyes in the cup.
And I pluck'd of the fruit with held breath, and a fear
That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear;
For once, at my suppering, I pluck'd in the dusk
An apple, juice-gushing, and fragrant of musk;
But by day-light my fingers were crimson'd with gore,
And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the core;
And once—only once—for the love of its blush,
I broke a bloom bough, but there came such a gush
On my hand, that it fainted away in weak fright,
While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shriek'd at the sight;
And oh! such an agony thrill'd in that note,
That my soul, startling up, beat its wings in my throat,
As it long'd to be free of a body whose hand
Was doom'd to work torments a Fury had plann'd!

There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,
But rooted and horror-turn'd into a tree,—
Oh! for innocent death,—and to suddenly win it,
I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it;
And plunged in its waters, but ere I could sink,
Some invisible fate pull'd me back to the brink;
I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight;
I ran at my fears—they were fears and no more,
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,
But moan'd—all their brutalized flesh could not smother
The horrible truth—we were kin to each other!
They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief,
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief:
The leopard was there—baby-mild in its feature;
And the tiger, black barr'd, with the gaze of a creature
That knew gentle pity; the bristle-back'd boar,
His innocent tusks stain'd with mulberry gore;
And the laughing hyena—but laughing no more;
And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise

The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine
 Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine ;
 And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,
 How thoughtful in sadness ! but this is no season
 To reckon them up from the lag-bellied toad
 To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.
 There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms, when I came,
 That hung down their heads with a human-like shame ;
 The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear
 Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair ;
 And the womanly soul, turning sick with disgust,
 Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust ;
 While all groan'd their groans into one at their lot,
 As I brought them the image of what they were not.
 Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choaking
 Through vile brutal organs—low tremulous croaking ;
 Cries swallow'd abruptly—deep animal tones
 Attuned to strange passion, and full utter'd groans ;
 All shuddering weaker, till hush'd in a pause
 Of tongues in mute motion and wide-yearning jaws ;
 And I guess'd that those horrors were meant to tell o'er
 The tale of their woes ; but the silence told more
 That writhed on their tongues ; and I knelt on the sod,
 And pray'd with one voice to the cloud-stirring God,
 For the sad congregation of supplicants there,
 That upturn'd to his heaven brute faces of prayer ;
 And I ceased, and they utter'd a moaning so deep
 That I wept for my heart-ease—but they could not weep,
 And gazed with red eye-balls, all wistfully dry,
 At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye.
 Then I motion'd them round, and, to soothe their distress,
 I caress'd, and they bent them to meet my caress,
 Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm,
 And with poor grateful eyes suffer'd meekly and calm
 Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard fate
 From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate ;
 So they passively bow'd—save the serpent, that leapt
 To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept
 In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses blister'd
 My lips in rash love—then drew backward, and glister'd
 Her eyes in my face, and loud hissing affright,
 Dropt down, and swift started away from my sight !

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot,
 Turn'd brute in my soul, though my body was not,
 When I fled from the sorrow of womanly faces,
 That shrouded their woe in the shade of lone places,
 And dash'd off bright tears, 'till their fingers were wet,
 And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet :
 But I fled—though they stretch'd out their hands, all entangled
 With hair, and blood-stain'd of the breasts they had mangled—
 Though they call'd—and perchance but to ask, had I seen
 Their loves, or to tell the vile wrongs that had been :
 But I staid not to hear, lest the story should hold
 Some hell-form of words, some enchantment once told,
 Might translate me in flesh to a brute ; and I dreaded
 To gaze on their charms, lest my faith should be wedded
 With some pity—and love in that pity perchance—
 To a thing not all lovely ; for once at a glance
 Methought where one sat I descried a bright wonder
 That flow'd like a long silver rivulet under
 The long fenny grass, with so lovely a breast,
 Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the rest ?

So I roam'd in that circle of horrors, and Fear
 Walk'd with me, by hills, and in valleys, and near
 Cluster'd trees for their gloom—not to shelter from heat—
 But lest a brute-shadow should grow at my feet ;
 And beside that full oft in the sunshiny place,
 Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,
 In the horrible likeness of demons, (that none
 Could see, like invisible flames in the sun ;)
 But grew to one monster that seized on the light,
 Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night ;
 Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the South ;
 Wild birds of huge beak, and all horrors that drouth
 Engenders of slime in the land of the pest,
 Like shapes without shape, and vile bats of the West,
 Bringing Night on their wings ; and the bodies wherein
 Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin,
 Many-handed, that blent in one phantom of fight
 Like a Titan, and threatfully warr'd with the light ;
 I have heard the wild shriek that gave signal to close,
 When they rush'd on that shadowy Python of foes
 That met with sharp beaks and wide-gaping of jaws,
 With flappings of wings and fierce grasping of claws,
 And whirls of long tails :—I have seen the quick flutter
 Of fragments dis sever'd—and necks stretch'd to utter
 Long screamings of pain,—the swift motion of blows,
 And wrestling of arms—to the flight at the close
 When the dust of the earth startled upward in rings,
 And flew on the whirlwind that follow'd their wings.

Thus they fled—not forgotten—but often to grow
 Like fears in my eyes, when I walk'd to and fro
 In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen
 The warm touch of kisses, but clean or unclean
 I knew not, nor whether the love I had won
 Was of heaven or hell—'till one day in the sun,
 In its very noon-blaze, I could fancy a thing
 Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling
 On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,
 Half-seen and half-dream'd in the soul of his eye.
 And when in my musings I gazed on the stream,
 In motionless trances of thought, there would seem
 A face like that face, looking upward through mine ;
 With its eyes full of love, and the dim drowned shine
 Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue
 Serene :—there I stood for long hours but to view
 Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted
 Towards me, and wink'd as the water-weed drifted
 Between ; but the fish knew that presence, and plied
 Their long curvy tails, and swift darted aside.
 There I gazed for lost time, and forgot all the things
 That once had been wonders—the fishes with wings,
 And the glimmer of magnified eyes that look'd up
 From the glooms of the bottom like pearls in a cup,
 And the huge endless serpent of silvery gleam,
 Slow winding along like a tide in the stream.
 Some maid of the waters, some Naiad, methought
 Held me dear in the pearl of her eye—and I brought
 My wish to that fancy ; and often I dash'd
 My limbs in the water, and suddenly splash'd
 The cool drops around me, yet clung to the brink,
 Chill'd by watery fears, how that Beauty might sink
 With my life in her arms to her garden, and bind me
 With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me

In some eddy to hum out my life in her ear
 Like a spider-caught bee—and in aid of that fear
 Came the tardy remembrance—Oh falsest of men!
 Why was not that beauty remember'd till then?
 My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run
 Into mine—like a drop—that our fate might be one,
 That now, even now,—may-be,—clasp'd in a dream
 That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,
 And gazed with fond eyes that her tears tried to smother
 On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another!
 Then I rose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind,
 Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind
 On her crystalline face, while I painfully leapt
 To the bank, and shook off the curst waters, and wept
 With my brow in the reeds; and the reeds to my ear
 Bow'd, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear,
 Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one
 That loved me—but oh to fly from her, and shun
 Her love like a pest—though her love was as true
 To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue;
 For why should I love her with love that would bring
 All misfortune, like Hate, on so joyous a thing?
 Because of her rival—even her whose witch-face
 I had slighted, and therefore was doom'd in that place
 To roam, and had roam'd, where all horrors grew rank,
 Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank;
 Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail
 To our love like a blight; and they told me the tale
 Of Scylla, and Picus, imprison'd to speak
 His shrill-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak.

Then they ceased—I had heard as the voice of my star
 That told me the truth of my fortunes—thus far
 I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush
 Of deep meditation,—when lo! a light crush
 Of the reeds, and I turn'd and look'd round in the night
 Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipp'd of the light
 Narrow-winking, the realized nymph of the stream
 Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam
 Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
 Bright torrents of hair that went flowing and flowing
 In falls to her feet, and the blue waters roll'd
 Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,
 Sun-spangled, gold-broider'd, and fled far behind
 Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined
 In the reeds, and I hunger'd to see her unseal
 The buds of her eyes that would ope and reveal
 The blue that was in them; and they ope'd and she raised
 Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed
 With her eyes on my eyes; but their colour and shine
 Was of that which they look'd on, and mostly of mine—
 For she loved me—except when she blush'd, and they sank
 Shame-humbled to number the stones on the bank,
 Or her play-idle fingers, while lisping she told me
 How she put on her veil, and in love to behold me
 Would wing through the sun till she fainted away
 Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay
 In love-patience long hours, and sore dazzled her eyes
 In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies.
 But now they were heal'd—O my heart, it still dances
 When I think of the charm of her changeable glances,
 And my image how small when it sank in the deep
 Of her eyes where her soul was—Alas! now they weep,

And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes
 Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs
 Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf
 She has pluck'd with her tresses? Who listens her grief
 Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet
 Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles and beat
 Them together? Ah! surely her flowers float adown
 To the sea unaccepted, and little ones drown
 For need of her mercy—even he whose twin-brother
 Will miss him for ever; and the sorrowful mother
 Implores in vain for his body to kiss
 And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is,
 Because that soft pity is lost in hard pain!
 We loved—how we loved!—for I thought not again
 Of the woes that were whisper'd like fears in that place
 If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face
 Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drown'd
 For my absence, and her arms were the arms that sought round
 And clasp'd me to nought, for I gazed and became
 Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name
 For two loves, and call'd ever on *Ægle*, sweet maid
 Of the sky-loving waters—and was not afraid
 Of the sight of her skin—for it never could be
 Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me!

Thus our bliss had endured for a time—shorten'd space,
 Like a day made of three, and the smile of her face
 Had been with me for joy,—when she told me indeed
 Her love was self-task'd with a work that would need
 Some short hours, for in truth 'twas the veriest pity
 Our love should not last, and then sang me a ditty,
 Of one with warm lips that should love her and love her
 When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over.
 So she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested
 My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested
 Till my thoughts grew extinct and I sank in a sleep
 Of dreams—but their meaning was hidden too deep
 To be read what their woe was—but still it was woe
 That was writ on all faces that swam to and fro
 In that river of night—and the gaze of their eyes
 Was sad—and the bend of their brows—and their cries
 Were seen, but I heard not. The warm touch of tears
 Travell'd down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears
 Awaked me, and lo! I was couch'd in a bower,
 The growth of long summers rear'd up in an hour!
 Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly
 From this magic, but could not, because that my eye
 Grew love-idle among the rich blooms; and the earth
 Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth
 Of some bird was above me—who, even in fear,
 Would startle the thrush? and methought there drew near
 A form as of *Ægle*—but it was not the face
 Hope made, and I knew the witch-Queen of that place,
 Even *Circe the Cruel*, that came like a Death
 Which I fear'd, and yet fled not, for want of my breath.
 There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised
 From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed,
 Her spite—and her countenance changed with her mind
 As she plann'd how to thrall me with beauty, and bind
 My soul to her charms,—and her long tresses play'd
 From shade into shine and from shine into shade,
 Like a day in mid-autumn—first fair, O how fair!
 With long snaky locks of the adderblack hair. . . .

That clung round her neck—those dark locks that I prize
 For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes
 Of that fathomless hue—but they changed as they roll'd,
 And brighten'd, and suddenly blazed into gold
 That she comb'd into flames, and the locks that fell down
 Turn'd dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown,
 Nor loved till I saw the light ringlets shed wild
 That Innocence wears when she is but a child;
 And her eyes—O I ne'er had been witch'd with their shine,
 Had they been any other, my *Ægle*, than thine!
 Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I madden'd
 In the full of their light—but I sadden'd and sadden'd
 The deeper I look'd—till I sank on the snow
 Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,
 And answer'd its throb with the shudder of fears,
 And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,
 And strain'd her white arms with the still languid weight
 Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate
 That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame
 To hide me from her—the true *Ægle*—that came
 With the words on her lips the false witch had foregiv'n
 To make me immortal—for now I was even
 At the portals of Death that but waited the hush
 Of world-sounds in my ear to cry welcome, and rush
 With my soul to the banks of his black-flowing river.
 O would it had flown from my body for ever
 Ere I listen'd those words, when I felt with a start
 The life blood rush back in one throb to my heart,
 And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell
 Had perish'd in horror—and heard the farewell
 Of that voice that was drown'd in the dash of the stream!
 How fain had I follow'd, and plunged with that scream
 Into death, but my being indignantly lagg'd
 Through the brutaliz'd flesh that I painfully dragg'd
 Behind me—O *Circe*! O mother of Spite!
 Speak the last of that curse! and imprison me quite
 In the husk of a brute—that no pity may name
 The man that I was—that no kindred may claim
 The monster I am! Let me utterly be
 Brute-buried and Nature's dishonour with me
 Uninscribed!—But she listen'd my prayer that was praise
 To her malice with smiles, and advised me to gaze
 On the river for love—and perchance she would make
 In pity a maid without eyes for my sake,
 And she left me like Scorn. Then I ask'd of the wave
 What monster I was, and it trembled and gave
 The true shape of my grief, and I turn'd with my face
 From all waters for ever, and fled through that place
 Till with horror more strong than all magic I pass'd
 Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wander'd in sorrow, and shunn'd the abodes
 Of men, that stood up in the likeness of Gods,
 But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sun
 On their cities, where man was a million, not one;
 And I saw the white smoke of their altars ascending,
 That show'd where the hearts of the many were blending,
 And the wind in my face brought shrill voices that came
 From the trumpets that gather'd whole bands in one fame
 As a chorus of man—and they stream'd from the gates
 Like a dusky libation pour'd out to the Fates.
 But at times there were gentler processions of peace
 That I watch'd with my soul in my eyes till their cease,

There were women ! there men ! but to me a third sex
 I saw them all dots—yet I loved them as specks :
 And oft to assuage a sad yearning of eyes
 I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise
 Like a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten
 By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten.
 Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
 Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
 Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep
 Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
 In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
 That murmur'd between us and kiss'd them with looks ;
 But the willows unboast'd their secret, and never
 I return'd to a spot I had startled for ever,
 Though I oft long'd to know, but could ask it of none,
 Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son ?
 For the haunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight,
 The men in their horror, the women in fright ;
 None ever remain'd save a child once that sported
 Among the wild bluebells and playfully courted
 The breeze ; and beside him a speckled snake lay
 Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away
 From the flow'r at his finger ; he rose and drew near
 Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,
 But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright
 To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
 He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel
 The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,
 And question'd my face with wide eyes ; but when under
 My lids he saw tears—for I wept at his wonder,
 He stroked me and utter'd such kindness then
 That the once love of women, the friendship of men
 In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
 On my heart in its desolate day such as this !
 And I yearn'd at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
 And lifted him up in my arms with intent
 To kiss him—but he cruel-kindly, alas !
 Held out to my lips a pluck'd handful of grass !
 Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
 The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my head,
 That dissever'd my ear—but I felt not, whose fate
 Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate !

Thus I wander'd companion'd of grief and forlorn
 Till I wish'd for that land where my being was born,
 But what was that land with its love where my home
 Was self-shut against me ; for why should I come
 Like an after-distress to my grey-bearded father
 With a blight to the last of his sight ?—let him rather
 Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn
 Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn
 To his son even such as he left him. Oh how
 Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now
 Like Gods to my humbled estate?—or how bear
 The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care
 Of my hands ? Then I turn'd me self-banish'd and came
 Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same
 As myself. I have heard how they met by a stream
 In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream
 That made wretches of many, as she roll'd her wild eyes
 Against heav'n and so vanish'd.—The gentle and wise
 Lose their thoughts in deep studies—and others their ill
 In the mirth of mankind where they mingle them still.

ODE

TO A SPARROW ALIGHTING BEFORE THE JUDGE'S CHAMBERS,
IN SERJEANTS' INN, FLEET-STREET.

(Written in half an hour, while attending a Summons.)

ART thou Solicitor for all thy tribe?
That thus I now behold thee one that comes
Down amid Bail-above, and Under-scribe,
To sue for crumbs?—
Away! 'tis vain to ogle round the square,—
I fear thou hast no head—
To think to get thy bread,
Where Lawyers are!

Say—hast thou pull'd some sparrow o'er the coals,
And flitted here a summons to indite?
I only hope no cursed judicial kite
Has struck thee off the Rolls!
I scarce should deem thee of the Law—and yet,
Thine eye is keen and quick enough—and still,
Thou bear'st thyself with perk and tiny fret:—
But then how desperately short thy *Bill*!
How quickly might'st thou be of that bereft!
A sixth tax'd off—how little would be left!

Art thou on summons come, or order bent?—
Tell me—for I am sick at heart to know!
Say,—in the sky is there distress for rent
That thou hast flitted to the Courts below?
If thou *wouldst* haul some sparrow o'er the coals,
And *wouldst* his spirit hamper and perplex—
Go to John Boddy—he's available—
Sign—swear—and get a bill of Middlesex
Returnable (mind,—bailable!)
On Wednesday after the morrow of All Souls.

Or dost thou come a sufferer? I see—
I see thee “cast thy *bail*-ful eyes around;”
Oh, call James White, and he will set thee free,
He, and John Baines, will speedily be bound,—
In double the sum,
That thou wilt come
And meet the Plaintiff Bird on legal ground.—
But stand, oh, stand aside,—for look,
Judge Best, on no fantastic toe,
Through dingy arch,—by dirty nook,—
Across the yard into his room doth go:—
And wisely there doth read
Summons for time to plead,—
And frame
Order for same.

Thou twittering, legal, foolish, feather'd thing,
A tiny boy, with salt for Latitat,
Is sneaking, Bailiff-like, to touch thy wing;—
Can'st thou not see the trick he would be at?
Away!—away! and let him not prevail.
I do rejoice thou'rt off!—and yet I groan
To read in that boy's silly fate, my own:
I am at fault!
For from my *Attic* though I brought my *salt*,
I've fail'd to put a little on thy *tail*!

————— Gent. One &c.

ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

No. IV.

JOHN TIPTOFT, EARL OF WORCESTER.

In the Harleian Manuscripts, No. 2194, p. 11, is a curious account of this nobleman's capture and execution. It is as follows:

John De Vere, Earl of Oxford, was commissioned by Kinge Henry the sixt lord high steward att the arraignment of John Lord Tiptoft, who flyinge from the battaile of Wakefeild, was found on the topp of a high tree in the forrest of Way-bridge, not farr from Huntingdon, and brought up to London, where vpon the 16th day of October, in the yeare of our Lord 1469, hee was arraigned att Westminster, and indicted of Treason, and many other crymes, w^{ch} were hardly vrged against him, the rather because hee was a favourett of Edward the fowrth; and receaved the sentence of death, w^{ch} the munday following was executed on Tower Hill, by cuttynge off his head.

This Lord was commonly called *The Butcher of England*, for his cruelty, and when the sheriffes of London had taken him from the barr in Westminster to leade him to the block on Tower Hill, the people preased soe importunately to see and behold him, that they were fayne to turne into the Fleet and there to borrowe Gaole for him for that night.

Hee tooke his death full patiently, and his corpes, withe the head, was borne to the Blackfryers and there honourable buried in the chapell standinge in the body of the church w^{ch} hee before tyme had founded.

Stow insinuates, that the Earl of Worcester's cruelty, (for which he received the opprobrious title of *butcher*) was the circumstance of his having sat in judgment on Clapham and his associates, who were taken, off Southampton, and upon whose bodies, after death, indignities were committed, worthy only of the most savage and brutal ages: it seems hard, however, to tax Lord Worcester with cruelty for presiding at a trial which his sovereign, Edward the Fourth, commanded, and to which his office of Lord High Constable peculiarly

called him; whilst it would be but fair to suppose, that the disgraceful events that succeeded the execution, were committed by inferior agents without the knowledge or connivance of the Earl.

The Earl of Worcester's great work was his Translation of Cicero *De Amicitia*, which was printed by Caxton, in 1481. His printer indulges in high commendation of the noble translator, and speaks of him as eminently learned, and the subject of universal applause:

Remembre hym that translated it in to our maternal and Englyssh tongus, (says Caxton,) I mene the right vertuous and noble erle therle of Wurcestre, whiche late pytously lost his lyf, whos soule I recomende vnto youre special prayers; and also in his tyme made many other vertuous werkys, whiche I haue herd of. O good blessyd lord god, (he continues) what grete losse was it of that noble vertuous and wel disposed lord! whan I remembre and aduertise his lyf, his science, and his vertue, me thynketh god not displeyd, ouer grete a losse of suche a man, consydering his estate and conning. And also the exercise of the same: with the grete laboures in gooyng on pylgremage vnto Jherusalem visytyng there the holy places that oure blessyd lord Jhesu Criste halowed thith his blessyd presence, and shedyng there his precious blood for oure redempcion. And from thens ascended vnto his fader in heuen. And what worship had he at Rome in the presence of oure holy fader the pope. And so in alle other places vnto his deth, at whiche deth every man that was there myght lerne to dye and take his deth patiently, wherein I hope and doubte not but that god receyued his soule in to his eulriastyng blyss, ffor as I am enformed he ryght aduysedly ordeyned alle his thynges as well for his last will of wordly goodes as for his soules helthe.

and pacyently and holyly without grudchyng in charyte to fore that he departed out of this world, whiche is gladsom and joyous to here. Thenne I. here recomende his sowle vnto youre prayers and also that we at our departyng maye departe in suche wyse, that it maye please our lord god to receyue vs in to his euirlastyng blysse. Amen. Explicit per Caxton.

The foregoing extract gives the reader a fair specimen of the prologue and epilogue usual with the father of English typography, and for that reason we have reprinted it. The second edition of Lord Worcester's tract had not been discovered by Lord Orford, nor has Mr. Dibdin recorded it in his list of Pynson's publications; although from the type and other similarities, there can be no doubt of its having issued from that press. It is a thin folio of eighteen leaves, wanting Caxton's introduction and colophon; ¶ *Tullius de amicicia, in Englysh.* ¶ *Here after ensueth a goodly treatyse of amyte or frendshyp, compyllyd in latyn by the most eloquente Romaine Marcus Tullius Cicero, and lately translated in to Englyshe.* Of this, the only copy known belonged to King Henry the seventh, and is now in the British Museum.

Caxton recounts the *worship* that

was paid to Lord Worcester at Rome; he has not told us, what may be learnt from another quarter, that his Lordship's learning retrieved the English character for literature, in Italy; and that when he addressed a Latin speech to the Pope, his Holiness was so affected at the elegance and spirit of the oration, that he actually *burst into tears*, and declared that he alone, of all the nobles of his age, could be compared with the most illustrious princes of Greece and Rome. "Te solùm enim omnium principum, (says John Phreas) verbis autem utar quibus usus est ad te Pius secundus, pontifex maximus, lacrymans præ gaudio, cum te audiret orantem, te solùm, inquam, omnium principum hæc nostra conspexit ætas, quem virtute et eloquentiâ præstantissimis ipsis Romanorum et Græcorum imperatoribus comparare possimus."

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

The following account of the death of this well-known character is referred to by the ingenious Editor of Lord Orford; but it is too good an illustration to be omitted in these detached notices of our English no-

bility. The writer (and we print it from the original document) was Mr. William Thomas, who held an official situation in Lord Oxford's family.

When Wilmot Lord Rochester lay on his death-bed, Mr. Fanshaw came to visit him with an intention to stay about a week with him. Mr. Fanshaw sitting by the bed side perceived his lordship praying to God through Jesus Christ, and acquainted Dr. Radcliff (who attended my lord R. in this illness, and was then in the house) with what he had heard, and told him, that my lord was certainly delirious, for to his knowledge (he said) he believed neither in God nor Jesus Christ. The Dr. (who had often heard him pray in the same manner) proposed to Mr. F. to go up to his lordship to be further satisfied touching this affair. When they came to his room, the Dr. told my Lord what Mr. F. said, upon which his Lordship addressed himself to Mr. F. to this effect: "Sir, it is true, you and I have been very lewd and prophane together, and then I was of the opinion you mention; but now I am quite of another mind, and happy am I, that I am so. I am very sensible how miserable I was, whilst of another opinion. Sir, you may assure yourself that there is a Judge and a Future State;" and so entered into a very handsome discourse concerning the last judgment, future state, and concluded with a serious and pathetick exhortation to Mr. F. to enter into another course of life, adding that he (Mr. F.) knew him to be his friend, that he never was more so than at this time, "and, Sir, (said he) to use a scripture expression, *I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness.*" Upon this Mr. F. trembled and went immediately afoot to Woodstock, and there hired a horse to Oxford, and thence took coach to London. At the same time, Dr. Shorter (who also attended my Lord in this illness) and Dr. Radcliff walking together in the park, and discoursing touching his

Lordship's condition, which they agreed to be past remedy, Dr. Shorter, fetching a very deep sigh, said, "Well, I can do him no good, but he has done me a great deal." When Dr. Radcliff came to reside in London, he made enquiry about Dr. Shorter, and understood he was, before that time, a libertine in principles, but after that professed the Roman Catholic Religion.

I heard Dr. Radcliff give this account at my Lord Oxford's table (then Speaker of the House of Commons) June 16, 1702. Present (besides Mr. Speaker) Lord Weymouth, Mr. Bromley of Warwickshire, Mr. William Harvey, Mr. Pendarvis, Mr. Henry St. John, and I wrote it down immediately.

WM. THOMAS.

We are not ignorant that it has been much the fashion of late years, as it was indeed in the early part of the last century, to doubt the sincerity of Lord Rochester's repentance; and it has been more than once insinuated, that Bishop Burnet made the most of the matter in the account he printed, in 1680, of this nobleman's conversion. The testimony just adduced seems, however, very decisive.

We conclude this article with two original letters of Lord Rochester, of no great interest, to be sure, but still curious, as they show the straits to which he was at times reduced, give a fair specimen of his familiar style, and have, we believe, escaped publication, notwithstanding the diligence of Biscoe, Curll, and Dodsley, who ransacked every corner for even a scrap of his Lordship's correspondence.

I kiss my deare wife a thousand times as farr as imagination and wish will give me leave: Thinke upon mee as long as it is pleasant and convenient to you to doe soe, and afterwards forgett mee, for though I would faine make you the author and foundation of my happiness, yet would I not bee the cause of your constraint and disturbance, for I love not myselfe soe much as I doe you, neither do I value my owne satisfaction equally as I doe your's.

Farewell.—ROCHESTER.

Deare wife, I recover soe slowly, and relaps soe continually, that I am almost weary of my self. If I had the least strength I would come to Adderbury, but in the condition I am, Kensington and back is a voyage I can hardly support. I hope you excuse my sending you noe money, for till I am well enough to fetch it my self, they will not give me a farthing; and if I had not pawn'd my plate, I believe I must have starv'd in my sickness. Well, God bless you and the children, whatever becomes of

Your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

TO ELIA.

ELIA, thy reveries and vision'd themes
To Care's lorn heart a luscious pleasure prove;
Wild as the mystery of delightful dreams,
Soft as the anguish of remember'd love:
Like records of past days their memory dances
Mid the cool feelings Manhood's reason brings,
As the unearthly visions of romances
Peopled with sweet and uncreated things;—
And yet thy themes thy gentle worth enhances!
Then wake again thy wild harp's tenderest strings,
Sing on, sweet Bard, let fairy loves again
Smile in thy dreams, with angel ecstasies;
Bright o'er our souls will break the heavenly strain
Through the dull gloom of earth's realities.

NARRATIVE OF NATHAN ADAMSON,
STUDENT OF DIVINITY.

Now may it please thee, my most learned youth,
To quote nor Horace, nor Quintilian, nor
The hard dry chips of pert and pithy Seneca ;
But look me in the face—cast to the kites
Thy morsels of the heathen—think not, man,
Of golden learning in a homely story.
Now I know men who from the illustrious Greek,
And scarce less lofty Latin, are not worthy
To wipe the dust, nor watch the spinning spiders,
Yet make a learn'd stir in this little world ;
Call Horace their sworn brother ; to Longinus
They pull the cap off “ Hail, my Cousin Critic,”
And call sweet Shakspeare an inspired savage—
And Scott and Spenser two most gentle Goths—
And much of classic grace and force they speak,
As if sweet Nature, wheresoe'er she dwells,
Were not that mighty classic, whence the Greeks
Drew grace and inspiration. *The Courtly Critic.*

SINCE it hath pleased the sheriff, and some of the greater portioners of the county who patronize religious professors and have kirk-livings in their gift, to request of me, Nathan Adamson, Student of Divinity, a clear and circumstantial narrative of all that I know concerning the last days and death of that singular old man, John Corson, I take up my pen in my little chamber, with the brown moors of Dryfesdale and the love of truth before my eyes. During the summer in which I delivered my probationary discourse, and had, as the peasantry somewhat quaintly but aptly term it, my mouth opened for the edification of mankind, vacant pulpits and empty kirks happened to be scarce, and patrons—may heaven mend their judgment!—somewhat blind, and I was compelled for a time to turn my attention and my gifts to less important things. Now it happened that I sojourned for a time with that sedate and worthy person, Walter Halliday, at his house on Dryfebank ; let it not be surmised that I put forth my hands, accustomed to holier things, to the shafts of the plow, or busied myself in the unclean though primitive vocation of tending cattle. The land, a pastoral and a pleasant land, was guiltless of producing the luxuries of roots and corn ; the flocks of sheep had many shepherds, who led a sweet and a joyous life, sunning themselves on the hill-sides, and stimulating their natural *drowsiness* by reciting pastoral bal-

lads. I had nothing to put forth my hands to, therefore, save to pluck and to eat of that small round red delicious wild fruit called by the maidens Cranberries, which wasted their sweetness and strength among the moors and mosses of Dryfesdale.

Now it came to pass, that while I busied myself in the instruction of the children, in number seven, and introduced them to the riches of that precious book, *Crumbs of Comfort*, and other meritorious works, there came towards our abode a certain man of the border, a cunning dealer in bone-bodkins, ivory busks for maiden's bed-dice, sedate books for the grave and the old, and romantic tales and traditions, and specimens of profane minstrelsy for the giddy and the young—and his name was John Corson. And when I saw him afar off, I said to myself, I shall surely become the possessor of some of this man's rare and curious tracts, which, filled with proverbial wisdom, sage remark, and deep controversy of the ancient heads of the reformed kirk, will be to me as the honey-comb. For be it known, that those erratic booksellers (their vocation has been superseded of late by little pitiful productions called newspapers) dealt largely in small works of spiritual edification, and moral amusement, and lyrical hilarity, which our peasantry obtained for a small price, and thus instruction flew through the land ;—woe to the cause which has stayed this pure and healthy stream,

and presented to peasants' lips the poisoned current of politics! As I looked I heard one of the youngest of my pupils exclaim, as freed from discipline he breathed the free air on the threshold, "Eh, see! see! here comes auld John Corson who sold our schoolmaster the tawse and my mother the Proof Catechism, plague on him." "Plague on him, indeed!" responded a menial damsel, Ellen Macgowan by name,—a rosy and a kindly quean, whose deluding eyes, exercised on my fellow collegian, the youngest son of the laird of Kissan-cumagain, deprived the kirk of one of its fairest ornaments and chief pillars, "Troth and atweel it's him! the false

deceiving loon—he made me pay sweetly for my new gown—a primrose bloom and a Glasgow pattern—and what was't but a kind of a yellow, woven at Lockmaben and dyed at the Murraywhat-mill, and it threw its primrose bloom to the soapsuds at the very first washing."

The object of the maiden's anger now approached—but he came with a changed step, an altered look, and a subdued tone of voice. Formerly the pleasant old man passed gaily over the threshold, threw the door against the wall, and chaunted the following rhyming summary of his articles of merchandise:

JOHN CORSON'S CHAUNT.

1.

Now peace be here to the damosels fair,
Who lack busks for boddice or combs for hair;
And mirth and joy to the cannie young lad,
Who loves pleasant songs and ballads so sad;
And peace by day, sweet dreams by night,
And love in the dark, and joy in the light,
To those whose witty tongues scorn to wrong
The merry man's tale or the poet's sweet song.

2.

Here's gowns the like were ne'er wet with water;
Here's songs far sweeter than lips can utter;
Books of wisdom and sage remark;
Books of mirth that out-carol the lark;
A brooch for the bosom of bonnie young lasses,
Beads for their necks and combs for their tresses;
And all as cheap, and as good, and as true,
As a lover's tale, or a maiden's vow.

But now, instead of advancing with song and with joy, the abstract and brief chronicle of the district came pale and staggering, and would have fallen on the threshold had not the menial maiden supported him in her arms. "Preserve me, man, John Corson, now this is one of your queer fits; have ye been harried, or have ye wrestled with a ghost and had the worst on't? Hout man, ye mauna die till I get a good pennyworth from ye, the first I ever got." The old man answered not a word, but with an unequal step and a suppressed groan made his way to the langsettle, which was spread soft for his accommodation; and, seating himself, looked with an eye of thanks to the groupe of sympathizing faces collected around him. A fine sheep-dog, the wandering man's comrade for

many years, stationed itself before him, looked in his face, and the motion of its tail and the brightness of its eyes increased as it observed its master's recovery. "Ah! Whitefoot, lad," said the old man in a low voice, and stroking with a palsied hand the smooth glossy fleece of his favourite, "many a weary step have we walked together,—many a wild place have we found our bed in,—and many a cold night hast thou lain at my feet when the sacks were damp and the farmers churlish—but we maun part soon—I maun go to the cauld grave, and thou maun seek a master." The dog gave a low and melancholy whimper—licked the old man's hands, and seemed to understand the import of his words. Its master proceeded—"Ah! my auld white-bosomed friend, I never feared the face of man

in my youth with three feet of a good Tinwald oak in my hand—nor did I dread him in my old age when I had thee by my side; bread I never broke but thou hadst thy share; meat I never tasted but thou wert a partaker; but bread shalt thou receive from thy master's hand no more, and meat shall be no longer parted between us. The ellwand of time hath measured my days—and the hours of my existence are sold off to a nail and a little remnant." The dog renewed again its melancholy whimpering, and licked its master's hand held out to caress it.

"I wonder what's the matter with my eyes," said a shepherd, removing the moisture which the old man's address to his dog had brought to his eye-lids. "And I marvel what possesses us all," said the mistress of the mansion, "to stand gazing on the afflicted man, without seeking to cherish or comfort him."—"Mony thanks," said the old man, "mony braw thanks and bonnie, my kindly dame—a mouthful of clear cauld water to myself, and a bite of bread to my poor auld faithful and famished companion here," laying his hand on the dog's head as he spoke, "would, through grace from aboon, do us baith good." So sensible seemed the old man of the grace and favour which his habitual pleasantry obtained him, that he endeavoured to smile as two whitehanded maidens placed abundance of the luxuries of pastoral life before him. But the gravity with which ill health clouds the merriest brows darkened down upon his smile; and, taking off his bonnet, he blessed the food before him. From the glance with which he regarded his dog, we imagined he included the companion of his wanderings in his intercession, nor did any of the shepherds feel scandalized by this association, for a sheep-dog in a pastoral district obtains something of the distinction of an adopted child of the family.

When John had refreshed himself, "Ah, gudewife," said he, "for fifty years and five—from foolish fifteen to silly seventy, have I scattered the blessings of bone-combs and ballads over the mountains of Nithsdale and Annandale, and never had a pang at the heart save once, and that was when Nancie Corrie forsook me for *the sake of three yards of red ribbon*

—nor a sore head, save when it was broke at Lockerbie market by the ellwand of Rob Somerville. Ellwand did I say!—that an auld man like me should lie!—it wanted three thumbs' breadths of that honest length. Nor had I ever such a visitation as a dwam or a cholic, saving the time I was suppered on sour sowans and Lochmaben milk at the laird's of Cumbercraft. Ye'll have heard of Lochmaben milk, goodwife? It is a kind of whig that stands and ferments, till it gathers a top or mantle, over which the cat can walk dry shod, and when it is shaken it roars and soughs like loch-reeds. From all such fermentations may all honest travellers be delivered! Eh, praise to gude! but I think I am a hantle better—my blessing on the home of Walter Halliday! The sick and the lame shall sing and leap under the righteous man's roof,—a saying that merits a place in a sermon—and in a sermon shall it be though I should preach it myself."

"I wish," said the wife of Walter Halliday, pleased perhaps, though she affected to be scandalized with the odd kind mixture of profane and serious things in which John Corson's speech abounded; "I wish ye would mind the weight of seventy years that press ye so sorely—that the grave may be your next house of refuge—that ye are aneath a devout man's roof, and just escaped, I suspect, from the perils of damp straw and wet sacks in the barn of Jock Jillock of Wasterha." "Indeed, goodwife, and that's a true tale," said the wandering man, with a sigh, and a look half serious and half comic—"this is a land of misery and mirth, of lamentation and joy—we come screaming into the world, and go wailing out of it. I have often thought as I lay among the long blooming broom on the braes of Dalswinton, and looked down on the religious multitude of Cameronians in the green glen below, that the world, broad and wide as it is, was aptly typified by a hill-preaching. There stands the man of God—his hands uplifted—his grey hairs glistening in the summer sun, and the golden words of admonition and gospel-chastening, and consolation and spiritual grace, flowing from his unwearied lips. Beneath him—in

rank succeeding rank—groupe breathing on the neck of groupe,—sit in silence and sore trembling all those whose heads are bald, whose locks are grey, and for whom the ripe and ready grave is gaping. But all around, the young, and the ripe, and the rosy, are poured in glittering array;—the maiden who wears the ribbons of seven lovers, and sighs as she looks about for more, and the youth whose feet are familiar with the midnight way to damsels' windows, and whose glory it is to have tasted the lips and obtained the benediction of half the fair maids of the parish. Ah, goodwife, well I remember ye myself some thirty years and three ago, sitting on a Sunday morning on Quarrelwood bane;—a sweeter face and two fairer eyes were never turned on old John Farley, the Cameronian preacher;—and I have heard him often say that your een so bright, and your looks so bonnie, and your locks so long and so curling, had nearly spoiled one of the sappiest spiritual sermons he ever poured forth. But John Farley's in his grave, and John Somebodyelse is travelling the like road, and the eyes of the wife of Walter Halliday will never commit the sin of spoiling a hill-sermon more."

"Bodie, foolish bodie," said the dame, in a tone less churlish than kindly, "keep your breath to bless yourself, nor suffer your lips to utter those frivolous stories. Youth is a pleasant and a gladsome time, and we cannot hinder our fancy from flying back to the days of our teens, and presenting to our eyes many a scene, where wisdom runs round the bush after folly, and lips which should praise the Most High, and limbs which should kneel in prayer, sing wanton songs, and leap and dance, and make profane gestures to the sound of idle instruments." "Aye, aye, goodwife," said the rebuked dealer in ballads, "the wisest and most devout can remember by a time the joys of their youth; and that brings to my mind how in a small vessel I have a drop of that creature-comfort called brandy—a place of that treacherous sweetener of deceiving drink called sugar; and were a drop of the one and a tasting of the t'other mingled in a cup of warm water, I might nibbins take it,

and I might sibbins no, but through grace I should try."

This cup of comfort was speedily prepared, and presented to the old man by the hand of the wife of Walter Halliday herself. "She brought me drink with her lily-white hand," said he, "and she blest me with her kind eye as she held it to my lips;—I have seen the day I could have sung a song for this, and I may have breath enough yet to try;" and muttering a brief grace, he emptied the cup at a draught. "Blessings on thy right hand, goodwife, for it has mixed up one of the sweetest mouthfuls that ever passed atween my lips. And now I think I shall be able to spread out before this devout young man, Nathan Adamson, preacher of the word, some of the singular stores of learning with which my pack is so largely endowed." So saying, he unlocked his repository, and submitted to my examination a singular mixture of worldly-wise and profane things, and many matters of a higher and purer import. "Here," said he, "is that remarkable volume,—a book written in a grand time, and by one of the princes of the calling—The Last Battle of Zechariah Boyd. Young man, art thou an admirer of the richest poesie? I mean not poesie clipt into quantities and pointed with rhyme at the ends. I mean not that wanton and witty damsel with gold in her ears, and fringes at her mantle, and a bell hung behind which ringeth ever as she goeth, and which men mistake for melody—but I mean that dame, sedately beautiful and demurely charming, whose garb is fine and costly but glittereth not, and whose footstep has a music like the melody of the sublimest hymn. Such is the poesie thou wilt find in the book of our venerable worthy. But thou art young, and there is a light in thy looks which may sometimes wish to shine on less austere things. Here is a book which charms the maiden at her task and the dame in her chamber—where youth learns lessons of love, and age finds food for devotion, even that dubious auxiliary to sanctity, Rutherford's Letters. What ails ye, man, at honest Rutherford? I'm thinking I have mistaken my customer—and that for all your devout exterior ye want to shake your sides with the rustic glee and familiar bu-

mour of merry Allan Ramsay—and here's the book as I shall answer for't—I thought I had long since dismissed the cheerful Bard of Glengonnar from the society of the graver worthies of Caledonia."

I may not enter upon all the light and frivolous matters over which our discourse wandered; we soon laid written and elaborate learning aside, and touched upon those floating and traditional things which were wont to be the chief solace of our winter nights,—the parables and allegories of the church, and the wild narratives in prose and verse of a people who sought after mirth and amusement. In those things the old man discovered a knowledge extensive and varied, and seemed not a little vain of his oral wisdom, and even ventured to prefer it to the cold and dead information of books. "Books," said the wandering wise man, "are fine things truly, and many an honest man makes his bread by them; therefore, it behoves us to bless them. But between you and me, one hour of good warm controversy is well worth a dozen chosen chapters of any work, save the inspired one. When men address a multitude, or converse one with another, they warm themselves up with debate, and utter things of inimitable beauty, and brevity, and vigour; but who can take the heat and the burning brow of a popular assembly into the chamber? We grow cool with the pen and paper before us; and instead of the warmth and freshness of original genius, we spread over our sheets the frozen beauties of laborious learning. Indeed, my young and reverend friend, wise men and witty men have closed the boards of their books when they heard my steps in the porch, and declared they would rather hear auld John Corson read a chapter of his own curious life, than seek for amusement and so-

lace among the smooth words, and exact and measured periods, of the learned and the polite."

To this I answered, and said, "Old man, since thy adventures are so amusing and instructive, why dost thou not write them, and circulate them for thine own emolument, and the edification of mankind? They would be of a ring-straked, speckled, and spotted kind, even as human life is." He shook his head, and replied, "My tongue is ready, but my hand is slow, and I could relate in an hour what would take me a twelvemonth to write. It took me once two full hours by the sun dial to make out the account of three penny histories which I sold to the penurious portioner of Kirkmafen; and since the humiliation of that unhappy hour, I have bid farewell to the pride and vanity of scholarship."

As I sat pondering on the style and probable extent of this rustic narrative, and imagining it strewn with remnants of old-world wisdom, and brief and pithy proverbial remark, pursuing at one time the onward and even tenour of its way, and anon luxuriating in graphic and episodic digressions, I was interrupted by the voice of one of the menial maidens. I looked up, and beheld a girl seated beside ancient John; her sweet warm breath on his withered cheek softened down the displeasure with which he would have otherwise regarded the intrusion of two pretty white hands among the lyrical commodities of his scrip; while two bright eyes, and a melodious voice, completed the triumph of youth and beauty over the querulousness of age. She held up a printed slip of paper, which she selected from many others of the same shape, and the following is the rhyme to which the maiden's voice added a sweetness and a grace, at once natural and moving:

MAY MACFARLANE.

1.

Spring comes with pleasant green,
And herbs of every odour;
The silver stream sings glad
With gowans on its border;
The lark lilts 'mang the clouds,
On castle top the starling,
As lonesomely I wauk,
And sigh for May Macfarlane.

2.

The gloaming brings nae rest,
 I dauner dowie and drearie,
 And dowie dawns the morn,
 With dreaming of my dearie.
 Then come the rosie lips,
 The raven tresses curling,
 And smile the lovesome eyes,
 Of bonnie May Macfarlane.

3.

Farewell Dalgonar glens,
 Where chrystal streams are flowing;
 Green hills, and sunward braes,
 Shower'd o'er with snowy gowan.
 My heart is sick in love,
 With all the world's darling:
 I'll mourn in foreign lands
 For bonnie May Macfarlane.

"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh, "thy sweet singing would have soothed the gentle and sorrowful spirit of the kind and warm hearted youth who wrote that little song. Well I knew him, and many a penny ballad I gave him, and history too, for I saw the poet in his dark eye, and the bairn grew and became a comely stripling; and many a dauner we have taken together on bonnie brae sides and sunny burn banks. Many a merry song, and many a grave and moving ballad he wrote; and while wood grows, and water runs, will some such rosie and tender lips as thine, I trust, prolong his strains. Ah! he was a social and a joyous lad. The maidens sang his songs, and the men chaunted his ballads, and his heart rejoiced as his name began to find wings. But there came a man who spoke Greek, and there came another who spoke Latin, and they laid their classic line and level along the productions of my simple and modest friend, and declared they were not according to the use and wont of ancient nations, and ought therefore to be trodden down. And they wrote a book against him, and pulled the cobwebbed edifice of learning about his ears, and nearly smothered him in the rubbish; I lifted him up, and sought to comfort him—but the words of the two wise men sank to his heart, and he refused to be comforted. I told him how nature was nature all the world over, and since he thought and expressed himself like a true Scotchman, in a natural and impressive way, he had just done

as those worthies of ancient verse had done. For every man wore his own belt his own way, said the pithy proverb, and the critics might as well decree him to cheer his horses in Greek, and his sheep-dogs in Latin, as desire him to tell a tale of Scottish courtship in any other way than in the manner of his native country. 'Ah!' said my poor and simple friend, 'you are a plain and an honest man; but though your ellwand is as accurate as the rod of justice itself, you know nothing about the measuring rods; those sons of Anak, the critics. What do I know about poetry, since I have not been regularly flogged into a knowledge of its mystery, along with the children of the rich, and the titled; I have been following the Will-o'-wisp of my own idle fancy, instead of studying under the light of an antique lamp; and adoring the white-footed and high-kilted muse of Caldonia, instead of worshipping the nymphs of Helicon, laving my forehead in its stream, and invoking Apollo. Ah! my friend, I have been writing nonsense for seven years;—in a homely and natural way, say you? So much the worse—what has nature to do with poetry.' And he drooped and faded away from that hour—neglected his dress, ceased to cheer and charm us with song and tale; and now he lies in the lonely kirkyard of Dryfesdale,—a stone at the foot, and one at the head of his dark and narrow dwelling."

When the old man concluded, he gathered all his little books together, and securing them with a strap and

a string, sat pondering beside them, with a brow of sorrow, which seemed thinking of Dryfesdale kirkyard, and on the gifted friend who lay low and undistinguished in that ancient burial ground. His dog, ever ready to share in his joys or his sorrows, who, when the old man sang or whistled on his way, gambolled round and round in the sun, and barked in joy at its own shadow—now arose from the hearth fire, against which it had spread its white bosom and brown mouth, and placing its fore feet on the seat, looked wistfully, and with an uneasy whimper, in his master's face. "Bless thee for a poor dumb dog," said one of the shepherds, throwing him as he spoke a piece of cheese. "And bless thee for a faithful servant," said another shepherd, sharing with him a piece of roasted lamb. "And bless thee for a true and a stedfast friend," said the old man himself; "many an eerie road and dangerous way have we braved together; in many a strange place have we slept at midnight; the green grass our bed, and our covering the starry sky. Many a piece of bread thrown to us in scorn by a churlish hand have we divided between us; many a truss of straw have we reposed upon; and if I saved thee from the fierceness of stronger and more servile dogs, thou also hast requited my kindness. Shall I forget when thou fastenedst on the throat of Will Gordon the gypsie, when he came with a bare knife to spill my life, and spulyie my goods, or when ye held up my head in the darkest pool of the Nith into which I had fallen, returning from the merry and hospitable hearth of the good man of the Sandbank. But we must part soon, my faithful four-footed friend."

"I wish," said the goodwife, "that ye would cheer up your heart, and not be cast down; you are feeble, and you have been sick—remain under our roof-tree;—the converse of this good man, the ministering of these maidens, and perhaps a little of their mirth, will please and divert you. We shall read your histories, hearken to your tales; and I, even I will sing one of your tenderest songs; so cheer up, man—ye will dispense the blessings of ballads, and romances, and sermons, over our moorlands for many sunny summers."

"Ah! bless yere kind and cheering tongue," said the old man, with a shake of his head; "ye were ever the poor man's friend, in word and in deed, but I wish not to deceive myself into the hopes of my span being lengthened. I have had warnings three, beside the voice of decaying limbs, and feebleness of mind, and I am prepared for the journey." "Warnings," said I; "what warnings have you had? the warning of many years is warning enough." "It has not been thought so for me," said the old man; "and yet I imagined not the dead would have been moved, to tell me that my departure was nigh. I had a daughter, and I had a friend; they have long ceased to sojourn on the earth; but why should I tell of those awful and mysterious things which are revealed to one like me, between living and dying? It is enough that I know I must soon lay down my head to die, and that this is the last journey I shall make over this friendly land. I have bid farewell to the auld house of Comerue, where I first opened the latch of my pack; I left it my blessing, and that precious book *A Groat's worth of Wit for a Penny*; meikle may the goodman need it; he has been thrice married, and longs to be wedded again, though he treads on the heels of eighty years. I called in too on the merry portioner of Longbank, and found him lying laughing on the Langsettle, amid some seven-and-thirty grand children; I gave them a ballad each, and a blessing—my heart was too full to bid them farewell. I have been too at the lonesome burial-ground of Dryfesdale—I went at twilight, for I wished not an old man's sorrow should be seen; my poor dumb friend knew the way to the poor song-maker's grave, and we humbled ourselves for two dreary hours beside it—the only honour that was ever done to the memory of the gentlest bard of Annandale. Ah! I should like—but that's more to be wished for than expected, that some kindly-hearted person would dig my grave, and lay my bones beside his; and I should like too to have something of a sober lykewake. I think ay the spirit is soothed with the sound of solemn song, and douce men's prayers; and though I do

not positively enjoin any thing like wassail or carousal, yet a piece of well spiced cake, and a wet-the-lip glass of wine or brandy, or both, would keep life in the living, and would do no harm to the dead. If the douce and dainty wife of Walter Halliday sees no harm in this humble piece of vanity, and has any regard for an auld man who fell in love with her at a Quarrelwood preaching, when she was a rosie damsel, with curled love locks, she will find enough in this poor wallet to make the burial decent, and the grave deep, and bribe besides the devout chissel of that precious man, John Crombie, to cut my grave-stone. Ye will find him dwelling on a little spot of dry and barren land, called Knowebuckle, near the green groves of Dalswinton."

"Ah! Knowebuckle," said a young and merry Cameronian, from that little and graceless village called Quarrelwood, who had just escaped from the discipline and restraint of a strict professor to the more lax believers among the moorlands; "I know the place—a ringing gravel, and a pouring sand;—all the wit of man could never persuade a blade of corn to grow upon it; and John Crombie! I think I see his worsted wig, and his scripture-quoting face before me at this moment; dancing was his abomination, and strong drink he abhorred—and the company of women was to him as the thing which tempted Judah to sin. Honest John loved no pleasures that were expensive, and yet, for all the land he bought, and the gold he amassed, a fever caught him one day counting his wealth, and carried him to the grave without a penny in his pocket, and who will cut his grave-stone no one knows." "And is douce John Crombie dead?" said a shepherd; "Who now shall go from parish to parish, engraving the virtues of our fathers on churchyard stones; who now will lift up the bonnet, and pour a long blessing o'er a basin of begged broth; and who will keep the love of lucre living among us?" "Ah! and is John Crombie dead?" said a dame from the corner, who had come to barter the luxuries of the vales for the wool of the mountains; "he prayed the longest prayer at a burial, drank the deepest cup at a bridal,

and if all his gifts were graces, he is now in the land of promise, and the vale of milk and honey. Ah! many a blessing has he bestowed on the humblest mendicant; and his blessing he reckoned equal to food, and raiment, and money;—he was a saving man, and a discreet, and the best driver of a bitter hard bargain that ever multiplied pence into pounds."

Amid this light and vain discourse, I had observed the old man closely, and I could see that his mind had wandered away to grave and serious things. He clasped his hands closely, and by the thoughtfulness of his brow, and the devotional glance of his eye, it was evident he was busied with internal meditation and prayer. He arose suddenly from his seat, and placing himself beside the mistress of the house, addressed her in a low and a hollow voice. "The world has nigh done with me, and I have nearly done with the world; so time has measured matters atween us. I have gleaned a little wealth—some seven hundred pounds Scots, besides a favourite piece of gold or two. Ye will find it folded up beside the right sleeve of my ae fair daughter's gown, along with a Bible, which was my father's; it is black print, and has seen the persecution. Donald Cargill preached his last sermon from it on the top of the Wardlaw hill. All this ye will keep if ye see me not alive and in the body on the fourth day after to-morrow; and if ye think that an old wandering man should be interred without the vanity of red wine, and white burial-bread, and that bearing him to the kirkyard of Dryfesdale on horses' necks, with a velvet mortcloth, and a train of old and devout men following after him, savours too much of ostentation; even let his body be borne on black handspokes, by four hired mourners. It will be all one to John Corson. And now, goodwife, what will seem strangest of all is yet to come;—I am a wayward and a wilful man—I cannot say that I have had much pleasure lately in human company, and I would give a painted chamber and a down bed any time, for the summit of a green hill in summer, and the stars ascending and descending around me. Now when I am sick, and the death pang is approaching,

it would be a pleasant and an acceptable thing to me to be placed in some lonesome spot; my back to a tree, my feet to a running stream, and my face to the heaven, that I might die with the wonders of Him above spread out in glory before me. Free, free, would the spirit part then; and I have often thought that the presence of the frail labours of man, the polished woods, the whited wall, and the woven hangings retarded the flight of the ethereal part. But I see ye think I am raving, and I'll no say but it may seem so to the mass of mankind. I shall now retire to the little favourite bedchamber, with the smooth floor, and the brown hangings; but be not surprised if I am gone away by the dawn, for I have a strange desire to see the wild and lonely glen of Johnstone before I die." And with these words he arose and went into his little bedchamber.

The morning was one of the sweetest and balmiest with which summer blesses the month of July. Shepherds are early movers—they rise with the lark, but I sought not to fulfil this ancient boast—I only arose with the sun, and, standing in the open porch, looked towards the pasture lands. The shepherd watched at the head of his flock; the moor game retired to the mountain sides; the song of the maiden was heard in the vale, while the house-smoke climbed slow, and blue, into the mild morning air. After two hours' meditation on the mysteries of the book of Revelation, I re-entered the house, and seating myself at the breakfast table, spread out my palms to say the grace. "Tarry a moment," said the mistress; "let us first be joined by our guest.—Child," said she, addressing one of her sons, "go and awaken John Corson." The child went and returned with a shout, "John Corson's gone, his bed's cold, and he has left pack and parcel. I'll warrant ye'll never see him mair—and who will bring me the bonnie song-book he promised, when I cried about the hard proof catechism?" The good wife shook her head at this intelligence, and recalling the last words of the old man, asked her menial maidens if any one of them had seen or heard him pass from the house.

To this inquiry one maiden made reply: "As I stood by the tryste thorn, looking eastward, towards Johnstone-holm,—I knew not what could make me stand and look that way, for I hardly expected to see any of the merry Halliday lads so late at e'en,—but looking I was, whatever was the cause, when, instead of a straight light-footed youth of eighteen, like Pate Halliday, or his brother Frank, an old man approached, half bent to the ground, a staff in his hand, a dog at his foot, and the very form of douce John Corson. Aha! man, thought I; what have thy grey locks to do with daffin?—no but that a man as old, with so much siller in his pack, might take a bonnie lass by the hand: but love-trysting seemed to be far from his thought, for he sauntered away over the moorland path, and I saw no more of him." And this was all the information which could be obtained.

Night came, and midnight too, yet the old man returned not; and on the following morning we traversed moor and mountain, and wood and glen in quest of him; but no tidings could be heard. All that day, and far into the night, the search continued, and many unfrequented places, and every lonely stream, and deep pool, underwent a close and scrupulous examination: our search was all in vain. Many idle, and whimsical, and superstitious rumours began to circulate about his disappearance. We discontinued our pursuit, and returning to our homes, renewed again the talk concerning his mysterious departure. On the third day, a youth came from the neighbourhood of Dryfesdale kirk, and told a story which found many believers. He was returning, he said, about one in the morning, from a tryste with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; a successful rival had prevailed against him, and he was in a desperate state of mind. A steep scaur, and a deep water, were in his case things to be dreaded, he therefore ascended the river bank, and skirted the old burial ground of Dryfesdale to get upon the regular path. He heard a voice coming from among the thick-piled grave-stones, and he had just as much courage as enabled him to look over the ruined wall. He there saw either old John

Corson, or a spirit in his shape and dress, kneeling over a low grassy grave, and making a most dolorous moan; he might be chaunting some old-world rhyme for aught he knew—but saving the tune of the Martyrs, he never heard aught so mournful. Presently the old man arose from his knees, laid his staff along the ground like one measuring a place for a grave, and he heard him say, “Two ell long, and two ell deep; and that’s the princedom the monarch maun come to, as well as old John Corson.” He never liked to hear folk talking about such damp and uncomfortable lodgings, so away he went, whistling the tune of “Hame-ly Halliday,” and the tune had enough ado to keep up his courage. On being further questioned, he said the old man was kneeling by the ballad-maker’s grave,—an idle and thriftless lad, who died stark mad of the verse-fever, an incurable malady, and was laid among douce and prosaic folk, in the bonnie kirkyard of Dryfe.—This information gave a new turn to our speculations about the fate of the old man; two days elapsed, and we could learn nothing further—no one had seen or heard of him since his midnight visit to the old kirkyard.

The farm of Walter Halliday was very extensive, and diversified with hill and dale, and glen and stream; the shepherds had constructed sheals or summer huts on the limit of the land, and several folds were made for favourite sheep among the preserved nooks, where the herbage was fresh and abundant. From one of those folds, a lamb was worried and carried away on two succeeding nights, and two shepherds with fowling-pieces resolved to watch and destroy the depredator, nothing doubtful of his appearing in the form of a fox. Night had broken into day, when they beheld a head with two fierce and staring eyes elevated above the fence of the fold; one of the watchers cocked his piece, brought the muzzle to the level, and laid his cheek to the brown stock. “Stay, stay,” said his comrade; “it’s not a fox, but a poor hungered dog—de’il take me if I have the heart to shoot him; and a sheepdog too—ye may ken him by his bawsest front.” “By my faith I’ll shoot

him,” said his comrade, “if he had watched the flocks of the shepherd peal-mist himself; he has worried the lamb of bonnie Jeanie Halliday, and shoot him I will as sure as a flint yields fire.” The object of his wrath had already singled out and throttled another victim; and thought he shepherd fired as the dog scaled the fence, the lamb, a fair and a fat one, was carried clear off. He gained the neighbouring wood, and disappeared.

The account which the shepherds gave of this new depredator spread far and wide, and men with staves and fowling-pieces were hastily collected to pursue and destroy him. A pastoral district is a place where human life, except when periled by winter storms and Lammas floods, is exceedingly monotonous; nor is this drowsy-hed much enlivened by their songs and ballads, which assisted me much in my afternoon slumberings. The slaying of a lamb by the fox, is therefore reckoned a relief to this daily dullness; and shepherds sally forth to attack their crafty adversary with a bustle and a preparation worthy of a less humble cause. I found myself therefore in the company of Walter Halliday, and two of his shepherds, about the grey of the morning, with a fowling-piece in my hand. We stood by the limit of the remains of the ancient forest which once covered the upper districts of Nithdale and Annandale—a stream emerged from the thick wood beside us, and something like a footpath winded along its margin. We heard the distant descent of the rivulet down a wild and unfrequented linn; we saw the ravens and the hawks forsake their roosting places, and wing their way to the open country, while the sun began to shed a faint and level light along the summits of the highest hills. At no great distance the sheep bleated in the fold, and the shepherds kept watch for the re-appearance of their enemy.

The sun had not wholly risen above the hill top when first one shot, and instantly another, was heard in the direction of the fold. Soon after a dog, fierce and haggard, and carrying a young lamb in his mouth, appeared on the moor—the shepherds presented their pieces—Walter Halliday forbade them to fire, and ex-

claimed, "It is the dog of the poor old pedlar—harm him not—but follow him, and see where he seeks for shelter—woe's me for the honest old master, when the servant is so beasted with hunger." The dog reached the foot of the little rising ground whereon we stood—he seemed spent, weary, and wounded, and the blood of the lamb and his own dyed the grass on the rivulet bank, where he lingered for a moment before he continued his flight. He then lifted his prey and dived into the forest. We followed him up the path; the grass and the wild flowers were sprinkled with blood where he ran along—and we came first to one place, and then to another, where he had laid down his prey to rest himself and to lick his wounds. At last we arrived where the stream made a turn, and there, at the foot of an old tree, we found the poor lamb—it was living—one of the shepherds took it up, and we continued our pursuit up the rivulet. The forest now began to darken, and the stream from winding between banks of blossomed sward had to contend with thicket and with rock—its waters became contracted, and the path which still skirted its margin grew less visible—but the way was spotted with blood, and could not be mistaken.

Our hurried march was soon to come to a close. We arrived before a natural porch of lofty rocks, and gliding onward we found a little lonely sweet wild nook, hemmed in with a kind of rampart of greensward, and crowned with a garland of ancient and majestic oaks. We there beheld the old man reclining against the abrupt and flowery bank; over head, the woodbine and other fragrant bushes had shaken a multitude of blossomed tendrils down from the upper ground, while, drop by drop, a little clear spring gathered its waters into a rude natural basin at his feet. We stood and gazed on this scene of peace and awe—the old man seemed asleep, his hat lay beside him, his dress was composed with the same love of external nicety for which he was always remarkable, while an open Bible, which had apparently dropped from his hand, lay within reach. I know not that any of us felt anxious to approach him hastily—it was impossi-

ble to look upon him and believe him dead, so soft and slumbering-like he lay; and yet, in truth, none of us wished to destroy the pleasing delusion that he still lived, by an immediate examination.

A raven, as we stood, stooped suddenly down from the upper bough of a neighbouring oak—another followed, and the two birds of prey, perching together on a branch midstem high, seemed to hold a consultation concerning the human body below. They sat for several minutes with necks outstretched in earnest scrutiny, and death or life appeared to be the matter on which they conferred. They descended to a lower, and still lower bough, renewing their croaking colloquy, and approaching the place where the old man lay. At every descent they made, our hopes of life became fainter and fainter, and when, quitting the underbranches, they alighted on the ground, and advanced towards him boldly abreast, we numbered him with the dead. During this period the poor and faithful dog lay unobserved at his master's side, and, though sore wounded, he gathered himself together, and turned towards his winged adversaries with an eye of fire. The ravens, apparently from the blood which trickled from his side and bosom, reckoned him an easy prey, and stood their ground; and, drawing up their wings and projecting their sharp bills, they advanced to the contest. The dog leaped upon them so swiftly and so surely, that escaping with difficulty and diminished plumes, they sought refuge on a lofty oak.

We now approached—we spoke, but no answer was returned—we shouted, we were only answered by the neighbouring echoes. The dog placed himself between his master and us, and uttering a low fierce growl, seemed willing to spring at our bosoms. We called him by his name—we held out our hands to caress him, but he waxed fiercer and fiercer; and, at last, when we stooped to touch his master, he made a leap and a snatch, but fell backwards, and had only strength to lick his master's cheek, his master's hand, and utter a low melancholy howl—and then he expired. The shepherds wept outright for this faithful and

noble creature, and one of them exclaimed, "Oh, John Corson, never was a man blest with such a servant as thee." But the old man's ear was shut for ever against human speech. He was stiff and cold, and seemed to have been dead for some time. We made a bier of green boughs, and bore him homeward amid the sorrow and sighs of all those who loved the simple, and pleasant, and upright old man. At his lykewake many of the sweetest voices and fairest faces in the district chaunted his funeral song, and one of the elders of the parish preferred a prayer, which rivalled a sermon in length, and outrivalled it in honest natural eloquence, in which the virtues and kindly disposition of the old man were

warmly remembered. He was borne to the grave on horses' necks, followed by some of the wisest and best of the parish; red wine was poured plentifully forth, and spice-bread abounded, and the velvet mortcloth which covered the coffin reached nigh to the ground. He was laid side by side with his early friend the minstrel—a fair through-stone bears record of their affections, and some homely but characteristic rhymes associate in their friendship a faithful creature, well worthy of such a place, if ever animal affection ought to be named with human love.—Such are the particulars which marked the last days of old John Corson, and his faithful dog Whitefoot.

THE INSIDE OF A STAGE COACH.

LETTERS OF EDWARD HERBERT.

No. IV.

To P——— Powell.

MY DEAR P——— IT falls to my lot to assure you, à la Partridge, that I am not dead nor buried,—although a fever had nearly exposed me to being both the one and the other. In the thick of my visits and wonders, I started a pulse of 106, and took violently to my room and my despair. It is not necessary that I should tell you how I escaped that termination of complaints which ultimately I shall not escape. But here I am in a sea-port town, possetting and nursing a recovery with all the arts of an experienced sufferer. Russell will lift up his two dandy-grey-russet eyes, and exclaim in his mild imprecatory manner, "Bless me!"—and your mother, with a light up-glance, will say, "P———, fetch me the receipt book,—Herbert ill! turn to fever—and copy Mrs. ——'s water-gruel out for him!"—But rest, rest, perturbed spirits! I am now certainly bettering, and shall not die to have another Barbara Allen written over me. At times, indeed, my spirits do not trot at the rate Tom Morton's pace it. The Mortons are in town, poor things—where I shall soon be, even though I am just set down here among the shingles, black boats, loitering pilots, and blue old bathing

women. I hate sentimentality, but you must nevertheless expect a little of the romantic in this chattering apology for a letter. Let me be plaintive, *d's'ee*, as the Devon people say. I shall just talk as I please, not caring much whether you turn to the cover and sigh over the castaway elevenpence marked there;—for I am in a true Juliet mood, and pant "to speak and yet say nothing."

I am now, P———, walking about in a yellow straw hat and India looking jacket, as pale as a moss-rose. What jessamine animals we sick gentlemen are!—When I think that I am now a poor solitary fish of a man, flung here on the beach to flap about by myself, I sigh to be any other thing—aye, even a dead pigeon in a pie, that is sure to have two or three friends by his side, with their mahogany coloured ankles in the same predicament. Here I walk, think, and grieve, to no purpose. What am I toiling for?—why do I covet experience, when half a century will set myself and any given dead idiot on a par?—and yet I am moralizing;—oh, what a dowdies web of wisdom is philosophy!

I am dull,—am I not?—dull as the Stranger! But being just arrived

here, I am, as you will suppose, rather jaded in mind and body by the tediousness and fatigue of a long stage coach journey. I am, however, convinced that a few moderate and quiet walks in a wood, which stands on the side of a hill and just above the cottage in which I dwell, will restore the wonted elasticity of my mind, and set my stupidly sensitive and jarring nerves at rest. Like the strings of an *Æolian* harp, my nerves are moved with a breath; nor can I find that anything short of a perfect quiet life procures me common ease. Even the very act of writing this letter,—attended as it is with the thoughts of you all, and home, and idle fears of fever, and the foolish dread of associating with strangers in a strange place,—shakes me, as the wind stirs a branch of the mountain ash in a troubled day. If my health should be of that stubborn quality, which, mule-like, will either stop short, or move in a retrograde fashion,—I shall faithfully remember my promise to your mother, and be careful against violent readings, revellings, or keen winds:—she always said I was delicate.—A book I shall then look upon as a dangerous companion, and shun it as I would the society of a badger or an authoress;—and as for an easterly wind, it may sing itself hoarse, before I will listen to its song,—and it may go whistle to its cloudy flocks for days together, and yet never prevail upon me to venture into a company so awfully pastoral. Be under no apprehensions on my account; for I have laid in good resolutions by the waggon-load, as an old lady heaps in her winter stock of coals;—I am quite determined to keep a strict eye on the weather, and to run from storms and showers as I would scamper from a herd of wild elephants. I am also pretty sure of passing a solitary and reflective life; for the family with whom I now lodge is the most regular and serene I ever beheld. It appears to move by Act of Parliament, and to think and speak by clock-work. It consists of an old gentleman, who was long master of a small trading vessel, and his wife and daughter. The father is fargone in good health and years; and having retired from the labours of life, is making up for his early troubles and tempests by an extraordinary

stock of quiet and calms now. He appears, however, never to have been ruffled, but to have had his eye all the first part of his life on the compass, and all the last on his pipe or the weathercock. I have already watched him smoking, and he really seems charmed from all earthly vexation and care;—his thoughts appear to sleep within him; or to be so light, that he can collect them without an effort together, and whiff them away in the warm, silent, and momentary mists of his pipe. Whatever he says (but he speaks so seldom that I should think thirty words go to the day with him) is full of humanity and homely wisdom:—he appears to be able to grow all the observations necessary for his own use (so few are they) in his own heart. From the little I have seen of him I like him greatly. His person is spare, but well proportioned; and his hair begins to whiten around his brown visage, like the embers around the fire. The wife has been originally a pretty good talker, I guess,—but she seems to have learned moderation from her husband;—whenever she begins, she appears to prepare her tongue for a long and sedate voyage,—but a sigh from her daughter, or the perfect inattention and placid indifference of her gentle partner, arrests her progress and becalms her discourse. She is very cautious in her movements and her language, but her observations are a little too *historical*. The daughter,—whom they call Laura,—is sensible, unassuming, and pretty. She cultivates her mind with books,—at least, so her conversation leads me to believe;—and she seems to have read herself into a modest and delightful importance with her family. She is of a fair stature,—with light hair and blue eyes:—this almost sounds romantic!—Whatever she says has an instantaneous weight with mine host and hostess,—and she never, as far as I have been able to observe, abuses her power or their confidence. There is something extremely plaintive in her air,—and an apparently habitual and occasional absence of mind,—which I cannot account for: you know that I cannot bear to see the shadow of trouble on the mind of woman. The mother found an opportunity yesterday even-

ing of assuring me that her family had existed in this part of the country for many generations,—and that her great aunt had very nearly married the lord of the manor. She also contrived to inform me that her husband's vessel was copper-bottomed and a surprisingly swift sailer,—and to insinuate that her daughter could read better than any girl of her age in the village, and was allowed to be the best getter-up of fine linen, far and near. She asked after my grandfather Paul with a significant sigh, and disclosed to me that he had been an admirer of hers in his youth. Heaven knows how!—The entrance of her husband cut short my attention and her speech at the same moment. You will be surprized at the stock of domestic knowledge and insight into character which I have already gained;—but you will remember that I was always given to observation of this nature.

My journey here was remarkable for nothing but its tedious length and finished dullness. As I left town at night, and did not choose to alight at supper-time, my fellow travellers were not revealed to me, till the cold moist morn peeped palely through the wet windows of the coach, and discovered to me a fat old gentleman in a dingy night-cap, sleeping to some regular nasal music of his own playing, and pillowing his heavy swaddled head on the well-stuffed bolster of his own body. His face was red and full, and seemed to have imbibed the colour of Port wine as industriously as his mouth had the beverage itself. His nose was the throne of good living, and there it sat in purple pride; and a wet grey eye twinkled at intervals, like a stupid star in a foggy night. Next to this pampered sleeper sat a tall thin lady, holding a basket on her lap, and having a dark red handkerchief tied over a shabby travelling bonnet. Her eyes were wide awake, and fixed immoveably on the comfortless window. She now and then sighed or hemmed from dreariness, and moved a leg, or put back her straight hair with her hand, from utter lassitude. Occasionally she would take the tassel of the window, and smear away the moisture from the pane, though little was obtained by the act, be-

yond a momentary peep at one or two cold and solitary cottages, and a procession (as it would seem) of dingy pilgrim-trees. To be sure, the white morning could be seen wrapping all objects in a pale light, like a shroud, and the countenance of my tall and quiet traveller became more fixed, icy, and monumental. It glanced up the avenue of her bonnet and handkerchief with a deathly, clammy paleness, which "looked not o'the earth," but told a silent tale of other worlds. The marble ghost in Don Juan could not have been more terrifically still, or more frightfully pallid. To me, this fair forlorn looked like some Egyptian figure found in the pyramids, that held age to be a merit, and life to be "a thing to dream of, not to tell." A bad temper appeared to have set its mark on her upper lip; and vexation had written a few legible lines on her forehead, which were plain and intelligible to the eyes of every person. By these two several whimsical specimens of alumbering fatness and wakeful leanness was one side of the coach occupied, in the proportion of two thirds to the Sleeping Beauty, and one third to the Enchanted Damsel. Next to myself, sat a little gentleman in black, with a hairy travelling-cap drawn down over his face, so as to hide all but the end of a keen nose, and a compressed lip. I fancy that I can generally find the character in the nose, and here I found enough of the hawk to warrant me in guessing at the possessor's profession. How well has Sterne described the want of purpose in a person,—"You have no nose, Sir!" This duodecimo edition of a lawyer (for such I deemed him) was dozing, but his hand did not forsake a blue bag which rested between his knees, thus "holding fast," as the child-game saith, even in that predicament in which half the world would have "let go;" and his head continually dropped towards it, even in its sleepy helplessness. I amused myself with speculating on my companions till breakfast-time, when we all assembled round a well-stocked table; but each seemed suspicious of the other; and every cup of coffee was passed with a laudable caution, and every egg handed with a careful and silent

mysteriousness. We returned to our coach, like culprits to a cell, not half so happy as convicts to a caravan; all, save the corpulent sleeper, who in vain attempted to provoke a conversation, and cultivate a better acquaintance. His observations, when generally made, were considered as the property of none, and were therefore left unanswered and disregarded by all. He at last retired into himself, and found in a renewed sleep that comfortable society which he had vainly sought in those about him. The jolting of the coach never mingled us; each stuck as perversely in his corner, as if banishment awaited the least infringement on a neighbour's rights, and death would be the consequence of sociality and freedom. I was rejoiced when I observed the guard and coachman for the last time, and felt the happy serenity of the home into which I passed, doubly sweet, as coming so immediately after the rattling, close, and unsocial vehicle in which I had travelled. I fear this account of my journey and my host may tire you; but, so soon after my arrival, I had little else to communicate, and I could not be silent longer, nor could I reconcile myself to help-

ing you to the mere merrythought of a letter. I shall not, however, write again till I return to town, when I hope to be able to give a better account of the world and its progressings, and continue my old tales of real life, not *after* Mrs. Opie.

For the present, my dear P——, adieu!—Assure Russell of my constant love for him—and to the kind hearts that beat about your fireside (we have fires here!) commend me in all sincerity and affection. I can hardly write, my materials are so miserable; my pen is surely a bit of an old anchor, and such bilge-water of ink never muddied the letter of an old sailor!—But through the roses of my window I see my host is beginning to tune his evening pipe, and I myself am inclined to get behind the silver veil of a fragrant cigar, and forget in its rolling vapours the hard world and all its ills. Yet, my dear P——, thee I can never forget; whole worlds of tobacco could never raise such a fume as to hide thee from thy faithful friend

EDWARD HERBERT.

PS. I shall write to Russell from London, for I know he likes to have his letters *town made*.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

MR. EDITOR,—I happened lately to peruse with some attention the *Travels* of Dr. Niemeyer, an eminent Professor of the University of Halle, in Saxony, and formerly Chancellor of the same,—the larger portion of which is dedicated to England. The second and last volume was printed at that place last year. These *Travels* decidedly announce a man of much experience and great penetration, one who is neither so prejudiced as to condemn any thing because it is not the same as in his own country, nor so illiberal as to refuse his warmest approbation to any thing his judgment may approve. They will be found to be particularly interesting in what regards religion and education, the two objects he appears to have selected for his consideration, and which his own character and station must have rendered the most congenial and the most familiar to his mind. He does not, however, by any means, confine himself to these: he describes every thing that occurred to him during his stay in England, which was in the year preceding, and makes many judicious and piquant remarks on an infinity of subjects. In short, his book is worthy to be added to the list of valuable descriptions of England written by his countrymen, such as Goede, Wendeborn, &c. and is well deserving of an English translation. The account of the English Universities he appears to have drawn up with considerable care and tolerable accuracy; and certainly at greater length and with more intelligence than any of his foreign predecessors. He has not, assuredly, described either of them so hastily and in so few words as did the Abbé Bourlet de Vauxcelles some sixty years ago, who writes thus to a friend: “*Nous fûmes*

coucher à Cambridge, ville savante et pauvre, où il y a trois mille pédaus et pas un pavé de grès." The following is a translation of some portions of the Doctor's work relating to the two Universities, which perhaps you may deem worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine.

That the public establishments for education in Great Britain have for their general object a certain more elevated and scientific information of the student, together with those of Germany, particularly the Protestant, but are at the same time materially different from these in their constitution, I may consider as a fact already known to a considerable portion of my readers. Whoever has read upon this subject the well-known works, not unfrequently contradictory to one another, of Wendeborn, Küttner, Göde, and Meiner, to him, perhaps, I shall not be able to communicate much additional information upon this subject.

I have frequently observed, that even men of letters have had but a very faint and general idea of this difference, and by no means any clear perception of what is peculiar to the British Universities. Having, therefore, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted particularly with those of Oxford and Cambridge, I shall here confine myself to a description of them: for Dublin in Ireland, as well as Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, in Scotland, are very differently constituted; the three latter, indeed, have a much greater resemblance to those of Germany.

I hope the following account, which I have made as concise and comprehensive as possible, will be acceptable to many besides academical men, since Universities are institutions in which all educated members of a state, and all fathers and mothers, should take the most lively interest. Besides, such institutions have not unfrequently, in these our troublous times, afforded matter of discussion and controversy: the public voice upon this subject has of late been expressed louder than ever; and it has even been conceived, by more than one person, that all the faults of our German Universities would be effectually remedied, if they were re-modelled according to the English fashion. It may also be expected, that an old member of an University has directed no inconsiderable share of

his observation to such institutions. Alike avoiding all inclination indiscriminately to admire or to condemn either what is foreign or domestic, he has endeavoured to draw an impartial comparison; and, in the communication of his results, he has sought that moderation which he has himself found wanting in many authors who have preceded him.

We shall first take a view of the general state, the discipline, the literary and political constitution of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, such as they appear to an observer, these being very similar in both. Then, after having taken such a survey of these celebrated seats of the Muses, and formed a clear idea of their exterior and interior, the short description which I shall give of my stay in both places will become more intelligible, and perhaps be read with greater interest.

The peculiar constitution of these two learned establishments bears the decided stamp and character of their founders, as well as of the time in which they were instituted. Every thing in them shows the most intimate connexion with ecclesiastical and religious objects. As in all Catholic countries, it was believed in England, where the system of the Romish hierarchy was established at an early period, that the existing religion would be best supported by those institutions in which a number of young men should devote themselves entirely to theological studies and regular prayer; whether thereby to prepare themselves for ecclesiastical duties, or whether, renouncing the world, they were to dedicate themselves to an ascetic life. But colleges, understood in that sense, which were founded partly by rich individuals, and partly by kings and queens, differed from the ordinary convents in this, that most of them even at the beginning had at least some scientific tendency, and that the business of scholastic teaching properly fell within the plan of their founders. Since, however, the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the plan of

an University was gradually extended; the teachers of the sciences were no longer chosen from the clerical order, and the objects of instruction were no longer confined to Theology, but, besides the preparative branches of classical and philosophical studies, Medicine and Jurisprudence were admitted. The professors enjoyed great privileges, given them by popes, emperors, kings, and cities, by means of which they by degrees formed an independent body, which produced long before the Reformation the most learned men and writers in all departments. The extraordinary conflux of scholars, who were attracted by the fame of celebrated professors, soon introduced all those evils which are inseparable from the free association of a great number of young men, in those years in which all inclinations are excited, and the passions burn with violence. It was to check these evils, that, instead of allowing the students an unrestrained freedom, without any directing superintendence, the idea was conceived of separating them into smaller societies, and of providing them maintenance and accommodation in large buildings, now called Colleges, which should be richly endowed, and should offer advantages to those who resided in them. Such were the institutions in the Universities of Salamanca, Bologna, and Paris; but in none has there been shown such liberality as in the foundations and endowments of Oxford and Cambridge.

The colleges of these two cities, which derive their celebrity from them only, considered as the several parts of a whole, form, properly speaking, the University. The heads of these, as well as all members who enjoy a dignity or degree, whether called doctors, masters, or fellows, have a seat and a voice in the greater council, or convocation, as it is called in Oxford; the representatives of the several colleges form the lesser council. This council, therefore, does not consist of professors only; but these belong to it only as being members of a college, or as having an academical dignity. Full convocation may probably contain a thousand members. But as these cannot always be present, a certain number has authority to decide on any measure. The num-

ber even of sixteen or twenty persons possesses in Oxford full authority on the occasion of conferring or proposing a degree. In Oxford, this is called congregation; in Cambridge, the caput; to form which, four persons are sufficient. Each University, besides many offices and denominations differing from those among us, has its chancellor and high steward, elected by itself. Both of these are, as is still the case with the rectors in many German Universities, always persons of the first rank in the kingdom. These hold offices of dignity merely, and not of employment. The representative of the chancellor, and properly the administrator of the University business, is the vice-chancellor, who is chosen annually from the heads of colleges. He is, as the pro-rector amongst us, the ever present head of the University; conducts all business in the convocation or senate as president; and has likewise, in matters that are not of such importance as to be brought before the proper courts, a peculiar jurisdiction, to which even the citizens are amenable, in so far as they are connected with the University. Besides four assistants, the pro-vice-chancellors, the next in rank to the vice-chancellor are the two proctors, and next the pro-proctors. These are likewise chosen annually from the masters, and, properly speaking, are the directors of the police, and are empowered to banish from the city, arrest suspicious persons, and to visit improper houses. * * * * The discipline is strict, duly enforced, and appears to have an almost unlimited influence. Here, however, it is equally unable to prevent all excesses and violation of rules as it is in the German Universities. Yet here it is exercised on a more regular principle, exactly according to the established law, and extends itself even to the townsmen, in as far as they may be the aiders and abettors of any transgression of the laws. In this case, a townsman, who allows in his house any riot, disturbance, or unlawful behaviour, may soon be deprived of his livelihood, as soon as the vice-chancellor finds it salutary for the good of the whole. At the very time I was in Oxford, there appeared on the walls a printed adver-

tiement, by which a horse-dealer was suspended from his business, because he had lent to some students a light, dangerous vehicle, called a gig, which is forbidden by the statutes, and I was assured the decree was irrevocable. The lightest punishments for any violation of the discipline on the part of the students are additional exercises to be performed in writing. Repeated transgressions are frequently followed by dismission from the college, which may, as among us, either be accompanied by a *Consilium abeundi*, or in more aggravated cases be made publicly known. This necessarily implies the loss of numerous advantages and privileges. The refusal, likewise, of a degree, or any considerable delay in receiving it, is frequently attended by the most painful consequences.

If, then, the English Universities, as we have hitherto considered them, have been found in no inconsiderable degree to resemble our own, particularly if we regard these in their ancient constitutions, and as possessed of all their ancient rights, although they are much more independent of the government than ours; we shall, on the other hand, find a still greater difference between them in every thing that relates to the method of teaching, and study. Among us, the lectures of the professors are the essential part of the whole system, but in England these are almost entirely of inferior consideration. When the young student has left one of the public schools, such as Eton, Westminster, or Harrow, and intends to go to Oxford or Cambridge, he enters in one of the colleges, becoming, according as he may obtain a *stipendium*, a scholar, exhibitioner, or servitor; but if he lives upon his own means, a nobleman, gentleman-commoner, or commoner. The name of *student*, instead of *fellow*, is used in only one college, Christ-Church, where it denotes the members on the foundation. Any person may live in one of the colleges for three or four years, without being required to attend the university lectures. Each college has a greater or less number of *tutors*, whose business it is partly to give instruction themselves, and partly to direct the private studies of

the young men. These studies consist chiefly in the continuation of the knowledge acquired at school, particularly in the study of Greek and Latin authors, or what is called in England *classical learning*. At this period, no one thinks of any definite profession to which he may devote himself; and the course of education is exactly the same for those who are destined for the church, the law, or for medicine. After each one has decided on his profession, the lectures of the professors are occasionally attended; but that neither by all, nor with any regularity. The course of instruction, however, is scarcely to be compared with that in our Universities. Many courses of lectures contain during a whole year only twenty lectures of an hour's length, or at most forty. Dodwell, the celebrated professor of history, gave only twenty lectures in three years. At present, however, I would not speak of regular courses of lectures so much as of professions. Many students leave the University without having determined whether they are to be divines or lawyers. The celebrated physician, Dr. Willis, who attended the late king, had previously been a clergyman. The professorships are either royal or private foundations. The king nominates for the several departments of theology, law, and medicine, for the Hebrew language, the Greek language, and for natural history, only one professor. All other appointments have been founded and endowed by private persons, and generally bear the name of the founder. Thus in Oxford there is the Margaret's professorship, founded by Margaret of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh; the Camdenian professorship of ancient history, founded by William Camden; and the Laudian professorship of Arable, by Archbishop Laud. The same is the case in Cambridge. Of any kind of emulation or rivalry between the professors, there is not even a thought. They are generally the only ones in their departments, and are little solicitous whether their lectures are attended or not. Notwithstanding this, one must pay for attendance, and there are few lectures to which there is free admission.

When, therefore, we consider the English Universities in a literary point of view, it will appear evident, from what has been already observed, how very far in this respect likewise they differ from ours. In an English University, one may ask in vain for a list of the lectures. The catalogues of lectures in our Universities would there produce a singular effect. A great part of them would scarcely be understood. Then, how entirely different is the course of study! How entirely are they ignorant of the nature of separate lectures upon the different branches of theology, philosophy, jurisprudence, and their auxiliary sciences! How little value is there in general attached either to systematic method, or to universality of knowledge! The young student's advancement in knowledge, after his school education, and the direction to be given to his mind, almost entirely depends upon one or two tutors, to whom the head of the college may recommend him on entrance. From these tutors, whom the young men attend in their chambers, without the most rigid regularity of the hour, and to whom they pay a considerable fee, they receive instruction, together with others who have made the same progress with themselves, for three or four years; they read ancient authors, and study a little philosophy, mathematics, or physics. The tutor gives them assistance, prescribes them exercises, repeats these with them, or requires an account of what they have read or prepared. The consequence of this will clearly be, that the indolent and the dull will make but little advancement. Many English authors, who have themselves lived in such colleges, have declared, that one had frequently reason to be satisfied, if he had not unlearned at the University what he had brought to it from school (as is frequently the case amongst us), since so much depended upon the circumstance, whether the tutors were not only experienced in teaching, but whether they faithfully and skilfully fulfilled their charge, and whether the directing person had sufficient influence and zeal to make them adhere to their duty. For there are not wanting cases, in which, if we reckon the hours employed in

receiving instruction, the whole number would not amount to more than one a-day during a year, or in which, much disadvantage would not be found to have been occasioned by frequent interruptions. Besides, as the qualifications of those who are candidates for official situations are extremely moderate, one powerful stimulus is entirely taken away, which amongst us exerts a great influence upon those whose ardour in the pursuit of knowledge we could not well expect to be altogether disinterested. When, therefore, even in such a faulty constitution of things, any distinguish themselves by real learning, as very many have done, this is unquestionably due rather to their own meritorious exertions, than to be attributed to the merit of their literary education.

Besides the above-mentioned exercises, in order to obtain a general view of the employment of their time, examinations are held at the end of the several *terms*, as they are called, in which the students must give an account of the authors they have read, and whatever they have done besides. Prizes likewise of different kinds, which are proposed, excite their emulation. After a residence of four years, the lowest degree, that of bachelor of arts, is taken. * * * *

The strict adherence to ancient forms and established customs, and the mutual rivalry of different institutions, which have so much influence in preventing any deviation from existing rules, in order that all cause of reproach may be avoided, have unquestionably contributed greatly to maintain that strictness of discipline which we have before described, while this has likewise preserved a certain character and certain manners. It is evident, at the same time, that, while severe punishment may be sufficient to repress any public eruptions of insolence or passion, it does not necessarily ameliorate the character, or render the manners pure and guileless; and he would betray the greatest ignorance of human nature, especially in young men, who should consider the English Universities as the abodes of every virtue, and as preservatives against all those moral aberrations, to which

the students are exposed in our Universities, which we call free. Every unprejudiced observer must confess, and many sensible persons, with whom I became acquainted there, did not deny, that there was no want of irregularities, and even of flagrant offences of every sort, although perhaps committed more cautiously and more secretly than among us; that even within those monastic walls there dwelt indolence, and luxury; that the long vacation, and frequent residences in the capital, favoured but too much that tendency; and that even the severe judgment of Knox, who had been a member of St. John's College, although embittered by his private feelings, had not yet altogether lost its truth. Too little, certainly, in proportion to their number, is contributed to the advancement of the sciences by the ordinary members, in their happy and enviable literary ease. The unprejudiced will look for the causes of this in their advantageous and delightfully tranquil condition itself, which, as formerly in the rich convents, affords too rich nourishment to indolence and sensuality, to allow intellectual cultivation to flourish with the general number. Nor need this appear strange to us, since in Germany also so many ecclesiastics, as soon as they have obtained through a rich benefice a quiet and easy existence, either neglect entirely all cultivation of knowledge, or make cards the substitutes for books; whilst others, animated by an inward impulse, having studied not merely for the sake of a livelihood, amidst hard oppression and sorrow of life, still remain faithful to the advancement of knowledge, and by their literary activity acquire to themselves deserved reputation. Probably, too, with many members of those Universities, the lively interest which they take in political matters may be sufficient to account for their little exertion in literature; since, wherever political ideas are dominant, it seldom happens that scientific knowledge is encouraged and promoted in the same proportion. Each University has two representatives in parliament; and as they elect these themselves, and that certainly without any corrupt influence, or the use of any unworthy

means, as in other elections of members of parliament, every fellow or master may attain to that honour, and even, inasmuch as he may become a bishop, may aspire to a seat and voice in the upper house. Hence each of them has at all times maintained a certain political character, sometimes supporting the party of the Whigs, and at other times that of the Tories. Enjoying likewise a free constitution, so long as they continue faithful to their statutes, they are independent of the royal or ecclesiastical authority; and on this account their opinion has been on certain occasions expressed with great freedom, and has not been without influence. As, besides, the English constitution finds its greatest support in the members of the episcopal church, the Universities, which are entirely of the same church, are of the greatest importance to the state. No one who has not subscribed the thirty-nine articles, the symbolical book of their church, whether or not he has duly weighed their contents, can have the smallest participation in any of their rich livings, or look to any office in a college, and cannot obtain even a professorship. Therefore, all dissenters, in the widest sense of the word, those who have not sworn to the articles of that church, have their own literary institutions and places of education. In this respect, then, the Presbyterian Universities of Scotland have preserved much more the character of real Christian freedom.

From all that I have said of these remarkable establishments, in which I have studied to represent the real truth, and abjure all intention of misrepresentation, it will appear sufficiently clear to any one, why they are, like the English schools, at one time blindly admired, and at another treated with the bitterest censure. This censure does not perhaps proceed from the dissatisfaction felt at being excluded by a difference of faith from the enjoyment of their rich livings and extensive emoluments; for many even of their former members, who had the best opportunities of examining carefully the interior arrangement of those institutions, are of the same opinion. Even German authors, who, like Meiners, represent the whole system of the English Uni-

versities as requiring a radical transformation, and even do not hesitate to call them the sources of the most general ignorance and immorality, do but repeat the very words of the English themselves, such as Knox, and Gibbon, especially of that *son of earth* (*Terræ Filius*), who treated Oxford with the same severe and bitter censure, as an anonymous person among us did the school of *Pforta*. That under an entire change of cir-

cumstances, occasioned by a difference of times, any pertinacious adherence to ancient forms is always deserving of blame, is evident; but, at the same time, that, in an old building, where every thing hangs firm and fast together, the effect of any shaking of its walls, or disjointing of its parts, must be extremely doubtful, is a truth confirmed by experience, which, in most things, is the surest instructress.

THE FUNERAL OF ELEANOR.

A BALLAD.

ELEANOR (commonly called the damsel of Britain) sole daughter of Geoffrey, Earl of Britain, and only sister and heir of Earl Arthur, was sent into England by her uncle, King John, and imprisoned in Bristol castle, for no other crime than her title to the crown; but that was sufficient to make her liberty both suspected and dangerous. In durance there she prolonged her miserable life until the year of our Lord 1241, which was the 25th of King Henry III. at which time she died a virgin, and lieth buried in the church of the Nunnery at Ambresbury, unto which Monastery she gave the Manour of Melkesham with its appurtenances.

*Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings of England.
Printed in the Savoy, for the Author, 1677.*

A quiet knell the convent bell
Of Ambersbury knoll'd;
And quietly the moonlight fell
On tower, and stream, and fold.

When towards the tower a shepherd old
A look of wonder cast,
As by the stream, and near his fold,
The sad procession past.

By pairs they came, the virgins all
Clad in snow-white array,
Save that a sable velvet pall
On the twain foremost lay.

Upon that cloth in golden woof
A regal crown was wrought:
The moon a watry glimpse thereof,
As if in sadness, caught.

On a grey stone the bier is laid,
Which soon that pall must hide;
And therein lies a royal maid
Who of long sadness died.

Ah, who can tell her heavy years,
Dragg'd on by Avon's side?
Ah, who can tell the scalding tears
She mingled with his tide?

How oft on Arthur's name she cried,
At the still midnight hour,
When nought but echo's voice replied
Amid the lonesome tower?

How oft she saw him, 'mid her dreams,
Now smiling on a throne,
Now struggling in the fatal streams,
Dash'd from the heights of Roan ?

Nor of a crown alone debarr'd
She lost her rightful due,
But in the tyrant's jealous guard
Had pined a prisoner too.

The horsemen train have laid her down
Upon that stone so grey,
And homeward straight to Bristow town
They slowly wend their way.

At stated hour the virgins come
To meet the expected bier,
And circling stand amid the gloom
In silent love and fear.

The wondrous pile is gleaming nigh,
Believed by giant hands
Brought hither through the murky sky,
At Merlin's stern commands.

The moon, that labour'd through the cloud,
Shot sudden from a rift,
As their white arms the sable shroud
Upon the coffin lift.

No longer sinking, as before,
It flapp'd and idly hung,
But its full plaits extended o'er
Upon the coffin flung.

Toward the pall that shepherd old
A look of sorrow cast,
As down the stream, and by the fold,
Again the virgins past.

And now entomb'd, in lowly guise,
'Neath Ambersbury's floor,
In holy peace for ever lies
The saintly Eleanor.

In Worcester's dome the tyrant king,
Reclined by Severn's wave,
Hears the stoled priests their anthem sing
Around his gorgeous grave.

So long the vengeful demons sleep ;
But when the strain is done,
Once more in furious mood they leap
Upon the heart of John.

His princely son the sceptre sways :
In vain it fills his hand :
Distrust, and dread, and pale amaze,
Pursue him through the land.

'Neath Ambersbury's floor she lies :
Her slumbers there are sweet,
For Arthur's spirit comes and cries ;—
—In joy at last we meet.

HALIDON HILL, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE day seems drawing to a close for dramatic composition and dramatic enjoyment. If the fair, the gay, and the gallant, who fill the seats of our theatres, have a whimsical taste, and capricious fancy—are much too wise, and by far too critical, to be readily pleased—it must be owned that they are seldom presented with aught but cold, timid, and correct productions; where there are few faults, and few excellencies, and little of the bold manly character, and fresh and glowing language, of our elder dramatists. Most of the higher poetical spirits of the age, one after another, have seceded from the stage in scorn or in pity; Southey, it is true, has remained silent; but Lord Byron speaks out with proud and undisguised contempt; and the poet of Halidon Hill says, that his dramatic sketch is in no particular either designed or calculated for the stage, and that any attempt to produce it in action will be at the peril of those who make the experiment. A legion of lesser spirits have preceded or followed this defection of the higher powers; each lifting up his voice against being carted across the stage, and insulted in his last moments by dramatic executioners, and a critical and capricious crowd. They have found out a far safer and surer way to equitable judgment and fame, than trusting to the hazardous presentment of the characters they draw, by the heroes of the sock and buskin, and to the dubious and captious shout of the pit and the galleries.

One cause of the unwillingness of authors to approach the public, through the limited avenue of the stage, is the necessity of chipping and shaping the story, and casting and drawing the characters, according to the will or the vanity of actors. The craving of each for an important and characteristic part is equal to the demand of the insubordinate spirits of Michael Scott for employment, while the monopolizing spirit of the favourite of the hour demands a part, which, like Aaron's rod, de-

vours all other inferior enchantments. Thus the dramatic poet has to proceed by rule and pattern; and the lets and incumbrances are so great and manifold, that the native powers of the English mind have not free exercise in dramatic composition. There are many lesser causes which combine to occasion the fall of the drama—the total scorn with which the town regards all superstitious beliefs, and supernatural influences, is not the least; even the Author of *Waverley* was obliged to find a wild Northumbrian nurse for his young citizen, Francis Osbaldistone, to elevate the youth to the level of romantic history. The town is a merry and a pleasant place; the region of wits, and parodists, and punsters; where amusement is wrung from the most obstinate words, and merriment from the most perverse appellations; and an innocent and useful name is hunted down through fifty wicked meanings, and pursued like the vizier's spouse into many strange transformations. All this is exceedingly delightful; but it is not the best way to prepare one for the natural, the superstitious, the romantic, and native beauties of the drama.

When we look back, we are surprised at the multitude of dramatic miscarriages; a correct and a well-told story fails from the want of glow, animation, and original freshness of the characters and language; while others, seemingly possessed in an eminent degree of those rare and shining qualities, owe their oblivion to the want of a clear and obvious plot, and a regular succession of visible and well-connected action. That *Halidon Hill* is a native, heroic, and chivalrous drama, clear, brief, and moving in its story—full of pictures, living and breathing, and impressed with the stamp of those romantic and peculiar times, and expressed in language rich and felicitous, must be felt by the most obtuse intellect: yet we are not sure that its success would be great on the stage, if for the stage it had been ever designed. The beauties by which it charms and en-

* *Halidon Hill, a dramatic Sketch, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* 8vo.

chains attention in the closet—those bright and innumerable glimpses of past times—those frequent allusions to ancient deeds and departed heroes—the action of speech rather than of body, would be swallowed up in our immense theatres, where a play to the eye is wanted, rather than to the heart. The time of action equals, it is true, the wishes of the most limited critic; the place too, the foot of Halidon and its barren ascent, cannot be much more ample than the space from the farther side of the stage to the upper regions of the gallery; and the heroes who are called forth to triumph and to die, are native flesh and blood, who yet live in their descendants. It has all the claims which a dramatic poem can well have on a British audience; yet we wish it so well as to hope it will escape from the clutch of those who cut up narratives into quantities for the theatres. Is there no law to protect the most touching pathos, and chivalrous feelings, from profanation by inferior spirits?

The transfer which the poet has avowedly made, of the incidents of the battle of Homildon to the Hill of Halidon, seems such a violation of authentic history as the remarkable similarity of those two disastrous battles can never excuse. It is dangerous to attempt this violent shifting of heroic deeds; the field of Bannockburn would never tell of any other victory than the one which has rendered it renowned; history lifts up her voice against it; the Hill of Homildon will never tell the story of the Hill of Halidon in return for this; nor the story of any other battle but its own.

If it be necessary to describe the story of the poem, it may be done very briefly, for never perhaps did a drama involve fewer incidents. The period of time is the golden day of English and Scottish chivalry; the close of the adventurous and brilliant reign of Robert Bruce, and the commencement of the victorious career of the third Edward. The heroes are some of the most renowned and stirring spirits of England and Scotland; but the part on which the poet fixes the attention of his readers forms but a portion or episode of the battle. We shall embellish our description with some passages of the

telligible, and break the consistency of the tale as little as possible.

The Scottish army, led by the principal nobility, appears on the summit of Halidon Hill; while the English, conducted by King Edward and Sir John Chandos, occupy the plain below. The former, commanded by the Regent, a mean and envious man, wastes the precious moments of preparing for battle, in vain contention, and angry parleying for place; while the latter, headed by wise and warlike leaders, array themselves in secrecy and silence, and place their archers in the front, to whose skill England owes so many of her victories.

But the charm of the drama belongs not to kings and councillors; the titled and the great are but as lookers on, and form the mute and motionless audience to the conversation and deeds of Sir Alan Swinton and Sir Adam Gordon—two knights of the northern army. Swinton, a brave and approved warrior, who had fought and conquered with Bruce and with Douglas, places his pennon on the hill, and awaits the orders of the chief leaders. An old comrade in arms, Sir Symon Vipont, a Templar of renown, but who was a Scotchman before he was a Templar, advances and addresses him.

Vipont. (advancing.) There needed not,
to blazon forth the Swinton,
His ancient burgoonet, the sable bear
Chain'd to the gnarled oak,—nor his proud
step,

Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he of Scotland's realm can
wield:

His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his frame the champion. Hail,
brave Swinton!

Swinton. Brave Templar, thanks! Such
your crou'd shoulder speaks you;
But the closed visor, which conceals your
features,

Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, per-
haps—

Vipont. (unclenching his helmet.) No; one
less worthy of our sacred order.

Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorched my
features

Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

Swinton. (embracing him.) As the
blithe reaper

Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe
harvest

Lies deep before him, and the sun is high.

Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not?

'Tis tatter'd since thou wast a boy, and thou

Look as if brought from off some Christ-
mas board,
Where knives had notch'd them deeply.
Vipont. Have with them ne'ertheless.
The Stuart's chequer,
The bloody heart of Douglas, Ross's
lymphads,
Sutherland's wild cats, nor the royal lion,
Rampant in golden tressure, wins me from
them.
We'll back the Boarheads bravely. I see
round them
A chosen band of lances—some well known
to me.
Where's the main body of thy followers?
Swinton. Symon de Vipont, thou dost see
them all
That Swinton's bugle horn can call to battle,
However loud it rings. There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength
enough
To bear a sword—there's not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and grey beards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs
them all.
Vipont. A thousand followers—such, with
friends and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years space! And thy brave sons,
Sir Alan,
Alas! I fear to ask.
Swinton. All slain, De Vipont. In my
empty home,
A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother,
“Where is my grandsire? Wherefore do
you weep?”
But for that prattler, Lyulph's house is
heirless.
I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hewed four goodly boughs, and left
beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.
Vipont. All slain—alas!
Swinton. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their
attributes,
John with the long spear—Archibald with
the axe—
Richard the ready—and my youngest dar-
ling,
My fair-hair'd William—do but now sur-
vive
In measures which the grey-hair'd min-
strels sing,
When they make maidens weep.
Vipont. These wars with England, they
have rooted out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who
might win
The sepulchre of Christ from the rude
heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

Swinton. Unholy warfare? Ay, well hast
thou named it;
But not with England—would her cloth-
yard shafts

Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had
been
Lost like their grandsires, in the bold de-
fence
Of their dear country—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my long
spear'd John,
He with the axe, and he, men called the
ready,
Ay, and my fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's
wrath
Devour'd my gallant issue.

Vipont. Since thou dost weep, their death
is unavenged?

Swinton. Templar, what think'st thou
me?—See yonder rock,
From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow
from it?
Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They are
avenged;
I wept not till they were—till the proud
Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's
sword,
In guerdon that he thinned my father's li-
neage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the
Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,
Which mingled with the rest.—We had
been friends,
Had shared the banquet and the chace to-
gether.
Fought side by side,—and our first cause
of strife,
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light
one.
Vipont. You are at feud, then, with the
mighty Gordon?
Swinton. At deadly feud. Here in this
border land,
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the
son,
As due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon;
Not in this land, twixt Solway and Saint
Abbs,
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon. (P. 24—29.)

We have said, many of the chief
beauties of the poem are of the re-
trospective kind—the conversation of
Swinton and his friend justifies our
assertion. The character of an ancient
warrior has seldom been touched off
with such masterly skill, or endowed
with deeper claims on our regard and
admiration. Unbroken by old age—
firm in his affections—unshaken in
his valour, sedate in his military ar-
dour, and lofty in his sorrow, he stands
amid the wreck and desolation of his
house and his followers, ready to die
in defence of his country. The interest
which his early appearance claims

is soon deepened. The Scottish chiefs are summoned to attend that stormy and contentious council so disastrous to themselves and their country. The son of the Gordon,—a brave and an amorous youth, appears at the head of his followers when the debate is high, and Sir Alan Swinton is counselling the chiefs to retire to a tent, and conceal their dissensions from their army. Gordon had never before looked on the enemy of his house—his emotions before Swinton are singularly natural and original.

Gordon (to Vipont.) That helmetless old Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem
Like to some visioned form which I have dream'd of,
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

Vipont. Pray you, do not so;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.

There's other work in hand—

Gordon. I will but ask his name. There's in his presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Doat upon tales of superstitious dread,
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear.

Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well
I'm bound to fear nought earthly—and I fear nought.

I'll know who this man is—

(Accosts Swinton.)

Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,

To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown in arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

Swinton. It is a name that soundeth in my ear

Like to a death-knell—Ay, and like the call
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;
Yet 'tis a name which ne'er hath been dishonoured,

And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.

Gordon. There's a mysterious courtesy in this,

And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust, you held the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

Swinton. Worthy of all that openness and honour

May show to friend or foe—but, for my name,

Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound
Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells there

But at your own request.

'Tis a brave youth. How blushed his noble cheek,
While youthful modesty and the embarrassment

Of curiosity, combined with wonder,
And half suspicion of some slight intended,
All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen

Into revenge's glow. Now, now 'tis out;
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,
Who will not seek nor shun him. (P. 40.)

The impetuous youth is restrained from attacking Sir Alan by the force and persuasion of De Vipont; meanwhile, the leaders return from council—their private deliberation had been stormy and contentious, and the marshalling of their army is left to popular discretion—to the direction of chance. Swinton stands ruminating on the impending fate of his country; the noble mind of Gordon softens and relents as he gazes on the grey hairs, the stalwart form and face of command, and hearkens to the ancient and considerate wisdom of him who slew his father. But his wisdom is wasted—for the spirit of misrule and infatuation has flown forth—and the army stands an open mark to the distant and fatal attack of the archers. All this is not unnoticed of Gordon, whose admiration of Swinton increases more and more—indeed the changes of his free and enthusiastic spirit from hatred to awe, from awe to admiration, and from admiration to love, are brought about in a manner equally natural and beautiful: has ever the name of Gordon received so fine a compliment? For the counsel of the old warrior we must make a little room.

Swinton. 'Tis a proud word to speak;
but he who fought

Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess,

Without communication with the dead,
At what he would have counsel'd.—Bruce had bidden ye

Review your battle-order, marshal'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you mark

Yon clouds of Southron archers bearing down

To the green meadow lands which stretch beneath—

The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day

But shall find mark within a Scottish heath—

If thus our field be ordered. The villain

Who draw but four foot bows, shall gall our
front,
While on our mainward, and upon the
rear,
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's
own darts—

* * * * *

But let a body of your chosen horse
Make execution on yon waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dunes of Sherwood, Inglewood, and
Weardale,
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,
And long in vain. (P. 55.)

The Regent rejects his counsel
with scorn, and commands the youth,
desirous of the honour of knighthood,
to come and receive it from his sword.
Never was love of country—of ho-
nour—of true nobleness of mind,
more meekly or more beautifully ex-
pressed, than in the manner in which
Adam Gordon refuses the Regent's
wish, and casts himself on his knees
to beg the honour of knighthood

Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.
Even from Sir Alan Swinton—
Here I remit unto the knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and re-
venge;
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought that in our country's
battle
All hearts should be as one.

* * * * *

Swinton. Alas! brave youth, 'tis I
should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell
sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the
point
After thine own discretion. (P. 61—63.)

The followers of the ancient knight
of Swinton, diminished to sixty, are
now augmented by the soldiers of Sir
Adam Gordon. Forsaken by the
Regent, and deserted by the nobles,
they resolve to move down the hill
and attack the English bowmen, who
are waiting their monarch's signal to
begin the battle. A skilful guide is
wanted who will conduct them down
the woody side of the hill unexposed
in their advance to the archers. Hob
Hattely, a border marauder, alternately
the plunderer and defender of his
country, starts out of a bush, and ex-
claims—

Hob. So here he stands.—An ancient
friend, Sir Alan.

Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,
Hob of the Heron Plume—here stands your
guide. (P. 70.)

Under this border-guide they march
in silence, by a winding and unsus-
pected way, to attack the archers;
and this brings us to the conclusion of
the first act.

The second and final act opens by
a conference among the English
chiefs—where the rough, blunt, and
crafty Chandos, and the proud and
martial Percy, distinguish themselves.
They are standing looking on the dis-
array of the Scottish army, and they
discourse with King Edward about
Robert Bruce and his famous Gene-
rals, Douglas and Randolph—and of
the encounter he had with them in
the north of England. It is very cha-
racteristic.

Chandos. Your first campaign, my liege?
—that was in Weardale,

When Douglas gave our camp yon mid-
night ruffle,

And turn'd men's beds to biers.

King Edward. Ay, by Saint Edward!
—I escaped right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays,
And slept not in mine armour: my safe
rest

Was startled by the cry of Douglas!
Douglas!

And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain,
Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace.
It was a churchman saved me—my stout
chaplain,

Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up!
And grappled with the giant. (P. 79.)

King Edward gives the signal for
the archers to commence the attack
—the flight of the cloth-yard shafts—
which, as the historian says, of the
field of Poitiers, “fell so wholly
and so thick that it seemed to snow;”
and their effects upon the northern
host are described in the following
brief and picturesque manner:

King Edward. See, Chandos, Percy—

Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!

See it descending now, the fatal hail shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift,
resistless,

Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave
English hearts!

How close they shoot together!—As one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one
hand

Had loosed five thousand bow strings.

At this moment Swinton and Gor-
don rush upon the flank of the archers,
and Edward, and Chandos, and Percy
lead against them the flower of the

English chivalry. But before their aid arrives the bowmen are broken and dispersed; their leaders, De Grey and Selby, are slain, and the banners of Swinton and Gordon wave side by side, and their war-cries sound together. In this brief interval are crowded many beauties. The character of the gallant yeomen of Old England is drawn by one who loves the blunt and kindly spirit of the peasantry; and it is made to come from the lips of him who had proven on many fields the might of those arms which were distinguished by so many victories in Scotland, in France, and in Spain.

Swinton. Do Vipont, thou look'st sad?

Vipont. It is because I hold a Templar's sword,

Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

Swinton. The blood of English archers—
what can gild

A Scottish blade more bravely?

Vipont. Even therefore grieve I for those
gallant yeomen,

England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his
hearth

And field, as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to their king and law. Hence are they
resolute,

Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and
happiness,

Vell'd in such low estate—therefore I
mourn them.

Swinton. I'll keep my sorrow for our
native Scotch,

Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their chieftain's
banner,

And die in the defence on't.

Gordon. And if I live and see my halls
again,

They shall have portion in the good they
fight for.

Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod built home,
as free

As ever Southron had. They shall be
happy!—

And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.

Swinton. Do not believe it.—

Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's. (*Exit Vipont.*)

Now will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being wedded to his order. But I tell thee

The brave young knight that hath no lady-
love

Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most
glorious,

When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?

Gordon. Must I then speak of her to you,
Sir Alan?

The thought of thee, and of thy matchless
strength,

Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her
dreams.

The name of Swinton hath been spell suf-
ficient

To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And would'st thou now know her's?

Nay, then, her name is—hark—(*Whisper.*)
Swinton. I know it well, that ancient
northern house.

Gordon. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace
and honour

In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee—

Swinton. It did, before disasters had un-
tuned me.

Gordon. O, her notes

Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,

That grief shall have its sweetness. Who,
but she,

Knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,

Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to
merriment,

Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each
mood.

Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in
arms.

And grey-hair'd bards contend who shall
the first

And choicest homage render to the en-
chantress. (P. 90—94.)

The poem now hastens to a close—the charge of the English chivalry overpowers the small and heroic band of Swinton and of Gordon—but in the very whirlwind and tumult of the fight the poet introduces one of those touching and masterly strokes by which he redeems some of his most repulsive characters. We have mentioned the guide, Hob Hattely, who undertook to conduct the chief, whose cattle he had recently stolen, upon the flank of the English archers. He is introduced to us as a common forayer of friend and foe, and we have no hope that he will rise in our estimation. But look at the close of his career, and see how the poet exalts him, by one of those natural and delicious touches which redeems from utter loathing the character of Serjeant Bothwell. Every one must remember his bloody bed of heather

given to understand, that the Philharmonic Society had taken up the design. We next learned, that three plans for the formation of a school, or conservatory, had been submitted to that body, and that one alike comprehensive and excellent had become the subject of deliberation with a select committee of its members. They had proceeded, we believe, so far as to make a report, which was either about to be, or was actually adopted, when, to the surprise of the Society, a printed plan, containing rules and regulations for "The Royal Academy of Music" appeared in limited circulation. According to this plan HIS MAJESTY is the patron, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York the vice-patron (a very singular, not to say absurd, distinction). The British Institution, it appears, has furnished the model. The object is stated to be, "to promote the cultivation of the science of music, and afford facilities for attaining perfection in it, by assisting, with general instruction, the natives of this country, and thus enabling those who pursue this delightful branch of the fine arts to enter into competition with, and rival the natives of other countries, and to provide for themselves the means of an honourable and comfortable livelihood."

The institution is to be founded and maintained by voluntary contribution, and the subscribers are divided into four classes. A donation of one hundred guineas, or of fifty guineas with an annual subscription of five guineas, entitles the contributor to the greatest privileges: of twelve guineas, or an annual subscription of one guinea, to the least. These consist in admission, and the liberty of introducing others, to all the concerts, trials, rehearsals, and public examinations of the pupils, together with a recommendation and election of all the students. The government is vested in a committee, and a sub-committee. The president to be elected annually by the directors, who are to be chosen from the governors, and to be twenty-five in number. There are four vice-presidents, one of whom is to go out annually in rotation, with four of the directors. The following noblemen and gentlemen are appointed to act till the first Monday in June next,

when a new election is to take place. These personages must, therefore, be naturally esteemed the founders of the society:—

Directors,

The Duke of Devonshire, President.

The Archbishop of York, the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Earl Fortescue, the Earl of Darnley, Vice-Presidents.

The Duke of Wellington; the Marquis of Cholmondeley; the Earl of Lonsdale; the Earl of Wilton; the Earl of Belmore; the Earl of Scarborough; the Earl of Fife; the Earl of Brownlow; the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe; the Earl of Blessington; the Earl of Morley; Lord Ravensworth; the Vice-Chancellor; Sir George Warrender, Bart.; Sir James Langham, Bart.; the Hon. John Villiers; George Watson Taylor, Esq. MP.; William Curtis, Esq.; Francis Freeling, Esq.; John Julius Angerstein, Esq.

The funds are vested in trustees, who are, the Duke of Wellington; the Earl of Lonsdale; Lord Burghersh; the Vice-Chancellor; and Sir Edward Antrobus.

The first sub-committee, consisting of nine members, is to continue in office for three years, in order to obviate the inconveniences that might arise from change, in the infancy of the establishment. After the expiration of that time, three of the members are to go out annually in rotation (re-eligible), to be replaced by ballot by the directors. The most important law, perhaps, is that which ordains, that *the whole direction and management of the institution, and of the expenditure of the funds, shall be vested in the sub-committee, who are empowered to draw for, and disburse all the monies necessary for that purpose; they shall have the entire superintendence of the academy and students, and the appointment and controul of all the professors and masters, whose duties and salaries shall be fixed by them.* Six members only are appointed at present, who are as follow:—

Lord Burghersh, President.

Sir Gore Ouseley; Count St. Antonio; Sir Andrew Barnard; Sir John Murray; the Hon. Archibald Macdonald.

A treasurer and secretary is to reside in the house of the institution, and to be the general curator of its affairs.

The academy is to be opened on or before January 1, 1823, and the number of students is at present fixed at forty of each sex. They are to be maintained and instructed in music. Extra students are also to

be admitted. A principal, or a board of three professors, as the sub-committee may determine, shall be entrusted with the general direction of the musical education of the students. A master and mistress of each school are to reside in the house, and superintend the pupils. Sub-preceptors, and sub-governesses, are to assist them in the management of the several departments. All these, however, are to communicate with, and receive directions from, the sub-committee. "The chief objects in the education of the students will be, a strict attention to their religious and moral instruction; the study of their own, and the Italian language, writing, and arithmetic, and their general instruction in the various branches of music, particularly in the art of singing, and in the study of the piano-forte and organ, of harmony, and of composition."

A council of professors is to be formed, who are to report to the sub-committee upon the aptitude of the students recommended, to examine the pupils, and to consider all subjects referred to them by the sub-committee. The students are to be admitted between the age of ten and fifteen years. They must be able to read and write, and must have shown some decided aptitude for music. The continuance of the pupil on the establishment after the first twelve months is subject to the decision of the sub-committee. The students are to defray the expence of their clothing. The subscribers of the first class are to recommend half the students in the first instance, and the second and third classes the other half; they will be admitted by ballot. Subsequently those recommended to fill up vacancies are to be placed on the list of candidates by the decision of the sub-committee. The vacancies to be filled up by ballot by the subscribers of the three first classes. Each student to pay ten guineas entrance and five annually, except the children of professors, who are to pay five guineas entrance and two annually. The extra students, who are to enjoy all the advantages of the institution, except maintenance and lodging, are to be recommended by subscribers of the three first classes, and are to pay fifteen guineas per annum, except they be the chil-

dren of professors, who are to pay ten. No student to remain in the Academy beyond the age of eighteen; but the sub-committee may allow them to continue to receive instruction upon payment of their yearly contingent. There is to be one or more public Concerts in each year, at which such of the students as are sufficiently advanced are to be produced. The profits to go to the establishment, or so much of them as the sub-committee shall direct to be allotted to students quitting the Academy, "as a portion which may assist their comfortable establishment in the world." Public examinations are to be held, and medals or other rewards distributed. Four ladies are to be appointed visitors to be selected by the sub-committee from the subscribers. The following ladies have allowed their names to be put upon the list from which the selection is to be made—

Dowager Duchess of Richmond; Duchess of Wellington; Countess of Jersey; Countess St. Antonio; Countess of Morley; Right Hon. Lady Burghersh; Right Hon. Lady C. Paulet; Right Hon. Lady Maryborough; Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Park; Hon. Lady Murray; Hon. Mrs. Villiers; Mrs. Arbuthnot; Mrs. Rigby.

Honorary members being musical professors or officers of any foreign musical institutions may be elected, who are to be admitted to the concerts, examinations, and rehearsals. Such are the principal provisions of this grand institution, which commences under the highest patronage the country can bestow. If there be any exception to be taken, the constitutional jealousy of the English character may, perhaps, be a little startled at the enormous power vested in the sub-committee, which, in point of fact, appears to reduce the whole establishment to an oligarchy composed of that body; but in all probability these first outlines will undergo many modifications which better experience will suggest hereafter. Such an institution will be an honour to the country, and, if well conducted, a benefit to science.

Since our last there have been three Concerts of the first class, one for the benefit of Mr. Moschelles, the second for Mr. Lafont, and the third given by Madame Cavadini for the

distressed Irish, the relief of persons confined for small debts, and some other charitable institution. Mr. Moschelles is already well known to our readers as a pianoforte player of the very finest accomplishments—he combines, in a very eminent degree, brilliancy with expression, and is surpassed by no existing performer in force and effect. On this occasion he played three pieces, in one of which *The Fall of Paris* was the subject, and an extempore Fantasia, in which he introduced the air of *Auld Lang Syne*. These compositions were popular as well as scientific, and displayed his great qualities in their most attractive attire. His concerto, which was more scientific, seemed rather designed for the professor than for a general audience, and was not therefore so effective as the others. Mr. Lafont is a most extraordinary player, and his genius is united with a degree of perseverance that belongs to very few professors of liberal art. We are told, by persons well acquainted with his habits, that he has been known to retire into the country, to seclude himself wholly from society for months together, and employ himself literally from sun-rise till bed-time in the practice and perfecting of a single concerto. To such patient labour and unwearied enthusiasm all difficulties must yield; and his execution is masterly in proportion. Nor is his good taste inferior to his command of the instrument, for he never forgets what is due to the composer. His intonation is perhaps more true than that of almost any performer, and his cadences are remarkable for their variety, beauty, and consistency with the general design. This Concert was curiously constructed; it was given at the King's Theatre, and consisted of the first act of *Il Don Giovanni*, an orchestral performance, and a ballet. The audience was not numerous.

The publications of the month are pretty abundant for the close of the season. *Fantasia avec Dix Variations sur l'air Italienne "Nel cor piu non mi sento," pour le Pianoforte, par D. Steibelt*. This composition is of a very superior description; it unites beautiful expression, elegance, and fire; and the fine contrasts exhibited in the variations add greatly to their effect. The introduction is in G flat,

and announces the subject in a novel and singular, but highly powerful manner. We have seldom seen the theme of a piece given with so much elegance as in this instance. *Nel cor* has been heard so often, and in so many different forms, that it is no small praise to Mr. Steibelt, when we say that in its present shape it comes upon the ear with new and increased delight. The ten variations are so many specimens of expression, grace, brilliancy, and imagination; and we have rarely seen a piece which so equally maintains these qualities as Mr. Steibelt's Fantasia.

Sixieme Rondeau pour le Pianoforte, by A. A. Kleugel, is extremely simple in its materials, but in this circumstance Mr. K.'s knowledge of his art is apparent. He has embellished and varied them with great judgment and taste, and there is so constant a flow of melody that the interest of the piece never ceases, nor does its simplicity ever degenerate into insipidity.

Capriccio for the pianoforte, containing airs from Figaro and Don Giovanni, by J. B. Cramer. Mr. Cramer has here embellished *Deux sonos*; the minuet from *Don Giovanni*, and *Giovinetto che fate all'amore*, with the peculiar grace of his manner. The different forms under which they appear, if not altogether new, are yet so judiciously introduced, and so highly finished, as to confer additional lustre on Mr. C.'s great reputation. The introductory movement is particularly powerful and effective.

Fantasia for the pianoforte, on the favourite Cavatina, Chi dice mal d'amore, by C. Potter. This gentleman is a young composer of much promise. In the piece before us, he has certainly been very successful; there are defects; but these very defects, by attention and study, may be converted into beauties. Execution is evidently Mr. Potter's peculiar power, and thence he has given his composition the character of an exercise, rather than the legitimate style of the Fantasia. It is, too, somewhat unconnected, but it has much imagination; and although this faculty is not sufficiently restrained, the piece promises more fortunate attempts hereafter.

Romance for the pianoforte, by T. H. Griesbach. The title of this

piece implies that it is devoted exclusively to expression, and that its effects are to be allied as nearly as possible to those of vocal performance. Mr. G. is a pupil of Mr. Kalkbrenner, and his romance is but his third opera. He has displayed considerable knowledge of the powers of his instrument, and has given the player the means of expression, but it greatly depends on this the most difficult part of the art for effect. The passages are simple, and some of them highly agreeable, particularly those where the key changes to C.

Mr. Bochsa has arranged the Car-

nerde de Venise for the harp, with exquisite taste. The air was really becoming vulgar from incessant use, but Mr. B. has given it fresh grace, and renewed its original charms.

Mr. Mortellari has dressed up one of the Irish melodies, *The last Rose of Summer*, and one of the national airs, *Flow on thou shining River*, to words by a Mr. Giffard. We hold this practice to be thoroughly dishonourable, both to poet, musician, and publisher; and we notice these attempts to appropriate airs to which the talents of others have given celebrity, only to reprobate them.

THE DRAMA.

SUMMER THEATRES.

THOSE who love to enjoy and laugh away life, must *dormouse* out the winter, and awaken only at the opening of the summer and its theatres,—for certainly not until the *English Opera House* and the *Haymarket* commence their gay seasons are we able to discern a face or hear a pun. Oh that our favourite Opium Eater would direct our attention to some preparation of a drug that might work an oblivion of those cumbrous pieces of work — yclept *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane*! — Those mighty things,—

Sad as reality, and wild as dreams.

Is there any pleasure in being perched up in a desperate box, where you only see the pit rolling and gulping under you, like the sea beneath the Brighton Cliff? Is there any dramatic happiness in working, wrangling, wriggling, throat-elbowing your way into the pit itself, with your umbrella inevitably in the eye of Mrs. Tomlinson, while your own precious orbs are protected by your extinguisher of a hat, which some worthy man has rammed down till its brim is on your shoulder? We only beg to say, is there any excess of pleasure in this? Would any person prefer a winter race up the eternal gallery stairs of a winter theatre,—to the Barclay match of one thousand miles in a thousand hours? With the concluding delight, too, of paying two shillings to rush to the edge of a benched precipice, and take your seat against the side of a wall like a fliv-

gaping yourself to death after the play which is mutely going on in the distance. The orchestra is the only place in Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden for enjoying a performance, and even there you only see a set of highly-painted busts, blushing and ogling, like the well-wigged congregation in a hair-dresser's shop window. No,—if you go to hear and see a play, go to the English Opera House, or the Haymarket. At the first light and pleasant little theatre, there is the natural, sprightly, and, what is to us more interesting than all, the *melancholy* Kelly, with her easy and eloquent action, and with tones in her voice, which seem as though they were resounded from silver. There is Miss Carew, “the young Carew,” carrying herself a little too much like a bird to be sure,—but at the same time singing like one;—and there is Miss Povey, whose voice is decidedly the best in the world, and whose education of it appears nearly to have been the worst. Miss Stevenson is married! — Married actresses are “not to be thought of thus,”—and we therefore pass on. Harley is gone—but Wrench, the easy, merry, rattling, delightful Wrench, remains to compensate for ten fidgety Harleys. And sober Mr. Wilkinson, with his iron tones, goes about doing good in his way. Mr. Bartley has a good summer look, and his voice comes bouncing up like a great merry school wench, making any hearty sentiment about fifty times more hearty. Such a set of excellent comestibles as this (all

speaking and singing to be heard) is not to be stumbled upon in the raw cheerless winter months when they are most wanted. So we husband ourselves till the warm weather comes, and go to an opera, when the weather is *pip*ing, like the singers.

Then the Haymarket offers "goodly sport," as excellent master Izaak Walton hath it, and we can point out, in that splendid little theatrical lake, some fish of a rare kind. Liston *flops* about there, or goes waggling into the shallows of comedy, showing what he can make of a little. It is rumoured that Liston is about to retire from the stage, being heir to a title, and "something beside." But what is title, what is wealth, to the power and the opportunity of nightly unloading the care-oppressed shoulders of thousands of "city pent" men and women. Sir Robert, or Sir John (fame takes no particular notice of Christian names) sounds smartly and well, but plain Liston (plain Liston!) is better and braver than a barony. Will the noise of a rout surpass the honest riot of the one-shilling gallery stairs? Or will Lady Bab's fine-spun double-knock sound sweeter than the sharp sweeping shrill whistle of Jem Jones, up in the twelvepenny sky,—thrown off, while he is throwing off his coat, and depositing himself, his bottles, Miss Isaacs, and the oranges,—intending to have a jolly evening? Let Mr. Liston think of these changes—let him compare the blessings he is about to resign, before he rushes out of the clothes of Lubin Log into a title and a chariot. No chariot—no costly garments will ever fit him so well as that surpassing waistcoat, emulous of his knees,—that dusty coat, *Eldoning* between a brown and a black;—those inexpressible inexpressibles! Can he make up his heart to get out of *those* boots?—If he would give *us* those boots, we would put them in a glass case, like some of the wondrous Indian dresses brought home by Captain Cook, and we would keep them to surprise distant lovers of the drama—playgoers yet in the shell,—with a sight of such wonders, saying, "There they are, the very boots in which Liston,—the grandfather of the present Sir Theophilus (as it might be)—used to play Lubin Log. Ah! he was the original Lubin! the first Log!"—We

are getting pathetic in these our anticipated reminiscences, and must desist before we drown the stage with tears. To proceed, that is, to return: Charles Kemble is at the Haymarket, and Jones, and Terry,—but much as we delight in these admirable actors, we have unpleasant associations with them of the winter-houses. These gentlemen, too, are ever before us, and eat the head off their own novelty; whereas the performers at the English Opera-house sit by their fire-sides through the winter, or go to the warm watering places, and only return with the summer. This swallow quality in them likes us much.

So little of novelty has occurred during this month, that we have indulged in a little desultory conversation with our readers.—But we must, although we are exceedingly pressed for room, say a few words upon the little productions that have come and gone, if only to preserve the faithfulness of our records, which, for great lounging luxurious critics like ourselves, is pretty remarkable. At the Haymarket there has been a new comedy (it is so called in the bills), bearing the hot summer sort of name of *John Buzz-by*. And verily its humour and its improbabilities tease one about the head like a great, whizzing, muscular old blue-bottle. It is made up of Mr. Buzz-by's day of pleasure, and of Mrs. Buzz-by's day of pleasure, for Mrs. Buzz-by has her pleasures independent of Mr. Buzz-by, and they both go buzzing through many foolish laughable scenes, till the vast green fly-flap is let down, and the insects are put an end to. Mr. Terry was the eminent blue-bottle of the swarm, and went humming about the house some time;—the rest whizzed up and down the *pane* to no purpose.

A new farce at the same house, called *Peter Fin*, or a new road to Brighton, has been translated from the French, but with little effect, although Liston played a Cockney Fishmonger after the fashion of Lubin Log,—“but no more like my Log!”—if Mr. Kenny had been prevailed upon to dress the meat, we should have had another-guess sort of dish.

At the English Opera-house, there has been acted a little one-act

piece, from the French (this is the theatre for French dishes)—called *Love among the Roses*, (what a summer title!) Mr. Beazley, we believe, was the translator, and we have to thank him for a very sprightly little opera. Wrench, in a sort of Rover character, was all life and spirits. Miss Carew made love like an angel. Mr. Bennett (are there two Blanchards? for this is assuredly one) was an alderman to the very calf of the leg.—But Wilkinson as a gardener—as Timothy Hollyhock,—expanded like a sun-flower. He was not up to his name, poor little man, but he was full of his calling, and seemed one vast everlasting sweet-pea. In his joy, he was verily like a broad hanging dog-rose; and in his pathos, he indeed made you weep like a watering-pot. If he plays this part for his benefit he will draw a great audience from the grounds about Fulham and the King's Road,—and the pit will be one sheet of blue aprons.

Dr. Kitchener composed for the piece; but we prefer his meat to his music.

At the same house, a piece called *All in the Dark* was successfully brought out; but although we have twice seen it, and twice admired the

acting, and twice felt struck with the neatness of the dialogue, yet we are still faithful to the title, and cannot get out of the intricacies of the plot. There are two masters, two ladies, and two servants, and they shuffle and cut through two acts, like half a pack of cards. We positively, however, can give no account of the play, although we have seen it so *excessively*: some critics would out-do us doubly, and give an account of what they had never seen at all.

The following is one of the songs out of the new opera of *Gil Blas*, which will be undergoing its trial about the time our readers are undergoing our Magazine. A printed copy of the songs has been sent to us, and we dip into it at a venture.

At Evening's close, at Evening's close,
The lady-spirit that haunts the rose
Her fragrant web of alumber weaves,
And foldeth up her hundred leaves.

At Evening's close, at Evening's close,
The fairy-lady, whose repose
Is in the water-lily's shell,—
Shuts her white bower, and sleepeth well.

At Evening's close, at Evening's close,
My heart forsakes the budded rose;
Forgets the lily's placid breast,
And wakes and wanders while they rest!

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE state of Spain presents the first and most important feature in our foreign summary for this month. Movements have taken place in the capital of a very decisive nature, which recall strongly to memory the events which preluded the French revolution. Our readers are aware that Madrid, and indeed almost all Spain, is divided into two parties; the one is composed of the friends of the old regime; the sticklers for legitimacy and the inquisition; and, in short, of men who can see nothing either of freedom or of wisdom, except in the extremes of despotism and priestcraft; to this party, the beloved Ferdinand is supposed most sincerely though secretly to incline: the other party consists of men who may

be said to have been generated by the recent political events of Europe, the lovers of constitutional monarchy and regulated freedom, inclining a little, and not unnaturally, from their hatred of, and sufferings under, the old corruption, rather to the side of republicanism. The bitterness of those two political bodies has long been overflowing, and an opportunity was only wanting to give it operation. This opportunity presented itself on the prorogation of the Cortes by the King, on the 30th of June. His Majesty proceeded to close the session, which he did in a very constitutional speech, echoed in a similar spirit by the president of the Assembly. On his Majesty's proceeding to the Cortes, and on his return, serious

* The reading of a bill at this house is a romantic pleasure. One evening it ran thus—*LOVE'S DREAM; THE RENDEZVOUS; and LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.*

disturbances took place, one party shouting "Long live the absolute," and the other, "the constitutional King."—The violence of Ferdinand's guards manifested itself in the most outrageous acts, and one of their own officers fell a victim to the intemperance which he sought in vain to repress. To this tumult a gloomy calm of two days succeeded—a calm, however, but too plainly not in the course of nature, but rather the precursor of a storm. Rumours were industriously circulated by the Court party that the King considered his life in danger, and had determined to take refuge in the Prado, which is a royal palace, situated about two leagues from Madrid; on the other hand, the liberal papers indulged in the severest invectives against the Court, and the temper and spirit of the household troops. Thus things remained till the evening of the 2d of July, when four battalions, amounting to between 1500 and 2000 men, evinced symptoms of insubordination, and, after displaying much disorder and tumult, raised the standard of revolt. As if by previous concert, they deserted the posts where they were stationed on guard; and two battalions from the quarter of St. Isabel met two battalions from other quarters; and having first taken up a hostile position on the parade ground of the guards, they proceeded to the Prado. Here the mutineers, after having massacred several of their own officers whom they suspected of being too constitutional, not only refused the general amnesty which was offered them, but actually proceeded to dictate terms. In the mean time, their cause was joined by two other battalions, who were on guard in the palace, and may be said to have had the whole Royal Family in a state of, if not bondage, at least surveillance. As it was thought that the King's presence in the palace rather encouraged the mutineers, it was resolved in a Council of State to invite his Majesty to separate himself from his mutinous guards, and repair with his family to the hall of the Municipality. To the surprise of every one, however, Ferdinand answered, "My guards are not mutinous; let me put myself at their head, and you will see whether they do not obey me." The council, upon this, made the strongest repre-

sentations as to the state of the capital, upon which his Majesty announced that he would attend in person a new council to be held on the evening of the 5th. The result of this sitting was not known until the evening of the 6th, during the entire of which day the guards continued their mutinous negotiations. At three o'clock, however, on the morning of the 7th, the four battalions who had encamped on the Prado threw down one of the city gates, and penetrated into the capital. Their plan, as it appears, was to form themselves into three divisions, one of which was to attack the park of artillery; another to disarm the national militia which had encamped in the Square of the Constitution; and the third to take possession of the Puerta del Sol, and to guard the streets which led to it. The government, it seems, were apprized of the determination of the mutineers; and the militia and armed inhabitants under General Morillo, assisted by Generals Ballasteros and Riego, assembled to oppose them. The part which General Morillo acted upon this occasion is particularly remarkable, and fully proves the opinion which, at least, he entertains as to the permanency of the old system. Our readers cannot forget that this was the distinguished officer who had fought for Ferdinand during all the Peninsular campaigns, and who had subsequently, with a comparatively small force, supported the royalist cause of Old Spain against the revolt of Bolivar. The King had, on the 2d, appointed him Colonel of the two regiments of foot guards (the mutineers), under the idea, no doubt, of the leaning which he might naturally be supposed to have against the constitutional system. Morillo accordingly presented himself to the troops of the Prado and of the palace in order to take their command; they, however, obstinately refused to receive him unless he entered into their views, upon which, after courageously remonstrating with them on their rebellion, he repaired to the capital. Riego, who had returned to Madrid on the 2d, wished for an immediate attack on the mutineers, which was, however, suspended at the request of Morillo, in order to give him an opportunity of making this fruitless personal appeal. All negotiations

were at last abruptly concluded by the movement of the household troops, who rebelled, no doubt, upon their superior discipline against the hastily organised militia and citizens opposed to them. They, in their first irruption, having dislodged the guard at the post-office, charged into the great square, where there were two thousand of the national militia posted, with two pieces of artillery. They were immediately fired on with dreadful effect, and obliged, after the loss of one hundred men, to retreat upon the palace, where, it will be remembered, the two other mutinous battalions had taken up their position. In the mean time, all the avenues to this position were possessed and carefully guarded by the patriotic levies. In this critical situation of affairs, the permanent deputation of the Cortes, who were separated from the King's ministers, that had been shut up in the palace from the preceding day, convoked a junta, composed of some councillors of state and others, in order to deliberate upon a message to the King, to terminate in some way the horrors which surrounded them. The object of this message was a request to the King, to order the mutineers to lay down their arms, but this was considered inconsistent with the Royal dignity. In the end, however, the King agreed, that the four battalions who had committed the hostile aggression should immediately surrender their arms, and that the other two might be permitted to leave the capital with their arms, but divided from each other, and forced to give up to punishment such of their body as were participators in the murder of their officer, on the day of the prorogation of the Cortes. Orders having been accordingly given to this effect, the battalions who were condemned to the surrender of their arms took to flight. A detachment of artillery, militia, and cavalry, were sent in pursuit of them; they were soon overtaken; many were left dead on the field, and more than a third part were taken prisoners. On the morning of the 8th, the small party of the guards which had occupied on the preceding night presented themselves, and sued for pardon. At ten o'clock the auxiliary Bishop of Madrid said mass, in the

balcony of the great square, in the presence of the national militia and the garrison, to whom he afterwards gave the benediction. A Te Deum for this grand constitutional victory was then chaunted, at which the whole population of Madrid may be said to have been present. Ferdinand showed himself at one of the balconies of the palace, and made a profound obeisance to the national troops. Thus ended this extraordinary aggression, which is supposed to have had a much deeper source than the mere discontentment of a few battalions. Private letters say, that it was the result of a well-planned conspiracy, at the head of which was no less a personage than the Duke del Infantado, one of the principal grandees of Spain. This nobleman, and 128 of his accomplices, are said to have been arrested. The liberal party, indeed, hesitate not to state, that the Duke was countenanced by still higher authority;—that it was the last struggle of expiring despotism;—the dying grasp of the monster ABSOLUTE LEGITIMACY. If this be true, the partisans of this exploded system must now clearly see that they have no longer any room for hope;—the last fires of the inquisition have been quenched in the blood of the mutineers. Nothing, indeed, appears more remarkable throughout this convulsion, than the concert exhibited between the national militia and the municipal authorities, except, perhaps, the coolness of the latter in this trying emergency;—this, and the decided adhesion of Morillo to the cause of the constitution, must convince Ferdinand, that his only chance of retaining the name of King is the relinquishment of any future attempt to erase the name of the people. The municipality of Madrid have, indeed, spoken out in a language which even the Embroiderer cannot misunderstand, as our readers will see from the following extract from an address presented by that body to the King on the 9th of July. “It is still time, Sir, but perhaps it is the *last* time, to remedy the evil. The means are simple, and being once adopted, the social edifice will stand on such solid foundations, that neither the present generation, nor that which will replace our grandchildren, shall ever

see it shaken. But the first and the chief means consists in your Majesty's becoming, *at last*, convinced, that the real friends to your life and your glory are the defenders of the fundamental laws which guarantee them both; and in your placing yourself *with sincerity* at the head of the cause of the country, and giving public and particular pledges, that you consider yourself identified with it. In order to give the first proof that your Majesty has sincerely embraced that cause, nothing is so necessary as to appoint, in replacing the retired ministers, men known to be illustrious, and to be devoted to the system, and endowed with an energy and an activity capable of re-animating the public body, now languid and weak, through the bad faith of a great number, and through the indolence and intemperance of others. *Your court, Sire, or rather your domestic circle, is composed (such is the public conviction) of permanent conspirators against liberty!*"—Such was the language which Ferdinand was compelled to hear after these events, which it has been seen were followed by the immediate resignation of his cabinet. It behoves him well to attend to it—when a people, after *such acts, speak such language*, it is plain enough, that they are determined not to be trifled with. The priests and ultras seem, however, determined not to surrender their mammoth Moloch without a struggle. Every effort was made by them, through their corrupt press, to show that these disturbances took place through the machinations of the liberal party, and by the manoeuvres of secret societies connected with them. In order to give a colour to such misrepresentations, a meeting is stated to have taken place, at the hotel of the British Ambassador, of all the foreign representatives at the Court of Madrid, and a note to the effect alluded to was proposed for their signature. The American Minister, however, with that dignified determination worthy the representative of a free people, not only refused his concurrence, but openly declared that if any such document were issued, he would instantly meet it with his official contradiction. Indeed the unnecessary continuance of the Cordon Sanitaire,

and the unequivocal declarations of the French ultras, give but too much reason to suppose that the holy alliance fraternity have ramifications in their various neighbourhoods, active enough in the promotion of their anti-philanthropic objects. Accordingly, we find M. Gilbert des Voisons in the sitting of the French Chamber of Deputies, of the 15th, openly charging the administration with supplying means for the Spanish counter-revolution. Indeed, the sittings of the French Chamber present, in the conduct of the triumphant ultras, a striking contrast to the moderation displayed in Spain by the liberal party during their recent successes. Every debate teems with the vilest personal invective, and evinces but too plainly that in the minds of Louis's legitimate advisers *might* and *right* are convertible terms. If we are to credit the authority of private letters from Paris, it would seem as if the French Ultras were infatuated enough to think of declaring actual war upon Spain; a contract, they say, has been just concluded by the Government for 10,000 artillery horses, all the absent officers have been ordered to their posts, and the conscripts for the year 1821 commanded to join the army. Notwithstanding all this, Spain has but little to fear, in our opinion, from these efforts, to dictate a submission to despotism to her people.

The conspiracy to which we alluded in our last as having taken place in Portugal, has received no fresh elucidation. The Cortes appear to have been chiefly occupied on the important question of giving independance to the Brazils, and very warm debates have taken place upon the subject. The committee appointed to draw up the Brazilian constitution have given it as their opinion, that an union between the two kingdoms was an utter impossibility; that the legislature must, for certain affairs, be necessarily different in each of the kingdoms; that the executive power cannot act in Brazil without a permanent and ample delegation, and that all its ramifications must be free from every dependance on Portugal. Such is the opinion of the committee, but no decision appears as yet to have been come to by the legislature itself.

No great difference seems to have taken place within the last month in the relative situation of Turkey and Russia. The war, however, between the Greeks and the Sultan still continues, and continues daily to assume, if possible, a still deeper din of horror and atrocity. The capture of Scio by the Turks, and the treatment of its wretched inhabitants, are almost unparalleled in the annals of human depravity! This beautiful and fertile island has been literally left a desert ruin by these barbarians—every building has been prostrated, every garden dug up, every soul butchered or sent into captivity! On the 10th of May, the number of slain amounted to 25,000, the captives to 30,000! The few who escaped immediate butchery were obliged to lurk without food or raiment among the mountains, where famine must soon inevitably finish what the knife and the sabre had left unconsummated! All the women were sent into slavery: the men and male children above twelve years of age were massacred, and those under that age, of both sexes, were sent off under a guard of Turkish soldiery to Constantinople by way of Smyrna. One horrible fact, related in a private letter from one of the survivors, will speak more than volumes could, the character of these atrocities. "Two regiments of Turks (says the writer) had assembled, and shut up in the country about 700 persons, chiefly peasants, whom they meant to divide amongst themselves as slaves; but not being able to agree in the partition, they began disputing. A priest, more humane than the rest, began expostulating with them on their dissensions, and exhorted them to concord; when one of those savage brutes exclaimed, that the only way to avoid dissension was to put them all to the sword; and in less than half an hour all these innocent men were butchered!! (Others of these wretches had in their possession four families of distinction; the women and children they sent to the City—the men they *blew to death*." Such is the account given on but too good authority—surely all comment on such atrocities would be vain.—The Greeks (to the eternal disgrace of all christendom, still without an ally) were making

such resistance as despair and courage could suggest. An article from Corfu states, that their Government had adopted a new mode of paying the troops fighting for the independence of their country. This was the substitution of land for money, and was to be effected by the sequestration of the Turkish estates. It is calculated that the domains belonging to the Sultan, the Vakoufs, and the mosques, afford an extent of territory more than sufficient to pay a large army for a number of years. By a decree issued at Corinth, on the 19th of May last, the soldiers already enrolled, and those who may hereafter enlist, are to receive an acre of land a month, as long as they continue to serve the state; those who may be called upon to serve beyond the Morea, are to receive an acre and a half; and the rights of those killed in battle will descend to their heirs, who will receive for the whole amount of the time which those killed had engaged to serve; those incapacitated by wounds are to be considered as having completed their engagements. This decree is thought to be admirably suited to the character and circumstances of the country; and, indeed, its policy is illustrated by the fact of 3000 Morean recruits having instantly enrolled themselves in the army. Most sincerely and devoutly do we say to this sacred cause—*i pede fuso*.

In South America the hopes of Old Spain daily decline. Bolivar has entered Quito in triumph, after defeating what may be said to be the last remnant of the Royalists; and General Iturbide has been proclaimed Emperor of Mexico! This fortunate adventurer was once a lieutenant! He was elected by a majority of votes in the Congress, and is said to have been long aiming at this elevation, for which he had paved the way, as usual, by gaining an ascendancy over the minds of the troops. The Congress commenced their deliberations on the subject the moment they were made acquainted with the decree of the Spanish Government, disavowing the treaty made with O'Donju, and consequently rejecting the offer of receiving a member of Ferdinand's family as the future sovereign of Mexico. This decree gave additional strength to Iturbide's party.

which was joined by many who were afraid of anarchy, and by many who thought a republican form of government ill-suited to a country where there were so many privileged classes, and so many titled and wealthy.

A commercial treaty, on the basis of mutual benefit, has been concluded between France and the United States.

Our domestic intelligence for this month is confined almost entirely to the state of Ireland and our parliamentary report. The famine in that ill-fated country, we lament to say, still continues, and is still met by the benevolent exertions of the people of England. The subscription has accumulated to the great amount of 200,000*l.* a most munificent national donation, and suitable in every way to the noble character of those from whom it emanated. While, however, we applaud as it deserves the generous conduct of the donors, we must now add, that which we were unwilling to do while charity was in the full career of its benevolent exertion, namely, that such donations, so extended to Ireland, appear to us to be nothing more than a bounty on the mis-government of the country. No one, who is at all acquainted with the state of its inhabitants, will venture to deny that, as things now go, they will be subjected inevitably to at least a triennial visitation of these calamities. It is dreadful to think, that even in the height and crisis of this misery, no one permanent measure has been adopted to check its future recurrence. The question is now almost come to this—are there any statesman-like means to be devised for the useful employment of an unnaturally encreasing population, or are we to trust that Providence will come in aid of our Parliament, and diminish them periodically by famine or typhus fever?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has, since our last, unfolded the financial means of the country, in what is technically termed the budget. His speculations are extremely favourable, as to the chance of returning prosperity; and, indeed, he communicated one fact, which goes strongly to confirm his statement, namely, that the revenue for the July quarter, 1822, exceeded the re-

venue for the corresponding quarter in 1821, by the sum of 622,000*l.* The claim of the East India Company also, which had been rated so high as five millions, was upon an arbitration reduced to 1,300,000*l.* and was in progress of arrangement, upon the basis of that estimate.

The Marriage Act Amendment Bill has passed into a law with all the retrospective clauses unimpaired by qualification. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Stowell, Lord Redesdale, and several other noblemen have, however, entered protests on the journals, condemning the bill as likely to shake the security of property in particular cases.

According to a return laid before Parliament, the total amount of Bank of England notes in circulation, on the 25th of June, was 16,481,450*l.*; of which 13,964,350*l.* were in notes of 5*l.* and upwards; 1,481,050*l.* in Bank post bills; and 956,050*l.* in notes under 5*l.*

In consequence of some observations made in the House of Commons by Mr. Abercrombie, relative to the trial of Mr. Stuart, and the affair of the notorious Beacon Newspaper, a correspondence took place between that gentleman and two Scotch Advocates, Mr. Menzies and Mr. Hope, which was construed by the House into a breach of privilege. The consequence was, that Mr. Hope and Mr. Menzies were brought by messengers of the House to the bar; having, however, expressed that they had no intention of offending against the rules of Parliament, they were suffered to depart with a reprimand. But for these prompt measures, it is more than probable that a duel must have ensued, as Mr. Abercrombie had set off for Edinburgh with a friend avowedly for the purpose.

An attempt was made by Mr. Hobhouse towards the repeal of the window tax in England, but the motion was negatived.

We are happy to state that a bill has passed the legislature, rendering cruelty to animals a crime and subject to punishment to a certain extent, discretionary in the magistrates.

In our next, we expect to be able to announce the close of the session, at which it is said the King will appear in person, and immediately after proceed on his royal visit to Scotland:

MONTHLY REGISTER,

August 1, 1823.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE condition of the proprietor and the cultivator of the soil has undergone no alteration for the better since our last report. If, indeed, it has suffered any change, such change is probably for the worse. Mr. Western, with a view to the amelioration of the landed interest, or rather perhaps to what he deems the justice of the case, has again brought the subject of the currency under the consideration of the legislature. "By Mr. Peel's Bill," he asserted, "an immense proportion, nearly two-thirds, of that valuable class the cultivators of the soil had been rendered insolvent. The landholders," he said, "would soon be involved in the same ruin; they were now only beginning to suffer, and many estates at this moment did not pay 20 per cent. of their rent. Noblemen and gentlemen by the effect of this dreadful measure would be dragged down from their proud elevation, and would have to endure a confiscation of their property unexampled in this or in any other country." The remedy proposed by Mr. Western was an increased paper currency; it met, however, with no success, and but little support. To mitigate taxation, we must therefore look for relief, and a reduction, in fact, of sufficient extent to bring things to the condition of 1792.

We altogether doubt the policy upon which the late Corn Bill proceeds, except it be intended by Ministers, as we must presume it is, to slope and soften the gradual descent to the prices of the Continent. If we suppose that Ministers intend to consider the rate of importation they have fixed (seventy shillings) as the general price, or if we assume with Opposition that fifty-two shillings (the present cost of a quarter of wheat upon the Continent, with the importation duty) will be the level rate hereafter, the people of this country will then pay nearly double the price at which the inhabitants of the Continent are fed. We therefore doubt altogether the possibility of sustaining this high price, and keeping the capital and the arts of the country at home. At present, the tenant is unquestionably sinking his capital, a state of things which cannot long continue; while the landlord is abating his rents, and consequently contemplating a contraction of his expenditure which must in time affect the revenue. The most striking proof of these results, which are now only be-

ginning to show themselves, is to be found in the defalcation of the assessed taxes to the amount of 136,000*l.*, about one-twentieth part of the whole; and as the effect of such reductions in domestic establishments is only visible after the expiration of a year, and in the Midsummer quarter, we can not but anticipate a still greater deficiency in the years 1823 and 1824. Here then lies the difficulty—to reconcile a falling revenue with a necessity for a still further reduction of taxation.

The timely fall of rain, which happened immediately after we last wrote, may be said to have changed the face of the country; even the most thirsty soils have drunk these bounteous showers, and the vegetation is revived to a degree almost incredible. The barleys, which in the eastern districts particularly seemed to be dried up and perished, have shot out; and many a field which scarcely appeared to promise a return of the seed, now exhibits, all circumstances considered, a tolerably fair promise. The wheats are every where excellent, and will afford, to speak in the lowest possible terms, at least a good average crop. In Berkshire, and the midland counties, and even in the eastern extremity of the kingdom, wheat will have been cut and harvested some days before this meets the public eye; and if the weather continues as propitious as it is now, and has been, the crop will be got up a full month before the usual time. This is very important, inasmuch as it will add to the glut which the markets have exhibited, and are more likely than ever to exhibit for some time to come.

Flouring turnips has gone on, and is still proceeding very advantageously, although in some few instances they who were determined to be soon enough, at all events, have lost some of them which were very early in the ground, by the fly. We scarcely know a more convincing proof of tardiness and reluctance to improvements, which are but too justly attributed to farmers in general, than is given in the cultivation of this most indispensable article of husbandry. It has been shown most clearly, theoretically, and practically, at the Holkham meetings for some years past, that the ridge system of planting not only raises the most abundant crops, but protects the nascent leaves the most effectually from the fly, by pushing on the growth in so rapid a manner as scarcely to

afford the insect time for their destruction, while this method secures the turnip from other evil after-consequences. Mr. Coke was accustomed to assert, that improvements, supposing them to travel from a point, and extend themselves equally in all directions, did not add above one mile annually to the circumference of the circle. In this case, although one of the most useful in its consequences, the system seems scarcely to have been diffused even in this small proportion. And here we cannot recur to these meetings without noticing that they are this year suspended. That Mr. Coke should have thought it no longer useful to continue so illustrious, so beneficial, and so widely-extending an assembly of propagandists, for such in truth they were, is a fact that speaks volumes. The anniversary of 1821 was the forty-third. Mr. Coke is so liberal in all that relates to money matters, that we are satisfied pecuniary considerations did not at all enter among the reasons which induced him to suspend a festival that formed, in its preparations and its completion, so large a portion of his employment and of his happiness, and so bright a consummation to his agricultural character. He is surrounded by gentlemen who enjoy the most enlarged acquaintance with the subject,

and there can be no question that he walks in some degree by the light of their counsel. We put it then to the most serious consideration of the Agriculturists and of the country at large, what must be the state of things when such a man, acting under such advice, abandons the first object of his long and useful life, a meeting which brought together the scientific of all lands, for the purpose of participating their knowledge and their discoveries in the most beneficial of arts—what must be the state of things when such a man abandons in despair so brilliant and so admirable an institution?

The county reports generally speak well of the crop of grass, and indeed in most instances are favourable; though while they recount the details of this abundance, they consider it rather as an evil than as a blessing. The Yorkshire markets have been glutted with wool, and prices are rather lower, varying from 16s. to 12s. per stone of 16½ lbs. In the east, on the contrary, this commodity has been selling a little better than most articles of farm produce. The trade in Smithfield has been brisk, and the prices improved; in beef, for good qualities, 3s. 6d. was obtained, and for mutton, (good small sheep) 3s. and perhaps rather more.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, July 23.)

Having stated at some length in our preceding report the alterations introduced into our commercial system, we shall not have occasion at present to offer any farther remarks on the subject. With respect to foreign countries, the French Chambers have passed the new tariff of duties and prohibitions, that are likely to be productive of no small inconvenience, notwithstanding the opposition of some members who recommended a more liberal system, especially with respect to the German States, which have adopted measures of retaliation against France. The inhabitants of the Netherlands also loudly complain of the increased rigour of the French system, which they say affects them more than other countries. On the 10th of this month, a report was presented to the Portuguese Cortes, upon the commercial treaty with Great Britain, and on the remonstrance of the British Chargé d'Affaires, complaining of the Portuguese having raised the duty on certain British goods from 15 to 30 per cent. This report is drawn up in terms that may be thought offensive, and reflecting on the British Chargé d'Affaires. It is expected to become a subject of animadversion with the English Government.

Cotton.—The Cotton market has been dull and heavy during the last month, and the whole sales from the 21st of last month up to the 16th instant were only about 2,500 bags. The depression was further increased by the unfavourable accounts from Liverpool. The arrivals at Liverpool from 18th June to 20th July, were 72,000 bags, the sales in the same five weeks 50,500 bags.

The accounts from Liverpool of the 20th were favourable; 16,700 bags had been sold in the preceding week. The improvement in the demand and in the prices of Cotton at Liverpool has little effect on this market, and during the last week India descriptions were offered at a small reduction without facilitating sales. The purchases are entirely for export; nearly 750 bags were sold, all in bond, viz. 100 Pernams, good 11½d. and 11¼d.; 20 Bowed, middling 8d.; 6 ditto good 8½d.; 5 stained Sea Islands, middling 7½d.; 400 Bengals, very ordinary 5d., fair 5½d., good fair 5½d. and 5¼d., good 6d., and very good 6½d., 200 Surats, middling 6d. a 6½d. and 6¼d. good fair.

The Cotton market is particularly heavy, notwithstanding the favourable accounts re-

arrived from Liverpool and Glasgow. A public sale was attempted; for 173 bags fair quality Barbica, no offers whatever were made; 20 bags Pernambuco (duty paid) were taken in at 11d.; 31 Orleans at 8½d. and 8½d.

Sugar.—There has been considerable bustle in the sugar market; at the close of last month, the demand was brisk and extensive, and prices improved 2s. per cwt. partly from an expectation that some change on the duty would take place, and an additional bounty be given on refined sugar exported. This expectation, however, was completely disappointed, when a communication from the Government was received to this effect: "The state of the revenue would not allow of any reduction of the duty on importation, and as to an additional bounty on refined exported, the House of Commons had evinced a decided determination against bounties of every description; and under these circumstances no alteration whatever would take place." Though this communication of course made an unfavourable impression, it seems not to have had the effect upon the market that was anticipated from it: for in the succeeding week the purchases were nearly 6,000 bags—heads, and the prices rather higher than otherwise.

The value of refined sugars exported to the 1st of July this year was 775,000l.

There was a plentiful supply of new Sugars on show this morning, and a great proportion of good quality; the consequence has been a full attendance of buyers, and contrary to the general expectation there have been rather extensive purchases, and at prices a shade higher; the Refiners have appeared at market, and have to-day purchased rather freely. The estimated sales to-day, 1200 hhds. The public sale of Barbadoes this forenoon, 124 hhds 14 tiers, sold with some briskness at higher prices than last week, nearly recovering the depression we have noticed. The supply of refined goods is very limited, and it is believed the quantity for some weeks to come will be quite inconsiderable; the demand is however on a very confined scale.

Import Duty on West India Produce.—The West-India Committee have again applied to government respecting the im-

port duties; no alteration will take place in Muscovado, but the Planters will be allowed to clay sugars in the West-Indian, and the import duty on Molasses will be reduced from 10s. to 1s. per cwt.

Average prices of raw Sugars from Gazette.

June 20.	20s. 0½d.
July 6.	26s. 8d.
13.	30s. 8d.
20.	31s. 1d.

Coffee.—The market has been improving during the whole of this month, and the prices have in general risen considerably. The following is the report of the market for the week ending the 23d instant.

The demand during the last week was brisk and very extensive; 1537 casks, and 826 bags, were brought forward, and notwithstanding the sales being continued till an unusually late hour, yet the biddings were animated, and higher prices were generally obtained at the close of the sales than at the commencement; the market was rather higher. There were three public sales again brought forward this forenoon, 416 casks and 844 bags, consisting of Demerara and Barbica, Jamaica, St. Domingo, and Brazil descriptions; the whole sold with briskness, the fine at the previous prices, the ordinary, good, and fine ordinary at higher rates; 168 bags St. Domingo, fine ordinary coloury 107s. 6d. and 108s.; good ordinary 104s. 6d.; good ordinary Brazil 103s. 6d.; fine ordinary Jamaica realised 118s. 6d.; good middling 136s. & 140s. Generally the Coffee market may be stated 2s. higher than on Tuesday last; and notwithstanding the large sales brought forward, the demand continues brisk and extensive.

Tee. The differences with China being adjusted, the market has receded to the prices as the late India sale.

Oil. There are no certain accounts of the fishery, but prices have rather declined. A Greenland whaler, that arrived at Ham-burgh on the 20th June, brought very favourable accounts.

Indigo bears a small premium on the prices of the late sale. Considerable parcels of Spanish, lately arrived, sell at high prices.

Corn.—By the new Corn Act, the following are to be in future the restrictive prices and duties on importation of foreign corn, viz. :—

	Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.	Beans and Peas.
Per Gazette average.....	70s. 0d.	36s. 0d.	35s. 0d.	46s. 0d.
Canada	50s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Duty.....	12s. 0d.	4s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	8s. 0d.
And additional for the first three months	6s. 0d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 0d.

At which rates the stocks now in bond are to be in preference admitted for home-consumption; but the ports are not to open the first time for fresh imports until the averages per Gazette have attained 80s. on Wheat, 36s. on Oats, 40s. on Barley, 52s. on Beans and Peas; and each article is then to pay the duties stated.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Germany.—The conferences of the deputies of the southern States of Germany, assembled at Darmstadt, for the purpose of agreeing on an uniform commercial system, having been protracted far beyond expectation; some of these States have judged it necessary to adopt measures to protect their subjects in the meantime. The recommendation of the States of Baden has been immediately attended to by the Government, which has prohibited French wines, &c. Similar measures have been adopted by the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and likewise by some of the Swiss Cantons. These measures, which it is to be observed, are directly aimed at France by way of retaliation for the severe enactments of its prohibitory code, are understood to be temporary, till the negotiations at Darmstadt shall have led to the adoption of an uniform system. Meantime, the French Government does not at all seem disposed to concede any thing in favour of its neighbours, yet in the debates in the Chamber of Deputies, many members have not only affected to be surprised at the reprisals now used against the French commerce, but have even taxed the German States with ingratitude to France, which has done so much to secure their independence; an assertion which has excited no small surprise in Germany, which well remembers what kind of independence it was that it lost by the overthrow of the French tyranny.

The Rhenish West India Company having had every reason to be satisfied with the success of its first consignments to Hayti, has now equipped a vessel for Mexico, with every prospect of a similar result. While we are far from thinking that the competition of the German manufacturers can be any injury to those of England, we would earnestly recommend to our merchants to act, at least to a certain extent, with the prudence that has been shown by the Germans. They, who have no thousands, and tens of thousands to risk on hazardous speculations, have taken care to assort their cargoes with the most scrupulous regard to the wants of the country to which they are consigned, and to act upon the information of persons fully qualified by their experience and local knowledge to give proper advice. We shall certainly not find them sending chests of scates to the torrid zone, or ship loads of luxuries, or costly finery to countries which have been desolated by a long and sanguinary intestine warfare, or where three-fourths of the inhabitants are slaves, or half naked savages.

Riga, 3d July.—*Flax* has been more in demand this week, and the prices are more steady. Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer are held at 40 r. and Risten Three-

band at 27.; cut Badstub at 36 r. has more buyers than sellers.—*Hemp*, the demand is much slacker, and the prices may be quoted as follows: Ukraine clean, 100 to 99 r.; Polish ditto, 102 to 101 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 90 r.; Polish ditto, 92 r.; Ukraine Pass, 80 r.; Polish ditto, 82. Torso, 49 to 48 r.—*Hemp Oil*, first quality may be had at 90 r. per ship lb.—*Potashes*, Polish Crown have been bought at 114 r.—*Tallow*. Yellow candle, crown, has been sold at 110 r. the nominal price of white, of which our stock is small, is 115 r.

Gothenburg, 3d July.—Since the middle of May, about 70,000 ship pounds of iron have been exported, while our importation from Wermeland and some ports in the Baltic has been only 54,000 ship pounds; so that, with a few exceptions, the price has remained at 17½ rix dollars; as the demand is at this moment slack, a small decline in the price is probable, but only for a short time, because many orders are still unexecuted, and others expected, and the arrear of the regular supply is only 30 to 40,000 ship pounds.

Hamburg, 13th July.—*Cotton* remains without request, and some sorts might perhaps be had on lower terms.—*Coffee* is still much in demand, and the high prices of last week are fully supported.—*Dye Woods*, &c. The greater part of the logwood lately arrived has already been sold at reduced prices. There has been a brisk demand for indigo this week, and a parcel which has arrived direct, speedily found purchasers, being of remarkably fine quality; in general, this article is held at higher prices. We have received some cochineal direct, but the price is not yet fixed.—*Corn*. The change of weather which has lately taken place just in time for the harvest has rather abated the demand, and prices have given way, except of rape seed, which is readily purchased at 80 to 81 rix dollars.—*Spices*. The sale of pepper is rather limited, yet the prices are firmer.—*Rice*. Old rice in particular is much sought, but the prices of all kinds are very firm.—*Tobacco*. Except yellow Maryland, which becomes more and more scarce, our market is well supplied with all descriptions of this article.—*Tea*. The Ann and Hope has brought a cargo from Canton direct.—*Sugars*. The sale of Hamburg refined is very limited, but the prices, as well as of treacle are unchanged. Strong middling lumps have been sold at 8½d., but inferior qualities will not fetch above 8d. In raw sugars so little is doing, that the prices cannot be stated, and are, in fact, nominal. Hitherto the importation is estimated at only twenty-six millions of pounds; whereas last year, at this time, it amounted to sixty-three million pounds.

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July 2.—Abbott, H. R. Thromorton-street, stock-broker. (Morrison, 12, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.
Dicker, J. Crockerwell, Devon, innkeeper. (Andros, 58, Chancery-lane. C.
Mingim, G., and J. Kothman, Carlisle, Cumberland, hat manufacturers. (Young, Charlotte-row, Sanson-house. C.

July 3.—Allen, J. S. Townster, Northampton, linen-draper. (Leigh, 2, Charlotte house, Mansion-house. T.
Brothers, F. and J. Leith, King-street, Covent-garden, navy and army agents. (Whitaker, Broad-court, Long-Acre. T.
Carter, J. W. Mercer-street, Long-Acre, coach-plater. (Richardson, Golden-square. T.
Cooper, J. Grosvenor-mews, Bond-street, horse-dealer. (Field, Clifford's inn. T.
Davison, G. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, upholsterer. (Andros, 58, Chancery-lane. T.
Elwell, W. Westbromwich, Stafford, chemist. (Wheeler, 26, Castle street, Holborn. C.
Leish, J. Jeffery's-square St. Mary Axe, merchant. (Knight, Basinghall-street. T.
Leish, T. Manchester, plumber and glazier. (Lever, 3, Great inn square. C.
Lock, G. 59, Shoreditch, hosiery and haberdasher. (Carter, Lord Mayor's court office, Royal Exchange. T.
Pitteland, T. Shepstone, Monmouth linen and woollen draper. (H. Ward, Great inn square. C.
Pycock, J. Doncaster, hosier. (Taylor, 14, John-street, Bedford-row. C.
Rangley, J. and F. H. Megles, Stoke, Stafford, iron founders. (Allington, Bedford-row. C.
Rothwell, J. Northfield Bleachworks, Lancaster, woollen. (Niblett, 2, New-court, Crutched-friars. T.
Saunders, W. Beckington, Somerset, schoolmaster. (Bridges, Red Lion-square. C.

July 3.—Friend, D. Ramsgate, Kent, shipwright. (Higg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
Harrison, T. Princes street, Rotherhithe, master-mariner. (Robinson, 19 Austin Friars. T.
Lovegrove, J. Crumham, Gloucester, timber-dealer. (Williams, Jackson's inn. C.
Parker, J. and J. Ellison, Helmount, Lancaster, calico-printers. (Miles Temple. C.
Smith, J. Rugby, Warwick, coal and corn-merchant. (Fuller, Carlton chambers, Regent-street. C.
Twamley, S. Aston-road, Birmingham, miller. (Wheeler, 26, Castle street, Holborn. C.
Watts, J. sen. Remington, Wills, dealer. (Ponsie, Gray's-lane. C.

Wilkins, W. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester, wine and spirit-merchant. (Long, Gray's-lane. C.

July 12.—Bernard, W. Frampton-upon-Avon, Gloucester, grocer. (Bonsfield, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. C.
Clay, G. Totnes, Devon, builder. (Blake, 186, Greatbury street, Blackfriars. C.
Grunder, J. Tooker's-court, Currier street, gun-maker. (Timbrell, Macclesfield-street, Soho-square. T.
Griggs, T. R. Deal, apothecary. (Pearce, 82, Swinburn's lane, Lombard street. T.
Jlood, G. Cumberland-street, Marylebone, brewer. (Hill, We look street, Cavendish-square. T.
Mathews, D. Carlisle, Cumberland, mercer. (Hard, Temple. C.
Oakley, J. Southampton, bricklayer. (Broadwell, Temple. T.
Phear, W. jun. and T. R. Grays, Watling-street, confectioners. (Pons, 38, Essex-st. Strand. T.
Rider, J. Winchester-house, Broad-street, merchant. (Larrie, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
Robertson, G. Wapping, ship-chandler. (Burdillon, Broad-street, Cheap-side. T.
Robinson, H. North Walsham, Norfolk, linen-draper. (Lythor, Essex-street, Strand. C.
Snape, W. Thredle, Stafford, grocer. (Barber, Fetter-lane. C.
Thomson, J. Terman street, Goodman's-Balds, oil and colourman. (Glynce, Barr-street, East-Smithfield. T.
Warner, W. jun. North Walsham, Norfolk, scrivener. (Tilbury, Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street. C.
Williams, S. West Ham, Essex, broker. (Draper, 2, Walcot-place, Lambeth. T.
Woodcroft, J. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, linen draper. (Niblett, New-court, Crutched-friars. T.

July 16.—Rosinto, W. Reading, Berks, woollen-draper. (Edmonds, Exchequer-office of Flans, Lincoln's-inn. C.
Cooper, S. and A. Joyce, Beckington, Somerset, grocers. (Pekins, 2, Holders-court, Gray's-lane. C.
Gray, W. and E. Birmingham, nail-ironmongers. (Norton, 3, Gray's-lane-square. C.
Powell, T. Oldforge, Hereford, corn dealer. (Pugh, Bernard-street, Russell-square. C.
Waterhouse, J. and John Green, Rope-makers-street, London, builders. (Shuter, Millbank-street, Westminster. T.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—June 23 to July 16.

McNicol, H. merchant, Glasgow.
Wilson, J. grain merchant, Renfrew.
Inches, J. jun. wood-merchant, Stenton.
Anderson, A. merchant, Edinburgh.
Morrison, J. merchant, Edinburgh.
Sainsman, J. and Co., manufacturers, Perth.
Sandeman, W. and H., merchants, Perth.
Panton, W. and J. Smith, jun. manufacturers, Edinburgh.
Sandeman, W. and Co. merchants, Edinburgh.
McCracken, J. merchant, Ayr.

BIRTHS.

June 28.—At Brighton, the lady of Dr. Blair, a son.
26. The lady of Thomas Deuman, Esq. M.P. Common Sergeant of the City of London, a daughter.
20. At Enghelhurst, Viscountess Alton, a son.
July 2.—At Langton, the lady of James John Farguharson, Esq. a son.
8. At Woodburn place, Russell square, the lady of Wm. Lumley Selater, Esq. a son.
6. At the Royal Terrace, Adelphi, the lady of Horatio Legatt, Esq. a son.
7. At Bellevue Cottage, Ramsey, the lady of the Rev. Craven Ord, a daughter.

— In Gower-street, the lady of John Walford, Esq. a son.
8. In Cleveland-row, the lady of Captain Fred. Murray, R.N. a son.
9. At Mrs. Nasmith's, Harley-street, the lady of James Irving, Esq. of Jamieson, a son and heir.
17. At Audley End, Lady Jane Nevill, a daughter.
IN SCOTLAND.
At Castle Fraser, the lady of Colonel Fraser, a son.
ABROAD.
At St. Petersburg, the Hon. Lady Bagot, a son.
At Rotterdam, the lady of James Henry Turing, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES

June 21.—At St. Mary's church, David Foxworth, Esq. of Bowring in the county of Flint, to Lady Caroline Agnes Chesham, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Northmouth.

27. As Deane Kest, by the Banns of Canterbury, John Maister Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Maister, to Charlotte Mary, second daughter of the late John Foster Esq. Esq. of

diplomat of the late John Foster Dulles, Ltd. of
Haver and of Karmay-Abbey, is the same
cousin.

Dr. Francis Newman Rogers, Esq. to Julia Elm-
more, eldest daughter of the late William Waller
Lee, Esq. of Portland Me. Maine-Notary

— William Heath Pease Esq of Red Lane square,
to Miss Phillips, daughter of Sir Richard Phil-
lips of Broad street, Lincolns.

— **Country Nightingale**, boy, of the Grounds
Guard, youngest son of the late Mr E Nightingale,
part of a house with hall, timber-framing,
to Mary only daughter of the late T Sawtice,
Esq. of Northwell Street

July 1 11 54 Andrew W. Stolborn, Sir John G.
Auburn Hall to Mrs. Vincennes

3. Adm. George A. Manserv-square, Richard Adm.
plus Manserv, Reg. North son of the late Mr
James Manserv, Port of Manserv park, to the
estate of Manserv to Catherine, widow
of Manserv and James Manserv

& My special License at Montague house, Perry, garden, I and myself, one of the Earl of Leinster, to Lady Ann Montague Brail, daughter of the late Duke of Devonshire immediately after the ceremony the new married couple

— Peter Browne, Bay HIF second son of the Right Hon. John Browne, Bay HIF of Mount Browne, is the second of three, in Catholic father, eldest daughter of the late John Pugh, Esq. of Tevelore, Monro.

3. As to George the Martyr, Queen-square, Sir George Wilkes, of Mulborough, in the county of Dorset, to Hannah, only surviving daughter of the late Richard Kent, Esq. of Mordenham, in the county of Dorset.

At Lutterham the Rev. George W. Arnold, B.A. son of the late George Arnold, Esq. of Ashby de la Zouche, Northamptonshire and of Middlesbrough in the Isle of Wight, to Lady Mary Howard, third daughter of the Earl of Arundel.

— At St. James' Church, Henry Lindbergh, Esq., of Alhambra, in the county of Fife, Knight of the First Class of the Swedish Order of the Lion and Sun, to Miss Louisa Truller, eldest daughter of John Truller, Esq., of Durham Park, in the county of Hertford.

— At 11 George's, Manservant square, R. Richard-
son Street, 74 of Street place, to Harriet,
eldest daughter of Richard Williams, Esq. of
Albion street

← At Mass in Union Church, the Rev. John Ginn, Rector, brother of Miss Martin, Rector, to Miss Martin, widow daughter of the John Pappas, Unit. of Mount Pleasant Episcop. Diocese.

— At the couple's marriage square, the Rev W. Smith was officiated by church, and grandson of the Thomas family. Best of friends, built, both to Anna, daughter of the late Herbert Newton, Earl of the same place, a new South-
— and of the same place, a new South-

10. At Walnut (church), Math. Henry Edmund Conditage Fog, architect, to Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Yarkney, Esq. of Upper East River, Barb.

At St. Stephen's in the Florida, Major Charles Worth of the 17th Light Dragoons, to Arms, only survivor of the late James Jacobson, Reg. of that name.

— At East Barnet, Herts, Samuel Gale Sharp, 70, second son of the late William Charles Sharp of Westgate, to Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Fenn, Esq. of Uxbridge (ance).

— At 44, Mary is the third, by the Rev. Richard Lawrence, William Henry Sharp, Esq. of Weymouth coast, to Miss Anna Louisa, (third daughter of William Lawrence Sharp, Esq. of Brighton), the daughter.

18. At Mary-to-bee Church, by the Rev. Wm. Long, Canon of Windsor, Charles Devan, Esq. of Buntingford, in the county of Devon to Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Long Esq. of Hampton-Lodge in the county of Surrey

15. At Mary Isidore Church by the Bishop of Osnab, Samuel Henry, Esq. of Westwood, in the county of Bedford, M.P. for Houghton & Marsh, eldest daughter of Christopher Munro, Esq. of Marsh, in the county of Sussex.

— At the Lough's Windsor square, Morristown, only one of Richard Vardell Esq. of Cup and Ball Place in Mass eldest daughter of the late Wm. Hines and, Fox, M.D. for the cause of Kent.

18. At St. George's Manse, opposite to the Rev. John Lathrop, Parson of York Street Church, Jamaica, was of record, in the month of September to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Thomas Payne Esq. of Kingston house, to the custody of said

Late: Robert Robinson, Esq. younger son of the late General Robinson, of Leicester, Mass. and nephew to the Earl of Roanoke, in Connecticut; youngest, third daughter of the Rev. Richard Pugham, (deceased) of Newport, Rhode Island, and Proprietor of a bookstore.

4444

At Bristol, Andrew Stevens, Esq. to Miss Jane Cooke

At Halls, North London, Major Taylor, of the 21st Hussar, nephew of the Very Rev the Archdeacon of Hereford is Miss George, daughter of Sir Henry, London, Bt. R.

By special license of the Phillips Chain L. Railway,
New South Wales, he is. New William Company,
John Daley, Esq. manager-owner of that com-
pany, to Emma, youngest daughter of John
Stewart, Esq. Fairbairn-place, district of Bris-
bane.

DEATH

June 34.—In her 28th year, a Jew-ess, Rydal, was married, Joseline Anna Ormrod, wife of Edward Ormrod, Esq. and second daughter of Dr. Ewart Ormrod, Esq. Her death was caused by her clothes catching fire a fortnight before.

— At her residence, Bolton-row, Epsom, called off the late Edward Jennings, Esq. and daughter of the late Nathaniel Shindston, of Town Hill, Epsom.

25. At Vermont, in Northb. very modestly, of an abortion of the heart, Thomas (1840) wrote. Mr. an eminent Physician of that place for 20 years for a. born at Holt in that county in 1781. He has a number of papers inserted in different Medical Journals, and some separate professional publications. He is, published a Translation of Auerbach's Work on the Nature of the Heart, &c. &c. &c.

- At London's Hotel, Hunter Blair Reg. 117.
- In Grosvenor square, Lady Maria Gilbey,
wife of Sir William Gilbey

— At 10:45 a.m., Mr. T. Hendon, 1011 32nd ave.,

50. At Fairmouth, on his return from the landing islands from Islands of the 20th Division.

At the Potomac Hotel, Potomac, after a long dinner, the late of H. P. Miller, Esq. late of Maryland, past near Potomac, and sister of Mr. T. B. Leachman, past.

20. In Paper-street, Jolly, widow daughter of Richard Nash, house-keeper, and Miss Mary Plantagenet from the United States.

July 5 At Klamath Falls in her 75th year, Ann Polyzio Proctor widow of the late Captain Proctor of the Plymouth Division of Marines, and last surviving child of John Proctor Reg. late collector of the Customs at Pismo th, sister to Mr John Moore Proctor Past 1st wife's death the late Herman Polyzio and Royal de proctor of the great Mr Francis Proctor, the first in her generation.

— At Ray-house, Woodford, above a Jasperus M.
son, and Mr. Henry, third son of J. P. Parker,
New.

John Roth, M.D., of Greenwich-street, Boston.

— Mrs. Hewlett, with of the Rev. John Hewlett, DD Rector of St. Paul's, and Morning Prayer at the Foundation Festival.

— At 10 o'clock in his old par, Mr. Scott, Tennessee superintendent of that city, his death was announced to the hearing of a steam-whistle woe.

days before, while himself and four of his men were standing near it. Mr. B. was thrown with his breast upon a grindstone, and while in this situation, a heavy beam fell upon his back. The explosion was so tremendous that it shattered the windows of all the adjoining houses, one of the men, Richard Wildman, was so hurt that he expired the evening before Mr. B. and it is very doubtful whether the others will recover. The accident was occasioned by the safety valve being overloaded.

3. The Rev. Charles Proby, Rector of Stanwick, in the County of Northampton, and a Prebendary of the Cathedral of Lincoln.

— Mr. John White, formerly of Nottingham, and father of the late Henry Kirke White, aged 72.

4. At Rotherhithe, Surrey, the lady of Daniel Brent, Esq. of Mount Hall, New Sanford, in the County of Suffolk, aged 43.

6. In Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square, Ann, Relict of the Rev. Thomas Hirst, late Rector of Bosworth, in Cambridgeshire.

— In his 82d year, the Rev. Colston Carr, LLB. Vicar of Ealing.

8. At Chester, the Rev. James Ireland, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Head Master of the Grammar-school in Chester, Rector of Thurstaston, and one of the Minor Canons of the Cathedral; and Uncle of the Rev. George Ireland, of Westbury, Wilts.

9. In Arlington-street, Lady Frances Pratt eldest daughter of the Marquis of Camden. Her Ladyship died very suddenly; the Marquis had left town that day with his three younger daughters and Lord Brecknock, for his seat, the Wilderness, Kent, soon after which she was seized with a violent shivering fit, supposed to have been occasioned by walking in the garden with thin shoes; from this, however, she recovered, but was attacked about 6 o'clock with another fit, and expired in an hour afterwards in the presence of her afflicted mother.

— At Brompton, aged 18, Jessy Philadelphia, eldest daughter of Major Gen. Sir Thomas Sydney Beckwith, KCB.

11. At the Attorney-General's, Whitehall-place, Marianne Elizabeth, the wife of Algernon Langton, Esq.

— At Croydon, Samuel Chatfield, Esq.

12. Julia, eldest daughter of George Henry Crutchley, Esq. of Sunning-hill, Park.

— At Salcombe-house, Sidmouth, Magdalene the lady of Henry Harvey, Esq. and daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart.

13. At Shaw-place, near Newbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Andrews, only sister to the late Sir Joseph Andrews, Bart. and the last of his name and family.

— In his 71st year, James Oldham Oldham, Esq. of Holborn, universally known for his immense wealth (about 400,000*l.*), and the conspicuous situation which he filled as Executor of the late Countess of Huntingdon, who entrusted to his charge the superintendence of all the Chapels in her connexion throughout the kingdom, and also of the College at Cheshunt; a trust which he continued to execute till his death.

— Mr. John Fry, Bookseller of Bristol. His extensive acquaintance with old English literature had procured him no inconsiderable character among the Bibliographers of the present day.

Lately, Lady Arbuthnot, wife of Colonel Sir Robt. Arbuthnot, of the Coldstream Guards.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Porto-bello, near Edinburgh, Sir John Macgregor Murray, Bart. of Lanwick Castle, Perthshire, of an inflammation of the bowels.

IN IRELAND.

At Roebuck Castle, in the County of Dublin, Louisa, second daughter of James Crofton, Esq. aged 18.

ABROAD.

At Rouen, as he was proceeding to Paris, for the benefit of his health, Abraham Ludow, Esq. of Heywood-house, Wiltshire, for which County he served the office of High Sheriff in 1810, and acted as one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for upwards of twenty years, with the greatest ability and integrity.

At Madras, Major Gen. Fras. Aiskell, of the Hon. Company's Service.

At Grimsby, Upper Canada, in his 82d year, the Rev. William Sampson, of University College, Oxford, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Sampson, of Petersham, Surrey.

At Madeira, whither he went for the benefit of his health, William, eldest son of John Wells, Esq. of Bickley-house, Kent.

At St. Denis, on his way to Boulogne, Thomas Foster, Esq. of Elim Estate, Jamaica, and formerly of the Grove, Bucks, in his 70th year.

At Florence, the infant, and only son, of Lord and Lady Rendlesham, who was Co-heir to the Thellusson property with the son of Mr. Charles Thellusson.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. T. Calvert, BD. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and Norrisian Professor of Divinity, to the Rectory of Holme, with the Vicarage of Holme in Spalding Moor, annexed. Patrons, the Master and Fellows of St. John's.—The Rev. S. Bennett, MA. to the Rectory of Walton on the Hill, Surrey. Patron, Mrs. Gee, of Bedington Park, Surrey.—The Rev. George Ludford Harvey, BA. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and one of the Domestic Chaplains of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, to the Vicarage of Dilworth in Lancashire. Patrons, the Worshipful Company of Haberdashers.—The Rev. William Tindall, MA. Head Master of Wolverhampton Free Grammar School, to the Perpetual Curacy of Holme, Lancashire.—The Rev. H. Pepys, BD. Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, presented by the Master and Fellows of that College to the Rectory of Moreton, Essex, vacated by the death of the Rev. W. Wilson, BD.—The Rev. John Lonsdale, MA. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and now Domestic Chaplain to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Rectory of Mersham, Kent, vacated by the death of the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, promoted to the Archbishopric of Cashel.—The Rev. J. Hall, to the Living of Great Bedwin, Wilts.—The Rev. C. Hemming, MA. late of Merton College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Thundersleys, Essex.—The Rev. A. Loftus, BA. to the Rectory of Helboughton, with Rainham St. Martin, Norfolk.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Philip Bliss, DCL. and Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, to be one of the un-

der Librarians of the Bodleian, vice the Rev. Alex. Nicoll, MA. now Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Vice, Dr. Lawrence, promoted to the Archbishopric of Cashel.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Annual Prizes of Fifteen Guineas each, given by the Representatives in Parliament of this University, for the best Dissertations in Latin prose, were adjudged as follows:

Populis Dixeris Eadem Instituta parum cove-
niant. Arthur Baron, and Ralph Lyon, Scholars of Trinity College.

Astronomiæ Laus et Utilitas. Alfred Ollivant, and J. Alexander Barnes, ditto ditto.

Sir William Browne's Medal for the Greek and Latin Epigrams, obtained by William Praed, of Trinity College; subjects:—Greek Ode, *Pyramides Ægyptiacæ*; Greek Epigram, *Ἐπεὶ τὸ ὄντα καὶ σπῶ*; Latin ditto, *Nugæ seria Ducunt.*

The Person Prize, subject from Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, to Mr. W. Braham, of Trinity College.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.—His Majesty's Gold and Silver Medals were adjudged as follows, on the 11th of July.

English Verse: *Subjection to Vice is Essential Slavery.* Mr. Sewell, Gold Medal.

Latin Prose: *Georgius Quartus Brit. Rex Coronatus.* Mr. Smith, Gold Medal.

Galgari Oratio ad Milites. Mr. Moberly, Silver Medal.

Lord Strafford's Speech before Sentence. Mr. Hall, Silver Medal.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROMETER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Alto-cumulus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.	Nimbus.			
1		30.34	30.28	30.310	74	68	63.5	53	45	54	NW to W									
2		30.33	30.29	30.310	72	66	64	51	43	51	SE									
3		30.32	30.28	30.300	75	67	66	52	45	51	SE to E							1.15		
4	○	30.30	30.24	30.270	80	64	71	46	39	40	E to N									
5		30.26	30.24	30.250	85	60	72.5	36	35	45	N to NE									
6		30.27	30.23	30.250	85	58	71.5	39	30	40	E to SE							1.15		
7		30.24	30.20	30.220	75	50	61.5	48	44	46	NE							40		
8		30.17	30.04	30.104	77	44	70.5	41	44	54	NE to SE							35		
9		30.04	29.44	29.55	83	60	71.5	50	40	52	E to NW							10	0.10	
10		30.11	30.05	30.080	83	60	71.5	44	41	45	SE								0.30	
11		30.21	30.18	30.195	87.5	57	72	50	40	45	NE								1.40	
12	☾	30.26	30.20	30.230	75	51	63	45	30	40	NE							10		
13		30.28	30.20	30.240	70	53	61.5	43	44	51	NE to SE									
14		30.11	29.86	29.985	80	42	73	45	40	57	SE								0.10	
15		29.79	29.76	29.785	82	59	70.5	55	50	65	W to E							60	0.05	
16		30.07	29.91	29.990	72	52	62.5	60	54	58	E to NE									
17		30.12	30.26	30.290	78	50	64	40	43	53	E to SE									
18		30.14	30.20	30.270	82	52	67.5	46	44	52	E to NW							45		
19	☉	30.10	30.00	30.050	76	54	65	49	42	48	N to SE									
20		30.15	30.03	30.090	75	54	64.5	49	42	53	E to NE									
21		30.27	30.24	30.255	84	62	60	45	44	57	E to SE							60		
22		30.22	30.18	30.200	78	60	69	40	36	50	E									
23		30.14	30.12	30.135	89	61	70.5	50	46	62	SW									
24		30.20	30.17	30.185	78	61	69.5	50	44	62	W							65		
25		30.28	30.21	30.220	81	56	68.5	53	43	58	W to SW							25		
26	☾	30.18	30.17	30.175	74	57	65.5	50	43	63	S to NW							40		
27		30.13	30.21	30.260	77	55	66	51	34	44	NW							70		
28		30.25	30.08	30.160	70	57	69	50	46	81	SW							25	0.70	
29		30.21	30.14	30.175	71	50	60.5	53	43	40	NW							20		
30		30.15	30.15	30.150	78	52	64	46	60	53	SW to NW							15	0.40	
		30.34	29.78	30.168	87.5	50	60.85	43.8	42.3	54.2		27	21	25	7	23	16	8	8.75	3.85

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.34 June 1st, Wind NW.

{ Minimum..... 29.78 Do. 15th, Do. W.

Range of the Mercury..... 0.56

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 30.169

..... for the lunar period, ending the 19th instant..... 30.166

..... for 16 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.163

..... for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 30.230

Spaces described by the rising and falling of the Mercury..... 4.250

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.260

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 29

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 87.5° June 11th, Wind NE.

{ Minimum..... 50 Ditto 20th, Do. NW.

Range..... 37.5

Mean temperature of the Air..... 66.85

..... for 31 days with the Sun in Gemini.... 64.60

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 37.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 53.09

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 81° in the evening of the 28th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto..... 29 in the afternoon of the 3th.

Range of the Index..... 52

Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 42.8

..... at 8 Do. AM..... 40.8

..... at 8 Do. PM..... 54.2

..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 9 o'clock.... 49.4

Evaporation for the month..... 0.760 inch.

Rain for Ditto with the gauge near the ground..... 0.765 ditto.

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high..... 0.325 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, E and SE.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 7; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 16; an overcast sky without rain, 5; rain, 2—Total, 30 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.

27 21 25 7 25 16 8

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1	44	7	7	1	4	2	4	30

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR JUNE, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

This month has been fair, dry, and unusually hot—the rain amounting only to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, and the mean temperature of the air to $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher than in any June during the last seven years, and 3° higher than the mean of the same months in that period. The mean thermometrical heat of June, 1812, comes nearest to that of the present month. The maximum heat of this month, in reference to our Journal, is also unprecedented, it being on the 11th, $87\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the shade. Notwithstanding the prevalence of upper and under currents of air, and the hot weather the first part of the month, this neighbourhood, indeed the country of Hampshire generally, has escaped the effects of those dreadful thunderstorms that visited other parts of the country, Ireland, Scotland, and France; but the electrical appearances of the compound modifications of clouds in the day-time often forboded the gathering of storms. The wind having prevailed two-thirds of the month from the eastern side of the meridian, the evaporation on that account, considering also the small quantity of rain and the high mean temperature, is very great, namely, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth, $2\frac{1}{4}$ of which were absorbed by the influence of the sunshine and dry winds in the first six days. This has already been the means of lower-

ing the springs a mile here. The mean temperature of spring water has this month increased upwards of $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and it is 2° warmer than at this time last year. So great and uninterrupted has been the heat of the sun's rays, that we have on several evenings observed a radiation, like a stream of vapour, emanate from a long brick wall, facing the west, till sunset. The abundant crops of hay were got in under the most favourable weather in and about this neighbourhood the early part of the month; and a few fields had been cut and carried by the last day of May, being 3 or 4 weeks sooner than the time of haymaking last summer.

Both flying and stationary gossamer has again been prevalent; and the insects have been abundant and injurious to vegetation; perhaps a more genial winter and spring for their increase have not been known for many years past.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month are 3 perihelia, 7 solar halos, 14 meteors, 1 rainbow, about lightning on three different evenings, twice accompanied by distant thunder; and 6 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 3 from NE. 3 from SW. and 1 from the W.

DAILY REMARKS.

June 1. A bright sunny day, with light air from the westward. *Horus* in the adjoining field seen after sunset, as orange twilight, and a clear moon-light night.

2. Fair, with a brisk SE. wind. A faint perihelion appeared on the north side of the sun at 7 PM. at the edge of a *Cirrocumulus* cloud: the night as the preceding.

3. As the preceding day and night. One small meteor passed near the star ϵ after at 10 PM.

4. A stratus early, and a coloured perihelion with a white trail on the north side of the sun from 9 till 9 AM when its altitude was upwards of 40° . A fair day and night.

5. A dense stratus before sunrise, followed by a fair and hot day, with prevailing *Cirrocumulus* clouds in a dark blue sky clear and dry by night.

6. A stratus early, and a fair morning, with hot sunshine. PM mostly overcast with the two strata of clouds, very sultry, and 3 bright meteors.

7. A fair and clear day and night, except a few clouds at noon and a refreshing breeze from NE. The maximum heat in the sun's rays to-day was 113° , equal to fever heat.

8. A cloudless day, and the wind as yesterday. Immediately after sunset two series of clouds came up from the southward, from which quarter they discharged their electrical contents incessantly through the night, and it terminated only in a few drops of rain. From the position of the case, the winds from the south and East alternately calmed.

9. Generally overcast, light showers, and distant thunder in the morning. PM. fine and calm, and vivid lightning for several hours behind the clouds in the NE. hor. zen.

10. AM fair with two strata, and a solar halo: in the afternoon undisturbed *Cirrocumulus*, followed by a light shower of rain. A fair night, and lightning for several hours to the eastward.

11. A fair and very hot day, with various modifications of clouds, particularly lofty *Cumulus*, in which a solar halo was formed, and the breeze wind repeatedly blew from every quarter of the

compass, the clouds very red at sunset, followed by one loud clap of thunder, rain, and a strong gale from NE.

12. A continuation of the gale, and a considerable decrease in the temperature of the air: All clouds and fine and a clear sky by night.

13. Nothing could exceed the grandeur and brilliancy with which the planets Jupiter, Venus, Saturn and the Moon shone in a line from the Sun, at 5 o'clock this morning, when the solar rays had already given a red tinge to the falling dew in the NE. horizon. Venus and Saturn were in conjunction, the latter having the appearance of a star of the 2nd or 3rd magnitude, with all its beauties hidden from the naked eye, and was only a few minutes to the south of the former. Fair and cloudless, except low distant *Cumulus*. In turning from the planet Mercury seen after 9 PM a bright meteor was observed to pass under the planet Mars in an almost perpendicular direction, and the moment it disappeared it was surrounded by a faint red flash—2 small lofty meteors appeared in the evening. The night as the preceding.

14. Fine, except an hour's light rain in the morning, the clouds which produced it from SW. having been repelled by a strong breeze from NE: lightning in the horizon to be seen heard in the evening, followed by a veil of *Cirrocumulus*.

15. AM overcast, and gentle showers, with wind from SW. PM. fine.

16. AM overcast and windy. a sunny afternoon, and a clear sky by night.

17. AM mostly overcast and windy: a fine afternoon and two winds, the upper one from NE. a clear sky after sunset.

18. A cloudy day and night, except sunset. *Cometa* in the northern part of the horizon to the westward and coloured base at sunset.

19. Sunshine with nearly opposite winds, and various modifications of clouds, the *Cirrocumulus* having been formed by lofty *Cumulus*: a cloudy night and some dew.

20. The sun seen with a large halo around it—on overcast day through the day, yet planets: the

veil of cloud dispersed soon after sunset, when the large red crescent of the new moon was observed going down in the NW. horizon.

21. A fine sunny day, with lofty plumose Cirri in a blue sky, in which a faint solar halo was formed: soon after sunset a lilac haze about 10° in altitude appeared around the horizon, followed by a brisk easterly wind, and a clear sky through the night.

22. AM. As the preceding, with the addition of Cirrocumuli and Cumuli, and two winds, the upper one from SW, whence the clouds came and united in the afternoon, but passed off by the upper current in an electrical state. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc beyond the broad crescent was conspicuous to the naked eye this evening; a phenomenon unusual in June. The deep red crescent just before setting, presented many apparent distortions, by the intervention of a dark Cirrostratus cloud, behind which she passed.— Sometimes it appeared only as a small circular red spot, at another time like two Semi-crescents, and lastly it was divided in four or five parts, according to the indentations of that cloud. Short lightning issued from the clouds to the westward through the night.

23. A sunny day, with a brisk gale from SW, and an appearance of rain at intervals, which, from the pulverized state of the ground, is now very desirable.

24. Fair, with a continuation of the gale from the west, and flying clouds: Cirrocumuli to the westward with a red tinge soon after sunset, when the wind became gentle.

25. AM. generally cloudy, and a little light rain: PM. fair, with prevailing Cirri pointing upwards, 2 small meteors, and much dew in the night, which was very refreshing to vegetation.

26. Fair, with Cumuli in the morning, and broad bands of Cirrus in the afternoon; and a brisk wind from SW: at sunset an inoculation of several strata of clouds, which were curiously coloured; the red tinge did not leave the horizontal sheets of Cirrostratus to the northward till after 10 o'clock, on account of the crepuscule in that quarter: a cloudy and windy night.

27. Fair, with a strong breeze from the NW, and lofty Cumuli and Cumulostrati in the day: a clear sky by night.

28. Overcast with attenuated Cirrostratus, and a gale from SW, yet pleasant till near sunset, when low passing Nimbi let fall refreshing showers of rain, and produced a perfect rainbow: a cloudy and windy night.

29. AM. overcast and a refreshing breeze from NW. PM. fine, and a faint solar halo in dense lofty Cirrus. One coloured meteor in the evening.

30. AM. light rain, and a gale from SW.: PM. fair.

NEW PATENTS.

H. Septimus, Clapton, Middlesex, merchant; for a bolt or fastening, particularly applicable as a night-bolt.—June 4.

W. Huxham, Exeter, iron-founder; for improvements in the construction of roofs.—June 4.

H. Colebank, Broughton, in Furness Kirkley, Ireleth, Lancashire, tallow-chandler; for an engine for cutting, twisting, and spreading of wicks.—June 4.

J. Barton, deputy comptroller of our

mint; for a certain process for the application of prismatic colours to the surface of steel, and other metals, and using the same in the manufacture of various ornaments.—June 4.

J. Frost, Finchley, Middlesex, builder; for a new cement, or artificial stone.—June 11.

W. Feetham, Ludgate-hill, stove-maker; for a certain improvement on shower baths.—June 11.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 19 July.	Hamburg. 16 July.	Amsterdam. 19 July.	Vienna. 6 July.	Nuremberg. 11 July.	Berlin. 13 July.	Naples. 5 July.	Leipsig. 12 July.	Bremen. 16 July.
London ...	25.40	37.1½	40.7	12	8.10.12	7.1½	560	6.19	619
Paris	—	26 ½	57½	118½	fr. 119½	83½	23.20	80½	17½
Hamburg ...	162	—	34½	145	140	152½	24.40	146½	133½
Amsterdam ...	57½	104½	—	138	140	145½	48.50	140½	126½
Vienna ...	251	146½	36½	—	40	103½	58.75	100½	—
Frankfort ...	4	148½	35½	99½	99½	103½	—	97½	111½
Augsburg ...	250	147½	35½	99½	99½	103½	58.40	100½	—
Genoa	473	82½	90½	61½	—	—	19.16	—	111½
Leipsig ...	—	—	—	—	99½	103½	—	—	—
Leghorn ...	512	89½	97½	56	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	550	38½	42	—	—	—	50.20	—	—
Cadiz	15.50	93	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	430	—	81½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15.50	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15.50	93½	102½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ...	550	38½	42	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 15 July.	Breslaw. 8 July.	Stockholm. 9 July.	Petersburg. 2 July.	Riga. 3 July.	Antwerp. 15 July.	Madrid. 5 July.	Lisbon. 12 July.
London	154½	7.1½	12.5	10½	9½	40.5	36	52
Paris	80½	—	23½	106½	—	½	15	540
Hamburg ...	147½	151½	126	9½	9½	34½	90½	39½
Amsterdam ...	141½	143½	120	10½	10	1½	98½	48
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	555

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From June 25 to July 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-10..12-8
Ditto at sight	12-7 ..12-5
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-11..12-9
Antwerp	12-7 ..12-5
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-2 ..37-10
Altona, 2½ U	38-3 ..37-11
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70..25-50
Ditto 2 U	26 ..25-80
Bordeaux	26 ..25-80
Frankfort on the Main	157½..156½
Ex. M.	
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us	9½..9½
Vienna, cf. No. 2 M	10-21..10-16
Trieste ditto	10-21..10-16
Madrid, effective	36½..36
Cadix, effective	35½..35½
Bilboa	35½..36
Barcelona	35½..35½
Seville	35½..35½
Gibraltar	30½
Laghorn	47½..47½
Genoa	43½..43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	39½..39½
Palermo, per oz.	118..117
Lisbon	51 ..51½
Oporto	51 ..52
Rio Janeiro	46
Bahia	50
Dublin	9½
Cook	9½

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	6	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	3	13	9
New dollars	0	4	9	0	4	9½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 31s. 1d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Ware	£4 10 0 to 6 0 0
Middlings	2 0 0 to 3 10 0
Chats	1 10 0 to 2 0 0
Common	0 0 0 to 0 0 0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 1 to July 22.

	July 1.	July 8.	July 15.	July 22.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	31 0 to 38 9	29 6 to 40 0	31 0 to 41 9	33 6 to 41 6
Sunderland	30 0 to 39 6	30 0 to 40 9	32 6 to 37 6	33 3 to 42 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	June. 22	June. 29	July. 6	July. 13
Wheat	42 5	42 6	42 6	43 1
Rye -	18 5	15 6	18 2	18 3
Barley	17 0	18 4	19 4	19 3
Oats	18 6	18 10	18 2	18 5
Beans	24 3	26 11	27 0	27 10
Peas	24 3	26 10	26 11	28 8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from June 24 to July 20.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	33,176	315	—	33,491
Barley	7,639	—	—	7,639
Oats	69,926	7,330	230	77,486
Rye	316	—	—	316
Beans	8,425	—	—	8,425
Pease	4,112	—	—	4,112
Malt	10,254	Qrs.	Flour 24,139 Sacks.	

Foreign Flour—none.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 85s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	55s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.		
3 0 to 4 0..4 0 to 4 10..1 12 to 2 0		
Whitechapel.		
3 6 to 4 0..3 8 to 4 15..1 8 to 2 2		
St. James's.		
2 15 to 3 14..3 10 to 4 8..1 7 to 2 2		

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	2s. 0d. to 2s. 10d.
Mutton	1s. 10d. to 2s. 6d.
Veal	2s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Pork	1s. 8d. to 3s. 4d.
Lamb	3s. 0d. to 3s. 8d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	1s. 8d. to 3s. 0d.
Mutton	1s. 10d. to 2s. 8d.
Veal	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Pork	2s. 8d. to 4s. 0d.
Lamb	3s. 0d. to 3s. 10d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from June 28, to July 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
9,744	3,268	151,930	1,640

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.
(July 20th, 1832.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of
	£. s.	£. s.		£.		£. s.	£. s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark	24	—	7354	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1462	100	Do. new	70	7 1/2 p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	100	4	1700	—	Vauxhall	18	—	3000	100
Basingstoke	6	—	1200	100	Do. Promissory Notes	100	5	54,000	—
Do. Bondy	30	2	54,000	—	Waterloo	5	—	2000	100
Birmingham (divided).....	500	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 81.	35	—	5000	—
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 71.	29	—	1000	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny	60	4	908	150	— Bonds	107	5	60,000	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	93	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100	Barking	30	—	300	100
Coventry	1000	44 3	500	100	Commercial	105	5	1000	100
Croydon	2	—	45-16	100	East-India				
Derby	135	6	800	100	Branch	100	5	—	100
Dudley	63	3	2000	100	Great Dover Street	36	1 1/2	402	100
Ellesmere and Chester	63	3	3575	100	Highgate Archway	4	—	2000	50
Erewash	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway	—	1	1000	—
Forth and Clyde	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.	—	1	1000	—
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye Do.	21 10	1 10	3782	50
Do. optional Loan	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	242	10	11,815 1/2	100	East London	97	2	3000	100
Grand Surrey	65	3	1521	100	Grand Junction	55	2 10	4000	50
Do. Loan	100	5	60,000	—	Kent	21 10	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union	20	—	2848 1/2	100	London Bridge	50	3 10	1500	—
Do. Loan	100	5	19,327 1/2	—	South London	30	—	600	100
Grand Western	3	—	8008	100	West Middlesex	54	2 5	7548	—
Grantham	145	8	740	150	York Holdings	34	—	1200	100
Huddersfield	18 10	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kenner and Aton	18 5	25	25,228	100	Albion	40	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster	37	1	11,000	100	Atlas	5	6	25,000	50
Liverpool and Liverpool	390	12	3,879 1/2	100	Bath	575	40	—	—
Leicester	300	14	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	70	—	1895	100	British	50	3	—	250
Loughborough	2400	170	70	—	County	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray	221	11	250	100	Eagle	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	100	European	20	1	50,000	—
Moama Ashire	160	5	2,308	100	Globe	123	6	1,000,000	100
Do Debentures	100	5	45,625 1/2	100	Guardian	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	700	100	Hope	4 5	6	40,000	50
North	410	25	242	—	Imperial	96	4 10	2,400	500
North Wilts	—	—	1770	25	London	—	1 4	8000	25
Nottingham	200	12	500	150	London Ship	—	1	31,000	25
Oxford	720	22	1720	100	Provident	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest	70	3	2400	100	Rock	1 18	2	100,000	50
Portsmouth and Arundel	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange	—	10	745,100	—
Regent's	34 10	—	12,294	—	San Fire	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale	56	2	5051	100	San Life	23 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	500	125	Union	40	1 8	1500	300
Shropshire	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char. tered Company)	70	4	8000	50
St. Iord & Worcestershire	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares	65	2 12	4000	50
Stourbridge	200	9	300	145	City Gas Light Company	113	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	12	—	3647	—	Do. New	60	—	1000	100
Stroudwater	65	22	—	—	Bath Gas	17	16	2500	25
Swansea	180	10	538	100	Brighton Gas	20	1	1500	25
Tarstock	30	—	350	100	Bristol	26 10	1 14	2500	25
Thames and Medway	20	—	2070	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk	1000	75	1300	200	London	29	—	1000	700
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100	Russel	11	—	700	—
Warwick and Napton	210	10	900	100	Surrey	5	—	700	—
Wilts and Berks	6 10	—	14,200	—	Miscellaneous.				
Wilsbach	60	—	120	105	Auction Mart	22	1 5	1000	50
Worcester and Birmingham	25 10	1	0000	—	British Copper Company	52	2 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery	10	—	2000	50
Bristol	14	—	2200	145	Do.	5	—	3447	50
Do. Notes	107	5	208,324 1/2	100	London Commercial Sale	15	1	3000	100
Commercial	—	3 10	3132	100	Hoona	92	4	—	—
East-India	100	8	450,000	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class	74	3	—	—
East Country	31	—	1058	100	Do. 2d Class	74	3	—	—
London	100	4 10	3,114,000	100	City Bonds	107	5	—	—
West-India	100	10	1,200,000	100					

Daily Pri			
1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent.
June			
25	242	80½	shot.
26	242½	80½	—
27	242	80½	—
28	242½	80½	—
29	242	80½	79½
July			
1	—	79½	80
2	242	80	79½
3	242	79½	80½
4	242	79½	80
5	242½	80	—
6	243	79½	80
7	—	80½	79½
8	—	80½	79½
9	244	80½	79½
10	244½	80½	79½
11	244	79½	80½
12	244	80	79½
13	246½	80½	79½
14	245½	80	79½
15	246	79½	80½
16	246½	80½	79½
17	246½	80½	79½
18	246½	80	79½
19	—	80½	79½
20	246½	80	79½
21	247	80½	79½
22	247½	80½	79½
23	248	80½	79½
24	248	80½	79½

IRISH FUNDS.

June	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Total
22	249½	91½	90½	—	—	103½	103½	100½	46
26	250	93½	91½	—	—	104½	104½	—	72
29	249½	92½	91½	—	—	105	105	100½	46½
July									
2	249½	92	91½	—	—	104½	104½	—	47½
6	248½	91½	91½	—	—	104½	104½	—	73½
10	248½	91½	91½	—	—	104½	104½	—	—
16	250½	91½	90½	—	—	104½	104½	—	48
18	—	90½	—	—	—	104½	—	—	—
									1 15 17 90 20 91

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	July 2	IN LONDON.					NEW	
		9	12	16	19	23	May 23	Jun 5
Bank Shares.....	22	—	—	—	—	—	104	104½
6 per cent. 1813....	—	—	—	—	—	—	102½	102
1813	—	—	—	—	—	—	102½	103
1814	—	—	—	—	—	—	104	104½
1815....	96½	—	—	—	—	98½	107½	107
5 per cent. 1821....	95½	95½	97	97	97	98½	—	104½

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.



THE LION'S HEAD.

OUR Contributor ——— assures C. of S. that all the papers with his signature have been written by him ; and he hopes, that all which may appear hereafter will be equally authentic. He has reasons not to open the Lion's jaws too explicitly on this occasion.

W. B. M.'s Sonnet had a terrific effect upon all of us. Lion's Head was brought home upon a shutter.

W.'s Tears of Sensibility had better be dropped.

H. L. *is* immortal! We have cut,—and cut,—and cut,—but he comes again ! This sort of Spaniel-muse is very amiable.

B. is surely humming.

B. D.'s Ode to the Eagle Steam Packet is very pretty poetry for sick people ; but the *duty* we owe to our advertisements prevents our complimenting " this commodious vessel " as it deserves. Besides, we understand it loads well without the aid of the Muses.

We should have preferred seeing " the *original* production " of Gallus, before we decided upon its originality ;—and if we had then been convinced of its " genuineness," it would not have been unpleasant to us to find that it was the work of " An eccentric Frenchman."

We must observe to , that *****. He will understand us, and we are serious.

" A Poor Reader " does not in many of his lines carry his poverty into his writing—but the extreme length of his " Farewell," and the occasional,—what shall we say,—*irregularity* of the metre, compel us to decline an insertion.

C.'s " Sleep " seems to have composed itself.

Our correspondent ***** , or *Hyades*, or *Five Stars*, is assured, that the Contributor of certain papers, of which he is pleased to entertain so high an opinion, is not in the remotest degree concerned in the Editorial department of the LONDON ; nor indeed ever sees its contents before the day of publication. His hints, and his kindness, we can promise him, are not thrown away.

Spes cannot be answered by anticipation.

We suspect H. B.'s Sonnet to the *Rising Sun* was written for a lark.

W. B. M.'s———but we have answered him before.

We are sometimes charged with being severe,—and, perhaps, we are occasionally betrayed by the rashness, vanity, or folly of certain writers, into an intolerant tone of expression, not quite becoming such grave judges as we are known to be.—But in sober sadness, what is to be said to Counting-house Versifiers, and Warehouse Essayists? We are continually furnished with ricketty sonnets from Milk-street, Friday-street, Ironmonger-lane, and all the softer alleys of the city,—which the writers chuckle over with all the dangerous fondness of parents. We *could* crown this notice at once by printing a passage or two from the “effusions” of A. B.—Flavius,—Thurza (query, any relation of Lord Byron's?) K.—T. T.—But a word to the unwise may be sufficient.

Thersites is left “to be reclaimed,” as he desires, of which there is much need, and perchance but little hope.

We should be loth to make Mr. Christie angry, by printing Athenæus's Ode to Fonthill Abbey, now that it is advertised for sale. The Poem opens bravely, but sneaks miserably off at the conclusion—or to speak in our own style—takes up at the *Lion*, and sets down at the *Lamb*. Caliph Vathek is not “That simple Eastern Tale of Turkish hearts,” which the Bard describes. Why cannot our Correspondent get his Ode inserted among the sundries in the Catalogue?—It would sound well—Three saucepans, four sets of fire irons, two grates, one Ode, and a coal-skuttle. There is a way of getting these things smuggled in.

The following verses are selected from an Ode written in the fear of the New Marriage Act.

FARE THEE WELL.

Before our banns be publish'd like a tax,
Ask'd on the portals of St. Mary Axe,
If thou wilt marry me—then prythee tell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

Think of old maids of seventy—fourscore,
Fourscore old women at the temple's door,
Those that can read, and those that learn to spell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

Suppose our names a history—suppose
Our love, forepick'd to pieces—like a rose,
Shed blushing all abroad—my Isabel!
Oh now—or fare thee well!

THEODOSIUS.

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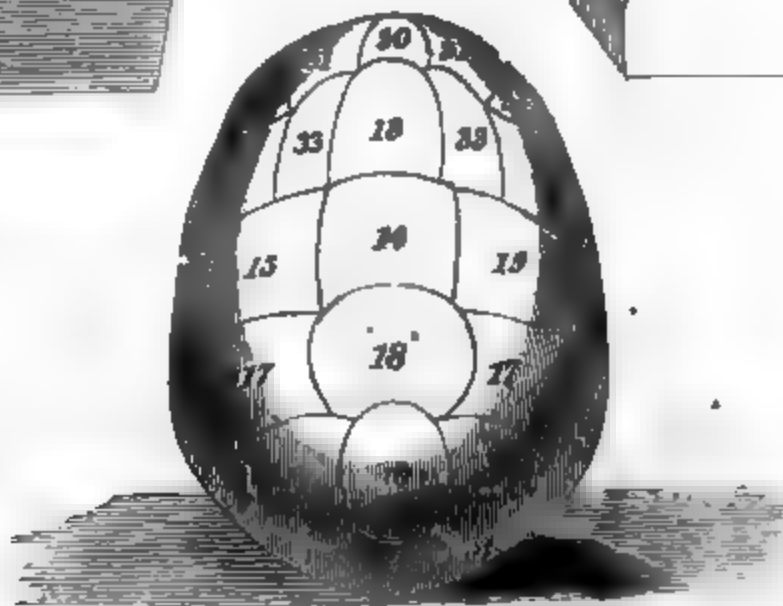
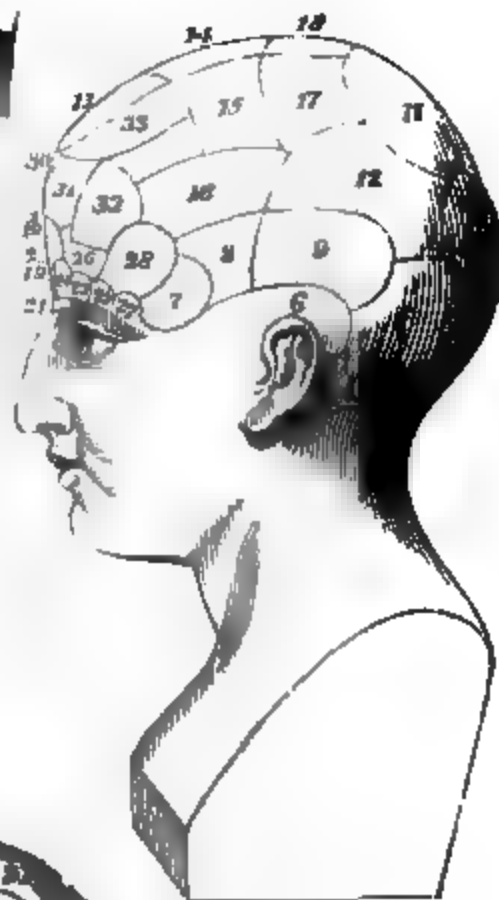
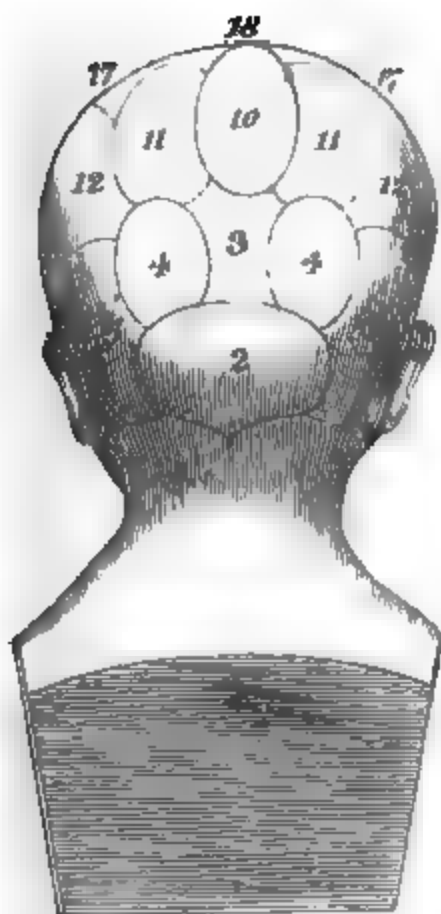
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THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1822. Vol. VI.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL SYSTEM.

BEFORE we lay the following Observations on Phrenology before our readers, we deem it requisite to put them in possession of the Theory of external Indications, on which the science is founded, so far, at least, as this information is capable of being conveyed by diagrams and names. Dr. Spurzheim adopted the same mode of illustration in his work ; but the plate which he gives is not so satisfactory as that which is contained in a pamphlet intitled, "Observations on Phrenology," from which the various positions of the head, in the annexed engraving, have been copied:—

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING,
The Figures indicating the Position of the Organs.

PROPENSITIES.	1. AMATIVENESS.	INTELLECT.	19. INDIVIDUALITY. { 1 HIGHER.
	2. PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.		2. LOWER.
	3. INHABITIVENESS.		20. FORM.
	4. ADHESIVENESS.		21. SIZE.
	5. COMBATIVENESS.		22. WEIGHT.
	6. DESTRUCTIVENESS.		23. COLOUR.
	7. CONSTRUCTIVENESS.		24. LOCALITY.*
	8. ACQUISITIVENESS.		25. ORDER.
	9. SECRETIVENESS.		26. TIME.
SENTIMENTS.	10. SELF-ESTEEM.		27. NUMBER.
	11. LOVE OF APPROBATION.		28. TUNE.
	12. CAUTIOUSNESS.		29. LANGUAGE.
	13. BENEVOLENCE.		30. COMPARISON.
	14. VENERATION.		31. CAUSALITY.
	15. HOPE.		32. WIT.
	16. IDEALITY.		33. IMITATION.
	17. CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.		WONDER.
	18. FIRMNESS.		

* We regret that the founders or advocates of the system have not ere this honoured it with a Nomenclature more apposite; and of less barbarous construction. The Phrenological Society cannot better employ their sittings, than in doing it this just and necessary piece of service. The name of the organ of *Space*, we perceive, has been changed to that of *Locality*; but the latter term is still very exceptionable.—It should rather be called the organ of *Exploration*, thus expressing the *active* principle, for the exercise of which space or locality is but the proper sphere. It will certainly be found more applicable in this sense; for to explore belongs not only to geographers, astronomers, and travellers, but to the metaphysician, the historian, the investigator, and the discoverer,—to all inquirers, whatever be the object of pursuit. This organ ought, indeed, to be regarded, from its seat and function, as the *antennæ* of the human race.

OBSERVATIONS ON PHRENOLOGY.*

The general condemnation of Dr. Spurzheim's views is known to all our readers. They were represented as "trash," "trumpetry," "quackery;" and, in short, the vocabulary of contemptuous epithets was exhausted in an apparently vain endeavour to express with sufficient force the great extent of their demerits. But in the course of the seven years which have elapsed since 1815, the doctrines have not, like those of Johanna Southcott and Mr. Spence, with which they were compared, sunk into oblivion, and died of their own inanity, as was then confidently predicted. In 1819, Mr. Combe, of Edinburgh, published *Essays on Phrenology*,† in which he strenuously maintained the doctrines to be, not only true, but highly important. In 1820, Sir George M'Kenzie published *Illustrations of Phrenology*, in which he also staked the credit of his reputation, that the system is founded in nature. So far as we have observed, no philosophical answer to these works has appeared, notwithstanding the vehemence of the early opposition to the doctrines. Farther, in the year 1820, a society,‡ bearing the name and title of Phrenology, was established in Edinburgh, and from a report of its proceedings we observe that its members consist of gentlemen in the professions of divinity, law, and physic—of literary men, artists, and persons engaged in commerce; many of whom are members of other societies, and some of whom are favourably known to the public by their writings. This society proclaims a decided belief in the truth of the system from which

it has taken its appellation. In 1821, Mr. Abernethy, a gentleman sufficiently known in the circles of literature and science, and certainly a competent judge of points connected with physiology, published the pamphlet referred to in the note below, in which, without coinciding in all the views of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, he styles Phrenology—

A representation of human nature, which, when viewed in its proper light, and with due attention, must please every one. It is not (says he) like others heretofore presented to us, which appear in comparison but as mere diagrams, the result of study and imagination; whilst this seems like a portrait from life by masterly hands. It is not, indeed, exactly like any individual, but capable, by alterations, of being made to resemble every one; so that, by the help of a few touches, we are able readily to show "virtue her own image, vice her own deformity," in all their diversities.

The author of the second pamphlet, who also declares himself not to be a complete convert to the system, makes the following observations:—

The doctrines of Phrenology are so novel in their nature, and differ so widely from the common notions on the subjects to which they relate, that it was natural to expect that they should encounter much opposition, having to contend with so many prejudices and long confirmed habits of thinking. The author of these remarks has endeavoured, as far as possible, to divest himself of such prejudices, and has come to the present inquiry with the sincere purpose of ascertaining these two points, 1. Whether the doctrines of the phrenologists are true? and, 2. Whether, if true, they are worth knowing or inquiring into?

It appears to him that the prevailing opposition to this new doctrine is at least as

* Reflections on Gall and Spurzheim's System of Physiognomy and Phrenology, addressed to the Court of Assistants of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, in June, 1821. By John Abernethy, FRS., &c. London. Longman, and Co. 1821. Pp. 75.

Observations on Phrenology, as affording a systematic view of Human Nature. Edinburgh. Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh; Ogle, Duncan, and Co., London. 1822. Pp. 57.

† We have been informed that this work is reprinting in America.

‡ It is a curious circumstance, that we should derive our information of the proceedings of this society through the medium of the Parisian press. In a late number of the *Revue Encyclopedique* we observe its labours adverted to; while the Edinburgh press preserves a total silence on the subject. We know that the proceedings of the society have excited considerable interest in Edinburgh; and that during last winter Phrenology was much discussed in the private circles of that metropolis, although no notice of this fact has yet reached the public eye.

much owing to misapprehension on the second of these points as on the first. Before he took any pains to understand it, he did not conceive that its truth or falsehood was of any importance. Granting it to be true that certain propensities and faculties of the mind are accompanied or connected with certain appearances or developements of the brain, it was not perfectly obvious, that from this we were likely to know any thing more of the nature of mind, its feelings, faculties, and manifestations, than we did before. He has now come to entertain a different opinion, and, after due consideration, is inclined to think, that, provided only he were satisfied that the doctrines are true, he cannot but be of opinion that they are very important.

Since the publication of this work, we have been favoured with the perusal of a letter from Dr. Bell, of Philadelphia, to a gentleman in this country, dated 10th May, 1822, to the following effect:—

Ere this reaches you, you will have been apprised of the formation of a Phrenological Society in this city, having the same objects as the one established in Edinburgh. It is but recently that the subject of Phrenology has excited any attention here, and you may readily conceive the opposition which attempts to diffuse the knowledge of it must meet with. The few who had heard it, or read about it, derived their information and took their opinions from the literary journals of Europe (which on this head have not been marked by much liberality and sound philosophy), and could not, of course, be supposed to hail with any favourable sentiments more serious attempts for the establishment of a sound doctrine. The first difficulties surmounted, and a society once organized, we have now not to complain of a lack of members, &c.

And an order is given to send out a variety of casts and books upon the subject.

The editor of the New Edinburgh Review has also declared decidedly in favour of phrenology. In the Number for October 1821, Article I. it is stated,

That we have devoted a considerable portion of attention to the observations of correspondence or of non-correspondence between particular mental powers and particular forms of cerebral developement; we have examined the heads of, at least, some hundreds of individuals, and especially those with whose characters and talents we are most intimately acquainted, and we affirm, in the most positive terms, that such correspondence actually does exist. Nay, more, we have to mention that we are sur-

rounded in Edinburgh by a multitude of persons who believe in the same truth as firmly as we do. For our own part, if we have fallen into error, it is not the result of precipitation; for most deliberately have we examined and studied nature, and fully aware were we of the certain consequences of any erroneous representations we might send abroad, before we ventured to make the present declaration.

After these testimonies, by persons who have inquired into the subject, and whose understandings appear deserving of respect, it would be unbecoming in us, without cogent reasons, to pronounce a sentence in condemnation of the science, and equally improper, by silence, to withhold it from the notice of our readers, as unworthy of their consideration.

It is a curious inquiry, and one which naturally first suggests itself, how it has happened, that the general verdict of enlightened men of every profession has been so adverse to phrenology, if, in fact, it shall be found to contain any reasonable portion of truth? The brain is an organ with which every anatomist must have been familiar; and concerning the faculties of the mind, every reflecting person possesses, in his own consciousness, a source of information. How then, did the judgment of the public happen to be so erroneous, if the new doctrine is really founded in nature? The phrenologists explain this anomaly in a simple, and rather satisfactory manner. It is a law of physiology, say they, that the functions of an organ cannot be discovered from its structure alone; anatomists, for example, were long acquainted with the form and appearance of the arteries before Harvey discovered their use; and even in the present day, every dissector is familiar with the shape of the mesenteric glands, but their functions, nevertheless, remain an enigma. In like manner, the structure of the brain does not reveal its functions; and as, in time past, physiologists devoted their attention chiefly to the anatomy of this organ, they necessarily remained ignorant of its uses.—In the next place, the mind has no consciousness of thinking by means of organs at all; and hence, although every one is familiar with his own thoughts and feelings, his consciousness of them leaves

him completely in the dark, whether they are experienced by means of cerebral organs or not.

It was quite natural, therefore, say the phrenologists, for the medical profession and the public, while these principles were not attended to, to hold the very novelty of the doctrines as presumptive evidence against their truth; but when the proper explanation is given, nothing can be clearer than that they may all be true, notwithstanding these previous opinions against them. Dr. Gall did not discover the organs by dissection; and he did not find them out by reflection. He informs us that he merely observed in nature, that persons in whom a particular mental power was strong, possessed a large development of a particular portion of the brain, and that other individuals, in whom the power was weak, had that cerebral portion small. This assertion may be true, for any thing that dissection shows to the contrary, for it ought always to be kept in mind, that the brain is not appropriated by anatomists to other purposes, and that its structure affords no evidence *against* the phrenological opinions:—in fact, if it is not the organ of the mind, its uses are altogether unknown. In like manner, Dr. Gall's statement may be perfectly correct, for any evidence which consciousness affords against it; because we know nothing, from this source, concerning the existence, much less the functions of the brain. Hence, the whole question resolves itself into a point of fact; have such particular forms of head been found in concomitance with such particular mental powers, or have they not? The phrenologists inform us, that practice is requisite to be able correctly to observe and distinguish differences of form; and that study is also necessary to be able to recognise and discriminate the different primitive mental powers in their outward manifestations. These propositions appear in themselves reasonable, and such as would readily be acceded to, if advanced in any other science. Every one will admit that practice (as well as theoretical knowledge) is indispensably requisite to constitute an expert operative chemist; and that we cannot learn to *dissect* by merely reading descrip-

tions of the different parts of the body. We have been at a loss, therefore, to understand why it should have been supposed, that a person is to become an adequate judge of the merits of phrenology by merely reading a book upon the subject, or looking at a plate or a cast, without a serious and continued effort to learn by experience the true situations and developement of the organs. Farther, nothing is more common than to hear the most opposite and erroneous opinions announced by superficial observers, concerning the dispositions of other men. The distinction between pride and vanity, when they appear in actual life, is not known by one out of ten of the persons who pass in society as not deficient in penetration; and much less are differences in intellectual talent sufficiently discriminated. A great power of observation and detail, joined with ease and fluency in communicating facts, will, in the estimation of many, constitute a man of genius; while others will regard such a person as a superficial talker. Depth of reflection, when combined with difficulty of expression, will, by many, be mistaken for dullness and stupidity. The proposition, therefore, appears to be also reasonable and philosophical, that study is requisite, as well as some natural talent, to enable a person to judge correctly concerning the primitive mental faculties, from merely observing their manifestations.

While, therefore, we perceive on the one hand a variety of individuals, who have devoted their time to the study of phrenology, and of whose talents we are able to judge by their works, maintaining it to be a true and important science, and vouching for their sincerity by publishing their names; and, on the other a host of anonymous writers overwhelming it with ridicule, but not condescending to meet the alleged facts by counter-statements, or the inferences by legitimate argument, it is not difficult to perceive, on a fair and impartial estimate, to which side the scale of testimony inclines.

Mr. Abernethy treats the subject rather as a system of philosophy than as a physiological discovery of the functions of the brain. He speaks with the highest respect of Dr. Spurz-

heim, as a man and a philosopher, but adds, that he told him he would never inquire into the truth of his physiognomical observations, because he apprehended that they would lead to harm; while, at the same time, he proceeds to state his opinion concerning the different faculties of the mind, alleged to have been discovered by this mode of philosophising. We do not precisely enter into Mr. Abernethy's fears of harm, arising from the physiognomical part of the system; for if it be true, which Mr. Abernethy seems, in a subsequent part of his pamphlet, rather to admit, it will be a mere exposition of the constitution of nature; and the days are long gone by, when knowledge of the physical constitution of man was considered as injurious to his soul. Somewhat in opposition to himself also, Mr. Abernethy proceeds to enumerate, and admit as well founded, a variety of the phrenological faculties, and to approve of the situation of their different organs.

I see no objection (says he) to the classification of the superior intellectual faculties, which Gall and Spurzheim have made, into comparison, analysis or causation, and combination; because this arrangement refers to all the elementary powers cognizable in the actions of the human mind: powers which seem exclusively to belong to man. I am even pleased with the station which the organs supposed to be productive of these powers are said to occupy; for we find them arranged in a regular phalanx on a part of the head peculiar to man, the summit of the lofty forehead. As I have said in the lectures addressed to this college, if we find the head more produced in parts peculiar to man, it is reasonable to suppose that he will possess more of the intellectual character; and if in those parts common also to brutes, that he will possess more of those propensities in which he participates with the brute creation. We are all naturally physiognomists; and almost every observant person has remarked the amplitude of this part of the head to be indicative of intellectual power. Shakspeare denotes the eye as the herald of the mind, which so quickly proclaims its mandates, that he compares it to the winged Mercury, new-lighted on a fair and ample hill, so lofty, that, Olympus like, it seemed to touch the heavens.

Mr. Abernethy continues:—

The representation which Gall and Spurzheim have given, places the sentiments and dispositions in their real situation, in the

head; yet, as the brain affects the heart, and other parts of the body, mankind have been induced, in all ages, to believe them situated in the more evidently affected organs; still, I could not but feel surprize, that so late and so eminent an anatomist and physiologist as Bichat, should represent the heart to be the seat of feeling, and the head of thought. Anger and fright may greatly augment or diminish the actions of the heart; yet the intelligence producing either of these emotions was conveyed by the eye or ear to the brain; first affecting the mind, and secondarily the heart. Good sentiments and dispositions, with serenity of mind, seem to make "the bosom's lord sit lightly on its throne," and produce sensations which may be said, *circa præcordia ludere*. Whilst, on the other hand, "some sorrow rooted in the memory, some irascibly written troubles of the brain," make us feel, "as if the foul bosom wanted to be cleansed of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." But it is surely as simple, and more correct to express ourselves as Gall and Spurzheim would have us, by saying, that a person has benevolent or just sentiments, as that he has a good or an upright heart.

The author of the second pamphlet, "Observations on Phrenology, as affording a systematic view of human nature," also avoids grappling with the facts on which the system is alleged to be founded, and we regret that he should have done so; because, however ingenious his reflections, and however interesting the views may be in which he presents phrenology, the decisive evidence of observations in support of his views is necessarily wanting. His pamphlet, however, will be useful in dispelling prejudices, and in exhibiting beauty and arrangement in a system in which the public had previously perceived only unseemliness and chaos; and as comprehensiveness in thinking, joined with elegance of fancy, are decidedly displayed in its composition, we recommend it as well deserving of the attention of the reader.

After discussing some preliminary topics, the author continues;

The argument then leads us to this: if the brain be an organ at all, it is probable that it is the organ of our mental functions. If it be the organ of our mental functions, it is probable, at least possible, that its different parts may be destined to serve different purposes; and, if its different parts are destined to different purposes, where is the absurdity of supposing, that certain we-

parate portions of the brain are more intimately connected with, and more closely subservient to, different individual functions of the mind, than any other part? If this be so, it may appear to us a very curious and wonderful provision, but it is no more absurd or inconsistent with reason, than that different organs are appropriated to the use of the different senses—that the eye is connected with and subservient to the sense of sight, the ear to that of hearing, and the tongue to that of taste. The only difference is, that, in the one case the organs are more open to observation, their configuration is more mechanical, and more obvious to our gross and imperfect powers of observing;—but, in the principle itself, that the different powers may have different portions of the brain assigned to them, connected with and subservient to them, and by means of which they act and manifest themselves, there is no absurdity whatever. *It may perhaps not be true*;—that is a different matter, and must be decided by observation and experience; but it is quite conformable to reason and analogy to say that *it may be so*.

Having cleared the ground so far, and come to the conclusion that the different powers of the mind may have different portions of the brain assigned for their peculiar use, it may be proper to consider the scheme as presented to us, in which the situation of the different portions, and the powers to which they are respectively subservient, are distinctly and confidently laid down. I inquire not at present into the truth of the scheme; I merely wish to see if I can reconcile it to reason and analogy. If it be like the rest of nature's designs, we are sure not only that it will be adequate to its purpose, but that it will possess a perfection and a beauty which never are found in any scheme of mere human invention. When I began to consider the schedule or map presented to us by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, I could at first see none of this beauty in it. In looking over their list of powers, I could observe no order or connection between them. The whole presented to me a rude appearance, quite different, as I then thought, from what is commonly found in nature. After a more attentive consideration, however, light began to dawn upon me, and, beginning to consider the faculties in a certain way, and to group them after a certain order, the whole gradually formed themselves before me into a system of surprising symmetry, and, like the disjointed parts of an anamorphosis when seen from the proper point of view, collecting themselves into one elegant design, delighted me with the appearance of that very order and beauty which I would beforehand have expected to find in them.

In a scheme such as this, where we find powers which are analogous, which resem-

ble one another in their nature and uses, or which act upon and co-operate with one another, or mutually aid and assist, or controul and balance each other, we should naturally expect the organs of these powers to be situated near to one another, and in such a way as either to adjoin, or at least, to admit of an easy communication. Accordingly we find this to be the case, and we farther find the situation of the different powers, or rather of their organs, to correspond in a remarkable manner with their relative degrees of use and dignity.

The author then treats of the positions of the different organs in the head, as corresponding with the places which the faculties attached to them hold in the scale of the mental powers; and of their relative situations in regard to each other, as calculated at once for combined action and reciprocal support. After noticing several of the organs, he continues,

We shall now mention some other groups of faculties founded upon, and including in them some of those already mentioned. We shall begin with *Amativeness*, the use of which, for the continuance and propagation of the species, is too obvious to be overlooked. A blind appetite like this, however, would not of itself be sufficient for the purpose. The young of the human species are by nature so weak and helpless, that, without a very powerful principle impelling the parents to watch over their preservation, they would unavoidably perish, almost at the moment of their birth. We find, accordingly, next and immediately above *Amativeness*, the organ of *Philoprogenitiveness*, a distinct propensity, implying not merely a general love towards our offspring, but such a strong anxiety for their welfare as induces us to make the greatest exertions, and to submit to any sacrifices to procure their comfort and accommodation. This principle is generally stronger, and the corresponding organ is said to be accordingly more fully developed, in women than in men.

But this would be imperfect in its operation, and lead to an unfair distribution of the burden and care of children, without another principle which should restrain man from an indiscriminate intercourse with the other sex, and lead him to attach himself to an individual. In conformity to this we find, immediately adjoining to *Philoprogenitiveness*, and on each side, organs appropriated to *Adhesiveness*, or that propensity which suggests such a preference as may lead to the permanent union of one man with one woman—the sacred and indissoluble bond of marriage. That such a principle exists in man, independently of

any positive enactment, is certain, from the practice even of the most savage tribes.

There is still another propensity, some degree of which is necessary to the full operation of those now mentioned. I mean the attachment to *home*, or to the place, whatever it may be, or wherever situated, which contains the objects of our dearest affections. Every part of the world is not equally rich or well supplied with the comforts and luxuries of life; and were it not for some propensity of this kind, every one would naturally prefer those seats which are most abundantly provided with these accommodations, so that some parts would be too crowded with inhabitants, while others, less favoured by nature, would be left to their original solitude and desolation. But by the aid of this principle, a more equal and convenient distribution of the human race is effected, without any compulsion—every one generally preferring the soil where Providence has originally cast him; so that the hardy mountaineer, instead of envying the inhabitant of the plains, looks with contempt on the dull uniformity of these rich tracts, and regards his bleak hills with an affection which seems to be strong in proportion to their barrenness.

On looking at the scheme, we see the love of home surrounded by the love of self, and of those objects which are nearest ourselves, as wife and children, forming altogether a group, which may be denominated the *domestic* affections,—the very names of which must give rise to feelings that are dear to every heart. We observe, too, that this group of affections is surrounded, and embraced, as it were, by the combative and destructive powers, and cautiousness, indicating that these powers are best employed in preserving and defending the objects of our kind affections.

After adverting to several of the knowing and reflecting faculties, and their organs, the author proceeds:—

Some of the remarks I have here ventured to make, may, perhaps, appear too hazardous, and to have led me rather into doubtful and debateable ground. I have thrown them out as they occurred to me, as at any rate worthy of some examination; but I shall not insist upon them further here, being anxious to avoid every thing that may have the appearance of over-refinement. Without incurring any imputation of this kind, however, it may be observed in general, that nothing can be more simple, elegant, or appropriate, than the arrangement of those organs and faculties which are said to occupy the forehead. Lowest are the faculties of Perception and Observation,—next the knowing powers,—above those the reasoning,—and last of all the imaginative. Supposing that we were entirely ignorant of this system,

and had sat down to contrive a scheme in which we should place these powers according to their relative use and dignity, this is assuredly the very order in which we should be inclined to place them. But, in the peculiar positions that are assigned them in this system, there are circumstances of connection and mutual relation to which we could hardly have attended, and which seem to surpass any effort of mere human ingenuity.

As an additional instance of this, I may mention, as deserving notice, the situation of the organ of *Ideality*, which is considered the organ of poetry, the region of taste, and fancy, and inspiration. It lies, it may be observed, almost in the centre between the lower or animal propensities, the knowing and intellectual faculties, and the moral powers or sentiments. Just around, and adjoining it, are powers of most necessary use to the perfection of poetry. In the front, we find *Wit*, of which, and its use in poetry, it is unnecessary to speak. Above it is *Imitation*, leading to the accurate delineation of the passions, feelings, and manners,—*Wonder*, or the love of the great and marvellous, and *Hope*, leading to bright and flattering ideas, and a disposition to view things in their gayest and most smiling aspect. Next to hope is *Cautiousness*, its opposite, leading to a chastening judgment, of use to prevent too great luxuriance of imagination, and to hinder the sublime from degenerating into rant and bombast. Before are the *knowing faculties*, from which poetry draws her materials and images. Behind are the animal propensities, the *irascible* and *kindly* affections, which conduce to the two great subjects of the poet's art—"fierce wars and faithful loves." Above are the *moral* powers, to which all poetry ought ever to be in subservience. Lastly, before it, and just under Wit, lie the organs of *Time* and *Tune*, the source of mellifluous numbers, the vehicles which, in all ages, have been used for the conveyance of poetry—the dress in which it is clothed and adorned, and set out to the admiration of the world.

The author's mode of treating the subject is illustrated, and rendered easily intelligible, by a plate of the human head having the organs delineated, and it is incomparably the most elegant and accurate which has fallen under our notice. After several additional observations the author adds,

At the same time, it will easily be perceived, that I am not yet a phrenologist: I am sensible that I have not treated the subject in the manner a phrenologist would have done. Taking his stand upon the high ground of facts, and firm in the con-

viction arising from experience, he will probably feel no addition to his faith from any arguments drawn from other sources, and may regard as needless any attempts to support the system by probable reasoning, or what he may consider fanciful and wire-drawn analogies. But there may be minds so constituted as to be affected by such arguments and analogies, and which require to be invited to the study of the facts by such means.

He then proceeds to state, in detail, a variety of objections which have occurred to him in opposition to the system. As we do not design this for a controversial article, we decline entering into the discussion of his difficulties. He shows great candour in judgment, and displays powers of analysis and reflection, calculated to give weight to any opinions which he

supports; and while we commend the spirit and the execution of his present work, as a preliminary essay, we trust that, at a future time, he will come forward as an advocate for or against Phrenology, founding his arguments on the basis of observation, to which we strongly recommend to him to resort. We conclude by stating our high approbation of Mr. Abernethy's conduct in publishing his opinions concerning Phrenology, in the candid and liberal spirit in which he has written the present work; and by recommending the *OBSERVATIONS* to such of our readers as desire to become acquainted, in an easy and agreeable manner, with the leading topics of these much agitated doctrines.

The Early French Poets.

PHILIPPE DESPORTES.

BOILEAU, in the first canto of his *Art Poétique*, has drawn a slight and rapid sketch of the progress which the French poetry had made before his own time. To Villon he attributes the first improvement on the confusion and grossness of the old romancers. Soon after, Marot succeeded; and under his hands, flourished the ballad, triolet, and mas-carade; the rondeau assumed a more regular form, and a new mode of versifying was struck out. Ronsard next embroiled every thing by his ill-directed efforts to reduce the art into order. In the next generation, his Muse, who had spoken Greek and Latin in French, saw her high-swelling words and her pedantry fallen into disesteem; and the failure of the boastful bard rendered Desportes and Bertaut more cautious.

*Ce poëte orgueilleux trébuché de si haut
Rendit plus retenus Desportes et Bertaut.*

Boileau would have done well to temper the severity of this censure on Ronsard, who had more genius than himself. There is, however, some truth in what he has said of Desportes and Bertaut. They are *much less bold* than their predecessors; nor is it unlikely that the ex-

cesses into which he had run might have increased their natural timidity; though it will be seen, that the latter of these two writers, especially, held him in the utmost veneration. They both in a great measure desisted from the attempt made by those who had gone before them, to separate the language of poetry from that of prose, not more by its numbers than by the form and mould of its phrases and words; and although they were not ambitious of that extreme purity and refinement, which Malherbe afterwards affected, and on which his countrymen have since so much prided themselves, yet by their sparing use of the old licenses, they made the transition less difficult than it would otherwise have been.

Of the works of Desportes, printed at Rouen in 1611, a few years after his death, a large proportion consists of sonnets. They amount all together to about four hundred in number, and turn for the most part on the subject of love. The following bears some resemblance to an exquisite song of Mrs. Barbauld's, beginning—

*Come here, fond youth, whoc'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me.*

Si c'est aimer que porter bas la veuë,
 Que parler bas, que soupirer souvant,
 Que s'égarer solitaire en revant
 Brûlé d'un feu qui point ne diminuë,
 Si c'est aimer que de peindre en la nuë,
 Semer sur l'eau, jeter ses cris au vant,
 Chercher la nuit par le soleil levant
 Et le soleil quand la nuit est venuë.
 Si c'est aimer que de ne s'aimer pas,
 Haïr sa vie, embrasser son trespas,
 Tous les amours sont campés en mon ame.
 Mais nonobstant si puisje me louer
 Qu'il n'est prison, ni torture, ni flame,
 Qui mes desirs me sceust faire avouer.

Diane, Sonnet xxix. p. 23.

If this be love, to bend on earth the sight,
 To speak in whisper'd sounds, and often sigh,
 To wander lonely with an inward eye
 Fix'd on the fire that ceaseth day nor night,
 To paint on clouds in flitting colours bright,
 To sow on waves, and to the winds to cry,
 To look for darkness when the light is high,
 And when the darkness comes, to look for light:
 If this be love, to love oneself no more,
 To loathe one's life, and for one's death implore;
 Then all the loves do in my bosom dwell.
 Yet herein merit for myself I claim,
 'That neither racks, imprisonment, nor flame,
 Avowal of my passion can compel.

The invitation to a weary traveller, in another of his sonnets, is unusually elegant:—

Cette fontaine si froide, et son eau doux-coulante
 A la couleur d'argent semble parler d'amour;
 Un herbage mollet reverdit tout autour,
 Et les aunes font ombre à la chaleur brulante:
 Le fucillage obeit à zephir qui l'evante
 Soupirant amoureux en ce plaisant séjour:
 Le soleil clair de flamme est au milieu du jour,
 Et la terre se fend de l'ardeur violante.
 Passant par le travail du long chemin lassé,
 Brûlé de la chaleur, et de la soif pressé,
 Arrête en cette place où ton bonheur te maine.
 L'agreable repos ton corps délassera,
 L'ombrage et le vent frais ton ardeur chassera,
 Et ta soif se perdra dans l'eau de la fontaine.

Bergeries, p. 595.

This cool spring, and its waters silver-clean,
 In gentle murmurs seem to tell of love;
 And all about the grass is soft and green;
 And the close alders weave their shade above;
 The sidelong branches to each other lean,
 And as the west-wind fans them, scarcely move;
 The sun is high in mid-day splendour sheen,
 And heat has parch'd the earth and soil'd the grove.
 Stay, traveller, and rest thy limbs awhile,
 Faint with the thirst, and worn with heat and toil;
 Where thy good fortune brings thee, traveller, stay.
 Rest to thy wearied limbs will here be sweet,
 The wind and shade refresh thee from the heat,
 And the cool fountain chase thy thirst away.

The character of ease and sweetness, which he maintains in such verses as these, is often deserted for quaintness and conceit. At times, indeed, he is most extravagant, as in Sonnet lxi, where he tells his mistress that they shall both go to the infernal regions,—she for her rigour, and himself for having foolishly followed his desires; that, provided Minos adjudges them to the same place, all will be well,—her suffering will be exasperated by their being near to each other, and his will be turned into joy by the sight of her charms.

Car mon ame ravie en l'objet de vos yeux,
Au milieu des enfers établira les cieux,
De la gloire eternelle abondamment pourveuë :
Et quand tous les damnez si voudront émouvoir
Pour empêcher ma gloire, ils n'auront le pouvoir
Pourveu qu'estant là bas je ne perde la veuë.

In another place (Diane, L. 2, S. xlviii. p. 137) he has the same thought of their being both condemned, but draws a different conclusion from it.

In the Chant d'Amour, (p. 66,) there is a mixture of metaphysics and allegory, such as we sometimes meet in Spenser, and that would not have disgraced that writer.

La Grace quand tu marche est tousiours au devant,
La Volupté mignarde en chantant t'environne ;
Et le Soing devorant qui les hommes tallonne,
Quand il te sent venir s'enfuit comme le vent.

Grace, whereso'er thou walkest, still precedes ;
A lively carol, Pleasure round thee leads ;
And Care, the harpy, that makes men his prey,
Flees at thy coming like the wind away.

In his Procez contre Amour au Siege de la Raison, (p. 70,) he introduces himself pleading at the bar of Reason against Love, who refutes the poet's charges with much eloquence.

Je l'ay fait ennemy du tumulte des villes,
J'ai repurgé son coeur d'affections serviles,
Compagnon de ces dieux qui sont parmi les bois,
J'ai chassé loin de luy l'ardante convoitise,
L'Orgueil, l'Ambition, l'Envie, et la Feintise,
Cruels bourreaux de ceux qui font la cour aux rois.

.....

Je luy ay fait dresser et la veuë et les ailes
Au bien-heureux sejour des choses immortelles,
Je l'ay tenu captif pour le rendre plus franc.

I made him from the city's crowd retire,
I cleansed his bosom from each low desire,
Companion of the sylvan deities ;
I chased the fiend Ambition from his side,
With Guile and Envy, Avarice and Pride,
That rack the courts of kings in cruel wise.

.....

I bade him raise his view and prune his wings
For the blest dwelling of immortal things ;
I prisoner held the more to make him free.

The conclusion is equally unexpected and sprightly:—

Puis nous teneumes tous deux attendant la sentence
De Raison, qui vers nous son regard adressa ;
Votre debat dit elle, est de chose si grande,
Que pour le bien juger plus long terme il demande,
Et finis ces propos, en riant nous laissa.

Then both were silent, waiting the decree
Of Reason, who toward us held her view :
Your subject of debate is such, she cried,
It asks a longer session to decide.
That said, she laugh'd, and suddenly withdrew.

There are a few lines on his mistress Hippolyte, which are a pitch above the usual strain of love-verses.

Les traits d'une jeune guerriere,
Un port celeste, une lumiere,
Un esprit de gloire animé,
Hauts discours, divines pensées,
Et mille vertus amassées
Sont les sorciers qui m'ont charmées. *Chanson, p. 174.*

Features of a warlike maid,
Such as live in antique story ;
A heavenly port ; a light display'd ;
A spirit warm with love of glory ;
High discourses, thoughts divine ;
A thousand virtues met in one ;
These are the sorceries have won
This prison'd heart of mine.

He expresses a hope that the fame of his mistress will rival that of Laura.

J'espere avec le tans que sa belle ramée
Pourra par mes escrits jusqu'aux astres monter,
Et que les Florentins cesseront de vanter
La dedaigneuse Ninphe en laurier transformée.
Diverses Amours, Sonnet xi. p. 516.

I trust, in time, her lovely branch will rise,
Rear'd by my numbers, to the starry skies ;
And Florence boast no more that scornful maid
She saw transform'd into a laurel shade.

If Petrarch were in any danger of being eclipsed by Desportes, it would be from the veil which he has cast over his lustre in those passages of which he has attempted a translation into French. The reader will see an instance of this inferiority, by comparing the well-known sonnet,

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi,
with Desportes, S. xlv. p. 201.

A pas lens et tardifs tout seul je me promaine.

He did not wish to conceal the numerous obligations he lay under to the Italian poets ; and when a book was written with the design of show-

ing how much the French had taken from them, good-humouredly observed, that if he had been apprized of the author's intention to expose him, he could have contributed largely to swell the size of the volume.

If he has made thus free with the property of others, there are those who in their turn have not scrupled to borrow from him. Some stanzas in an admired ode by Chaulieu, on his native place Fontenai, must have been suggested by the pathetic complaint which Desportes supposes to be uttered by Henry III. at Fontainebleau, where that monarch first saw the light.

Chaulieu.

Fontenai, lieu délicieux,
Où je vis d'abord la lumiere,
Bientôt au bout de ma carrière
Chez toi je joindrai mes aïeux.

Muses, qui dans ce lieu champêtre
Avec soin me fîtes nourrir ;
Beaux arbres, qui m'avez vu naître,
Bientôt vous me verrez mourir.

T. 2, p. 145. Paris, 1757.

Desportes.

Nymphes de ces forets mes fidelles nourrices,
Tout ainsi qu'en naissant vous me fistes
propices,

Ne m'abandonnez pas
Quand s'acheve le cours de ma triste avan-
ture ;

Vous fistes mon berceau, faites ma sepul-
ture,

Et pleurez mon trépas.

P. 673.

Nymphs of the forest, in whose arms I lay
 Nurs'd in soft slumbers from my natal day,
 Now that my weary way is past,
 Desert me not ; but as ye favouring smiled,
 And weaved a cradle for me when a child,
 Oh weep, and weave my bier at last.

The song at the beginning of the will add another, which, though
 Bergeries and Masquerades is ex- scarce less animated, is in a graver
 ceedingly sprightly and gracious. I style.

Las que nous sommes miserables,
 D'estre serves dessous les loix
 Des hommes legers et muables
 Plus que fucillage des bois.
 Les pensers des hommes ressemblent
 A l'air, aux vents, et aux saisons ;
 Et aux girouettes qui tremblent
 Inconstamment sur les maisons.
 Leur amour est ferme et constante
 Comme la mer grosse de flots,
 Qui bruit, qui court, qui se tourmente
 Et jamais n'arreste en repos.

Diverses Amours, Chanson, p. 570.

Alas ! how hard a lot have we,
 That live the slaves of men's decrees,
 As full of vain inconstancy
 As are the leaves on forest trees.
 The thoughts of men, they still resemble
 The air, the winds, the changeful year,
 And the light vanes that ever veer
 On our house-tops, and veering tremble.
 Their love no stay or firmness hath,
 No more than billows of the sea,
 That roar, and run, and in their wrath
 Torment themselves continually.

His verses on Marriage, and his
 Adieu to Poland, prove that he could
 be at times sarcastic.

At p. 596, we find a sonnet on the
 Bergerie of Remy Belleau ; and at
 p. 631, another on the death of the
 same poet.

There are commendatory verses on

Desportes himself, by the Cardinal
 du Perron at p. 243, and by Bertaut
 at p. 306 ; and in one of the elegies
 to his memory, at the end of this
 volume, with the signature, J. de
 Montereul, (of whom I find no men-
 tion elsewhere,) he is thus des-
 cribed :—

Il estoit franc, ouvert, bon, liberal, et doux ;
 Des Muses le sejour, sa table ouverte a tous
 Chacun jour se bordoit d'une sçavante trope
 Des plus rares esprits, l'eslite de l'Europe.

Open he was, frank, liberal, and kind ;
 And at his table, every Muse combined
 To greet all comers, and each day did sit
 Those throughout Europe famous for wit.

Philippe Desportes was born at
 Chartres, in 1546 ; and died at his
 Abbey of Bonport, in Normandy, on
 the fifth of October, 1606. Charles
 IX. presented him with eight thou-
 sand crowns for his poem of Rodomont ; and for one of his sonnets, he
 was remunerated with the Abbey of

Tiron. It was a piping time for the
 Muses. Of the wealth, which thus
 flowed in upon him, he was as gene-
 rous as his eulogist has described
 him. Almost all the contemporary
 poets were his friends ; and those a-
 mongst them, who stood in need of his
 assistance, did not seek it in vain.

ELEGIES OF PROPERTIUS.

ARETHUSA TO LYCOTAS.—TALE OF TARPEIA.

LEISURE HOURS,

No. IX.

EPISTLE OF ARETHUSA TO LYCOTAS.—EL. 3. LIB. IV.

It is supposed that the lady designated under the fictitious name of Arethusa was Ælia Galla; and that by Lycotas was meant Posthumus, to whom the twelfth elegy of the third book is addressed on his parting from his wife Galla, and who is thought to have served with Ælius Gallus, governor of Ægypt, in his campaign against Arabia Felix.—This elegy is conjectured to have been the model of Ovid's Epistles of Heroines.

Sæpe mihi solitus recitare Propertius ignes.

To her Lycotas Arethusa, these—

If thou, so oft away, canst still be mine;
Tears caused the blots thine eye bewilder'd sees,
The faltering hand has marr'd the wavering line.

The twice-track'd East beholds thee; Bactria's plain,
And the steel'd Parth on breast-mail'd courser borne;
Now the cold Briton whirl'd on pictured wain,
Now the swarth Indian horsed on steeds of morn.

Is this the husband-faith? the love-pledged hour,
When a coy maid I yielded to thy claim?
Th' ill-omen'd torch, that led me to thy bower,
Caught from some smouldering pyre its murky flame.

The sprinkling vase was dipp'd in Stygian lake,
The wreath reversed, without a God the train;
I dress the temples vainly for thy sake,
And weave the mantle of thy fourth campaign.

Ah wretch! who fell'd for stakes the harmless tree,
And with hoarse shell contrived the trumpet's blast!
Worthy to twist the cord of Ocnus he,*
While near the ass for ever fed his fast.

Say does the mail thy tender shoulders gall?
And chafes the spear thy war-unpractised grasp?
But rather this—than that thy wife bewail
The livid pressure of some leman's clasp.

They say thy cheek has wann'd: yet welcome this
If the pale hue bespeak regret of me:
When Hesper brings my bitter night, I kiss
Each chance-left weapon—all that's left of thee.

* There is mention in Pliny 36, 11, 40, of a picture by the painter Socrates, which represents Ocnus twisting a rope, and too lazy to drive away the ass that is browsing on the hemp. "Such a man twists Ocnus's rope," was a proverb of the Ionians. Pausan. lib. 10.

Then tossing on my ruffled couch I sigh,
 And chide the bird that heralds morning skies ;
 Or my camp-task in wintry midnights ply,
 And cull the purple as the shuttle flies :

Or learn where flows Araxes, soon to yield,
 How wide the Parthian scours his fountless waste ;
 Con regions on the tablet's painted field,
 And how the skilful God his world has traced :

What land is bound with frost, what riv'n with heat ;
 What breeze to Italy conveys the sail ;
 My soothing sister keeps her wakeful seat,
 My nurse protests, and blames the winter gale.

Envied Hippolita !—with breast half-bare
 The soft barbarian helm'd her gentle head ;
 Ah ! did thy camp admit our Roman fair,
 Close would I follow where thy banner led.

Not Scythia's cliffs should bar my way with frost,
 Where warps the floods to ice the father-blast ;
 All love has power, the bride's deserted most,
 For Venus fans the flame to live and last.

What though my robe with Punic crimson glow ?
 The crystal's richest water gem my hands ?
 All is dull silence here ; one damsel slow
 Unbars the door, the whilst her spindle stands.

The lap-dog's voice most pleasing sounds to me,
 Whose whining cry her master's absence chides ;
 Glaucis alone supplies the place of thee,
 Usurps my bosom and my bed divides.

I deck the shrines with flowers, the cross-roads veil
 With vervain ; savin crackles on our hearth ;
 Whether on neighbouring roofs the night-birds wail,
 Or wine-dash'd tapers sparkle into mirth.

That day, on which those brighter omens shine,
 Foretells the slaughterous hour to yearling ewes ;
 The sacrificing priests surround the shrine,
 Gird the long robe, and kindle for their dues.

Ah ! let not fire-wrapt Bactra tempt thy fates,
 Nor linen vest from perfumed chieftain rent ;
 When from writhen cord are shower'd the leaden weights,
 And twangs the bow from wheeling courser bent.

But (so may Parthia's foster-sons be quell'd,
 Thy headless spear pursue the triumph-train)
 Still let thy nuptial troth be spotless held ;
 On these sole terms I wish thee back again.

Thus thy doff'd armour will I hang above
 The gate Capena, and inscribe the scroll—
 " This for a husband safe his wedded love
 Vows as the offering of a grateful soul."

THE TALE OF TARPEIA.

The story of Tarpeia, as told by Livy, i. 11. and Florus, i. 1. 12. is well known. She required, as the price of her admitting the Sabine army into the fortress of the capitol, what the soldiers wore on their left arms; meaning their bracelets: they perversely interpreted the boon she asked—of their bucklers; and by this quibble affected to save their honour while they crushed her. Propertius seems to have thought that avarice was not a sufficiently poetical subject; and by supposing Tarpeia's motive to be a passion for Tatius, the Sabine chieftain, he certainly succeeds in making her a more interesting personage; but he forgot that he was at the same time rendering Tatius proportionably more odi-

ous. The poet in vain endeavours to play the Roman patriot and pious pagan: we care nothing for the sacrilege of the vestal, and we excuse the treason of the maid of Rome. She still pleads with us in the words of Tibullus,

Non ego te læsi prudens; ignosce fatenti;
Jussit amor—

She still heaps inextricable infamy on the head of the barbarian, by exclaiming with Dido,

Num lacrymas victus dedit aut miseratus
amantem est?

This is a great fault, and could only have been avoided by the poet taking part with Tarpeia: but the tale is prettily told.

Tarpeia's grave inglorious shall be told,
The grove, the capitol surprised of old.
There rose a wood; a cave where ivy clung;
And many a rustling tree o'er purling rivulets hung:
Pan's branchy house; where from the sultry rocks
The breathed pipe softly urged the thirsting flocks.
With beachen rampire Tatius fenced the fount,
And trench'd his trusty camp with heapy mount.
What then was Rome? when Sabines dared to rove,
Shaking with trumpet clang the rocks of Jove?
When Sabine spears stood bristling in the space
Where Rome's proud edicts curb earth's vanquish'd race?
Hills were her ramparts; where we now behold
Th' Hortilian court, which guarding walls infold,
At that Numician fountain's lonely brink
The war-horse of the foe would stoop to drink.
Tarpeia sought those hallowing waters now,
The earthen pitcher pressing on her brow.
And could one death atone? the maid aspires,
Oh Vesta! to deceive thy living fires.
She saw where Tatius scour'd the sandy plain,
His chased arms glanced and shook through the steed's stawny mane;
She saw the monarch mien, the regal dress,
And dropp'd the vase in stunn'd forgetfulness.
Oft feign'd she omens in the guiltless moon,
And dipp'd her tresses in the stream too soon;
Oft the mild nymphs with silvery lilies woo'd,
Lest Tatius' face be scarr'd by javelin rude;
And climbing, with the city's earliest smoke,
Through rolling mists of morn that round her broke,
The Capitolian cliff, her arms betray'd
With bleeding briery marks the nightly-wandering maid.
On her own rock she sate, and wept the love
Whose deeper wounds were sins to listening Jove.
“O ye camp-fires! O central princely tent!
O Sabine weapons, beauteous in these eyes!
Would I were now with you! to bondage sent,
So I might look upon the face I prize.
Adieu ye mountains! Rome, thou mountain-pile!
Thou Vesta! blushing at thy love-sick maid;

The steed shall bear me to the camp erewhile,
 The steed whose mane my chieftain's fingers braid.
 What wonder if her father's locks were shorn,
 And dogs raged fierce round Scylla's snowy waist?
 If stoop'd the brother Minotaur his horn,
 And back the gather'd clue the labyrinth traced?
 Ah! what a crime for Latian maids is mine!
 The chosen handmaid of a virgin hearth:
 And thou, that wonderest at th' extinguish'd shrine,
 Forgive—my tears have drown'd the flaming earth!
 Fame tells, to-morrow will the storm be made;
 Ah! shun the thorny mountain's oozy side!
 Slippery and false the way: the feet betray'd
 By treacherous track on silent waters slide.
 Would heav'n I knew th' enchantress' lay! this tongue
 Might also aid a lovely chief's distress;
 Thee the wrought robe becomes; not him who hung
 On a she-wolf inhuman, motherless.
 Make me thy guest, if not thy wife and queen;
 Surrender'd Rome, no vulgar dower, is thine;
 At least avenge the outrage that has been;
 At least repay the Sabine rape with mine.
 'Tis I can break the long battalion's range;
 My nuptial robe, ye brides! the pledge of peace;
 The fierce-toned trump for marriage flute exchange;
 This ring shall make the clash of weapons cease.
 The fourth-watch clarion speaks the dawning light!
 Ev'n the stars wink and glide beneath the sea:
 I'll try if dreams will bring thee to my sight;
 Kind be the phantom that resembles thee!"

She spoke; her arms relax'd in slumber slide;
 She knew not love's worst furies couch'd beside.
 Guard of Troy-fire, beside her Vesta stood,
 And blew the faulty flames and hurl'd her torch within her blood.
 She rushes forth, as runs some Amazon
 Bare-bosom'd on the banks of tumbling Thermodon.
 'Twas Pales' holy day; ancestral rite;
 Rome's natal morn now tipp'd her walls with light.
 'Twas the swains' revel-feast within the gates,
 Where rustic tables steam with village cates;*
 And midst the scatter'd strawy bonfires reel
 Th' inebriate crowd, with soil'd and trampling heel.
 Then Romulus relax'd the watch around,
 The garrison restrain'd the trumpet's stated sound.
 Tarpeia knows her time: the foe she leads,
 Plights mutual faith, and shares the plighted deeds.
 The guard remiss had left the steepy way
 To bar ascent: her sword prevents the watch-dog's bay:
 All favours sleep: but Jupiter alone
 For retribution wakes, and guards his own.
 Her trust, her prostrate country she betray'd,
 And "name the day that makes me thine!" she said:
 Rome's foe the treason scorn'd; and haughty cried,
 "Climb thus my throne and bed, my queen and bride!"
 They hurl'd their bucklers down, and crush'd the maid;
 Thus virgin! was thy dowry fitliest paid:
 * The guide Tarpeia gave the mount a name;
 O ill-starr'd vestal! thy atoning fame.

* The common reading, "A duce Tarpeio," (who never once appears) is *nonsense*:
I beg to read, "A duce Tarpeia," which is sense.

THE MALVERN HILLS.

While Malvern, king of hills, fair Severn overlooks;
 And how the fertile fields of Hereford do lye,
 And from his many heads, with many an amorous eye
 Beholds his goodly sight, how toward the pleasant rise,
 Abounding in excess, the vale of Eusham lies. *Drayton's Polyolbion.*

ONCE more Malvern, after years of absence, I behold thy lofty ridge, as I descend the red heights that impend over the Severn, and pace with "wandering steps and slow" towards Upton Bridge. What a scene of fertility lies before me, displaying the affluence of nature's beauty as fresh in colour as when I last visited it. Then my sensations were as vivid as the thousand hues that at this moment decorate the landscape: now the colours are less refreshing to a mind grown duller in perception, and tinging all objects with the mellowness of age. Hills of my fathers! at whose feet many generations of my progenitors are mouldering, how keenly ye recal to my mind the feelings I experienced when I last visited you, and greeted your purple summits in my way from this very spot, darkened as they were from the evening sun setting behind them, and defining your undulations in a long wavy line across the horizon. Then youth deepened every tint, and made every smiling object around minister to enjoyment. I ran across the meadows; I swam in the Severn; I paced the lovely fields that intervene between the river and your sequestered village; brimful of hope, joy, and enthusiasm. I climbed your steep sides, and inhaled the vivifying air of their elevated region, with a sparkling elasticity of feeling that I shall experience no more; for though I now see you tower on high with delight, it is with a delight less exquisite, a feeling less calculated to afford an idea of its value. My season of youth is irrecoverably flown, and it now seems as if it had only been given to me that I might experience the pain of parting with it. In youth, the price of our pleasurable sensations is at its maximum, and declines as we get older, till arriving at the gates of death—what are they worth? And yet the realities of life are of as little value, and

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would be worth nothing even in youth, but for the seasoning of hopes and fancies given us to make them palatable. As I looked upon those hills, I reflected how many eyes had gazed upon them to which they had presented exactly the same appearance, and excited the same sensations as with me, in past ages. Time makes little alteration in the great outlines of nature, or at all events proceeds slowly in his work, and when the author of "The Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman," saw them four hundred years ago, and when I visited them last month, these beautiful hills, no doubt, presented the same aspect to us both. Mountains and rivers are among the more stable things of nature; the surface of a plain is altered by man, and valleys may be changed by torrents and floods, but the "eternal hills" are seen unchanged by successive generations of men. They are visual records of the past, pregnant with sublime associations, and awaken sympathies with the sons of forgotten ages, and call up the shadowy images of beings that have long ago "fretted their hour" on the stage of life. Sober and sad are the feelings at such moments, when they pry into the darkness of past time—sad even to tears. Even fugitive rivers flow by the ruins of mighty cities as they flowed when the buildings were entire and the streets swarmed with population, while things apparently more stable perish. Cervantes has prettily noticed this in a Sonnet to Rome. Johnson thought the idea was originally in Janus Vitalis.

O Roma! en tu grandezza en tu hermosura,
 Huyó lo que era firme, y solamente
 Lo fugitivo permanece y dura,

"fugitivo" referring to the Tiber mentioned in a preceding stanza.

Such were my thoughts when I had left the coach, and turning

R

down a green lane out of the road from Tewkesbury to Worcester, was crossing the fields to the town of Upton on Severn, situated on the very brink of the river. The victorious genius of Cromwell directed him to force Upton Bridge, that he might proceed along the southern bank, and, preventing the profligate Charles from escaping him, add another trophy to his fame in "Worcester's Laureate Wreath." It was the afternoon of a cool cloudy day; a slight mist hung over the distant objects in the landscape, and a melancholy stillness, common in such a state of the atmosphere, pervaded every thing as if nature was in universal repose. I crossed the Severn, and leaving the little church of Upton on my left, walked towards the Malvern Hills, that are such beautiful objects from the bridge, and, combined with the view in the foreground, where the majestic Severn rolls along without a ripple, present a picture rarely exceeded in richness and beauty. The deep purple colour of the Malvern Hills formed the back ground to a vale several miles broad, filled with meadows, orchards, gardens, and corn fields, well wooded, and having somewhat of the character of an Italian landscape, rather than of one in our own island. The abruptness with which these hills "look out," as Leigh Hunt would say, and the clearness of the atmosphere around their summits, give them a character very different from that of our hills in general. By an ascending and varying road, therefore never tedious, I reached the fine old church of Great Malvern, a favorite resort of Henry VII. who must have possessed a taste highly refined for the time in which he lived, as the architecture of the church testifies, which is similar to other Gothic buildings erected by him. Like his own chapel at Westminster, it is of very superior workmanship, airy and lofty. I drew near it with that feeling of delight which is generally experienced at the view of similar erections, venerable, light in architecture, grand in size, grey with age, and imposing from situation. Its mutilated windows, which had contained much painted glass, its pointed arches, and the dark shade of the hill that enveloped it, *added to its naturally impressive*

character. Alas! the ivy that I remembered to have seen formerly running up the walls, overhanging the great window, penetrating the fractures, and encroaching on the roof within, had been cut down by sacrilegious hands. Ivy with me holds the same situation in architectural old age that grey hair does in that of man, and I cannot bear to see either cut away, no, nor even clipped. Clustering about the tracery of Gothic work, and circling the mullions in fantastic wreaths of green, it sometimes looks like a garland of laurel round a death's head, speaking more forcibly of mortality and decay by contrast. This was now all gone, for the church had been repaired, which was indeed necessary—it had also been beautified, which was unnecessary and absurd. Parish officials, particularly those who deal in brick and whitewash, are generally absolute at such times. Here the roof had been whitened, and the windows patched, till they were like Joseph's coat of many colours. When I was last there, the wind, entering through broken panes, moaned along the aisles with sounds that seemed to be unearthly. Antiquity and decay are the sources of delicious feeling, and the food of genius; for man is himself a ruin, and his sympathy is with desolation, because he feels forcibly his intimate connexion with it. Continuing my walk up the hill, enjoying the prospect that seemed to extend itself more and more every step, innumerable reflections on past times crossed my mind. When viewing a fine landscape, or any grand natural object, our ideas are rarely of the present, never of the future, but almost always of the past; to this we are insensibly led by things that seem to have little immediate alliance with it. Our meditations on viewing a romantic scene we never saw before are not prospective, but are fixed upon departed time; so dear to us is age and antiquity, or so unconsciously sensible are we that the shadows of the past are all we can call our own property. As long as I can trace back, my family had lived near these hills; whence my father was the first wanderer forty years ago. It was not surprising therefore that fancy attempted to call up the shadowy forms of those who

had toiled, taken pleasure, feasted, fasted, and then slept the sleep of death on the plain below me—I wished to see them pass like the race of Banquo before my eyes. I thought of the revolutions time had effected in their costumes, and the variety of appearances the smiling plain must have assumed at different periods. Now covered with primeval woods, now a scene of war, now a waste heath or common over which the hunter was toiling, and the speckled hound sweeping away the early dew in the chace—what would I not have given to see my progenitors thus marshalled before me, living and breathing as I lived and breathed!—but of this enough.

Ascending higher, and leaving the sequestered village of Great Malvern below, I arrived at one of the three medicinal springs for which the hills have been long celebrated. The water flows gently out of the earth, and is protected by a building. The elevation of the spot and rarity of the air produce a most exhilarating effect on the frame, and the pellucid water, equal to that of the fount of Blandusia, and worthy of its bard, seemed to me like a medicine that must cure “all sadness but despair.” I then mounted to the highest point of the Worcestershire beacon, as it is called, a very steep ascent over turf and stunted heath, and soon found myself thirteen hundred feet above the level of the Severn, enjoying one of the most commanding and magnificent prospects I had ever beheld. How shall I attempt a description of the scene that opened around me from the summit! On one side lay the whole county of Hereford, and a variety of objects in no less than eleven other counties might be seen around. Rich meads, fertile plains, woods, mountains, orchards, gardens, villages, towns, cities, a noble river, all that nature and nature and art combined can do, lay like a rich carpet at my feet, woven in a thousand hues, on a surface of great freshness and beauty, smiling and gorgeous, in plenitude of the most luxuriant vegetation. It seemed indeed to be an elevation

———From whose top

The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.

The eye darted rapidly from object to object, for it could repose long on no single thing. Here the vale of Evesham, that tract “flowing with milk and honey,” melted away into the grey hues of distance. There the orchards of Hereford, infinite in tints of green, and brown, and purple, loaded with the fruitage of the year, were scattered on a surface that was full of gentle undulations or swelling hills, through the valleys of which flashed the light of many a sparkling stream. Farms and dwellings dotted the picture every where, and the rich harvest enamelled the ground, as yet untouched by the sickle. Towering in the distance, the dark mountains of Monmouth, Radnor, and Brecknock, among which the well known Black Mountain in the latter county was most conspicuous, formed a fine Alpine distance. The Cleve hills in Shropshire, and the Wrekin, that social hill of the Salopians, remembered in their flowing bowls wherever they quaff them, rose over Ludlow's classic castle, a place rendered immortal in sweetest song. There Comus waved his magic wand, and Sabrina and her water-nymphs, with their “printless feet,” and their “chaste palms moist and cold,” after dispensing their spells hastened to the bowers of Amphitrite. Afar, scarcely distinguishable from the blue serene of the sky, might be discerned the sea in the Bristol channel. This part of the view possessed a certain wildness and ruggedness of character, and was more varied and picturesque than on the other, or Worcestershire side; the latter was a chaste picture in soft tranquillity, all was placid and beautiful,—the former was grander. One was like the beautiful statue of Venus, all love and beauty, and smiles; the other stern and awful as the Minerva of the Parthenon. Associations of high interest were called up by a variety of spots within the reach of the eye on the side of Worcestershire, prodigal as it seemed in the wealth of soil, extending over an immense field of view, and studded with cities, towns, and villages. The Severn, owing to its high banks, was but little seen, though it wound its way through the whole extent of the landscape. Worcester, with its cathedral, and the ashes of the most worthless of kings, John Sar-

terre; Gloucester, proud of ecclesiastical buildings, a dull and tame but neat city; Tewkesbury, with its fine old church and blood-stained associations with the house of Lancaster, whose last hope expired there in blood; peaceful Upton; Pershore; near the Shakspeare Avon; and Cheltenham, with its saline springs, were each distinguishable, together with nearly a hundred churches. The eye might there very truly be said to wander

——— O'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and
towers,
Cut shorter many a league.

The Cotswold hills arose in the distance, so renowned for their sports in Shakspeare's time, and also the Bredon, on which there are ancient encampments. Near the Clee hills, Hagley-park was plainly discernible, once the seat of the elegant Lord Littleton, close by which are the neglected, but still beautiful Leasowes of Shenstone. Yet more to the right, lay Stratford-on-Avon, connected with a never dying name, and the Edgehills, where the first battle between Charles and the Parliament took place. Most of the distant objects were enveloped in a grey mist; but in the middle ground, the snatches of strong light, here and there broken by clumps and masses of dark green foliage, covered the whole with innumerable bright patches, producing a charming effect, which it would have puzzled a Claude or a Turner to represent in perfection. The foreground was the bare summit of the hill, thinly covered with stunted turf, and here and there the naked granite broke out in huge masses, contrasting well with the highly wrought cultivation in the remoter parts of the scene.

The lofty solitude on which I stood seemed to impart to me a feeling of superiority as I gazed below on the inhabitants of the plain, diminished to the smallest specks by the long drawn perspective. We grasp myriads of men from such elevations like the population of an ant-hill, and imagine ourselves Brobdingnagians, compared with the bustling insects toiling in their petty pursuits beneath. It would appear to require *but little effort of mind to direct*

masses of men from such a spot, they all seem to be so in unity; the various habits, features, and dispositions, which distinguish individuals, being lost in the view of the whole. To me all extensive views are dissipating to the thoughts; the variety of objects prevents the mind from retiring within itself; the eye wanders from tower to tower, and from hill to hill, with a buoyancy of spirit fatal to deep reflection or study, but favourable to mirthfulness. Milton in *L'Allegro* assembles a great variety of natural images, in fact, almost all the prominent objects seen in an extensive landscape, and brings them before the reader in rapid succession, together with the "hum of men," and "pomp, and feast, and revelry," extinguishing thought by the crowd of objects seen at once, and disposing the soul to light-heartedness by the boundless field of sight over which the eye ranges. In *Il Penseroso*, on the contrary, the mind rests on a simple object at a time, favourable to reflection; the song of the nightingale, the "wandering moon," the "far off curfew," the "glowing embers" of an expiring fire, "secret shades," and prospects confined to "glimmering bowers and glades," are objects all occupying comparatively limited space. We should therefore dance on the summit of the mountain, and study in the bounded valley. Mountain scenery is, after all, that which most impresses the mind with the greatness of the works of the Creator, and the most virtuous part of mankind have been dwellers among the hills, as well as the most hardy and brave. Let a picturesque hill be covered with turf or heath, it is an object that speaks to the heart; we are delighted to climb its ridges, and gaze on its huge convexities, that want not the aid of foliage or cultivation to attract us, because they have what is superior to beauty,—grandeur and sublimity. An immense plain undecorated with trees and herbage is always gazed upon with fatigue, but the summit of the mountain crowned with granite, and lifting its unadorned crest to the clouds, or perhaps above them, speaks to us in a majesty and glory derived from its severe boldness of outline, as well as magnitude of parts. Who can gaze upon a vast hill without

awe? As Burke justly observes, "there is something so overruling in whatever inspires us with awe in all things which belong ever so remotely to terror, that nothing else can stand in their presence." Hills are the great features of creation, its pride and glory, whether rising like the Alps or Andes, and impressing the beholder with a sublime terror, or pleasing him by a less mighty magnificence of aspect like Malvern, or sweetly charming him in the lesser eminences of our island, having summits crowned with cultivation and plenty.

Malvern was the spot first immortalized by the pen of the earliest British poet. It was the birth-place of the British muse, and well worthy of being so; the scene of the "Visions of William concerning Piers Plowman," of which Langlande is the reputed author, and which are supposed to have been written about the year 1352. John Malvern, a benedictine monk, has also been supposed the inditer of this curious poem. A wise man called William falls asleep among the bushes—

In a summer season, when softe was the
sun,
I shope into shrubs, as I shepherd were;
In habit as a hermit unholy of works
That went forth in the world wonders to
hear,
And saw many cells, and selcouthe things;
As on a May morning, on Malvern hills

Me befel for to sleep, for weariness of wandering:

And in a laund as I lay, leaned I and
slept.

He dreams that he beholds a magnificent tower which is the fortress of truth, &c. Thus Malvern was noticed in verse before the days of "righte merrie" Chaucer. It must therefore be henceforth the British Parnassus; its springs must be those of our Helicon, and Tempé could not have exceeded in fertility the rich vale of the Severn at its feet, the poetical Sabrina of Milton and Spenser:

The Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death.

It is astonishing that the summer flies of the metropolis have not made Malvern a more common resort. Fashion, however, is governed by caprice, and the dullness of a sandy plain, the sterility of Brighton, (though indeed the latter has the ocean to redeem its execrable land barrenness) the beautiful sameness of Cheltenham, or the wastes of Bagshot, are of equal excellence in her eyes. Only a few persons of taste visit Malvern in the season, though its springs, air, and natural beauties, render it superior to any place of public summer resort in the kingdom. For one I shall never forget the "blue steeps of Malvern," as Dyer terms them, and if there be a spot to which I wish above all others to "steal from the world," it is there.

U.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Yon green hedge made me startle, for just now
A lively Thrush, which loves a still lone copse,
With speckled wings took flight—the May-flower'd boughs
On which he sat all joyous, tuning sweet
His love-raised ditty, on a sudden press'd,
Yielded elastic to his foot's blithe spring,
And as they quick regain'd their amorous links,
Threw drops of radiant honey in my face:
O! 'tis the hour of twilight—the blue heavens
Ne'er wore a lovelier aspect—yon few clouds,
Which throw their small fringed patterns o'er its space,
Look like young Swans reposing on a lake;
The Sun too is declining—and he sinks,
Oh! glorious Orb—bathing Earth's sides with gold.

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ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

No. V.

CHARLES TALBOT, DUKE OF SHREWSBURY,

WAS born on the twenty-fourth of July, 1660, and had the high honour of being god-son to King Charles II. being the first child to whom his majesty became god-father after his restoration. The most remarkable passage in the life of this nobleman was his abjuring the religion of his ancestors, which he did upon the fullest conviction of the errors of the Roman Catholic faith, and of the purity of the Protestant religion. His Lordship's conversion was occasioned by his becoming acquainted with Dr., afterwards Archbishop, Tillotson, to whom, upon the discovery of the Popish plot, he was accustomed to carry the opinions and defences of the Catholic priests in favour of their creed, and in return receive Tillotson's replies; which, in the end, effectually reconciled him to the Church of England. This was in 1679, and sufficiently proves that his Lordship's conversion was the effect of conviction alone, since Popery was at that time beginning to prevail, in consequence of the countenance it received at court.

After filling a variety of state employments with equal credit and ability, he was advanced to the dignity

of Duke of Shrewsbury, in 1694, being then principal secretary of state; and, as a proof of his political virtue, King William is reported to have said of him, that "the Duke of Shrewsbury was the only man of whom the Whigs and Tories both spoke well."

In 1700 his Grace found his health so much impaired, as to render a journey into Italy absolutely necessary, and he repaired to Rome; upon which it was industriously reported that his distemper was only feigned, and that the real object of his journey was to reconcile himself to the Romish church; a rumour entirely without foundation.

On this subject we are able to produce an original letter, which, as we believe it has never been made use of, may be considered as a great curiosity. It is replete with good sense and good principles, and fully acquits the Duke of any thing like dissimulation or inconsistency. The superscription has been lost, so that the person to whom it was addressed cannot be ascertained, but we suspect it was William Talbot, then Bishop of Oxford, afterwards of Salisbury and Durham.

Rome, 27 Sept. 1704. N.S.

My Lord,—It is some time that I am indebted to your lordship for the favor of a letter: but having nothing to write but ill newes of my health, I was a weary of that subject. I am now, praised be God, much better, and in two or three months design for Venice, and so by little and little to get home against the spring, being willing when I return into England to have the summer before me, hoping by that means better to accustome my self to the change of the climate than if I arriv'd before the winter. I must desire you will give your self the trouble once again of distributing a little charity for me, as formerly. By this post I have directed Arden to pay one hundred pounds to your lordship's order.

In the letters of some of my friends, I have observed it hinted, as if my so long residence in this place had caused a jealousy, that I was better inclined to the Popish religion than I formerly was. After what I had done for the opinion I profess, and against that I left, I hoped I had been less lyable to that suspicion than any man alive. However, in my conduct and discourse, I have constantly here endeavoured to convince every body of my steddyness. I never go to any of the churches, unless it be sometimes *for a moment*, to look at a picture. In case I have been accidentally pre-

sent at the time when they elevate the host, I have never bent a knee, a thing which many strangers scruple not to do, the contrary being not without danger sometimes from the rudeness of the people. I have declined all intimacy with prelates and cardinals, passing my life much alone, either at home or taking the sun abroad. I have never been with the Pope, tho' solicited to it by the offer of a treatment equall, if not more, than any of my rank have had. In my discourse among our countrymen, I have never omitted to expose the folly and superstition of that religion, infinitely more ridiculous here than it is in England or France; and to the Italians themselves I have done the same, as much as good manners and the Inquisition have allowed me to declare. Whoever is so stupid as to consider no further in Religion than outward shew, will be in danger to be charmed by this practised here. Their churches, the musick, illuminations, shews, and scenes delight the ear and eye beyond our operas. But whoever reflects that Religion is intended for something more solid, will never be satisfy'd by that bigotry and superstition calculated onely for outward appearance, and not in the least to correct human passions, and make men better. I hope such an occasion will never again offer to shew my zeal for the maintenance of the Protestant religion, as that I did once not decline in king James's reign. But if ever it should, I assure you I shall be as forward to expose my fortunes and life in it's defence, as I was in the year 1688. It may be objected, why of all places, I chose Rome to stay so long in? my answer is, (Venice excepted, where, I fear, the moyst air will not agree with me) That the *Pope's dominion is the least popish of any in Italy*. In most other towns, I know by experience or enquiry, that knowing my particular circumstances, they would make a difficulty to converse with me. Here they are less scrupulous in that point, tho' very many I am sure, have declined it upon that account. If Portugall, by reason of the long voyage by sea, and France and Spain had not been impracticable for the war, I had never come into Italy; and in letters and discourse I have often lamented, that there is no where in Europe a Protestant country favor'd with the warm sun, a blessing the circumstances of my health so much want. I am not without hopes to have so better'd my health, that I may at my return be able to endure the air of my own country; and I would not spoil what I have taken so much pains and care to establish by exposing myself to a cold climate in the rigorous part of the year. So I resolve to see the worst of the winter over, before I quit Italy.

I ask your Lordship's pardon for so long a trouble, which I should not have done, but that transported by the subject I write upon, I have said more than I designed, and if you find any body that this malicious insinuation has had any influence on, you will oblige me in showing them what I now write, or answering for me that I am incapable of so much baseness. And be assur'd that the whole course of my life shall shew me, if not a good Protestant, at least a true one, and, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithfull

and obedient servant,

SHREWSBURY.

When James II. attempted to assume an arbitrary power, the Duke, then Earl, of Shrewsbury, was one of the first peers who went over to the Prince of Orange, whom he assisted not only with his presence and counsel, but with his purse also; for he borrowed twelve thousand pounds in order to support the cause, and resigned the command of a regiment of horse, which had been bestowed upon him by James. This is what he alludes to in the letter just quoted; nor

was William without a just sense of his value, for on the landing of that Prince, the Earl of Shrewsbury was the person on whose opinion he chiefly acted; his declaration was in great measure drawn up by his Lordship's advice; and he was, immediately on the Prince and Princess being declared King and Queen of England, sworn one of the privy-council, and appointed sole principal secretary of state. The latter office he retained only a short time, for, not approving

some of the court measures, he resigned in 1690, but was again recalled to it in 1693. It was said of him, that "he was always a courtier as long as he was persuaded the court acted for the interest of the country, but whenever a step was taken there which he thought against that interest, he went out of the greatest offices with as much ease as he shifted his clothes."

The Duke of Shrewsbury died on the first of February, 1718, in his fifty-eighth year. A few days previously to his death, he sent for all

his servants into the room, and telling them, that let his physicians say what they would, he was sure he could not live, desired, if death should carry him off suddenly, they would do justice to his memory, by declaring, as he then did, that he died in the communion of the Church of England. And on the very day he expired, he begged his Duchess and the Physician to go to dinner, and come and chat with him when they had done; but before the dinner was over, he had breathed his last.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME,

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,

THE following Song is noticed in the introduction to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, and part of it is sung by Richie Moniplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish Jacobite exile—the chorus is old.

IT'S HAME AND IT'S HAME.

1.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain,
As I pass through Annan-water with my bonnie bands again;
When the flower is in the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree.

2.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',
But I'll water't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,
And green it will grow in my ain countree.

3.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
There's nought now from ruin my country can save
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalty
May rise again and fight for their ain countree.

4.

It's hame and it's hame, hame fain would I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countree;
The great now are gane a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave,
But the Sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my ee,
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWEDES.

THE people of Sweden, whether high or low, are all particularly given to tales of ghosts and spirits; with the latter, indeed, they are not only a passion as an entertainment, but a serious matter of belief. A sufficient proof too that such superstitions are not always confined to the common class may be found in the general credence that was given, even in Stockholm, to the dream of Charles XI. which with us, and in the present day, would be considered as the mere creation of delirium. But with the peasant, such a belief seems to be a part of his habitual thinking; and even the postilion will entertain his traveller on the journey with the tales of his popular superstition. These are perhaps more numerous with the Swede than with the peasant of any other country, each element having its peculiar spirits, and each spirit having some legend of love or terror attached to his existence; but to make the subject more intelligible, it will be requisite to treat of each class in its order.

The Swedish word *Troll* is very undefined; properly speaking, it means the little wood-and-mountain spirits; but it is also applied, in a more general sense, to the whole race of supernatural beings in their various forms and attributes. The wood-and-water sprites are known more particularly under the names of *Skogara* and *Sjora*, little beings that milk the cows and lame the horses; but, if any thing of iron is cast over them, their power to work mischief ceases. The cattle may be also secured from them by hiding garlic or assafoetida about their heads.

Amongst the spirits that have most to do with the human race, the *Kobolds* play a conspicuous part. They dwell in and about the habitations of men, on which account they are commonly called *Tomtegubbar* (sing. *Tomtegubbe*, i. e. the old woman of the hearth), and sometimes *Tomtebisar*, and *Nisse god drang*, i. e. Nisse good-lad, because they help the family in all its difficulties. These swarm in the lofty trees that grow near houses; on which account great

care is to be taken not to cut any down, especially those that are old. Many, who have neglected this caution, have been punished for it by some incurable disease.

If any one has a sickness, the cause of which is beyond the intelligence of the common people, it is immediately believed to have originated in the guardian-spirit where he was first taken ill, or supposed that he was so; hence the common expression "he has met with something evil in the air,—in the water,—in the field." In such cases, it is essential to mollify the *Nisse*, which may be done thus: pour some liquid into a goblet, and mix with it the filings of a bride-ring, or of silver, or of any metal that has been inherited, taking care that the odd number, particularly the trine, be observed. With this mixture, you go to the place where the man was supposed to be taken ill, and pour it over the left shoulder, but you must not look round nor utter a syllable. If there is any doubt as to the place, the liquid must then be poured out at the door-post, or on some ant-hill.

In addition to the belief in these things, which seems to be the peculiar growth of the country, the Swedes have the usual tales of dwarfs and giants, and the night-mare, and dragons whose office it is to watch concealed treasures. Nor is there any want with them of elves or fairies, the lightest and prettiest creations of the popular superstition of the North! *Elf*, (in the plural, *Elfwor*,) in its original and limited acceptation, signifies a river-sprite; and hence, every great river is called *Elf*; for instance, *Gota Elf*. Most probably too, the German river *Elbe* has taken its name from the same word, though lost to the Saxon language by the course of time; at all events, it is not of French origin, as is evident from a remark in one of the French dictionaries under the head "*Alphes* ;—Chez anciens peuples du Nord; être aerien, qui n'existe que dans les imaginations du bas peuple en Suede." (*Alphes*—in use amongst the ancient people of the North,—an aerial being

that exists only in the imaginations of the lower classes in Sweden.)

The mythology of these little beings is nearly the same among the Swedes as it was with ourselves about a century ago; and when the Swedish peasant sees a circle marked out on the morning grass, he attributes it to the midnight dances of the fairies. With them, as with us,

O'er the dewy green,
By the glow-worm's light,
Dance the elves of night,
Unheard, unseen;
Yet where their midnight pranks have been,
The circled turf will betray to-morrow.

Sometimes, however, the night wanderer is unlucky enough to enter into their charmed circle, and then they instantly become visible to him, and play him a thousand tricks; but always more in waywardness than in malice, for they are not really mischievous. Their voice, too, is said to be as gentle as the murmuring of the air; and, indeed, the only point in which they are not quite so poetical as the English fairy is the place of their dwelling, which, instead of being a cowslip-bell, is the hollow of a round little stone, called an *elf-mill*.

The fable of the spirit called *Strömkari* is no less beautiful, though belonging to another element. According to the old belief, he sits in his blue depths, playing constantly on the harp; and when any children by chance have seen him in his lonely waters, they have always had from him the gift of harmony, for he himself lives in one eternal music. He will play, too, by lakes and streams, to the dancing of the elves, who, on his account, generally choose the river-meads for the place of their midnight revelling, a superstition infinitely more beautiful than the sweetest of Greece or Rome.

The *Skogara* is a spirit of a darker nature, whose cry is often heard at night in the woods; on such occasions you must answer it by calling out *He!* which prevents its doing you any injury.

The *Neck* is no less evil; but he belongs to the water; and formerly those who intended to bathe used first to charm him by flinging any thing metallic into the stream; at such times of security, it was the

custom of the peasants to taunt him with mocking verses, singing,

*Neck, Neck, you thief, you're on the land,
but I'm in the water;*

and on coming out of the water again, they took back the metal, reversing the words,

*Neck, Neck, you thief, I'm on the land,
but you're in the water.*

Such mischievous beings, as well as magic animals, are not to be called by their own names, but by euphemisms, or by slight allusions to their peculiar characteristics. In beating cats, or speaking crossly to them, their names must not be plainly spoken out, for they belong to the *infernal host*, and have acquaintances amongst the *Bergtroll* in the mountains, whom they visit frequently. The cuckoo, the owl, and the pie, are also birds of supernatural powers, and great care is to be taken how you speak to them, or you run the risk of being choked. They are not to be killed either without good reason, for their adherents might revenge their deaths. But it is still more dangerous to harm toads, for enchanted princesses are often hidden in them; and many, who have neglected this caution, have been struck lame for their temerity, without either fall or blow. If you speak of the *Trollpack* (the witch host), you must name fire and water, and the name of the church that you belong to; this prevents them from doing any injury. The weasel must not be called weasel, but *Aduine*; the fox you must call *Blue-foot*, or, *he who runs in the woods*; the wolf, *Grey-foot*, or, *Gold-foot*; and the bear, *the Old-man*, or, *the Grandfather*. With these precautions you may shoot them, and they lose the power of harming you.

Children born on a Sunday can see spirits, and tame the dragon who is said to watch over hidden treasures. Even the horse is a prophetic animal; should he neigh much when a bride is entering the church, she is supposed not to be a virgin. The same inference is drawn in her disfavour if the strings of the harp, that is played before her, happen to break too frequently.

A *Tömtegubbe* is generally imagined in the shape of a deformed dwarf, whose favourite colour is

grey,—that is, as applied to his own person, for he cannot bear it in others, and hence the grey cattle of some places never prosper. But a good *Tomtegubbe* is a friendly creature, who protects the house in all its dangers, and often does the work of the servants when they sleep too long o' mornings. This superstition extends even to Stockholm; and if one of these spirits is visible any where in the evening, something extraordinary is expected; according to the popular belief, they have always been seen roaming disquietedly about the royal castles, and the parts adjacent, on the eve of any of those revolutions so frequent in Swedish history. I once, during my residence at Stockholm, had a convincing proof of the prevalence of this superstition, when a multitude was actually collected about a house, under the idea that a *Tomtegubbe* had crept in, and was still sitting there. To get rid of the crowd, an examination took place, and it then turned out that a boy in grey clothes had for this once been mistaken for a spirit.

Words connected with *Troll*, *Helvete* (Hell), and *Diefvul* (Devil), always express something great and daring; as for instance, "*the water-falls of Trollhatta*;" and indeed this part of the subject deserves more attention than our narrow limits will allow of; as it is, we must content ourselves with giving one tale, illustrative of the Swedish superstitions, though, independent of that, it has very little merit either to the scholar or to the novel reader.

A rich peasant, who lived in a village of the southern Bahus-Lan, was celebrating his daughter's marriage. The tables were covered, the meat served up, and the guests were conversing together in expectation of their host's arrival, when on a sudden they perceived that the dishes vanished. At the same moment too the host entered, and, seeing this, exclaimed: "Why, the fiend has been here and eaten up our dinner!" That he might not, however, disturb

the merriment of the time, a fresh course was ordered, but even then it was evident that more mouths were at work than were visible. Still no notice was taken of this astonishing consumption of the meats, except by an old knight, who happened to have more courage, as well as more wit, than his neighbours. He listened attentively, till he heard a munching at the table, as if so many pigs were eating at a trough, whereupon he mounted his horse, and rode to a neighbouring mountain, the abode of a kindly spirit, to whom he said, "Lend me thy cap,* and take mine in pledge for it." The mountain spirit made answer, and said, "I will lend it to thee, but promise me to return it before set of sun." The knight promised, they exchanged caps, and he returned with this prize on his head, which, while it made himself invisible, opened his eye to the unearthly beings that were sitting among the guests, cramming themselves as fast as they could from the dishes before them. On these he fell might and main, with his whip, flogging them on the hands till not one dared to move a finger, and then turned them head over heels out of the chamber. Having settled this, he took off his cap to become visible to the guests, and said, "Hitherto the devil has been feeding with you; now sit down to your dinner in peace, and I am your guest instead." And they sate down and ate in peace, and, after the expulsion of the unbidden guests, there was still much meat remaining.

Towards evening the knight returned to the mountain, flung off the cap in the place where he had received it, and set off again at a hard gallop. Scarcely, however, had he turned his horse's head about, than a whole rout of goblins were after him, and had just caught the tip of the animal's tail,† to pull him into the abyss, when he got to a bridge. But the good horse was too quick for them; he got safely over the bridge, and the goblins fell back again.

* These caps were said to render the wearer himself invisible, while they made him capable of seeing the world of spirits. They were supposed to be the peculiar property of the mountain gnomes. According to the German superstition, the dwarf lost his power with his cap, and became the servant of him who was fortunate enough to get possession of it. There is a beautiful story on this subject in Arndt's Tales, called, *The Nine Mountains at Rambin*.

† This will, no doubt, strongly remind every one of 'Tam O' Shanter's mare.

SKETCH OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.

No. III.

THE third fine promenadable road leading from Naples is that which goes into Apulia ; but unfortunately, it is necessary to traverse the city from one end to the other, and to pass through some of the dirtiest streets in Europe, in order to reach it. You go out by the *Porta Capuana*, which was built as a triumphal arch for the Emperor Charles V. to pass through on his entrance ; it is remarkable for its bad taste. On passing from this gate you keep straight on, leaving the road which leads to the Capuan, or northern road, to the left ; a mean *borgo* extends to the edge of the Arcnaccio, a deep fosse which runs along the line of the *borghi* ; in the rainy season the water which descends from the neighbouring hills collects in this ditch, and rushes rapidly downwards to the sea : no bridge was thrown across until the year 1762 ; and as the waters sometimes rose in this channel to the height of six or eight feet, the road, leading to some of the finest provinces of the kingdom, was occasionally liable to a total interruption. During summer, when the fosse was dry, it was frequently used as a field of battle by the *Sassajoli*, a body of men whose numbers frequently amounted to two thousand, and who had acquired that name on account of their skill in throwing stones ; this skill was often productive of very fatal effects ; the *Sassajoli* used to assemble here in great numbers, and fight desperate pitched battles. About two centuries ago, their amusements were interrupted by officers of justice, who sent thirty of their leaders to the galleys, and in short, persecuted this spirited class so much that at length it was heard of no more ; still the art was not lost, but is preserved to this day by the Lazzaroni, as we have frequently had occasion to observe. Passing the bridge, the road leads on towards Cardinale, having to the right the fertile Paludi, spread out in all their abundant variety. These marshes were at one time unhealthy swamps, abounding with wild fowl, and rendering the city and neighbour-

ing country insalubrious in the summer, but they were drained by Alphonso I. and soon became very productive. At present they form an immense kitchen garden, are admirably cultivated, and are the most valuable lands in the kingdom. The road three or four years ago was shaded by trees for a mile and a half, and was then far more agreeable than now ; but the trees have been cut down and sold, and the beauty of the place necessarily impaired. Along the road there are several fountains erected long ago for the ornament of the place, and to afford a refreshment always welcome in hot countries ; but now they have been long neglected, the sources of some of them are dried up, the waters of others stagnate in the marble basins, and their filthy green scum disgusts instead of inviting.

The pedestrian will do well to extend his walk along this road for about a mile, when he will arrive at the scattered ruins of the Palazzo of Poggio Reale, commonly called Palazzo della Regina Giovanna ; and here popular tradition is not so incorrect as it is with regard to the palace of Posilippo, for, according to old Neapolitan writers, a palace was erected just on the spot by a prince of her family, and she herself was much accustomed to reside there. The ruins now visible, however, are the remains of a palace built by Alphonso, son of Ferdinand I. on his return from having delivered Otranto from the Turks : he sent on purpose for a Florentine architect, and employed two painters, Pietro and Polito del Donzello, brothers, to represent on the walls the famous *congiura* of the Barons, ostensibly against his father Ferdinand, but really against himself, and which he had the good fortune to overthrow. In some places you still see little fragments of this painting, which was esteemed a great work at that time, and was indeed one of the earliest extensive efforts of native art. The interior courts are now turned into cabbage gardens ; two canals pass through them, the waters of which turn two mills, that

are built on the site of the palace; a large hall is converted into a miller's magazine, and two families of peasants have contrived to make dwellings in two different parts of the ruins. A little below the palace is a *peschiéra*, or fish pond; beyond this, in the time of Alphonso and several of his successors, there was a wood which reached to the sea, between Naples and Portici; it was used as a royal chase, to which, say the serious historians of the country, the kings of the Arragon line frequently resorted, being *sommaménte portati per la caccia*. Within the ruins there are two holes now choked up, which the people show as the *trabocchello* of Queen Giovanna, into which she had the praiseworthy custom of precipitating her lovers, when she was tired of them. This Queen bears a most frightful character among the vulgar, who all tell the same tales of her atrocities, and seem to regard her as supernaturally wicked. We must not forget to say that this place has the reputation of being infested by spirits.

The river Rubeolo, which runs a little to the right of the road, rises from different sources in the plain, and the greater part of the waters which descend on that side from Vesuvius run into it. This stream would be considerable, if it were not diminished by hundreds of canals, which carry off its waters to irrigate the plain, producing a fertility which is perhaps almost unequalled; and, besides turning a great number of mills, which are employed in the service of the city, a considerable part of the water is carried to Naples in aqueducts for domestic purposes. One of the sources of this river is in a place called Cancellaro, about six miles from the roots of Vesuvius, and about five from the sea; it is called La Fontanella; there is here a large deep cave, into which the water drops incessantly through the earth, and then passing for some time through subterraneous passages, appears at a place called *La Bolla*, where the waters by their vexed and hasty rushing seem to boil, and where the river is crossed by a strong dike of coarse marble. This place is generally but little visited by foreigners, on account of there being no coach road, but it affords a very pleasant walk; the country around is interesting, and is

speckled with many villages, which lie in picturesque patches around the base of the dark Vesuvius, and his compeer, the Somma.

The Rubeolo has been curiously confounded with the Sebeto; for, in fact, it is the Rubeolo, and not the Sebeto, which runs under the Ponte di Maddalena. The Sebeto really rises by the monastery of San Severino, which is indeed in the same plain (the *pianúra di Maddalena*); but by a felonious earthquake, three hundred years ago, the Sebeto was buried, and has ever since continued to wind its way in subterraneous darkness; and discharges itself into the sea without any notoriety whatever. In some of the lower parts of the city of Naples, there are, however, apertures through which the river may be seen, but they are few, and not generally known. Authors, subsequent to its interment, unaware of that circumstance, transferred to the humble Rubeolo the name and honours of the deceased Sebeto; and poets, knowing that Rome boasted its Tevere, Florence its Arno, London its Tamigi, &c.; determined, of course, that Naples must have some river to sing of, and accordingly they began with great fervour to tell of "bel Sebeto in rivo," "Le Ninfe del bel Sebeto," "Le chiare onde del rinomato fiume, &c." and all this admiration was bestowed upon a stream, which in England would receive the contemptuous appellation of *ditch*. One of the most considerable literary societies which now exist in Naples derives its name from the Sebeto, and has been accustomed, God knows how many years, to produce on a certain day odes and sonnets, in honour of the Rubeolo, under the usurped title of the Sebeto, while meantime the "real Simon Pure" has remained in total neglect. Our amiable countryman, Mr. Mathias, who has distinguished himself so much by his Italian poetry, has contributed his praises also to this classic river, and talks about the Sebeto and the Tamigi.

Over the ponte di Maddalena runs a fourth considerable road, it is broad and very good, as far as Portici; it lies near the shore, is well paved with flags of lava, and commands a broad and cheerful view of the mountains and the bay.

The last road which we shall

mention, is the *Strada Nuova di Capo di Monte*,* which continues straight on from Toledo, leaving the Studj on the right, and passing over a good bridge which is suspended at a great height in the air, and connects the sides of a deep valley, in which stands an odd part of the city called *La Sanità*. The road was constructed, and the bridge erected, by the French; for Charles III. who built, or almost built the palace on the hill, forgot to make a road to lead to it; this approach has been repaired and kept in good order by the present king, who is much attached to the residence mentioned above, and who, before the present way was constructed, was obliged to have his carriage drawn up the hill by wains of oxen. From the bridge, you see the façade of *San Gennaro de' Poveri*, a large building appropriated to poverty and age, through which you pass to the entrance of the catacombs, of which several ramifications run under the traveller's path. The road stretches up the hill, in a fine ascent, deviating in a few easy turns, until it reaches the summit, where stands the royal palace; this edifice is very heavy, rather large, and very red; as usual, it is not finished; the gardens attached to it are very pleasant, but the public is churlishly denied admittance, even when the king is not there. From a ridge a little beyond, you obtain a wide and beautiful view of the bay, coasts, and islands, a good part of the city and port, and the opposite hill crowned by *San Martino*, and *Sant' Elmo*; behind, rather to the right, is the wooded hill of *Scudillo*, which runs into the hill called *Arionella*, the birth-place of *Salvator Rosa*, a little above the *Vomero*; the *Scudillo* abounds in those curious pines we have already mentioned, and just over the farther end of it is seen the convent of the *Carmaldoli*, with a few trees before it, situated on the highest eminence in the immediate neighbourhood of Naples.

The road descends on the other side, and passing under the *Pontè Rosso*, an old and ruined aqueduct, comes out below *Capo di Chino*. The

whole of the scenery through which it passes is very picturesque; it is a constant succession of beautiful slopes, adorned with country houses and vineyards; in several parts the vines hang over the road, and occasionally the eye plunges into the dark weedy recesses of chasms which cleave the hill.

We have now mentioned the principal spots around Naples which are remarkable for their beauty, and which have powerfully contributed to draw the curious, the lovers of the picturesque, and the luxurious, from all parts of Europe; we shall briefly change the scene, and pass, from those beautiful spots which are deserving of all the praises that have been bestowed upon them, to the haunts of the Neapolitans—the real macaroni eaters who have not the least “*gusto forestiere*,” and who, if they had the same means of living, would be equally content if Naples were placed in the dullest heath that ever sun shone on.

The city of Naples stands between the sea and the hills, and has but little depth in proportion to its length; the streets leading from Toledo, towards the hill, are generally built on pretty steep slopes, and in rainy weather serve as channels to so many rapid though shallow rivers; this is sufficiently uncomfortable, but it is not without its use, for the rain is the only public scavenger in Naples. Leaving Toledo, we turn down the *Strada di Maddaloni*, where on one side a number of comb-makers are seen sawing and rasping, and on either side there are dull shops called *Copisteria*, where dwell men cunning in languages and the arts of writing and spelling, whose business it is to translate and to copy law instruments, memorials, &c. The *Strada di Maddaloni*, though under different names, leads nearly to the extremity of the town; in going along, we first pause in the *Largo del Gesù*, in which is reared one of the highest and ugliest of the *Guglj*, those true Neapolitan architectural monsters; and the left side of the square is formed by the embossed front of the great church of the *Gesù Nuovo*. After this, the street takes the name of *Santa Chiara*,

* There is another fine road for pedestrians (it is almost too steep for carriages), called *La Salita del Vomero*.

and on advancing a little farther, we pass the ancient church of that name, with its high square Norman tower, and soon reach the Largo S. Domenico Maggio, where another ugly gúglia, but not so high as the former, demands its share of contempt; after traversing this, we enter into the Strada San Biagio de Libraj, which, like Santa Chiara, is a continuation of the same long line. Hardly any thing is to be seen here but bookseller's shops; it is, in fact, the Paternoster Row of Naples, and a very poor Paternoster Row it is; the shops are low, dark, mean, dirty, and very badly stocked; it is difficult to get any foreign or new Italian work here, except at one bookseller's, who is a Frenchman, and is kind enough to procure them for about double their value, within two or three months' notice. The street soon changes its name again, becomes narrower, and is called "Strada Seggio del Nilo;" the shops at the beginning of this part of the range are chiefly filled by religious prints, such as Madonnas, Saints, and Crucifixes, people praying and burning in purgatory, martyrdoms, miracles, &c.; and at the farther end are wholesale manufacturers of saints of both sexes, gilded ornaments for church candlesticks, crosses, eternal flowers, &c. &c.

Leaving the Seggio del Nilo, we go up by a cross street to the great Strada Tribunale, which is dirty and narrow, like the one we left; here there are two other abominable gúglj; indeed, the Neapolitans have been very liberal of these memorials of their bad taste; the Strada Tribunale ends at the Vicaria, a very large building, formerly the habitations of the Viceroy, and now the seats of justice, and the criminal prisons; at this now plebeian end of the town, there are a great many old and large palaces, as in former times the nobility inhabited this part, which is now deserted by all whose finances permit them to seek more modish quarters. On the other side of the Strada Nilo, there is a strange set of streets, each of which is occupied by a particular trade; one, for instance, by coppersmiths, another by blacksmiths, another by weavers and dyers, and another by coopers, and so on, through a great variety: the greater part of these artists usually

work in the street; the blacksmith's anvil is placed perhaps under a gateway when it rains, but usually it is hoisted on a block in the path; hammers whirl round, sparks fly, and files grate upon the ear, in one street, and immediately upon quitting it, we get into another, where there is equal noise and confusion by squeaking saws and gliding planes. In the same direction is the Neapolitan Mint, a very roomy building, wherein they contrive to make very bad money.

Many of the streets inhabited by the trades end in one large one that leads to the *mercato*, which is, as the name expresses, a market-place: it is a very wide square; on it stand the church of San Lorenzo, the Torre del Campanile, the church of La Madonna del Carmine, the fortress of the Carmine, and several other noted edifices. This was the scene of the tumults, eloquence, triumph, and death of the unfortunate demagogue, Masaniello; and it was also the place where the patriots of ninety-nine suffered for their principles, and resigned all their politics. It was here also, "i' the olden time," that the youthful and gallant Conradin was caused to be beheaded by Charles of Anjou, being clearly convicted of having a just title to the throne of Naples. In one part of the *mercato* stood, until a few years back, the little church, or cappella, of Santa Croce di Corradino, just before which, on a lofty scaffold, covered with velvet, he, with the Duke of Austria, endured his fate, whilst his conqueror enjoyed the scene from a neighbouring tower; and among the immense and pitying crowd, not a man was found bold enough to take up the glove which the prince threw among them, as an investiture of his kingdom. Conradin's body, which lay exposed in the place until it was in a state of putrefaction, nobody having courage to bury it until an order was given by Charles, was deposited in the chapel, but afterwards removed by his mother, and placed behind the Altare Maggiore of the Carmine. Almost the whole of one side of the Mercato is formed by an extremely large building, called Il Banco di S. Eligio, which has been a monastery, a hospital, and a bank; but what various purposes it answers now we know not.

Between the long streets we have mentioned and the Marina, there is another batch of streets, or quarter, called, "Abasso di Mercanti," where all the mercers, dealers in cloth, &c. live. The Strada delli Oréfici, where none but goldsmiths carry on a trade, is also near here, and is a smart place: you see exposed to sale the tawdry ornaments which adorn and impose upon the plebeians; large hoop ear-rings, with pendants half the size of one's hand, and weighing, perhaps, three quarters of an ounce each, stuck all over with dingy pearls and bits of coloured glass, all manufactured and arranged in true Neapolitan taste, which consists in disposing things to the worst advantage possible, are here displayed in great profusion, as also immense quantities of rings, crosses, and *cornicelli*, or little pieces of twisted coral, which are worn about the neck as charms against the *jettatura*, or evil eye, in which every true Neapolitan "most powerfully and potently believes." In the same line is a range of streets so narrow that they seem to have been constructed with the intention of trying experiments on suffocation; the houses are incredibly high, and in many places a person, by extending his arms, can touch both sides of the street at once; at the same time, there are so many bendings, and turnings, and corners, that little short of conjuration can deliver the wanderer who has once bewildered himself in the dingy labyrinth. It is awful to reflect, whilst traversing this part of the town, on the fearful mortality which would scourge this filthy race if a contagious disease were to make its appearance here; scarcely two out of ten, we apprehend, would escape, and the catacombs, which are yet choked in some places with the skulls and skeletons that were the harvest of the plague in 1656, would receive a supply sufficient to tell a tale of fear in ages to come! Were it not for openings towards the sea which admit the cool air, these streets would be suffocating during the summer heats.

A fine well paved way runs from the *Molo* along the shore to the end of the city in that direction; it is broad and open to the sea all along. This walk would be delightful, for the si-

tuation is excellent, the breezes blow fresh from the sea, and Vesuvius frowns across the smiling waters; but it is lined by a number of mean and irregular, though lofty houses with broken windows and unpainted balconies, and the place is offensive from the skins which the tanners lay out to dry in the sun on the pavement, and from the materials which those artisans use in their business.

Here we conclude our first sketch of Naples; at a future time we shall return to this subject, and describe rather more at large some of the remarkable objects; we shall also endeavour to give you an account of the character, customs, manners, state of society, and amusements of the people; subjects which we cannot consider as trite, since we have seen but little relating to them that has appeared to us to be correct. Our descriptions, as far as we have gone, are not perhaps what you expected; it may be so, for we have attempted to describe Naples *tale qual' è*. Do not suppose that, because we remark the blemishes in this *beato soggiorno*, that we are prejudiced against it, or are led by a splenetic spirit to decry what others applaud. No; we are not insensible to what is valuable about Naples; we are familiar with all her matchless scenes; and we love her in spite of her abominations. Naples is not a place for good society; it is not a good place for solitary study; for theatres, balls, and masquerades, it has many superiors; it is not a cheap place for foreigners; Paris is as cheap, and every city of Italy much cheaper; it is not a comfortable place to live in, it is not clean, it is not quiet—it is none of these! but it has beauties around, which to be conceived must be seen, and once seen, must become a part of memory. Every step taken in its vicinity presents views by which some important passage of mythology, or poetry, or history, or legend, is recalled;—some secret of nature reveals itself in every hill, in every hollow; and all her shores, and capes, and islands, are thickly strewn with the wrecks of antiquity. Could we share with you all we see and feel in but one of our walks, you might estimate the enticements of Naples rightly; but that we cannot do. Farewell!

KING BRUCE'S BOWL,

A DRAMATIC LEGEND OF GALLOWAY.

Persons . . . {
 SIMON SPROTTE, of Kingsmount.
 HUGH GLENDYNEN, of Glendynen.
 MILES HERRIES, of Partoun.
 FELIX MACARTHY, of Carrickfergus.
 DAME SPROTTE, of Kingsmount.
 ALICE SPROTTE, her daughter.

A TWILIGHT glen thick-bower'd with trees—between
 Their straight tall shafts, the sweet and winding Orr
 Flows dimpling seaward; o'er their leafy tops
 A verdant mound arises; and below,
 A mill, with meal white powder'd o'er, dips ever
 Its sounding wheel amid the racing flood—
 The mill-stones ring, and from the mill-ee comes
 The warm meal gushing fragrant. At hand too
 I see the shealing-hill, with husks of grain
 Soft bedded, where the man who turns the corn,
 Above the kiln's pure glow, with grimy visage
 Lies cooling him;—the worn-out mill-stones lie,
 With wheels of ancient pattern, thick around;—
 And clucking hens peck near, or burrow deep,
 With fluttering wings amid the husky surge;
 While high o'er-head, the hawk with many a gyre
 Sails round, but dreads to stoop. A bow-shot on,
 An ancient house stands with brown heather thatch'd,
 The door is open—see the quivering light
 Comes glancing forth, and all the river gleams.
 The old quern-mill, by menial maidens turn'd
 Two hours at morn for breakfast meal, stands now
 Unhonour'd by white hands—the deep stone trough
 Where malt was kneaded, and the mighty press
 Which moulds the white curd into fragrant cheese,
 Stand at the porch; while from the open door
 To the huge chimney, all the floor is green
 With rushes and wild flowers. Around the fire
 Lie slumbering chace-dogs, with their white breasts laid
 To catch the warmth, while in mid-floor appears
 The table huge of oak—a massive board
 Which striplings may not move though much they strive.
 It seems a time of feasting, for I see
 Some of the Galloway sages, and sweet dames
 Clad in the garb their own white hands have spun.
 List! see the grey old lord of this rude home
 From his shrunk temples sheds the reverent locks,—
 His face composes to a graver smile,—
 Now hear his antique speech.

SCENE—*Kingsmount House, Water of Orr. Time—the Twilight.*

Enter SIMON SPROTTE, HUGH GLENDYNEN, MILES HERRIES, DAME SPROTTE, and ALICE SPROTTE.

SIMON SPROTTE.

The sun's gone down on the hill-top red and rosy. The corn of Kingsmount, the bear of Braidislee, and the rye of Partoun-place, will soon be ready for the sickle. We must sharpen the reap-hook soon, Hugh Glendynen, and stoop us to the stooking.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

Aye, truly. The barley wags his yellow beard at us, and the lasses long to catch it atween their white hands. There will be thousands of sickles laid under the ripe ear soon. As I came down by Ernespie, who should I see but the laird standing midwaist deep in a cornfield, proving the ripeness of his grain between the remains of his foreteeth:—"My sooth," said he, "if the reap-hook makes nae the greater speed, the top pickle will be shaken on the mools, and gang to the fairies of Glenesling-glen. Through the grace of him aboon, and the warmth of yon blessed sun, the corn is ready for the hook and the flail."

MILES HERRIES.

As I came along the river-bank, who should I see but a lady of the auld blood of the Maxwells:—"Will Candlish," cried she to her steward, "wherefore feed ye the pigeons with good grey peas, when I see ripe rye at Thunneram;—wilful waste makes woeful want."

DAME SPROTTE.

Aye, aye, our lady takes as sore a lift of the world as if she could carry it with her to the grave. Sorry am I for the bauld auld sirname of Maxwell. An ancient name and a renowned. The ladies had hands once milk-white and soft, and filled with bountith and largesse to many a needful body. But now their hands are of iron, and every finger they have is as sharp as a fish-hook. Sorry am I for the gallant name.

MILES HERRIES.

It is a pity that old and heroic blood should become as cold as dyke-water in December. I have sung of many of the bold and chivalrous names which honour other days, and in the praise of the Maxwell would I wake my highest strain. But present feelings are too strong for ancient love, and I maun forget the living before I can do honour to the dead.

SIMON SPROTTE.

Honour the dead, and let the living go to the dust their own pitiful way. Thirty gentlemen and three have I numbered in my youth, all of that old name, and owners of lands and towers in Nithsdale and Galloway; but woe to foreign wars, and woe to domestic feuds—sudden deaths and barren beds have thinned them out and given their lordships to strangers.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

And let them go—and so their requiem's sung. We saw fairer faces fall at Clifton without dool or lament; and better warriors at Carlisle gate, who had fetters for their hands, and a sharp axe for their necks. Ah, my auld fere, we came through some peril when we drew our swords together for the love of King Bruce's blood. Mind ye, man, how we trimmed that three lads with the scarlet coats and Hanover belts, who overtook us at the end of Lochmaben town? And how, when we emptied the troopers' saddles and leaped into them ourselves, one of the bailies, who bore on his back a burthen of broom, cried, "Od, my lads, I wish Provost Johnstone saw ye, he would make ye glower through the harrow that forms our prison gate."

SIMON SPROTTE.

Aye, that was none of our wisest pranks, and had near-hand brought us acquaint with the red and ready hand of Duke Cumberland's merciless law. When I returned home I found cold comfort. Jabesh Cargil, with a company of wild Closeburn Cameronians, had herried my home and burned my books—a Hebrew Bible and a Greek Testament among the rest—nor spared they my old original Homer. They kindled a fire on the top of the mount, and, with much of prayer and thanksgiving, committed the good old Greek, and, his holier companions, to the flames; calling them brats and bastards of Rimmon and Moloch, and crying aloud, "Consume with fire the session book in which the harlot of Rome has

written and recorded her longings and her sins." Ah, these were stirring and ticklish times.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

Plague on such times, say I, and the knaves and the fools who swell the ranks of discord and civil dissension. Come, man, let the memory of such misadventures die a natural death; and let us be blessed with the presence of the old charter-bowl—the glorious heir-loom of the house of Kingsmount,—the noble bowl of Bruce the Brave, as my young friend Miles Herries will doubtless baptize it when he sees, for the first time, the worm-eaten relique. Let its ancient lips overflow again, my friend, with rich and smoking potations. Let us perfume the roof of the house of Simon Sprotte, and intoxicate the sparrows with the fumes, as they roost beneath the eaves.

SIMON SPROTTE.

Now Alice Sprotte, my love—Alice, I say—my only child—the light of day to thy mother's eyes and mine, and the new bark to the withering tree of the old house of Sprotte of the Mount. Go to the charter-chest—the little old chest of moss-oak, ornamented with thistles, and strewn with Scripture expressions, and the names of my bold forbears. Open the lid, my love, and you will find, carefully wrapt in fine wool, the wassail-cup, the breakfast bowl of Robert the Bruce. Touch its ancient sides with awe, Alice, and bring it hither, wondering, between thy hands.

ALICE SPROTTE.

It is a lordly dish—I look indeed with awe on the ancient vessel which the lip and hand of a hero and a king have touched. Come out of thy safe sanctuary, thou relique of the Bruce and the Sprotte—my hand trembles to touch thee.

MILES HERRIES.

Lo! here the relique comes, a lordly vessel borne in a white and shapely hand. Off with all bonnets—each lay his right hand on the cup of Kingsmount—kneel on the floor, and let the venerable owner of this ancient house pray for bright days for poor Scotland.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

The stripling's mad—moon-struck and muse-struck—over head in hot love and heroics; seven words of simple prose are no more to be hoped for from him, than a shower of pearls when the wind's westerly. Ah, my old reverend acquaintance, fair fall the white hand that placed thee before me. Cup of a king, thou hast a smell and a perfume about thee grateful to a humble subject like me. Many a time have I sat down beside thee in sorrow and staggered from thee in joy. Often have I sat before thee in humility and submission—the first cupful made me a lord, and the last one crowned me a king. Fifty years and odd bear I on my back now, but beneath the burthen of years thou wilt make me leap with the limbs of eighteen.

SIMON SPROTTE.

The rashness of youth has descended on my friend again, and a singer and a dancer will he become in the presence of this noble vessel. There! on that table stands the grace and glory of my house, and the charter by which I hold my land. Ah, King Bruce's bowl, many a heroic hand has been upon thee of old at burials, and bridals, and baptisms, and banquetings. Among the brave, and the sage, and the fair, hast thou appeared;—a Bruce has not scorned thy humble sweets—a Douglas has tasted of thy strength—a Randolph has stayed his fiery steed to partake of thy blessings—many a Maxwell, many a Ramsay, many a gentle Kirkpatrick, many a hot and headlong Johnstone, and gay Macartney, and blythe Maclellan, have partaken of thy liquid delights. Thou hast never been profaned by rude and vulgar lips, and I would sooner see thee feed the fire, or hold husks for swine, than behold thee gracing the mean and the sordid.

MILES HERRIES.

Let me view this princely vessel round and around. It was cut from the stem of a scented sycamore, and polished into a cup of honour by some wise and cunning hand. Nor has the hand of De Bruce given it all its glory. The thistle has lately been carved about its brim, and some affectionate hand has hooped it with silver. And Saint Andrew, what have we here! A scene of Scottish glory cut by no common and servile hand. Who is he with spear in hand, spurring on his steed?—Ah, 'tis Henry de Bohun—for here De Bruce is at his bosom—his crown above his helmet—his war-axe descending in a hand that gives no second blow; a heroic might seems in his frame to confound the foes of Scotland.

DAME SPROTTE.

Ah, Miles Herries, I will show thee a far fairer scene than that, and cut too by no hired hand. See here is the feat—a humble, but an useful one, by which we won our lands of yore. A woman's deed too!—the work of woman's hand and woman's wit! When will the slim and the scented madams of this degenerate day work for the gain or the glory of man? As idle and as frail as the lilies in Scripture—light of head and light of havings, when will one of them win a lairdship of land, or bear on her back two bushels of barley?

MILES HERRIES.

By the white hand and blue eye of my love, here's a curious scene indeed. This is Kingsmount house, and hill, and holmland and river. Two warriors sit on the threshold; between them stands a lordly dish. But who is this with hair flowing in loosened ringlets, with lips apart and body bent forward, flying as swift as the gos-hawk which won by its flight the broad carse of Gowrie? This is the dame who fought for King Robert, and prepared food for the hungry hero, and became lady of all the land she could run round while he emptied the mighty bowl.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

The same—the same,—I have heard the story a thousand and a thousand times, with all its variations. It is told by the old, and marvelled at by the young. I have seventeen versions of the tale myself, and have told it from Crawfuird moor to Caerlaverock, and from Caerlaverock to Dundrennan. It's as old as the hills, and as long as Orr water with all its loops and windings. I would as soon sit sarkless on Skiddaw, and hearken the crake of the curlew, as listen to the story of Kingsmount won by woman's wit, with reverence be it spoken.

SIMON SPROTTE.

Come, Alice, love—come, Alice. Go, bring me one of the old cob-webbed gardevines, smuggled hither by William Armstrong, whom men called Wilful Willie. Many an anker of the right geneva has he brought to gladden the men of Galloway, and the women too, else there's no more trust in an ancient saye. It was a sad day for us all, when black Jock Johnstone the gauger—called by the dames of the district, Satan's Jock, shot at and lamed Wilful Willie among the cliffs of Colvend. But bring me the gardevine, Alice, my love, and the pure geneva shall simmer and sing among sugar and smoking water, to the comfort of us all.

ALICE SPROTTE.

The pure water of the well, or the sweet milk from the loan, or whey pressed from the curd, is pleasanter than this wild and venomous liquor, which makes wise men fools, and fools mad. It would never be tasted here, save for the sake of this ancient bowl.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

Pour it out, my winsome Alice. Ah, water, sugar, and geneva, form the richest alliance ever made for the pleasure of humble men. Look at the rising of that fragrant vapour, and taste the scent which it diffuses over the house of Kingsmount. How gladsome is the flavour of this delicious

compound. Ah! thou deceitful beverage, thou hast unsettled the sanctity of many a sound divine, and made douce dames keep ill-barred doors.

MILES HERRIES.

Let us pronounce a minstrel-blessing on this ancient cup—the rough, the rude and ready rhyme has come to my lips in honour of the Bruce—and thus do I chaunt it:—

De Bruce, De Bruce.

1.

De Bruce, De Bruce—with that prond call
Thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
And plumes in close array;
The English shafts are loosed, and see
They fall like winter snow;
The southern nobles urge their steeds,
The earth is shuddering so—
Flow gently on thou gentle Orr,
Down to old Solway's flood,—
The ruddy tide that stains thy stream
Is England's richest blood.

2.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
Along thy greenwood banks
King Robert raised his martial cry,
And broke the English ranks;
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
He and the gallant Graeme;
And as the lightning from the cloud
Here fiery Randolph came;
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
And spared nor strength nor steel,
With him who won the winged spur
Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

3.

De Bruce, De Bruce—yon silver star,
Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
The sod aneath our feet—
Yon pasture mountain green and large,
The sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
And earth and air be mute;
The sage's word—the poet's song,
And woman's love—shall be
Things charming none, when Scotland's heart
Warms not with naming thee.

4.

De Bruce, De Bruce—on Dee's wild banks,
And on Orr's silver side,
Far other sounds are echoing now
Than war-shouts answering wide:
The reaper's horn rings merrily now;
Beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maiden's songs
Glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
And heavenly libertie—
De Bruce, De Bruce—we owe them all
To thy good sword and thee.

3.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
And theme of many a song—
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
I see thee bound along,—
Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
That never bore a stain,—
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
Which never fell in vain.—
Shout, Scotland, shout—'till Carlisle wall
Gives back the sound agen,—
De Bruce, De Bruce—less than a god,
But noblest of all men.

Enter FELIX MACARTHY.

Ah, merry be your heart, Goodman, and much good may it do you. That was a long song, and a good song,—and by the powers I am much of a mind to give you a tasting of Brian-a-linn. By the kirtle of Saint Margery, there's a smoke coming from your door like the steam of a still at sweet Inishowen, and fit to fill the crows drunk that roost on the tree tops. I felt the smell of that jolly old bowl half a mile down the river. Ah, the blessings upon its merry face,—it does a man good to behold it. Felix, my boy, says I, some generous soul wants a rollocking boy like thee, to sing a stave, and toss off a spare cup or two of Saint Patrick's cordial for the cough. Faith, said I, it's a shame—a black, burning shame surely, to crack the heart of a handsome soul so. I'll just step out of my way to oblige him. So—this seat will do—now give me hold of a quaigh, my souls of boys, that I may drink long life to your roof-tree.

SIMON SPROTTE.

I'll tell ye what, Felix,—whatever more's your name, this is no change-house, where ye may scatter oaths and squander halfpence. So I'm thinking ye would act wisely in drinking off that cup to whilk ye have sae discreetly helped yourself, and then make yourself scarce, lest I forget that I am an elder of God's kirk, and that ye may, though a wild Irishman, chance to be half a Christian.

FELIX MACARTHY.

Half a Christian! by the piper who played before Joshua when he whistled down the walls of neat little Jericho—I know the town well, it is in Munster, and Moll Milligan lives in it—I am a whole and a merry Christian, good man, and can break the crown of the cleanest lad in Lurgan, with five-and-thirty neat inches of sloethorn. What can a man do more?—And by the blessed acorn that grew the first shilala, is there ever a man, or a mother's son among you, can be so kind to me? So you see me now, I am as good a Christian as yourself, good man.—May the saints pardon me for saying so in your own house. This now is what I call drink—and kind treatment too, my gallant old soul. By Saint Macarthy—if there is such a saint—and it's high time we had one of the name, for I did not leave Ireland for building churches—this is chirruping stuff. I shall just do you the favour to sup a drop more of it—for it's a shame, and so it is, to see the liquor reeking so piteously, and so few lips to taste it—d'ye see me now?—(*Drinks.*)

SIMON SPROTTE.

Do I see ye now?—Aye, by Saint Andrew, do I, my Lurgan lad.—A Catholic oath is surely not sinful in a sound Presbyterian—and hear ye too. But drink and begone, my boy, drink and begone, else ye may chance to ken soon that ye're come uncalled for.

FELIX MACARTHY—(*drinks and sings.*)

O drink and gang hame, love.

1.

O drink and gang hame, love,
O drink and gang hame,
If we bide any longer
We'll get an ill name ;
We'll get an ill name, love,
And fill ourselves fou,
And the high walls of Derry
Are ill to get through.

2.

O sit and drink on, love,
O sit and drink on,
When the full moon arises,
O then we'll begone ;
O then we'll begone, love,
It's long time till day,
And my love grows the stronger
The longer we stay.

HUGH GLENDYNEN.

Why this is a frolicksome soul—and drinks a deep cup and chaunts a good song. I'll warrant now he has not a home to put his head in, and so he's asking quarters in this mirthsome way.

FELIX MACARTHY.

Ah! and may the fiend make matches of my fifth rib, but you're just right. By the bagpiper of Belfast, you can like my song no better than I like your drink. So here's to all good people, say I, who coup out the cup clean like Christians. There's Dan Farles of the Bann-water, and Ydrah Linker, of the Leap of Coleraine—two as neat boys, and early boys too, as ever crushed comfort out of a choppin-stoup; I'm the lad that has laid them with their heels to the wind, like wet sheaves, with never a drop of aught starker than dirty Ferintosh. I see now you want more singing—ah, a love song? My early ones, you shall have it. By the glance of the girl's eye—the ould girl I mean—I see she wishes for some tender thing—just listen now.

The Bold Shoemaker.

1.

I am a bold shoemaker,
From Belfast town I came,
And drunk and most misfortunate,
I listed in the train ;
But double drill, and " Pat, do this,"
With me did not agree,
So I knock'd down Sergeant Forgeson,
And gain'd my liberty.

2.

I came to Carrickfergus,
As the night was wearing late,
And met with Corporal Conollie,
Hard by the Castle gate ;
He cried, " Stand, you bold deserter ;"
With a blow both frank and free,
I left him gathering up his limbs,
And gain'd my liberty.

3.

By the foot of Newry mountains,
 All among the storm and rain,
 Up came Lance-corporal Collingwood,
 With fifteen of the train ;
 I knock'd down six, and fell'd four more,
 And made the five to flee—
 And that's the way, my brave boys,
 I kept my liberty.

SIMON SPROTTE.

This is a merry companion, and his wild glee mixes right pleasantly with our sedater joy. If he would swear less and drink more—though he drinks as deeply as a man well may—and not look so wildly about him as if he sought for something at night that he could carry away in the morning—I see nought to hinder this wild slip from the green island, as some conceited gowks call merry old Ireland, to sit near our table and hearken to the story of King Bruce's bowl.

FELIX MACARTHY—(*sings.*)

As I came in through Droghadee,
 To take a cup or two with a fair one,
 With merry feet along the street,
 Up came to me a rich and rare one,
 Her waist so neat, her locks so long,
 Her eyes so blue, their glance so warming,
 Her note was the note of the nightingale,
 And, oh, her tongue was wondrous charming.

Ah, now, goodman, you begin to think I have something of the cut of a ready-made blackguard—but you shall see me now as quiet as the big bell of Carrickfergus, when Tom Murphy stole the tongue out of its head. Ah, the mother that bare me almost kilt me, so she did, by the nurture and the education she gave me.—After all, you may speak as you like, but the wild hills of Pimroy is the place for education.—There you'll see the lumps of boys as big, by the piper, as myself, running untamed among the mountains, without the folly of cravats, or the bother of shoes, shouting in Greek till the very echoes speak Latin, and so they do. Ah, now I have done, good man—good luck to the hero who gave you your ground, and long life to the woman who won it, joy !—I should just like to see one of my wives strip off her shoes, and run Felix Macarthy into a handsome inheritance ; powers ! and I should almost chit an eye out of her head for kindness. (*Drinks.*)

SIMON SPROTTE.

Listen then, and I will tell, for the edification of our young minstrel here, the old story of King Bruce's Bowl, and ye must hold your hands on this happy Hibernian's mouth, to restrain his scraps of songs, and his wild mirth from flowing and o'erflooding my narrative.

FELIX MACARTHY.

Bad luck to the murmur that comes from Macarthy's lip—so say away, good man.

SIMON SPROTTE.

In the time of the wars of Wallace and of Bruce, my ancestor dwelt where I do now—was a shepherd and a husbandman ; a warrior too, in the hour of need, and it was his good fortune to be wed to a kind and clever woman. It chanced in the third year of Bruce's reign, that the king was attacked on the banks of Orr by Sir Walter Selby—the contest was fierce and dubious—the followers on each side were diminished to three, and those were sore wounded. Many a battle has been begun by a woman, this was ended by one—to her honour be it spoken.—The clashing of swords—a sound not unusual in those unsettled times, reached the ear of

the wife of my ancestor, as busied at the hearth-fire she prepared her husband's breakfast. She ran down to the banks of the Orr, and there she saw several warriors lying wounded and bleeding on the grass, and two knights with their visors closed, and with swords in their hands, contending for death and life. They were both bold, stalwart and stately men, and in vain she sought for a mark by which she might know the kindly Scot from the fause Southron. The fire sparkled from their shields and helmets, and the grass was dropped here and there with the blood which trickled to their blows. At length one received a stroke on the helmet which made him stagger—uttering a deep imprecation, he sprung upon his equally powerful and more deliberate adversary, and the combat grew fiercer than ever. “Ah, thou false swearing Southron!” exclaimed the wife of Mark Sprotte, “I know ye now—I know ye now;” and seizing Sir Walter Selby by a ringlet of his long hair, which escaped from under his helmet, she pulled him backwards to the ground at her own threshold—and he yielded himself prisoner.

FELIX MACARTHY.

Ah, what a hold chicken of the old blue hen! Powers, and she was a prime one—and I care not much to toss off a cup to the old woman's glory.—(*Drinks.*) I never knew one worthy of treading down the daisies beside her but one—and that was the mother that bare me.—Soul, and she was a trimmer, and broke my old father's heart and head at the same time—but the like of her at a lyke-wake was never in the north of Ireland—straight could she stretch the corse in six ell of Coleraine linen—and pleasantly could she sing, and weep, and wail till it was a joy, so it was, to die to be waked by the ould one.—I mind the time that Dan Felim was killed by big Bob Forgeson—for nothing in all the wide world but saying, that Bob was a break-of-day boy, and had to run from Henlis in Meath for stealing the silver body of St. Patrick from ould O'Hogan the priest—for Bob was a sound protestant, and a sworn foe to silver idols.—Ah, that wicked tongue of mine—I wish, good man, you would give me a silver sixpence to nick the noisy end of it—but I have done now—indeed and I have.

SIMON SPROTTE.

Aweel—the two knights unlaced their helmets—washed their hands in the Orr—and bloody hands they were—uttered their short soldier-like acknowledgements to their saints, for having protected them, and returning to the cottage, seated themselves by the side of their humble hostess. “Food,” said the Scottish knight, “have I not tasted for two days, else Sir Walter Selby, renowned in arms as he is, had not resisted Robert de Bruce so long.” “And have I had the glory then,” said the Englishman, “of exchanging blows with the noble leader of the men of Scotland?” “Leader of the men of Scotland,” exclaimed dame Sprotte—“he shall never be less than King Robert in this house—and king too shall ye call him, Sir, else I will cast this boiling beverage, called brose, in your English face—weel favoured though it be.” King Robert smiled and said, “My kind and loyal dame, waste not thy valuable food on our sworn enemy—but allow the poor king of unhappy Scotland to taste of thy good cheer—and, Sir Walter Selby, too, would gladly, I see, do honour to the humility of a Scottish breakfast table. So spoons to each, my heroine.—I have still a golden Robertus in my pocket, to reward such a ready and effectual ally as thee, and take thy seat beside me—this is not the first time I have had the helping hand of a kindly Sprotte.”—The dame refused to be seated—she once feasted Sir Hugh Herries, of Mabie, she observed, and if it was good manners to stand beside a knight—it was bad manners to sit beside a king.—“And such a king, too,” said the dame—God bless his merciful and noble face—long may he live, and much English blood may he have the pleasure of spilling.” So saying she placed a small oaken table before him—filled the beautiful wooden vessel which you have admired so much to-night, with the favourite breakfast of Caledonia—rich, hot, and savoury, set it on the table, and laying a spoon of silver beside it, retired to such a distance from her king as awe and admiration may be supposed to

measure to a peasant. "But my fair and kind subject," said King Robert, "we have vanquished this gentle knight, and must not let him return to England, and say that the Scotch are churlish to those they vanquish. Let him partake with me, I pray thee." "I should be no true subject," answered the dame, "if I feasted and cherished our mortal foe. Were I a man, hemp to his hands, and the Keep of the Thrieve for his mansion, and bread and water for his food, should be his instant doom—and as a woman I can only say, I have vowed a vow, that no Southron shall feast within my door in my presence; and shall I be hospitable to the man who lately laid his steel sword with such right good will to my king's basnet?—the banks of Orr are resounding with the blows yet."

FELIX MACARTHY.

Good people, have ye such a thing as her cast off slipper, or a hem of her kirtle, or a pairing of her nail, that I might make a sweet relique of it?—for by the long-necked cock of Munster, that picked all the stars out of the north-west, she was a jewel of a woman—the honey-comb of Henlis—the cranberry of the bog of Allan.

SIMON SPROTTE.

"I commend thy loyalty," said De Bruce, "and thus shall I reward it. This land, thou knowest, is mine—the hill behind thy house is green and fair—the vale before thy house is broad and fertile. I make thee lady of as much land as thou can'st run round while I take my breakfast. The food is hot—the vessel is large—so kilt thy coats and fly." With right good will she kilted her coats—bound up her thick and curling hair—tradition says it was jet-black—and stood ready for flight on the threshold of her door. She looked back on her guests with something of a comic expression of eye—returned, and locked fast all her spoons, save the one for the king—muttering, "I can credit a smith's fingers as soon as a monarch's word," and took her station again at the door. "Now," said Robert, "a woman's speed of foot against a king's hunger—away"—and as he raised the spoon to his lips she vanished from the door. The Kingsmount, so green and beautiful now, was then rough with wild juniper and briars, and the way round the base was interrupted by shivered stones and thorn-bushes. But the wife of Mark Sprotte loved her husband, wished to become a lady of land, and scorned all such obstructions. She had encompassed one-third of the hill, when she saw a fox moving slowly and with difficulty along, under the weight of a fine goose she had fattened.—"May the huntsman find thee yet, for coming across me at this unsonsie time," said the dame—"but a rood of land is better than a fat goose;"—and she augmented her speed till she approached the mill:—the miller, wearied with the labour of grinding corn during the whole of the preceding night, lay stretched asleep on the sheelan-hill, while the fire, which dried his oats, seized on the ribs of the kiln—ran up the roof, and flashed red from between the rafters. "Burn away," said the dame, "if I shriek and awake thee thou wilt demand my help, and a minute's work, or a minute's explanation, will scoop the green holm of Orr out of the inheritance—which I hope to encompass before our king gains the bottom of the bowl." So the flame encreased, the miller slept—and she reached the place where the hill slopes into the vale, and the water of Orr subsides into a deep quiet pool. This you may observe is nigh the house. A small wicket in the gabel of her dwelling had a board suspended by a leather hinge. Dame Sprotte flew for a moment to this rude casement—lifted it warily up—and there she beheld the monarch and his enemy seated side by side—their helmets on the floor—their swords laid aside, and with one spoon between them, smiling in each other's face, as they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely beverage. Tradition avers, that my ancestress smiled and said, "Fair play, my liege—fair play!" and recommenced her race with renewed agility.

FELIX MACARTHY.

Now, not to stop you, good man; do you know if long Dan Dowlan, of Coleraine, is one of her descendants?—he was the boy for a running jump—

and leaped over Newry canal, which is six and twenty feet wide—but the devil mean him, he had seven mile of a ram-race. Ah, never mind it, goodman—go on.

SIMON SPROTTE.

“ I like the fare not amiss,” said Selby, “ and I like still better the hale and happy dame who prepared it. I shall never forget with what good will she rolled her right hand in my hair, and pulled me to the ground. I’ll tell thee what, De Bruce, if half the men of Scotland had such heroic hearts as her, Edward might turn his bridle southward.” “ I think so too,” said King Robert—“ and believe me, Selby, I like you all the better for seeking to delay our meal, that my excellent liege-woman may lessen by her speed her king’s lands.” “ I may not do otherwise than show some regard for a woman,” said Selby, whose hand plucked me from death, perhaps, by De Bruce’s weapon—and for the king’s lands—why, soothly to speak, the edge of the sword, and the point of the arrow and the spear, have yet to decide whether they are thine or King Edward’s. Be that as it may, the land I vow shall be her’s; the word of Selby can carry a lordship with it at England’s court—and the word of De Bruce is as good as the vow of a king.” “ I am losing my land listening to thy eulogium,” said Robert, with a smile—“ yet it does my heart good to see the celerity of our hostess. See, Selby, see—the brook beside the willows, where we fought so long, and where so many of thy comrades and mine lie stark and bloody—she has passed it with one bound. The helmet of Lord Howard, whom I slew there, is ornamented with silver and gold, she sees it glittering on the ground, but stoops not to unlace it;—she knows she can strip the slain at her leisure, when she cannot win land. Seven English horses graze masterless among her corn, she stays not to touch their bridles—though they have silver housings, and bitts of steel and gold, and though she never mounted a steed fairer than a rough untrimmed galloway. By the soul of Bruce, this is a prudent woman.” “ But, see,” said Selby, “ she is about to be stayed by an old crone—a dame conversant with gossip and scandal-cups—she plants herself in the path, and is resolved to be spoken to.—The lands of Selby to this wart of a hill, if there is not a battle between your loving subjects, Sire Robert.”

“ Whither away, dame Sprotte, whither away?” exclaimed the old woman—“ is thy house on flame—the church on fire—or win ye a lordship by swiftness of foot, that ye fly like the sparrowhawk? Ah, lass, I have gallant tidings for your quiet ear—sweet and pleasant news. Ye ken Jenny Tamson, of Coup-the-cran—light-haired and light-headed—she’s no as she should be, if she wishes to wear the snood; and she blames a whole troop of the Black Douglas’s men, who crossed the Orr to herrie the lordship of Selby. But the saints be near me, ye speak not, but hasten on like one demented; ye shall not pass Maud Maben that slighting way, if ye were wife to King Bruce himself.” “ Out of my way, Maud Maben,” exclaimed dame Sprotte, “ I’m winning a lairdship by speed of foot, as daft Jamie Adamson caught the crow.”—But Maud anchored her long sharp fingers in her plaiden mantle till they tasted the flesh. “ Tarry, and tell me,” said the beldame, “ else I will dip my left-foot shoe in the links of the Orr, and sink thy land, and turn thee to a world’s wonder.”—“ Do thy worst, thou doited carlen, do thy worst,” shouted dame Sprotte; “ do I regard thy imaginary pranks? Come no more to beg venison and new-baked bread of me;” and seizing her old friend with both hands, she twirled her rudely round—pushed her from her—and renewed her race. She had now run round the hill, nearly encompassed the holm, and, as she approached her own threshold, it was thus the king and Sir Walter Selby heard her commune with her own spirit as she ran:—“ I shall be called the Lady of the Mount, and my husband will be called Lord on’t—we shall be the Sprottes of the Mount of Orr, while Dalbeattie wood grows, and while Orr water runs—our sons and our daughters will be given in marriage to the mighty ones of the land, and to wed one of the Sprottes of Orr may be a boast to a baron. We shall grow honoured and wax great, and the tenure by which

our heritage shall be held will be, the presenting of buttered brose in a lordly dish to the kings of Scotland, whenever they happen to pass the Orr." "On thy own terms," said King Robert, "so loyally and characteristically expressed, my heroic dame of Galloway, shall the Sprottes of Orr hold this heritage. This mount shall be called the Kingsmount; and when the kings of Scotland pass the Orr, they are to partake of brose from King Bruce's bowl, and from no other—presented by the fair and loyal hands of a Sprotte. Be wise—be valiant—be loyal—and be fruitful—and possess this land free of paying plack or pennie, till the name of Bruce perish in word, in tale, in song, and in history, and so I render it to thee;" and so we won our land, and such is the story of King Bruce's Bowl.

FELIX MACARTHY.

So that's your story, my hearties! By the turf-cutter's spade that digs the black bog-diamonds called peats, I would not give the toss up of a cracked thirteen for a cart-load of such dusty old tales. Ah merry little Ireland's the place for the stories.—Did you ever hear of Pat Hogan, the fighting cock of Coleraine—he was the neat comely article to make a song about;—he could have tumbled down your Bruces and your Selbys thirteen to the dozen, as clean as I tumble down these drops of mountain-dew:—if it's Dick Bruce of Carrickfergus, and Pat Selby of Shilala you mean. He gave seven sweet counties the breadth of their backs; and down he came, the thief of the world, on a summer morning, and upset the prime lads of Lurgan by the gross—man and mother's son of them. Says my brother Andie, casting off an old coat of many colours, called, by way of distinction, the map of Ireland, says Andie, says he, "Come along—I'm the tightest bit of flesh and blood from Belfast to Newry—let me get but one civil twist of ye, my boy"—and before ye could crack your thumb—there lay Pat Hogan among the oneans, with three cracked ribs in his body, and there stood my brother Andie, whistling the tune of Droghadee. "I tell ye what," says Andie, "I could upset seven acres of such fellows—and here's my brother Felix can give me the breadth of my back five times out of four, any time he likes—d'ye hear me now." Ah, Andie was the boy after all. You may have heard Mall Faurles of Maxwell-town sing the song that Andie made on my misfortune. You shall hear it every word, if I can keep my seat—for to speak the saints'-truth, the walls of your house, goodman, are either about to tumble—or I'm not so sure in my seat as I should be. You shall have the song, however, only give me another hearty suck of that old bowl—By Saint Shilala—the most potent saint in Ireland—do I behold two bowls?—Ah, how fast these blessed vessels multiply in an honest man's house—the saints are merciful in this graceless land.—(*Drinks.*)

The Farewell of Felix Macarthy.

1.

Farewell thou proud city, most beautiful Cork,
Thou hast used thine own son like a Pagan or Turk;
The prime of thy youth—the blythe break-o'day burdie,
Only courted and plunder'd young Molly Macmurdie:
As if kissing was sinful—plain robbing a ferly,
I'll tell ye what Felix, said Alderman Darley,
In thy mother's own city no more shalt thou tarry,
But seek the green land of the gentle Macquarrie.

2.

Proud town, I gazed on thee, while keeping their way,
The three ships that bore me pass'd out of the bay;
What ail'd thee, most beautiful city, to clasp
My limbs in cold iron, and give me to the grasp
Of the law's demi-demon the jailor, as haggard
I 'scaped from the pounces of Counsellor O'Taggart?
I'll bound o'er the waters as swift as an arrow,
Bid good luck to the presence of gentle Macquarrie.

3.

Green Erin, thou loveliest of sea-islands, long
 Shalt thou live in men's speeches and flourish in song—
 In song, the reverse of King David's, 'tis said,
 For it stirs up the demon the royal bard laid—
 Though green be thy mountains, and deep be thy mosses,
 And potent thy whisky, and willing thy lasses,
 As sure as there's water in Shannon and Yarrow,
 I'll leave thee and go to kind gentle Macquarrie.

4.

Farewell, sweet Bann-water—thou loveliest of valleys,
 For the growth of potatoes and glorious shilalas;
 Proud root and proud plant! go on flourishing still,
 While there's friend's heads to crack, and there's bellies to fill.
 I leave thee, sweet valley—so none of thy curchees,
 Believe me, it is not for building of churches;
 For thy judges are stern, and thy magistrates warie,
 So I leave thee and go to kind gentle Macquarrie.

5.

Farewell to thee, jewel, my sweet Nancie Murgan,
 Thou flower of the mountains and mosses of Lurgan;
 There's black Ned O'Niel, and there's red David Logan,
 There's Hanlon O'Rourke, and that Munster boy Hogan,
 To cheer thee and charm thee, if hemp does na' sever
 Thy peep-o'-day boys from thee ever and ever—
 May thy own fate be bright and thine enemies swarthy,
 And thy dreams be of joy, and poor Felix Macarthy.

Exeunt. King Bruce's Bowl carried out empty, and Felix Macarthy borne out drunk.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN ARMSTRONG.

IN CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, the son of a Scotch minister, was born in the parish of Castleton, in Roxburghshire. The date of his birth has not been ascertained, nor is any thing known concerning the earlier part of his education. The first we hear of it is, that he took a degree in medicine at Edinburgh, on the fourth of February, 1732; on which occasion he published his Thesis, as usual, and chose *De Tabe Purulentâ* for the subject of it. A copy of a Latin letter, which he sent to Sir Hans Sloane with this essay, is said to be in the British Museum. In an advertisement prefixed to some verses which he calls *Imitations of Shakespeare*, he informs the reader that the first of them was just finished when Thomson's *Winter* made its

appearance. This was in 1726, when he was, he himself says, very young. Thomson having heard of this production by a youth, who was of the same country with himself, desired to see it, and was so much pleased with the attempt, that he put it into the hands of Aaron Hill, Mallet, and Young. With Thomson, further than in the subject, there is no coincidence. The manner is a caricature of Shakespeare's.

In 1735, we find him in London, publishing a humorous pamphlet, entitled *An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic*, which, though he did not profess himself the writer, Mr. Nichols says,* he can, on the best authority, assert to be his. In two years after he published a *Medical Essay*. This was soon followed

* Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, Vol. ii. p. 307, &c.

by a licentious poem, which I have not seen, and the title of which I do not think it necessary to record.— While thus employed, it was not to be expected that he should rise to much eminence in his profession. The dying man does not willingly see by his couch one who has recently disgraced himself by an open act of profligacy. In January 1741, he solicited Dr. Birch to use his influence with Mead in recommending him to the appointment of Physician to the Forces which were then going to the West Indies. It does not appear that this application was successful; but in five years more, (February 1746,) he was nominated one of the Physicians to the Hospital for Invalid Soldiers behind Buckingham House; and in 1760, Physician to the Army in Germany. Meantime (in 1744) he had published his *Art of Preserving Health*, a didactic poem, that soon made its way to notice, and which, by the judiciousness of the precepts, might have tended to raise some opinion of his medical skill. At the beginning he addresses Mead:—

———— Beloved by all the graceful arts,
And long the favourite of the healing
powers.

He had now become intimate with Thomson, to whose *Castle of Indolence* he contributed the three stanzas which conclude the first canto. One of the alterations made in them by Thomson is not for the better. He had written—

And here the gout, half tyger; half a
snake,
Raged with a hundred teeth, a hundred
stings;

which was changed to —

The sleepless gout here counts the crowing
cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent
stings.

When Thomson was seized with the illness of which he died, Armstrong was one of those who were sent for to attend him.

In 1751, he published *Benevolence*, an Epistle to Eumenes; and in 1753, *Taste*, an Epistle to a Young Critic. In the next year, he wrote the *Forced*

Marriage, a tragedy, which Garrick did not think fitted for the stage. It was printed in 1770, with such of his other writings as he considered worthy of being collected. In this book, which he entitled *Miscellanies*, in two volumes, first appeared the second part of *Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects*, by Launcelot Semple, Esq.; the former had been published in 1758. Wilkes was supposed to have contributed something to these lively trifles, which, under an air of impertinent levity, are sometimes marked by originality and discernment. His poem called *Day*, an epistle which he had addressed to Wilkes in 1761, was not admitted by the author to take its place among the rest. For the dispute which gave rise to this omission he was afterwards sorry; and in his last illness declared, that what he had got in the army he owed to the kindness of Wilkes; and that although he had been rash and hasty he still retained a due sense of gratitude. In attacking Wilkes, he contrived to exasperate Churchill also, who was not to be provoked with impunity, and who revenged himself in the *Journey*. In 1771, he published a *Short Ramble through some Parts of France and Italy*. In the neighbourhood of Leghorn he passed a fortnight with Smollett, to whom he was always tenderly attached. Of his book I regret the more that I cannot speak from my own knowledge, because the journey which it narrates is said to have been made in the society of Mr. Fuseli, with whom it is not easy to suppose that any one could have travelled without profiting by the elegance and learning of his companion. I have no better means of bringing my reader acquainted with some *Medical Essays* which he published in 1773; but from the manner in which they are spoken of in the *Biographical Dictionary*,* it is to be feared that they did not conduce to his reputation or advancement. He died in September, 1779, in consequence, as it is said, of a confusion which he received when he was getting into a carriage. His friends were surprized to find that he had laid by three thousand pounds, which

* Chalmers's *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. ii. p. 486.

had been saved chiefly out of his half-pay.

Armstrong appears to have been good-natured and indolent, little versed in what is called the way of the world, and, with an eagerness of ostentation which looks like the result of mortified vanity, a despiser of the vulgar, whether found among the little or the great.

His *Art of Preserving Health* is the only production by which he is likely to be remembered. The theme which he has chosen is one, in which no man who lives long does not at some time or other feel an interest; and he has handled it with considerable skill. In the first Book, on Air, he has interwoven very pleasing descriptions both of particular places and of situations in general, with reference to the effects they may be supposed to have on health. The second, which treats of Diet, is necessarily less attractive, as the topic is less susceptible of ornament; yet in speaking of water, he has contrived to embellish it by some lines which are, perhaps, the finest in the poem.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;

Now let me wander through your gelid reign.

I burn to view th'enthusiastic wilds
By mortals else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.

Here from the desert, down the rumbling steep,

First springs the Nile: here bursts the sounding Po

In angry waves: Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the East:
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades

Enwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve

A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;

And more gigantic still th'impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.

Are these the confines of another world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown regions? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies.

This has more majesty and more to fill the imagination, than the cor-

responding paragraph in Thomson's *Autumn*.

Say then where lurk the vast eternal springs, &c.—771.

Yet it is inferior in beauty to some verses in a Latin poem by a writer who is now living.

Quippe sub immensis terræ penetralibus
altæ

Hiscunt in vastum tenebræ: magnarum
ibi princeps

Labitur undarum Oceanus, quo patre liquoris

Omnigeni latices et mollis lentor aquai
Profluxere, novâ nantes æstate superne
Aeris rores nebularum, et liquidus imber.
Fama est perpetuos illinc se erumpere fontes,

Florigerum Ladona, et lubrica vitra Selemni,

Crathidaque, imbriferamque Lycæis vallibus Hagno,

Et gelidam Panopin et Peirenen lacrymosam,

Illinc et rapido amnes fluere et mare magnum.

In the third book, he once more breathes freely, and in recounting the various kinds of exercise by which the human frame may be invigorated, his poetic faculty again finds room to play. Joseph Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, has justly commended the Episode on the Sweating Sickness, with which it concludes. In the fourth and last, on the Passions, he seems to have grown weary of his task; for he has here less compression and less dignity.

His verse is much more compact than Thomson's, whom he resembles most in the turn of the expression; although he has aimed now and then, but with an ill-assured and timid hand, at a Miltonic boldness in the numbers or the phrase. When he takes occasion to speak of the river with which his remembrances in early life were associated, he has, contrary to his usual custom, indulged himself with enlarging on his prototype.

Thomson had mentioned incidentally the Tweed and the Jed:—

——— The Tweed, pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,

With sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook.

Autumn, 889.

He has thus expanded it:—

——— Such the stream,
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays

Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
 Through meads more flowery, or more romantic groves,
 Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
 Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd;
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
 With the well-imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod, solicit to the shore
 The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

B. iii. v. 96.

What he has here added of his love of fishing is from another passage in the Seasons.*

But his imitations of other writers, however frequent, have no semblance of study or labour. They seem to have been self-suggested, and to have glided tacitly and insensibly into the current of his thoughts. This is evinced by the little pains he took to work upon and heighten such re-

semblances. As he did not labour the details injudiciously, so he had a clear conception of his matter as a whole. The consequence is, that the poem has that unity and just subordination of parts which renders it easy to be comprehended at one view, and, on that account, more agreeable than the didactic poems of his contemporaries, which having detached passages of much more splendour, are yet wanting in those recommendations. One objection to his subject is, that it is least pleasing at that period of life when poetry is most so; for it is not till the glow of youth is gone by, and we begin to feel the infirmities and the coldness of age, that we are disposed to bestow much attention on the Art of Preserving Health.

His tragedy is worth but little. It appears from his Essays, that he had formed a contracted notion of nature, as an object of imitation for the tragic poet; and he has failed to give a faithful representation of nature, even according to his own imperfect theory.

The two short epistles on Benevolence and Taste have ease and vigour enough to show that he could, with a little practice, have written as well in the couplet measure as he did in blank verse. If Armstrong cannot be styled a man of genius, he is at least one of the most ingenious of our minor poets.

* Spring, v. 376, &c.

SONNET.

How sweet the wood shades the hot summer hours,
 And stretches o'er my head its sheltering green,
 As I recline mid grass and cooling flowers,
 And seeded stalks of blossoms that have been!
 Sure 'tis a pleasure in such secret nooks
 To muse on distant friends in memory's eye,
 Or glance on passages in favourite books,
 Whose thoughts like echoes to our own reply;
 Or shades recal, which substance long forsook,
 From the black nothingness of days gone by,
 Blessings of infant hopes and love's young bliss:—
 Ah, thus to think, the thought of death is sweet,
 In shaping Heaven to a scene like this,
 With loves, and friends, and feelings all to meet.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holyday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand.

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Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling*! He stood in a posture of idiot wonder. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

“ You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“ O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed.

T

himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, When the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sate down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his fa-

ther had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoy—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old

—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor im-munditia*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirl-eth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

*Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—*

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epi-

cure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of saps—

Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she wound-eth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. “Presents,” I often say, “endear Absents.” Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those “tame villatic fowl”), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, “give every thing.” I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plumb cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never again

to see the face of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense, than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlick; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

ELIA.

FOREST FLOWERS.

YE simple weeds that make the desert gay,
 Disdain'd of all, e'en by the youngster's eye,
 Who lifts his stick, a weapon in his play,
 And lops your blossoms as he saunters by
 In mockery of merriment—yet I
 Hail you as favourites of my early days;
 And every year, as mid your haunts I lie,
 Some added pleasure claims my lonely gaze:—
 Star-pointed thistle with its ruddy flowers,
 Wind-waving rush left to bewilder'd ways,
 Shunning the scene which culture's toil devours;—
 Ye thrive in silence where I glad recline;
 Sharing with finer blooms Spring's gentle showers,
 That shows ye're prized by better taste than mine.

THE MEMOIR OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Fer. Why does not all the stock of thunder fall,
Or the fierce winds, from their close caves let loose,
Now shake me into atoms?

Fran. Fie, noble brother; what can so deject
Your masculine thoughts?—*Shirley.*

SIR,—It is now nearly a year since some conversation passed between us on the subject of the Hypochondria. It was about the time when the “Confessions of an English Opium Eater” appeared in your Magazine; and it was while I was descending on the eloquence of the writer, I believe, and expressing to you how similar to his had been my own sensations, that I, in a manner, engaged to render you some account of myself. I now perform my promise.

The class of persons to whom this paper is directed is much more numerous even than that of the eaters of opium. It involves, in fact, the opium eater, as well as the student, the invalid, the glutton, the drinker, the gamester, and others. They are all, at one time or another, hypochondriacs. I address myself also to those who have never suffered. While it is yet time, let them pass the cup from their lips; let them extinguish their midnight lamps, for darkness is then better than light. Let their course be like the sun’s, steady, bright, and rejoicing. The mind, like the body, may be strained till it cracks. Therefore, between each draught of learning or wine, let quiet and rest intervene. No man ever “wasted the midnight oil” to a great degree, without wasting also his own spirit, and diminishing his capacity for knowledge.

The sin of your “Opium Eater” is, that he does not prescribe a remedy for the disease. He does not tell you what measures he tried, and what failed; but he dresses up his pleasures and his pains in diction so gorgeous and alluring, that he really almost makes us wish to become acquainted with both. He is, in short, too eloquent, too interesting. His motives were, I have no doubt, entirely excellent; yet I do not think that he has diminished the number of opium eaters. For me,—it is not

material, perhaps, that I should expose to you my reasons for entering into a somewhat painful detail. If I should interest you, or rouse the attention of any of your readers to themselves, it will be sufficient. Perhaps I may be influenced by some secret spring moving me to do good—perhaps by the poor vanity of seeing myself in print—perhaps I sigh to kill a few tedious hours;—or I am a tyro aiming at distinction. No matter. There is more to be learned from a man’s weakness than from his strength. Some of mine I shall unveil to you (*for what I write is true*), and you will therefore, I am sure, spare me (and yourself) the fruitless trouble of too strict an inquisition.

I do not, like your Opium Eater, profess myself a philosopher; yet I could, perhaps, justify my claim to the title through etymology, for I am a lover of wisdom and intellect, although my past life, as well as this present writing, may show how little of either has fallen upon myself.—Certainly the “Confessions” have much eloquence. When I read them I was in a moment struck by the coincidence between the writer’s sensations and my own. I said, “I have felt this,”—and, “This has come upon me, in dusk, in darkness.”—“Thus have I been shaken by terrors, and a vague remorse.”—“Upon my head, too, have these dreams descended, populous, and dazzling, and bright,” rivalling

Egypt, when she with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury.

Alas! that these should be the solitary gifts of sickness!—Alas! that we, poor slaves of a cheating fancy, should be wretched in the broad day, and at night should taste nothing beyond the unwholesome bounties of sleep!

We are told of persons being “nervous,” when their hands shake after a midnight debauch. We hear

of young gentlemen being "nervous" at a crowd or a boxing match;—and of ladies being "a little nervous" after the luxury of green tea. My case is different from all these.—I am what the world calls "*A Hypochondriac*," that is to say,* I am an invalid, nervous, and sensitive, full of strange and dim apprehensions: my memory is replete with troubles: my frame is emaciated: my imagination is sick and haunted: my hopes are gloomy; and my fears—they are countless and terrible beyond all telling.—I have done little to deserve all this. I have been temperate, unadventurous: I have, indeed, been fond of books, but I have never tempted the extreme rigour of the seasons, nor the mad joys of drinking, nor gaming, nor politics, nor war: yet I am a sufferer as great as though I had explored the pole, or traversed the burning deserts of the line;—as though I had got fame and unhealing wounds in mighty battles, or run riot with the bacchanal and lavished my soul on wine.

—Of all diseases, chronic or acute, there is none to be compared to this. Every man will, of course, insist that his own peculiar malady is the most heinous, and he the most exemplary of sufferers. I have heard maintained as worse—the head-ache, tooth-ache, fever, dislocation, rheumatism, asthma:—*I have had them all*, and deny the assertions. Taken with its huge train of evils, which besiege and vanquish the body and mind at once, there is nothing (that I know of) which at all approaches the terrible "*PASSIO HYPOCHONDRIACA*." It is the curse of the poet,—of the wit;—it is the great tax upon intellect,—the bar to prosperity and renown. Other ills come and pass away: they have their paroxysms, their minutes or hours of tyranny, and vanish like shadows or empty dreams. But this is with you *for ever*. The phantom of fear is always about you. You feel it in the day at every turn; and at night you see it, illuminated and made horrible in a million fantastic shapes. Like the hag of the merchant Abudah, it comes for ever with the night, in one shape or another,—devil, or giant, or hideous chimera;—

or it is an earthquake, or a fiery flood,—or a serpent twining you in its loathsome folds,—or it sits on your heart like an incubus, and presses you down to ruin.

Oh! that I had a painter's power! What Circes have I seen!—what Bacchantes,—what women of the sky and of the deep! I have heard the song of the Sirens!! I have been lashed by the snakes, and heard the howling of the Furies. I have trod the middle air, and ridden with the sun, and felt the shadow of the Valley of Death. There is nothing, however high,—no vision of all that is impossible or sublime, that is not familiar to me.—Battles, and pomps, and shows:—the marriages of bright creatures, whose beauty has dazzled and made pale Olympus: the crownings of kings—of Gods:—shouts, and dyings, and moaning music, such as the earth never heard.—I have seen realized the splendid projects of Belus, and beheld Babylon in all its glory.—I have walked in cities whose towers have touched the stars, among pillars and obelisks of gold and chrysolite. The door of adamant and brass (where Satan and his frightful progeny once talked) has turned upon me, and imprisoned me. I have been barred from all access or return to earth—or heaven—or the grave.—But I must not tell all my dreaming tales beforehand. The rest must come in its place.

The hypochondria—(how impressively is it called,—"*the Passio Hypochondriaca*!")—has been said to be the disease of the learned; and, in truth, it seldom descends to objects altogether unintellectual. Burton has all kinds of melancholy on record, and Mandeville has written a book upon it. Neither of them, however, has, that I remember, laid down a plan for the removal of the disease. Mandeville, indeed, who was a physician—(not that man who was celebrated for a certain unlimited indulgence in—metaphor, or some other figure of speech) tells us what remedies failed, and this is doing something towards bettering our unfortunate class. And Burton (in his index, at least) professes to tell, I believe, why melancholy men are witty; but he does not do this. The fact is,

* The reader will consider this as having been written some short time ago.

that men of wit are melancholy, and melancholy is the consequence and not the cause. It is the collapse of the spirit, which, in the proportion that it is bright in its exertion, is, perhaps, dull in its decline. It is the abyss into which the soaring imagination falls,—the turbulent Icarian water. 'Thinking is bad for the body, whatever it may be for the soul. It is wonderful what quick and violent sympathy there exists between the stomach and the brain. I have felt (when in bad health) an instantaneous sickness from trying to make out a position, or recollect a fact. And, *vice versâ*, I have turned dizzy and blind in a moment, from the effect of a spasm on the organs of digestion. Thus the head operates on the stomach, and the stomach on the nerves; and so it is that our laughing is turned to tears, and the honey of the world is mixed with gall: our very jests are bitter, and our mirth has a sadness in it that seems to mock its name.

Of what nature *my* melancholy was, or whether its cause was 'congenite,' or 'adventitious,' I will not stop to inquire. I leave it to the learned in Burton. Like your friend Elia (oh! that delightful Elia!) I had early some troubles from "night-fears;" but I do not think that in my maturer boyhood I had any reason to complain of the devil or witches having instigated their minor imps against me: perhaps however, unfelt, they may have left the impression of their thumbs on my brain; and hence those legions of shapes and shadows may have sprung, which afterwards beset it. Indeed one figure, of that black origin, certainly visited me. This was about the time I became a student, and sat up o' nights, and drank wine to inspire me in the evening, and coffee afterwards to keep me awake. It was then that I first read the learned "Anatomy," and made acquaintance with some of the great names which throw lustre on the book. One personage, as I have said, was my constant visitor for a time. He was a crowned head (but not anointed)—his power

did not consist in armies, nor his wealth in gold or lands; yet his domain was large. His sceptre lay heavy neither on Europe, nor Asia, nor Africa, nor America, but it stretched and tyrannized over the whole human race. How I had earned his visits I never knew; but he often, and once all his brothers, came upon me. All the princes of the nine tribes of hell saw me as I slept, and *I saw them*. There was *Beelzebub*, the false oracle—*Apollo Pythius*, the slanderer—the mischievous *Belial*, and the revengeful *Asmodeus*. Then came "with a figure like an angel" the cozener *Satan*, and *Meresin*, in his hand bearing plague and famine:—after them stalked along *Diabolos*, who "drives men to despair;" and with him *Mammon* the tempter; and, last of all, shot by on his fiery steed *my* visitor, the prince and *the destroyer* ABADDON. Of him I shall speak hereafter.

It is now time to finish this desultory account with something like a regular detail. As I suffered first from melancholy when at school, I will there begin my story,

And run it through, e'en from my boyish days.

—I was educated at one of our great public schools; and I could enumerate among my contemporaries some of the most distinguished persons of this age. I will not state whether the place be Eton, or Harrow, Westminster, or Winchester, &c.—inasmuch as I disapprove of public schools altogether. There is no necessity there for industry, for all is verbally explained; and there is no excitement to excellence, for there is no rivalry, and little reward. Dull or clever, you perform your journey at an easy pace, and you neither pass, nor are passed by others. When I first went to ———, I was a good Latin scholar; but I did not know the Greek characters, nor could I make "nonsense verses,"* so I was thrown into one of the lowest forms of the school, among children to whom syntax was as obscure as the Cabala, and prosody a book her-

* I remember that the first Latin verses which I made were in rhyme. The master smiled at this; but I have made verses since in rhyme—I wonder whether he would smile now, or think them 'nonsense verses.'—Most likely; and I am not sure that he would be wrong.

metically sealed. I remained at this school about four years, and then left it, with less Latin but with more worldly wisdom than I entered it. Oh! a public school is the place to dash the bloom off a young boy's mind. The marvel and the mystery of the coming world are there laid open to him. He mates with the first in the land, and learns contempt for every thing but station and power—and yet not altogether so: he is taught to respect courage, and to fight his way to distinction. I do not complain of that. Even I, amidst all my nervousness and illness, have some veneration for “the ring;” though I think that there are fairer kinds of renown, and greener laurels than are to be earned even there. But with “the many” the time that is passed at a public school is a reign of vanity. The duke, and the lord, and the common man's son, stand all on one broad level. This is well,—while it lasts: but the charm is broken when school-days are over, and he of “the many” is tossed from his elevation, and left to mingle with the class which he has almost learned to despise.

It was at ——— that the impression of melancholy was first made upon me. It was not yet a disease, but came, and presently passed away; and Hope grew again as much my friend (or foe) as she was to others of brighter prospects. For my melancholy, it was pressed on me by circumstances. I was the son of a man of small fortune. He was rather a stern parent—to me; and I early imbibed the notion that he did not love me. This made me sad: the holidays (those bright hours) became a blank, and at school I wandered about alone, by rivers, and ponds, and lanes, and lonely places. The thought of drowning myself came upon me again and again. It is true that it left me, but it left also the idea *familiar* on my mind and *that*, undoubtedly, weighed down in some degree the spring and buoyancy of my youth.

Well, I left ———, and some hundreds of associates, and went to a village in the west of England where I was without even one.—Here I had to unlearn many prejudices and to acquire new tastes, if I wished for happiness or comfort.

With (I cannot help thinking it) some good points, I was as self-important and obstinate as boys of sixteen or seventeen generally are.—I was in no wise remarkable. My stock of Greek and Latin was sufficiently portable. It did not weigh down my faculties, nor oppress my manner. I had hope enough to incline me to any new pursuit. The law was fixed upon, and accordingly I began to study. The introductory essay of Blackstone is an elegant piece of writing, and satisfied me,—that is to say, it did not deter me from proceeding. But the law itself, however recommended by a strenuous style, is a dull and bitter draught. The learning may be insinuated in elegant phrases, as medicine is given to the cheated child, hidden in jellies or sugar; but the true taste will be found out at last. Justice may be fine at a distance, or in the abstract, but on a close inspection of her features she is dry and repelling. Accordingly, I puzzled myself no more for some time with law, but betook me to the reading of romance and poetry. This was quite another matter; and I thrived in proportion to my industry. I had always a love for the pathetic and the marvellous. When a mere child I had been indulged with access to the book-closet of an old relation, and there it was that I picked up a taste for reading. In that closet were—the Bible, and the History of England (both with cuts; I learned, in fact, the history from those prints), The Life of Christ (Fleetwood's, I believe), Don Quixote, Lazarillo de Tormes, the Pilgrim's Progress, the plays of Shakspeare, Hervey's Meditations (carefully covered and much used!), Humphry Clinker, the Man of Feeling, Pamela, and some others;—precious tomes, but all deserted by their venerable possessor, except Hervey and the holier volumes. There was another book also, of which I am somewhat loth to speak, it was Milton's Paradise Lost—*done into prose!* Oh! that such “doings” should be allowed to the mercenary writer or bookseller. It is a piracy on the fame of the dead,—a slander and a sacrilege. It is worse than the Family Shakspeare!

But to return:—For upwards of a year I toiled on without a compa-

nion. I was dispirited and stupid enough, I dare say. Luckily the friend in whose house I lived was a clever and really excellent man. He did not thwart my follies, nor did he encourage them; but he let the humours have room to thrive or die, leading, or tolerating, or checking them, as occasion required. I owe him much for his gentle guardianship. With that assistance I have learned, in the course of time, to keep some of them down myself. But my friend felt that law and solitude must be irksome to one so young as I; and accordingly, in about a year after my arrival at C——, I found my sitting-room shared by another. He was directly the reverse of myself, and in most respects better. If H—— should read this, he will smile when I say that he was somewhat reserved and cold, and that his enthusiasm, even in matters of study or amusement, seldom sprang from impulse. His good qualities, however, far more than compensated for those errors of constitution. He had great rectitude, and much delicacy,—firmness, and activity of purpose: he followed principle for its own sake, as much as for the pleasure it gave him, and this I have known but in few. It is the love of a good name, or the fear of a bad one, that impels too many in the pursuit of what is right. H—— and I lived together for three years without ever having had a quarrel. I envied him his assiduity. Sometimes (I take shame to myself) I almost scorned his unremitting and regular study; but he still kept on, heedless of my folly, and of all, except what he considered to be “the right.” I, on the other hand, indolent, self-willed, and careless of consequences, floated along on the tide of my own inclinations. I fed on the trash which the library of a country town provides. I revelled in mysteries, I banqueted on poetry, and (like the pupil of the learned Mr. Surrebutter) I soiled and spoiled many a virgin quire of foolscap, without either object or remorse. I look back to those misspent days—oh! and to years gone and irrecoverable; and if I have, in some measure, emancipated myself from the thrall of folly, or the tyranny of my nature, the satisfaction which I have earned is not unmixed, or without its bitter.

Three years having past, I became an inhabitant of London. I left my friend H. to read away another year in the obscure town of C——, and set off with a joyful spirit for our great metropolis. London was familiar to me, and therefore it was not with all the immoderate joy of a first visit that I saw it. Nevertheless I was not without my emotion. I beheld its parks, and proud squares, and busy streets, and contemplated it as the arena on which I was to combat and build up my towering fortunes. I coveted wealth and distinction, not for their own sakes so much as for the *power* which I saw they brought.

I read of illustrious men, the founders of a great name, who sprang by their own efforts from the obscurity in which they were born. I read of artists, poets, and painters, the gleam of whose renown had shot through the mists of three thousand years, and was dazzling still. I read Shakspeare and Milton, (*not in prose*) and sighed, and envied, and determined. I hazarded a rhyme,—it was bad: another, and another;—they were worse and I gave up the contest. I have since found that it is something to be second or even twentieth to Shakspeare or Milton: but at that time I did not comprehend the gradations of excellence.—The law now opened itself upon my imagination; and Justice, solemn and sublime, stood before me, with the sword and the balance. I saw through vistas of counsellors, eminent talkers, wigged, busy; and industrious, up to the sanctum of equity,—the throne of jurisprudence, the—(it sounds like a descent)—the woolsack! It seemed but a step. A little walking on a green path, and lo! I was there. There was no doubting in such a case: so with Blackstone, and Fonblanque, and my Lord Coke (I hate him for his treatment of Bacon) I began my pleasant pilgrimage to the temple of Fame. For a year and an half I read intensely; and had my memory been as good as my other faculties, I should have been tolerably conversant with one branch of law even at this present sitting. But that year of study was my bane. I read long and late (and under some disadvantage), and my frame began to shake, and my spirits sank, in the ardour of this new pursuit.

And now it was that the seeds were sown of that malady which has never left me. I read late at night, often in the cold, and often rose with but little sleep; sometimes with none, weak, melancholy, and unrefreshed. Oh! it is bad to perplex the willing head with any difficulty at the hour of rest. The excitement of the brain is doubly strong after the labours of a day. It is like the "one glass more:" you were well enough before, but that "one" has stupified and destroyed you. But few (students) know where to stop. Like the impetus of a wheel driven on by some mechanical power, they are impelled by the fire of their own desires,—by their ambition,—their love of wealth or fame. Some indeed, tamer and less aspiring,—and others (the few) who can rein in their passions, and reduce those mad allies of the intellect to reason and good order, may go on and excel without having suffered; but the enthusiasts never. I read and read, and sometimes reflected; and sometimes I *relieved* (as I fancied) my day-toil with a pleasant book at night. It was thus that I enlarged the evil:—my books of amusement were not now, as heretofore, romances only; but I read mystical writings,—metaphysics, mythology,—the elder dramatists and poets, and the prose writers, their contemporaries;—and when I was sad (which was often the case) I read with an inquisitive mind Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. There I saw little of the cause (or I forgot it) and less of the cure: but the disease itself stood out in full array—divided and subdivided into many parts, hideous but alluring. I admired the learning and research of the author. I was struck by his account of strange superstitions,—the names of the sufferers, and the dignity of the spirits that oppressed them. They were creatures of darkness, or air,—more real than the genii of Eastern story, and more sublime than the familiars which our own history of witchcraft presents. They had, in addition to this, a charm in their names, like those introduced in the poetry of Milton.

This varied reading—this change from serious study to more serious amusement, had lasted some months, when I found that my hands trembled and my spirit quailed before the

most ordinary accidents,—a strange face, the clapping of a door, a thunder storm, an ill-natured remark,—all affected me as they had never done before. Above all things I hated darkness, or extreme silence, or solitude:—for then the vapours of the mind arose, cloud after cloud; and at night dreams crowded upon me, fantastic, horrible, impossible; sometimes relieved by gentler aspects,

Nymphs of Diana's train and Naiades;

but oftener filled by sublimer terrors. Features of hell or darkness came shining or flickering upon me,—sometimes half-hidden by deep shadows and indistinct, like Rembrandt's pictured visions; or staring, gasping, mimicking,—or dead. I read Milton, and Pandæmonium opened all its red gates for me; the fiery waters hissed and were agitated,—the brazen columns shook, and devils bowed down before me. I read of storms and tempests, and, behold, the sea laid bare its dominions: the waters opened, and the slimy creatures of the deep came forth, with their large rayless eyes, howling and staring. I was left alone by the side of the hungry advancing ocean. I was washed down and overwhelmed,—stifled, destroyed. Then came changes upon me of shape and of spirit. I was a beast hunted and driven to death. I have been trod down with the worms. I have been a bird maimed and torn to pieces by hounds and eagles:—Or I have been a murderer and a tyrant, without feeling, or happiness, or remorse: pleasure and pain fled me, like the waters from the lip of Tantalus; and the cold marble apathy which followed, like a palsy of the soul, was worse and more frightful than all.—But I have promised to give you an account of the one dream which so often infested me after reading the account of the nine evil spirits of Burton. I have told of their names before and quality,—Meresin, and Satan, and the rest; and of him who, like "Seeva the destroyer," was fit to stand beside even "Orcus, or Ades, or the dreaded name of Demogorgon,"—the proud and shining king ABADDON! As nearly as my memory will serve me, the particulars of this dream were as follows:—

Methought I lay upon a high and barren crag which formed the edge of the known world. I was alone, and bound captive there for a term of many ages. The crag was almost torn from its parent earth, and hung toppling over the abyss of space. It was separated from the abodes of all living things by a chasm that was impassable. In the atmosphere which enveloped it the eagle could not breathe, nor the reptile. Behind me were piled mountains, and rocks, and gulphs: the snows of ten thousand ages had gathered together on some, which shot up their glittering pinnacles to the sky as white and grand as Atlas or Imaus. On every other side yawned that immeasurable abyss, which not even thought could fathom. It was darker than the darkest night; but below me and around I heard all Chaos raging:—huge rocks were driven along the air, and sang like stones hurled from some mighty sling: then came the warring winds, moaning and shrieking; and floods of water rushed along, with a sound as though Ocean had burst its bounds; and then all these noises would mingle, and a flash of bright light for a moment betray the whole. The abyss then seemed instinct with life. Crowds of things were seen sweeping and hurrying along, and meeting, and jarring, and making hideous crashes one with the other,—masses of rock and earth,—deluges of water, spouting up and descending,—showers of glittering ore, gold and silver, and precious stones,—all vomited forth from depths that no human fancy can reach,—lower a thousand times than the balls of fire cast out from the hearts of Vesuvius or Etna.

This would last for a time, and then subside; and out of the vast confusion, like a newly created world, a globe arose. It was at first seen in the distance, floating,—approaching. The side nearest to me was even blacker than the darkness round; but the edges were tinged and silvered by a pale light, which gradually extended, and became brighter as I looked. And then a solemn music hovered round, like the harmonious noise of the great ocean, and from the globe there flowed forth stream after stream, which quickly became wide as the Ganges or the Indus, until the space below rolled all a

moving sea. On it were seen wrecks of vessels and floating men, and some barks which had stood a terrible tempest;—and barrels, and timbers, and masts, with drenched or drowned creatures lashed to each other. And all this while the streams flowed and flowed, and the solemn music spake. After a time sounds were heard like distant acclamations, and throngs of shapes, at first incalculably small, but gradually assuming

Their own dimensions, like themselves, appeared riding on the air, and their lips moved and seemed to say "*Prepare!*"—and then the light grew brighter, and the words more audible, and the shapes more distinct; and I heard the words, "*Prepare, prepare!*"—and a million voices sent up melodious shouts, and choral symphonies were played, and odorous airs came wafted from some unknown land, and showers of garlands fell upon the deep, and the conscious deep threw its silver fountains up, like one rejoicing, and still I heard the words "*Prepare, prepare!*"

And whenever those words were uttered, the acclamations resounded and came nearer. At first they had seemed faint and distant; then louder, and louder still:—and then they shook the air and rent the sky. The noise of a million trampling feet, of thousands and thousands of voices, trumpets, and cymbals, and tempestuous drums, shouted and raged:—at last, and above all, a rushing, as of wings or wild waters, or of chariots whirled down some frightful precipice was heard,—

And suddenly a splendour like the morn
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion;
And every gulph, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light, and made it terrible.

(*Keats's Hyperion.*)

And, behold, in a shell of gold, round which lambent fires curled and played beautifully, like the undulation of summer waves, shot forth a dazzling shape, and stood at once before me. His eyes were too bright to look upon: they seemed to search and penetrate the brain. The horses which drew him breathed fire, and pawed the air, and startled all the

dull region with their terrible neighings. And the multitudes which followed him cried aloud, "*This is the shining king, ABADDON!*" and these words were echoed and repeated in thousands and thousands of tones, laughing, weeping, moaning, jeering, despairing,—by voices and plaining instruments, and by the dells and rocks; and the sullen billows themselves gave up the sound, and echoed, "*This is the shining king, Abaddon!*"

Then came a frightful change:—The horses, like the beast in "*Faustus*," swelled and grew to a monstrous size, and from their manes and their eyes they shook intolerable light. Above, the Sirian star blazed out and shot its red rays down, and the crags and dark abysses felt it and groaned, and cavern called unto cavern, and steep to steep; the mountains were split asunder, and gave up their ore, and the rocks were parched, and the chains fell from my limbs like stubble; my garments were shrivelled up: the ground whereon I lay cracked and sunk, and the whole air, and the earth, and the moving sea became a deluge of fire. Wave after wave was seen rolling along, and burning and tossing its fiery spray about, on sands more scorching than itself. It looked like the doom of nature. The earth, in its red agony, was moved and spake, the waters moaned, and seemed to sigh forth prayers for pity—

All this while the spirit kept his hot gaze fixed full upon me. It was like a fascination. The pain was as the baring of the eye, or the uncasing the tender brain before the meridian sun; and it must, had it lasted long, have ended in madness. There was no cloud to shield me—I had no power to speak, or move; nor could I shut my ears when I heard, in some terrible tongue, vengeance denounced upon me, for ever and ever. The words then uttered were engraven on my soul. I have remembered them again and again in dreams; but, awake, they fade like stars before the presence of the day. They were not of my native tongue, nor Hebrew, nor Arabic, nor Greek; but something more weighty and solemn than all.—

—Whilst I was in the midst of the studies of which I have spoken, my

friend H—— arrived in London. His course was more eastward than mine: I became the pupil of a barrister of some eminence in Lincoln's Inn. This introduced me to new associates, and to more of the pleasures of the town—my evenings were spent principally at coffee houses and theatres; while in the morning I read politics and criticism, and (a little) law. But a gay life did not suit nerves which had been weakened by study and late hours; and the collapse which ensued after drinking and riot was painful enough. I never was fond of dissipation. Circumstances led me into the porch of the temple of pleasure; but I quitted it soon, and without a sigh, and betook myself once more to my reflections and my books.

Let me now pass over some few years, making only a slight mention of them here. They were occupied by various pursuits (which I shall have occasion to mention hereafter), and which I resorted to, to divert the attack of my great enemy from me. During these years I suffered heavily from hypochondriasis, both day and night. It hung upon me, and made my hours one continual gloom. I despair of making you acquainted with that stagnation of the spirit, which, unlike any active torment, falls like a dead weight upon the mind. I can only say that I was without hope, or desire; to-day was like yesterday, and I knew that to-morrow would be like to-day; dull, dark, and monotonous. Perhaps I shall explain myself better by saying that there was no *elasticity* of spirit within me. You know what the bounding heart of a boy is,—and the sensations produced by a vernal day:—I had nothing of these. I might as well have been dead,—perhaps better.

It is a curious circumstance that the dreams of persons of morbid imagination are often full of architectural figures. I do not know why this should be. I have, in my dreams, certainly felt solitude in its extreme degree, yet my visions were oftener *populous*, or they presented a gorgeous scene of palaces, and pyramids, and ranges of magnificent building.—Sometimes, like Egyptian Thebes, they were without a tenant, or else all the windows and arches were

thronged with millions of faces who looked unceasingly upon me. I was the marvel, or the mark and mockery on which these myriads of eyes were fastened. They seemed to "look *through me*," (to use a vulgar phrase) and I felt as though I endured the pillory or the post in the face of the whole living world. I have blushed scarlet in these dreams. I know it; for the burning has remained on my cheeks when I have been eman-

cipated from these torments of my sleep.

A young friend of mine has, in a poem not yet published, given so accurate a description of some of these "architectural dreams" (if I may so call them) that I have begged from him some of the lines, and obtained them: I hope that they will please you. The writer seems to be aiming at a description of the domicile of the gods.

—"It was a mighty dome, whose blue arch shone
With a thousand constellated lights, that rain'd
Rich, endless day, and gentlest warmth, like Spring.
The present and the past were there,—the Signs,
Scorpion, and Cancer, and Aquarius,
And all who belt the sky, and all the throng
That flame along the tropics, or like gems
Live in the foreheads of the hemispheres,—
Sirius, and Taurus, and the starry twain,
(Leda's)—and fierce Orion, who, between
Phoenix and Hydra, on the nights of May
Shakes over southern seas his watery beams:—
And northwards shone Canopus, and the lights
Cassiopeia, and the great fix'd star
Arcturus, and Andromeda, long chain'd
And haunted on the cold and sea-beat rock;
And others after known.—Below, withdrawn,
And seen as through a vista clear and wide,
Gleam'd squares and arches,—streets, range after range,
Temples, and towers, and alabaster spires,
Which ran up to infinitude, and seem'd
Piercing with their bright points the highest air;
And terraces crown'd with pavillions, which
Outshone the sun, and beggar'd with their brightness
All that of old Nebuchadnezzar hung
Towering above his Babylonian halls,
Making great wonder dumb."

—It was about this time that an occurrence happened in London which threw considerable gloom upon the public mind. * * *, (a man eminent in his profession, and with acknowledged talents as a legislator) committed the act of destruction upon himself. He had been worn down by the duties of his calling, and by domestic cares; and had retired to a provincial seat for a little respite, and to soothe the pains of a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. His affection was shown in vain; she died; and the sense of loneliness became exaggerated, and made more terrible to him, from the previous exhaustion of his own mind. The news was communicated to me towards the close of (I think) a November day. The evening was about to set in,

misty and cold, and the sun shot his parting rays of dull red light through an atmosphere which it was painful to breathe. I do not know why, but the story of the suicide wonderfully affected me. I had not been acquainted with him, but his person was very familiar to me: his proud and intelligent eye I had often beheld, looking down every rival, and bearding the first of the "learned" in his very temple and throne of judgment. It had seemed to me as if nothing could touch him; no petty trouble, nor domestic care. He had looked like one fit to guide the great wheel of power, and to have at his beck the wills and fortunes of meaner men:—And yet, he was dust and ashes!

There is no explaining to some

persons how a fact of this sort may operate upon nerves already shattered by illness. Upon mine the effect was terrible. It seemed as if my own dissolution was inevitably at hand. The man who was dead had been a little while past as real as I. A few hours ago, and he was an active, thinking being, capable of enduring both enjoyment and pain; and he was gone in a moment. What then was to preserve me? Myself?—It was so; and yet I was haunted and oppressed by an impulse to do as he had done. A whisper seemed hanging in my ear, like a menace, like a command; or, as it were, the deadly, irresistible errand of fate. I felt restless and desperate. The air of the town lay heavy upon me. My nerves (those which run from the head, down the back of the neck) seemed pulled by some unseen hand. I hurried out through the suburbs, and bathed my hot forehead in the falling dews. For three or four miles I walked onwards, observing nothing, caring for nothing; but full of the horrid deed that had been accomplished. My mind had no other food, save

Graves, and worms, and epitaphs:

my thoughts had no resting place on this side of the tomb, no light to cheer them; but flew, wild and erring, into the future, and lost themselves in endless speculations upon eternity and death. Until that evening I had never thought of the word "*Ever*"—"for *ever*." I now laboured to comprehend it in vain. It seemed for the first time to assume a strange meaning. There was no beginning, no end; it was not like an hour, or a year, a cycle, a century, (mere spots upon the surface of time) but one long, dark, terrible *duration* that baffled all patience and thought. Was it to be rest, or stupefaction, or pleasure, or pain,—or what?

—Still the gloomy evening went on, and before I had returned to town, the dusk had deepened into darkness. I was alone: the blast moaned through the trees, on which a few parched leaves rattled even yet. The brambles in the ditches were shaken and spoke. I thought I heard travellers continually in the

distance, yet they never passed; but sad voices came plaining on the wind, and among them I heard *his* voice. It passed me once, twice, thrice,—twenty,—fifty times. Then there was a faint laugh behind me,—a low smothered convulsive laugh. I would not have turned round for a kingdom: I could not; but, stumbling along the footway, and keeping my eyes closed as much as possible, I at last reached the regular rows of lamps which mark the suburbs of London. Then I heard and mixed with the bustle of men. Coaches and carts, men and women, and children, shouts and cries, and social words, were all about me. Oh! that brave tumult! I shook off my idle terrors, and walked, with a new life, swiftly along the populous pavement. At times I met a strange countenance which had a ghastly look, and then I shuddered and turned aside. In the end, however, I reached a coffee-house well frequented, and, entering precipitately, gave myself up to the warm luxuries of the place. That night I feasted sumptuously. I ate venison, and French dishes (they were then rare to me); I drank Dantzic, and Garus, which last, with its fine aromatic flavour, seemed to medicine for a moment all my cares away. I ordered, for the first (and last) time in my life a bottle of Burgundy for my own solitary drinking. In general, I should have scorned this unsocial enjoyment; but now it was a balm to my heart, a bright panacea to my woes. How rich the deep juice looked! how rich it tasted!—it had an odour like a thicket of roses. With such wine as that Troy might have been painted—

(Pinxit et exiguo Pergama tota mero,)

or a revel of Bacchus been made immortal. So I drank and drank, and for three hours the sweet "oblivious antidote" led me through all the enchantments of the brain. My fancies, like the dreams of the Gods, were for once to me real and substantial joy.

(Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass

Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.)

Do not think, however, that I suffered intoxication, for I did not: nor

did I wish it. All that I had sighed for was forgetfulness, and it was mine. My faculties were still completely in my own possession; and my spirit, so lately worn and wasted, was now as erect as ever.

But the time arrived when it was necessary that I should go. I thought of protracting it by ordering coffee, &c. but I was fearful lest it should destroy the wholesome effect of the wine, so I prepared to depart. Then arose in my mind a disinclination to go home,—a vague inexplicable fear of something which I could not define. It was not too late for the theatre; and I wandered thither. By some accident, the entertainment, contrary to custom at that time of the year, was a pantomime; or, at any rate, it was a piece in which Grimaldi performed, for it was to laugh with him and at him that I went. He played, if I may judge from the shouts of the people, well; and I was determined to be delighted. I plunged into the crowd of a box already almost full. It was too hot, and the performance struck me as heavy. I tried another box,—and another,—and another. They were all the same—I could not relish the performance. For once the inimitable clown appeared to be dull. He looked like a piece of worn mechanism, a battered vulgar commonplace automaton; and yet the crowd laughed and shouted, while I observed all with apathy or vexation. How I cursed the folly which could find amusement in so childish a toy! How I despised the whole crowd, as well as the object of their mirth!—But I had gone to the theatre for amusement, and amusement I was resolute to have; so I braced my nerves up to the merry pitch, and laughed. It was quite mistimed—my laugh had no companion, except its own solitary echo. My spirit did not go with it, and I felt that nothing but my voice had laughed. The muscles of my face were still rigid and contracted, although my forehead was fever hot. My neighbour looked at me with some surprise,—almost apprehension, and, as I thought, seemed to pity my degraded state.

It was now necessary that I should return home. It was about mid-

night, and I left the crowded theatre, and was once again in the air. Passing by the throngs of coaches, I had leisure to examine the appearance of the streets. They were empty, and looked like a desolation: the shops were shut, and the taverns, and the places of resort. No watchman was to be seen; and I did not hear the tread of a foot upon the pavement. I thought of that silent city in the “Arabian Nights,” where all the inhabitants are turned to stone. I thought of Tadmor, and crumbled Babylon,

And all that blazed in hundred-gated Thebes,

now dead and silent; and I asked where the bats and the owls abided, and if the fox had slunk to his cave. Methought I should have heard the rustling of the snake, or the wild cry of the hyena, but there was nothing; and yet it was a desert still. Then, I thought how time had shaken great cities into ruin, and slain the towering spirits which had made them famous; and I brought before me the heroes and the princes of old, the poets and the legislators. Amongst them came Draco, Lycurgus, Demosthenes; and with them, dressed in a Grecian robe, he came, the curse and cause of all my pain. I passed my hand across my forehead, and pursued my way. I whistled; I sang; I talked aloud; and the watchmen, starting from uneasy slumbers, looked at me with sleepy but suspicious eyes.

When I reached home, I had an evil to encounter that I had not anticipated. A recollection came upon me—in a moment—of a story which I had somewhere read. It was of a lady or knight who passes through the rooms of a deserted palace, and sees the same object (a man writing at a table) multiplied, or rather repeated in each. At once, the possibility struck me that I might see *him*, at my own table, writing. I thought that he, like the spectral man of the story, might raise his head, and smile and welcome me in silence. He had a pale and sometimes supercilious smile; and now I might see that paleness blanched, and made like marble by the hues of death. I sickened at the thought. I

swore that I would not enter the house till day-break. I retraced some steps: I listened, and pondered some time, until my fatigued limbs at last gave me warning that I *must* rest. I opened the door, and entered the passage. There was, as usual, a candle; but it seemed to cast a feebler light, and magnify the shadows of the balustrade which ran down to the lower part of the house. Was not that a head which looked over the staircase upon me?—No: it was nothing but my fears. The noise now made by my shutting the door was echoed and sent back through the hall and staircase, and I thought I heard the tread of a foot in the room above me. It was my sitting room, and I called out the name of my servant: there was no reply, and the tread of feet was heard no more. At this period I thought of retreating, and actually had my hand on the lock of the door; but I was ashamed of my momentary imbecility, and taking the glimmering candle in my hand, I ascended the stairs. On the landing place I listened again, but there was no sound; and at length, with that courage or desperation which is bred by fear, I flung open the door violently and saw—nothing. All was quiet as ever. My books, those good friends of my life, my drawings, my pictures, were all there. And there, too, was the bright and holy aspect of my Madonna (my favourite picture), with eyes and hands uplifted, in the act of adoration,—perhaps, as I thought, invoking pity and relief for me. How I blessed it, and thanked it. I almost wept. I was sad and heart-sick; and shivered from head to foot; and yet the look of that Madonna, like a green still spot in a barren country,—like a fountain in the desert,—bore calm and refreshment to my heart.

Before I went to rest I stood before the glass. Involuntarily my features assumed an expression that did not belong to them, and became like *his*. It was but for a moment. I turned away and betook myself to rest. All night long I dreamt of the phantom. The next night I dreamt again of him,—and again. Every evening I said to myself “I shall see him,” and, true to his victim, he came. At first like a mist or a shadow, he gra-

dually became visible,—almost tangible. He would come and sit by my bedside, and smile (I cannot bear to think of his smile), and take my hand between his, and fondle it. I felt the cold pressure run through my heart; but I could never extricate myself. Ever, although I shrieked as I believed, he would keep my hand firm in his bony gripe, and kiss it with lips clammy and cold as marble. Sometimes he would mutter indistinct words in a language unknown to me;—it was like the *talk of an animal*, thick and guttural, but mixed with some shrill and discordant tones that sounded like exultation. So perhaps wolves howl over their prey in the Siberian forests, or the scarred savages of America over their captives devoted to death. It is impossible to explain to you the horror that I endured in these dreams. Sometimes the hideous figure cast upon me a fierce leer, so diabolical and loathsome that the strings of my brain seemed to crack, and then I have seen my hands all stained with goutts of blood, and this happened not once, twice, or thrice, but a multitude of times. The gloom of those nights left its shadow on the day, and darkened it, and made it terrible. At dusk, and in the evening when I sat alone, I was in fear *perpetually* lest he should come. A thousand—ten thousand times I have thought that the door would open, and he would come in staggering and bloody, and show me that horrid gash which let out his life. If there was a knock at the door I shook, and in the raving and moaning of the wind I listened for his voice, *and heard it*. Familiar faces changed and became like *his*. He looked and laughed at me from the eyes of strangers, even of women, aye of children.—But, I repeat, it is in vain that I try to paint and make visible these horrors to you. They existed only in my imagination:—My imagination? Why, that is as real as the sun, as light, or sound, or substance: it is an integral part of our nature, like a taste or a touch. And yet men will tell you in common speech that all this was “nothing,” but “merely fancy.” What then is death?—Is *that* a fancy? or is it

A sleep and a forgetting?
or what?—That “ditch which is to

grave us all,"—that chasm between "the past" and "the to come," which all dread to overstep, because no one knows its breadth or its soundings,—what is it?—Oh! that we could exorcise—(still I dare to say this)—that we could exorcise the dead, and call up whomsoever we chose, pale poet or grave-eyed philosopher, to answer us! But they are lying cold, with the riddle perhaps still unsolved; or, if known to them, their joints cannot yet relax and bear

them hither again to startle either our admiration or despair. The companions of Plato are gone, and the men of yesterday—

————— That in
The morning promised many years; but
Death
Hath in few hours made them as stiff, as all
The winds and winter had thrown cold upon
them,
And whisper'd them to marble.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen in me those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is, that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her, bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough

for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privileges to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know any thing about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c. I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common——

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why we, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

“Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:” so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. “Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:” So say I; but then don’t let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be quickly found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. ——— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, “Love me, love my dog:” that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long ab-

sence, I can make shift to love; because I love him, and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they

were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them: Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some interregnum before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of *stare* for the purpose;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that “decent affection and complacent kindness” towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without

much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend Mr. ——— as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ———." One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. ——— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own: for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximated to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their

houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. ——— did not come home, till the oysters which she had had opened out of compliment to me were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ———.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to send you the full-length English of their names, to be recorded to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future. Your humble servant,

ELIA.

MEMOIRS OF SIR CHARLES SEDLEY,

Born at Aylesford Priory, about the year 1639; Died at Hampstead, August 20, 1701.

THE real name of this once celebrated wit was *Sidley*, for so the family wrote it for many generations; and he himself so subscribed it to the dedication of "The Mulberry Garden," his first play, printed in 1668. Afterwards, however, he altered it, for the purpose, perhaps, of distinguishing himself from two other Sir Charles Sidleys, branches of his family, living at the same time; one of whom, Sir Charles Sidley, of Great Chart, and St. Cleres within Ightham, Kent, was like himself a Baronet; the poet, in formal instruments, being termed, as the representative of the elder branch of the family, Sir Charles Sidley *senior*. The other was Sir Charles Sidley, of St. Giles's in the Fields, knight, who succeeded to the greater part of the ancient property of the family on the death of the poet, and was soon afterwards raised to a baronetage, as Sir Charles Sidley, of Southfleet, in the county of Kent, which style and title had become extinct on the death of his eminent relative. But the vowel must have been changed without licence or authority from the college of arms, or officers of government entrusted with the arrangement of such weighty and important matters; as in the patent by which James the Second conferred upon his mistress, the witty daughter of the licentious wit, the title of Countess of Dorchester, she is called Catharine *Sidley*, and not Sedley, as her father for some years previously had been.

The Sidleys were an ancient family, seated at Romney Marsh, in Kent, a part of which goes by their name to the present day. Five members of it served the office of high sheriff of this county, in the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Their relative, Richard Sidley, of Northaw and Dingswell, served the same office for Hertfordshire, in 1624, the last year of the reign of James the First.

Another and a somewhat uncommon proof of the consideration in which the family was formerly held, is the elevation of three of its branches

to the baronetage; in which, at two distinct periods of our history, two of its members were enrolled. Yet such are the vicissitudes of life, that these baronetcies have long since been extinct, and a male descendant in the male line of so ancient and honourable a house has for more than half a century been sought in vain. The lineal representative of the choice spirit of the court of Charles the Second, who gave to that house its chief celebrity, and whose talents and reputation may well excuse the researches of others than heralds and antiquaries into its history and genealogy, is his great grandson William Charles Colyear, third Earl of Portmore, grandson of Catharine, Countess of Dorchester, by her husband David, first Earl of Portmore, who, coming over with William the Third from Holland, (where his father, Sir Alexander Robertson, Bart. of the ancient clan of Strowan, had settled, acquired a considerable fortune by mercantile pursuits, and assumed the name of Colyear) served under him with great gallantry in Ireland and Flanders, for which he was elevated to the Scotch peerage: in the following reign he was commander in chief of the Queen's army in Portugal, and governor of Gibraltar. Through the intermarriage of their ancestors, with daughters of the eldest son of this union, Charles, second Earl of Portmore, — Nathaniel Curzon, the present Lord Scarsdale, his brothers, sisters, and their children, — Henry and James Dawkins, Esquires, members of parliament for Aldborough and Hastings, and George Hay Dawkins Pennant, Esq. and their children, are descendants from the poet, in the third and fourth generation, — his only descendants, we have, indeed, every reason to believe, in a legitimate line.

Far be it from the present writer to give either a genealogy of the family, or, what is worse, an abstract of its title deeds. He is neither a herald, nor a conveyancer; nor does he presume to suppose that his lucubrations can afford either information

in his additions to Camden, as "a man painfully laborious for the common good of his country, as both his endowed house for the poor, and the bridge there, (at Aylesford) with common voice do testify."

Sir John Sidley, the only son of Sir William, seems not to have made any larger addition to the family possessions than the rectory of Northfleet, once part of the dower of Henrietta Maria, the injured Queen of King Charles I. How it passed from the family is not known, at least I have not been able to discover. On the other hand, he sold the manor of Nustead, with the appendant advowson of the rectory.

With him ended the accumulations of the Sidleys, continued at least through five generations, until the civil wars of the first Charles's reign, and the gaiety of the second's licentious court and age, dissipated, in a few years, fortunes of many a century's growth. His eldest son, Sir Henry, dying unmarried, was succeeded by his brother Sir William, who sold the family seat of Aylesford Friars to Sir Peter Ricaut, father of Sir Paul, the celebrated traveller, and author of the History of the Turks. It is now the property and one of the seats of the Earl of Aylesford, to whose ancestor, Heneage, the first Earl, it came by a co-heiress of the family of Bankes.

Sir Charles, the poet, was the youngest and a posthumous son of Sir John, the second baronet. He was born at Aylesford Friars, the seat of his grandfather, and the only part of the family property which seems not to have come to his hands. Still, however, he must have been a rich man, when he came to the title, or rather must have come to a good estate with it, though he did not die rich, having sold most of the unentailed property of his ancestors; but fortunately for his successors, it was not much that he could sell.

If he was not born a poet, he was at least descended from a literary stock, more than one of his ancestors having been related to Archbishop Chichele, to whom his wife Catharine, third daughter of John, first Earl Rivers, was likewise of kin. His mother was a daughter, and ultimately heiress, of Sir Henry Savile, the very learned provost of Eton,

and founder of the Savilian lectures at Oxford. This connexion with learning and learned men was continued also in his descendants, his grand daughter having married John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, a wit and poet of some reputation in his day, but much better known by his connexion with wits and poets in ours. By marriage he was uncle also to Richard, third Earl Rivers, father of the unfortunate Savage.

Among "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," during the reign of the second Charles, Sedley once held, perhaps, the most distinguished rank. So highly, indeed, did his contemporaries estimate his taste and judgment, that the king himself, a greater wit than most of the professed wits who surrounded him, protested that nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy, whilst Rochester placed him in the first rank of poetical critics, and Buckingham gave to the softness of his verse the flattering epithet of Sedley's witchcraft. He had not, however, been dead many years before his talents were more correctly appreciated; and Pope truly observed of him, that he was "a very insipid writer, except in some few of his little love-verses," and they, we may add, are often more immodest than witty. So certain is mediocrity, notwithstanding the ephemeral glare which the adventitious circumstances of rank, fortune, or connexions may cast around it, in a few years to find its level.

Amongst his admirers or his flatterers,—from his having bowed down to many a golden calf, I know not in which class to rank him,—Dryden himself may be numbered. In the dedication of his unfortunate comedy of "Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery," to Sedley, he speaks with much apparent delight in the recollection of those "*Noctes Atticæ* spent in his society, in which the cups were only such as would raise the conversation of the night without disturbing the business of the morning." This, however, is the colouring of a poet; and it is impossible to avoid contrasting his beautiful account of elegant dissipation with what the sober truth of history has recorded of the noted freaks of the dissolute wit to whom it was addressed. In

June 1663, Sir Charles Sedley being in company with Lord Buckhurst, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Dorset, and Sir Thomas Ogle, at a tavern in Bow-street, the whole party became so thoroughly intoxicated, that they committed the grossest indecencies, in the sight of the passengers; and when they had collected a large mob, Sedley stripped himself naked, and in that situation proceeded to harangue them with considerable eloquence, though in the grossest and most impious language. The indignation of the populace being excited by this shameless conduct, they attempted to break into the house, and a desperate riot ensued, in which the drunken orator and his equally drunken companions had nearly paid for their frolic with their lives, being forced by repeated volleys of stones to retreat into their room, the windows of which were dashed to pieces. For this outrage, the baronet and his associates were indicted in the court of King's Bench, in Michaelmas Term, 15 Charles II, and having pleaded guilty to the charge, Sedley was fined two thousand marks, imprisoned a week, and compelled to find sureties for his good behaviour for three years. He conducted himself with great insolence when brought up to receive sentence, and when in order to repress it, the Chief Justice, Sir Robert Hyde, asked him if he had ever read "the Complete Gentleman," he replied with more rudeness than wit, that he had read more books than his Lordship. The culprits employed Killigrew, remembered in our times but as the King's jester, though then a man of considerable influence, with some others of the King's favourites, to solicit a mitigation of their fine; but in the true spirit of court friendship they begged it for themselves, and exacted its payment to the utmost farthing. It was probably to silence their importunities or threats, that Sedley sold the manor of Great Okeley, which had been in his family ever since the time of Henry VII.

Another of his recorded freaks was more witty, and less discreditable to him. Though somewhat inclined to corpulency he was a handsome man, and very like Kynaston the actor, who was so proud of the resemblance that he got a suit of clothes made exactly to the pattern

of one which Sir Charles had lately worn, and made his appearance in it in public. To punish his vanity, Sedley hired a bravo, or bully, who, accosting the actor in the Park, as he was strutting along in his holiday clothes, pretended to mistake him for the poet, and alleging that he had received a very insulting message from him, caned the poor son of Thespis very soundly. In vain did Kynaston protest that he was not the person he was taken for; the more he protested the harder were the blows laid on, as a punishment for his endeavouring to escape chastisement by so impudent a falsehood. The story soon got wind, and when some of the belaboured actor's friends remonstrated with Sedley upon this harsh treatment of an inoffensive man, he coolly told them that their pity was very much misplaced, and ought rather to be bestowed on him, since Kynaston could not have suffered half so much in his bones, as he himself had done in reputation from the whole town believing it was he who had been thus publicly disgraced.

He was a man whom it was not easy to get the better of, or to discompose. Amongst the *facetiæ* of his days it was the custom when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her greater honour, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow by consuming the same article of their apparel, - whatever it might be. One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner that Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames, as a burnt offering to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles and the rest of the party were obliged to do the same. The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He watched therefore his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne or some other beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed,

tooth which long had plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship, as then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they very naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions, and entreaties, he saw them one after another put themselves into the hands of the operator, and whilst they were writhing with pain, added to their torment by exclaiming "patience, gentlemen, patience, you know you promised that I should have my frolic too."

Of a disposition to make light of his own misfortunes as well as those of his friends, rather than lose a jest he would make one at his own expense. When the comedy of *Bellamira* was acted, the roof of the theatre fell in, and he was one of the few that were hurt by the accident. His friend, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, condoling with him on his ill-fortune, told him that the fire of the play had blown up the poet, house and all; to which he replied, "No; the play was so heavy that it broke down the house and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

After the disgraceful affair at Bow-street, his mind took a somewhat more serious turn, and beginning to apply himself to politics, he represented the borough of New Romney, in the neighbourhood of his property and his birth-place, in the parliament assembled at Westminster in the 31st of Charles II. (1678) in that at Oxford in the next year, and those of the 10th and 12th of William III. as he was also returned for it in those called in the 2d and 7th years of the same reign, but he made his election for Appleby in Westmorland, whence he had also been returned, though soon vacating his seat, on the second occasion, to be re-elected for his old borough. He was extremely active for the Revolution, a circumstance which some thought extraordinary, as he had received favours from James II, but these were completely cancelled by that monarch's having taken his daughter into keeping as a mistress. To gild over her disgrace he created her countess of Dorchester, an honour by no means agreeable to her father, who, liber-

tine as he was, felt her degradation, which this title rendered but the more conspicuous. His wit, however, for even on a daughter's and an only daughter's fall he would be witty, seemed to be at least as keen as his resentment when, as he came out of the House of Commons on the day that William and Mary were crowned King and Queen, on being asked why he appeared so warm for the Revolution, he replied, "From a principle of gratitude; for since his late Majesty has made my daughter a countess, it is fit I should do all I can to make his daughter a queen."

If traditionary evidence may be believed, Sedley was given to the dangerous practice of reading in bed. Harefield-place, about three miles from Uxbridge, once the seat of Lord Keeper Egerton, and then honoured by the presence of Elizabeth,—and where also Milton was a frequent visitor, and his *Arcades* was performed by the Countess of Derby's grandchildren,—was burnt down about the year 1660, in consequence of his thus carelessly amusing himself, when on a visit to his brother's widow, to whom this seat had been bequeathed by her first husband, Lord Chandos.

Associating on terms of equality with the nobility and other men of fashion and "of parts," (to use the phraseology of the times to which I refer) abounding in the reign of Charles II. Sedley seems also to have been a patron of genius in humble life, as we find him accompanying his friends, the Earls of Rochester and Dorset, and other persons of distinction, on a visit to Oldham the poet at Croydon, where he was master of the school attached to Archbishop Whitgift's hospital, at the time that he wrote his satires against the Jesuits, which, together with some other of his works, these wits had seen in manuscript, and were therefore anxious for a personal acquaintance with their author. By a very natural mistake they were introduced to Shepherd, the master of the hospital, who would very willingly have taken the honour of a visit from such distinguished characters to himself, though he was soon convinced to his mortification that he had neither wit nor learning enough to sustain a part in such a company.

His conduct in parliament seems

always to have been dignified and independent. He opposed the introduction of a standing army, pithily assigning as a reason for doing so, that if the nation was true to itself, ten thousand men were sufficient for its defence; whilst if it was not, a hundred thousand would be too few. On another occasion he closed a speech against a bill for dissolving the parliament, which many members of the House of Commons supported, from a fear of losing their seats if they did not vote for so popular a measure, with this manly sentiment: "Truly, sir, for my part I renounce those partial measures; and if I cannot be chosen on account of general service to the nation, I will never creep into the favour of any sort of men, and vote against my judgment."

Gay as his life had been, and intemperate, especially in the earlier part of it, Sedley lived to the age of 90, passing in the country near London the few years immediately preceding his death, which happened on the 20th of August, 1701, at Hampstead, where he occupied a house on Haverstock-hill, in which Sir Richard Steele afterwards resided, though I can find no other trace or memorial of him there.

His works were collected and published in two very neatly printed volumes, 12mo, in 1788, with the "*Memoirs of the Author's Life*," written, as the title tells us, by "an eminent hand," though in truth the production of some miserable bookseller's hack, as such anonymous "eminent hands" half a century since pretty uniformly were. I am not aware of any other professed memoir of his life than those contained in Jacob's and Cibber's lives of the poets, neither of which gives us much information about him; and much is not, I am satisfied, now to be obtained. There are two engraved portraits of him mentioned by Bromley and Noble, one by Vander-Gucht and the other by Richardson, but both from the painting of an unknown artist.

Dying without issue male, for he had no children but the Countess of Dorchester, all his family estates (except the manor of Mottenden, which went to his daughter, and from her to her second son Charles, second Earl of Portmore, who sold it to Alderman Sawbridge, of Wilkes and Li-

berty notoriety) passed by a previous settlement to Sir Charles Sidley, of St. Giles's in the Fields, Knight,—a third cousin of the poet's, by descent from Richard, the younger brother of the first baronet of the family,—who was himself raised to the same rank by the same stile and title, when the baronetage became extinct by the death of his more celebrated namesake. His son removing into Nottinghamshire on his marriage with Miss Firth, an heiress, who brought him the seat of Nuthall Temple, and a good estate in that county, the long established connection of the family with the county of Kent was considerably weakened; and his son and successor, Sir Charles Sedley (for his descendants adopted the poet's orthography) put an end to it entirely by selling, I believe, every acre of land left to them there.

This Sir Charles Sedley, the last baronet of the family, resided chiefly at Nuthall Temple and Nottingham, which borough he twice represented in parliament. He was a convivial and popular character, of an amiable disposition, and highly esteemed in the county in which he lived. He was one of the persons upon whom the honorary degree of DCL. was conferred on the opening of the Radcliffe library, in 1739. Dying at his seat, on the 25th of August 1778, without issue male, the baronetcy of Sedley, of Southfleet, became a second time extinct, and has never been revived. A year after his death, his only daughter married the Hon. Henry Vernon, fourth son of George Venables first Lord Vernon, who thereupon took the name of Sedley, and bore it after the decease of his wife, the last of the Sedleys, which happened on the 16th of March, 1793, until, on the death of his elder brother, George Venables, without issue male, he succeeded to the title of Lord Vernon, and re-assumed his family name. In his Lordship and his children, two of whom, (a son, the heir apparent to the title, and a daughter) he had by Miss Sedley, the property of the Sedley family now vests; though all the estates which once had the poet for their owner, have long since passed by sale into other hands. His Lordship's eldest son by his second marriage with the daughter and heiress of Sir John Whiteford, Bart.,

who is now a Lieutenant and Captain in the Grenadier regiment of Foot Guards, bears the name of Sedley in addition to his christian name of Henry, and the family ones of Venables Vernon.

Of the Sedleys of Great Chart it is only necessary to say, that the title became extinct some time before 1771, on the death of Sir Charles Sedley, the ninth baronet of this branch of the family, who was a journeyman upholsterer in London, in 1741, having succeeded to the title on the death of his brother Sir George without issue. Whether he left any children who might be claimants of the baronetcy, had they the means either of prosecuting their claim, or supporting their rank, if they could succeed in establishing it, I know not. At all events, there can be little doubt that if there be any of his male descendants alive,—and it is singular that three titles in one family should become extinct in little more than 150 years from the grant of the first of them, and each with a Charles, a name fatal it would seem to the Sedleys, as Sextus was to Rome—they are sunk in that poverty and obscurity in which the namesake of the licentious wit lived and died.

The best memorial of a family,

whose name has thus singularly disappeared from the list of living men, is to be found in the charitable foundations and bequests for the encouragement of learning already mentioned, to which may be added the legacies of four hundred pounds to the schools at Wymondham and Southfleet, and one hundred pounds each to Merton and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford, by Sir Charles Sedley, the first baronet of the third creation, and the foundation of the school at Southfleet, by his ancestors. Noble, in a note to his continuation of Grainger, from some imperfect memoranda collected in Kent, says of a branch of the Sedley family, whom he confounds with the real founders of one of these charities, “they built a hospital at Aylesford, but forgot to endow it, or pay its income.” The will of John, the elder brother of Sir William Sidley, of Aylesford, the first baronet of the family, and the steps which Sir William himself took as his executor, disprove however this last statement; though we regret to add that too much colour has been afforded to it, by the long continued appropriation of the endowment to private purposes. The Earl of Portmore is now the patron of the hospital.

LL. D.

SONNET.

ERE I had known the world, and understood
 How many follies Wisdom names its own,
 Distinguishing things evil from things good;
 The dreads of sin and death;—ere I had known
 Knowledge the root of Evil;—had I been
 Left in some lone place, where the world is wild,
 And trace of troubling man was never seen,—
 Brought up by Nature as her favourite child,
 As born for nought but joy, where all rejoice,
 Emparadised in ignorance of sin,—
 Where nature tries with never-chiding voice,
 Like tender nurse, nought but our smiles to win;—
 The future dreamless—beautiful would be
 The present—foretaste of eternity.

JOHN CLARE.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE chief subject of conversation in the musical circles is the probability attending the establishment of the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC. It is prosecuted with all the ardour that projectors usually feel for a new undertaking ; but it is accompanied by difficulties in the detail, which, though probably foreseen, will oppose more impediments to the formation of the institution than can be easily removed. These lie principally in the collection of the sum required for the maintenance of the establishment, and in the just fears the members of the profession entertain, lest the country should be overrun with musicians, to the diminution of their sources of income. It is computed that not less than from eight to ten thousand pounds per annum will be wanted for all the expences incident to the design. At present the subscriptions do not amount to more than five thousand pounds. The number of students is fixed at eighty ; and should they all pay even the highest rate of admission, not more than about nine hundred per annum will be yielded. It is scarcely possible to conceive that any such sum as is stated to be necessary can be drawn from the public by donations, subscriptions, and concerts ; and consequently the only means of addition seem to lie in extending the number of extra-students, whose education will involve no other expenditure than the provision of instruments and masters. While, therefore, the desire to augment the funds of the society, on the one hand, and the facility of obtaining the best masters, and the most complete course of practice, on the other, hold out such considerable temptations to increase indefinitely the number of these extra-students, as the easiest and most efficient method of guarding against pecuniary contingencies, there may be reason enough for the doubts and fears which certainly prevail amongst all below the very first class of professors.

Our ambassador to Florence, the president of the sub-committee, has delayed for the last three weeks to

embark on his mission, to give his attention, it is said, to the further organization of the institution, in which it is also reported, and we believe correctly, that Mr. Bochsa is his grand assistant. The committee meet almost daily, and they have divided the course of instruction into classes, and issued a circular, requesting the professional assistance of the following celebrated musicians, according to the order stated.

Organ and Piano-forte—Mr. Clementi, Mr. Cramer, Mr. Greutorex, Mr. Horsley, Mr. Potter, Sir George Smart.

English and Italian Singing—Mr. Braham, Mr. Crivelli, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Liverati, Mr. Vaughan.

Harmony and Composition—Mr. Attwood, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Coscia, Mr. Kramer, Doctor Crotch, Mr. Shield.

Corded Instruments—Mr. F. Cramer, Mr. Dragonetti, Mr. Lindley, Mr. Loder, Mr. Mori, Mr. H. Smart, Mr. Spagnoletti, Mr. Watts.

Wind Instruments—Mr. Ash, Mr. Griesbach, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Puzzi, Mr. Wilman.

The invitation appears to have been not very warmly received. In the first class, Mr. Clementi, as was to be expected, from his age, eminence, and engagements, has declined giving his assistance. Mr. Cramer has, it is said, named two hundred a year as the consideration for his services. Mr. Horsley has expressed his willingness to assist in any object that has in view the eventual interests of the art itself, and of those engaged in it ; and Sir George Smart has signified his wish to be allowed to decline any personal share in the course of instruction, tendering, however, a donation of 50 guineas.

Dr. Crotch has been chosen Principal, and a salary of 500*l.* a-year assigned him. Mr. Latour has also consented to teach the piano-forte ; but, it is understood, has declined to attend any committee.

At present, as it seems to us, no judgment can be formed as to the advantages of the institution, until the details of its organization be entirely settled. All the power certainly is made to reside with the sub-com-

mittee ; and an oligarchical, not to say aristocratical principle is seen to subsist in provisions, first, to perpetuate the power of the committee, by the patronage it enjoys, and by making its members re-eligible ; and secondly, in constituting the sub-committee the final arbiters of every question connected with the management. These circumstances will serve to disgust both the public and the profession ; while the scope and numbers which the plan embraces, the expences it will entail, and the dangers it threatens, will all tend to stop the advancement of an institution, which, cautiously pursued under able laws, could not fail to benefit science, diffuse the love of the art, and ultimately raise the character of its professors.

The arrangements for the opera are already in train. Madame Camporese has been prevailed upon to postpone her resolution of quitting the stage, and is again engaged as *prima donna*. Nor is Camporese singular in her desire to gratify the expectations of the public, and probably *her own*. It is more than suspected, that Catalani is anxious to pay another professional visit to England, in spite of her announced retirement, and of the contempt, we are sorry to understand, she professes to entertain for the reception she met during her late sojourn in England. There is every reason to believe that she exchanged her notes for those of John Bull to the tune of ten thousand pounds, with which, we humbly opine, even her noble ambition ought to be satisfied ; particularly as those about her are accustomed to consider that the honour of performing in the same orchestra with Madame Catalani is an honour sufficient to subdue all desire of emolument in the chosen professor. We hope, therefore, to hear this enchanting singer again. But to return to the opera. Madame Ronzi de Begnis, her husband, and Signor Zuchelli, are also engaged.

The De Begnis, with Graziani, Begrez, and others of the corps de l'opera, are gone to Edinburgh, with a view, it is said, to give either entire operas, or selections, in that city : they may also possibly extend their tour to Glasgow. A great

change will take place in the vocal arrangements at Covent Garden. Miss Stephens, in consequence, first, of a proposed reduction of salary ; and secondly, of an endeavour to stipulate for secrecy as to its amount, both of which the young lady considered as derogatory to her celebrity, is said to have entered into an engagement with Drury-lane. Miss Stephens is at present at Paris, but with no view to the exhibition of her talents in the French capital, whither also Mr. Bishop and Mr. Duruset are gone. Sir George Smart has been called to Edinburgh, to conduct the musical performances that will take place there during the King's stay.

Miss Paton, from Bath, who has for the last two or three seasons been singing at a few concerts in London, has made her debüt at the little theatre at the Haymarket, where she has met with the most brilliant success. She has appeared as *Susanna* in *Figaro*, and as *Rosina* in *the Barber of Seville*. The first is an adaptation of Mozart's music, with alterations and additions by Mr. Bishop ; and the music of Rossini to the last has been fitted for the English stage by the same able hand. The Italian music does not, however, appear to the same advantage by any means. The rough syllables of the English cannot be made to slide over the tongue so smoothly as the mellifluous vowels of the original language, and as the melodies of Rossini, particularly those of the songs, duets, and concerted pieces in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, consist chiefly of passages of rapid articulation, they present more than ordinary difficulties to the singer. Miss Paton possesses a voice of tolerably extensive volume, and of fair but not superior quality ; and though not deficient in compass, yet the upper tones, particularly the very highest notes, are attained by the use of that very dangerous expedient—force. Passages, therefore, which should be slightly touched, are given with a degree of violence which detracts entirely from their use and beauty in execution. She has considerable facility, and even brilliancy, in running divisions ; but frequent changes in the quality of the tone, and an oc-

casual transmutation in the position of the organs employed in its formation, approaching sometimes to a whistling in its production (a fault, by the way, which attended Mrs. Dickens's performance) proves that her vocal education has been in this grand respect imperfectly conducted as to principles. Her power of articulation is not as complete as it should be, and her shake is too hard, too close, and too rapid. In many passages she imitates very nearly the mannerism of Catalani. In spite, however, of these defects, she is a singer of great promise for the stage, and we mention them because she appears to be in some danger of being ruined by ill-judged flattery; for if she be taught to believe half we have heard said of her, it may probably check her desire for improvement which at present she most certainly needs. She has been represented as equaling Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree, and we have even heard her extolled as excelling those vocalists. But her natural organ not only places her below them both, but, at present, as might be expected in so young a person, her execution is by no means so perfect, nor is her memory so enriched with ornament, nor her imagination so excursive. She is, however, we repeat, a singer of great promise, and *worth correction*,—a compliment which, if this article meets her eye, we hope she will have judgment enough to understand, and to value above all the nonsensical flattery with which she has been loaded: we would stimulate and encourage,—not spoil her.

At the Haymarket Mr. Leoni Lee is the tenor, and he sings very agreeably. His voice is not powerful, but, when he does not force it, it is very sweet in its tone, and somewhat plaintive in its effects. He uses some ornament with tolerable skill, and is wise enough not to attempt more than he can execute; and as the orchestra indulges him with his own time, he contrives to give more effect than his original powers would seem to promise. Such are the arts of stage singing; and by their aid Mr. Leoni Lee, in a small theatre, will succeed in pleasing the many, without disgusting the scientific.

A meeting at Reading is on the

eve of taking place under great patronage, and upon an extensive scale. Mrs. Salmon, Signora Caradori, and Miss Goodall, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Bellamy, and Signor Ambrogetti (this also is another resurrection among those who have announced their own departure), are engaged. The selections embrace great variety, and even in sacred music poor old Handel is elbowed out of his long usurpation by the moderns. Beethoven's Mount of Olives, Haydn's Creation, Rossini's Mose in Egitto, and Bochs's Deluge, have all a place, so that variety and excellence are to be found. Several other festivals will succeed.

The publications are extremely few this month.

Grand variations on The Fall of Paris, for the piano-forte, by Ignace Moscheles.—This piece was performed as a rondo to the concerto played by Mr. Moscheles on his first appearance in England, at the Philharmonic, in 1821. He has since given it at his last benefit concert, with increased success. It had before acquired great celebrity on the Continent, where it had been frequently performed by Mr. Moscheles; but its immense difficulty is, we fear, likely to preclude its general admission into private society. Its construction is evidently intended to show the high eminence Mr. Moscheles has attained in his art. Here, therefore, we find triplets, double triplets, complicated crossings of the hands, and skips of great distance and hazard. Whatever astonishment the mere view of this composition may excite, it is impossible to estimate either its difficulty or its effect, except it be heard from the composer himself. Such a piece ought, however, to find a place in every musical library, as a specimen of the prodigious perfection to which Mr. Moscheles has carried the art of piano-forte playing.

Mr. Moscheles has arranged the overture and most admired pieces from Handel's Alexander's Feast, for two performers on the pianoforte, with accompaniments for flute, violin, and violoncello (*ad lib.*). We have seldom seen a better or more judicious arrangement.

Ah Perdona! with variations for the piano-forte, by J. C. Perry.—This piece is simple in its construction, and calculated to afford good practice to young students. Variations 2 and 5 cannot fail to strengthen and confirm the powers of the left hand, while the beauty and popularity of the subject give interest to the piece.

Stiebel's favourite rondo, from *le Retour du Zephyr*, is arranged as a very

pretty easy duet for the piano-forte, by T. Costellow.

Hughlan's three sets of Trios for three flutes concertante, are considered to be among the finest ever composed. No. 2 has a remarkably beautiful fugue. They are by no means easy.

Good night—a song by Augustus Mevers.—Mr. Mevers has long been known as an elegant and very imaginative composer for the piano-forte, and throughout all his music delicacy and warmth of feeling are particularly visible; melody also is one of his grand characteristics. This is the first, or at least the first that we have seen, of his compositions for the voice, and it possesses all the attributes we have ascribed to his piano-forte lessons; it is elegant, melodious, and full of sensibility; at the same time its construction is simple.

Mr. Barnett's Canzonetta, *When Clara touched the fairy string*, is superior in fancy and expression. The accompaniment, which is well adapted to heighten the general effect of the words, adds considerably to the beauty both of the melody and song. The few bars at the conclusion, in the style of an Italian bravura, are to-

tally at variance with the other parts of the air, and consequently in bad taste.

Forget thee, no, though years roll on, by Mr. G. Kiallmark.—The melody is pretty, but rather inclining, in some instances, to vulgarity, particularly the last line, the performance of which Mr. Kiallmark has wisely left to the option of the singer.

Tarry and woo, by Mr. T. Cooke, is a ballad in a theatrical style, and may probably be effective on the stage, but the words will prohibit it from performance in private.

Mary of Castle Cary is a Scotch air with symphonies and accompaniments, by Miss Paton, who has sung it with great applause. This ballad is plaintive in its character, and sweet as to its melody. Miss Paton, in imitation of the grand appropriator of Scotch airs, adds a protecting note at the bottom of the plate, announcing that, "this ballad is property." We are afraid the fair proprietor is not, however, likely to obtain the advantages which Mr. Hawes, of all the suitors that ever applied to a court, has alone enjoyed, namely, a profit derived from legal litigations.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

I.

Giver of glowing light !
Though but a God of other days,
The kings and sages of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays.

II.

King of the tuneful lyre !
Still poets' hymns to thee belong ;
Though lips are cold whereon, of old,
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song.

III.

Lord of the dreadful bow !
None triumph now for Python's death,
But thou dost save from hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

IV.

Father of rosy day !
No more thy clouds of incense rise,
But waking flow'rs, at morning hours,
Breathe out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

V.

God of the Delphic fane !
No more thou hearest to hymns sublime,
But they will leave, on winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

John Hood

ATRABILIOUS REFLECTIONS UPON MELANCHOLY.

"PERFECT melancholy," says honest Ben, "is the complexion of the ass." I have heard it asserted that the observation is no longer applicable. This is certainly a broad grinning age. A grave face is no longer the frontispiece to the apocryphal book of wisdom. Gravity is laughed out of countenance.—But melancholy is not the fashion of an age, nor the whim of an individual—it is the universal humour of mankind—so far indeed I differ from Ben Jonson (whose memory may Heaven preserve from editorial spite, and editorial adulation), inasmuch as I think that melancholy is a passion properly and exclusively human. The ass and the owl are solemn, the cat is demure, the savage is serious, but only the cultivated man is melancholy. Perhaps the fallen spirits may partake of this disposition. So Ben would imply by the title of his comedy, called, "The Devil is an Ass," and if, as hath been more plausibly affirmed, the devil be a great humourist, then he must needs be melancholy—for whatever tends to laughter (unless it be mere fun) proceeds from that complexion.

Melancholy can scarce exist in an undegraded spirit—it cannot exist in a mere animal. It is the offspring of contradiction—a hybrid begotten by the finite upon infinity. It arose when the actual was divided from the possible. To the higher natures, all possible things are true; the lower natures can have no conception of an unreal possibility. Neither, therefore, can properly be supposed capable of melancholy. They may be sad indeed; but sadness is not melancholy, nor is melancholy always sadness. It is a seeking for that which can never be found—a reminiscence or an anticipation of immortality—a recognition of an eternal principle, hidden within us, crying from amidst the deep waters of the soul. Melancholy, I say, proceeds from the juxta-position of contraries—of time and eternity—of flesh and spirit—it considers human life to be a

Still waking sleep, that is not what it is.

Whether this consideration shall give rise to laughter or tears, to

hope or to despondence, to pity or to scorn, to reverence for the better, or to contempt for the worse element, depends much upon the heart, and much on the mind. But tears and laughter are but different modes of melancholy. Hope and fear, despair and scorn, and love and pity—(when they are any thing more than mere animal emotions) are but various manifestations of the same great power. Melancholy is the only Muse. She is Thalia and Melpomene. She inspired Milton and Michael Angelo, and Swift and Hogarth. All men of genius are melancholy—and none more so than those whose genius is comic.

Men, (those I mean who are not mere animals) may be divided, according to the kind of their melancholy, into three great classes. Those who seek for the infinite, in contradistinction to the finite—those who seek for the infinite in the finite—and those who seek to degrade the finite by a comparison with the infinite. The first class comprehends philosophers and religionists; the second, poets, lovers, conquerors, misers, stock-jobbers, &c.; and the third comprises satirists, comedians, jokers of all kinds, man-haters, and woman-haters, Epicures, and bon-vivants in general.

The philosopher, conscious that his spiritual part requires spiritual food, and finding none such among the realities of sense, acknowledges no permanence but that of ideal truth—truth is his God. He is in love with invisible beauty. He finds harmony in dumb quantities, grace in a diagram, and sublimity in the multiplication-table. He is a denizen of the *mundus intelligibilis*, and holds the possible to be more real than reality.

The religionist, like the philosopher, craves for eternity, but his appetite is not to be satisfied with such ethereal diet. He cannot live upon matterless forms, and truths that have no life, no heart, no will. He finds that his spirit is vital as well as eternal, and therefore needs a God that is living as well as true. He longs and hopes for an actual immortality, a permanent existence, a bla-

sedness that shall be felt and known. The heaven of philosophers is indifference, that of the religious is love.

In attributing to melancholy the origin of philosophy and of religion, let me not be supposed to attribute the love of truth and holiness to any mere humour or complexion. All that I mean is, that both pre-suppose a consciousness of a contradiction in human nature, and a searching for the things that are not seen. No man was ever religious or philosophic who was thoroughly contented with the world as it appears.

The second class—those, namely, who imagine a spiritual power in things temporal or material, who truly seek for what they cannot find, may be said to comprise, at some period of life or other, the whole human race. All men are lovers or poets—if not in their waking moments, in their dreams. Now, it is the essence of love, of poetry, of ambition, of avarice,—in fact, of every species of passion,—to confer reality on imagination, eternity on the offspring of a moment, spirituality and permanence on the fleeting objects of sense. No man who is in love considers his mistress as a mere woman. He may be conscious, perhaps, that she is neither better nor fairer than thousands of her sex; but if he loves truly, he must know that she is something to him which she is not in herself—that love in fact is a creative power, that realizes its own dreams. The miser knows that money is more to him than metal—it is more than meat, drink, or pleasure—more than all which its earthly omnipotence can command. The lover and the miser

alike are poets, for they are alike enamoured of the creature of their own imagination.

This world is a contradiction—a shade, a symbol—and, spite of ourselves, we know that it is so. From this knowledge does all melancholy proceed. We crave for that which the earth does not contain; and whether this craving display itself by hope, by despair, by religion, by idolatry, or by atheism,—it must ever be accompanied with a sense of defect and weakness—a consciousness, more or less distinct, of disproportion between the ideas which are the real objects of desire and admiration, and the existences which excite and represent them.

The poet does that for his subject which all men do for the things they long for, and the persons they love. He makes it the visible symbol of a spiritual power. In proportion to the adequacy of these symbols, men are happy or unhappy. But few, indeed, are wholly free from an aching suspicion of their inadequacy. The satirist is the poet's contrary. The poet's office is to invest the world with light. The satirist points out the light, to convince the world of darkness. When Melancholy assumes this, its worst and most hopeless form, it generally leads into one or both of two evils:—a delight in personal power, derived solely from the exposure of others' weakness; or a gross and wilful sensuality, arising not so much from an eagerness for the things of sense, as from a contempt and unbelief, say rather an uneasy and passionate hatred, of the things of the nobler being. E.

THE ASS.

Poor patient creature, how I grieve to see
 Thy wants so ill supplied,—to see thee strain
 And stretch thy tether for the grass, in vain,
 Which heaven's rain waters for all else but thee.
 The fair green field, the fulness of the plain,
 Add to thy hunger;—colt and heifer pass,
 And roll, as though they mock'd thee, on the grass
 Which would be luxury to the bare brown lane
 Where thou'rt imprison'd, humble, patient ass,
 Cropping foul weeds and scorning to complain.
 Mercy at first "sent out the wild ass free,"
 A ranger "of the mountains;" and what crimes
 Did thy progenitors, that thou shouldst be
 The slave and mockery of latter times?

THE DRAMA.

THE only novelty at the Haymarket has been the first appearance of a young lady, Miss Paton, as Rosina, of whose voice and singing a particular account is given in our Musical Report. We pass on therefore to the

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Two new pieces have been produced at this prolific theatre,—Gordon the Gipsy, a melo-drame, and Gil Blas, a *five* act opera, which last now carries Gordon pick-a-back, through the warm summer nights, in the shape of an afterpiece. To speak first of the greater novelty, Gil Blas,—novel in its construction, and taken from Le Sage's novel,—it is, indeed, an originality, an invention—a Gregorian innovation, wherein the Author, introducing his hero at seventeen, changes his style to twenty-five, and finally dates him at the ripe age of fifty-two. To effect this, two lapses—or leap-years are supposed between the acts, one of eight, the other of twenty-seven years; and the three ages are personated by Miss Kelly, Mr. Pearman, and Mr. Bartley. The attempt was strange, difficult, and dangerous; yet we anticipated that, well managed, it might prove a happy invention, and present an interesting abridgment of the chronology of Gil Blas—a foreshortened picture of his life—with three distances—and lending our imagination to the leap, the transitions really did not shock us. We say this of the time only, for in truth we fancied a gap elsewhere, in the hero himself, who seemed to want some trait, some enduring characteristic to accompany him in his transmigrations, and to show that although so changed, it was still Gil Blas that was altered.

The Author, with some deviations, has followed the novel in his early incidents. After Gil Blas' parting with his uncle, who blesses him—with a bag of ducats—we have his adventure with Picaro, the false beggar—his first lesson of life at Pennafior, as the Eighth Wonder of the World—his capture by the ban-

ditti,—and his fortunate escape from their cavern, with the sweet warbling Donna Mencia (Miss Carew). In the third act, being eight years older, and so long beloved by the Donna, he is discovered in her father's garden,—fights with and wounds her brother,—and is obliged to fly, but, rescuing her father in an attack of robbers, is rewarded with the hand of the lady; and here the play begins to outgrow the novel. The Senior Gil Blas, at fifty-two, is the happy father of Donna Antonia, and minister of state to Philip IV. That monarch, under the disguises of Duke of Lerma, and a knight of Calatrava, thinks proper to tempt his honesty as a father and a minister; and, as a further trial of his constancy, the inflexible Gil Blas is imprisoned, by order of the Duke of Lerma, in the dungeons of Madrid. Here he meets with his old acquaintance, the robber chief, now turned jailor, and is saved from his vengeance and dagger by Picaro, who visits him as a holy father, to the salvation of his body,—the gates are suddenly thrown open—the king enters with Antonia, guards, &c. &c. and the integrity of Gil Blas being formally recognised and lauded, the monarch graciously cedes Antonia to her lover.

Altogether, the play is sufficiently fruitful of incident, with some interesting situations—for instance, that of Donna Mencia tying the negro's black leg to his white one, in the cavern—the scenery of which is very ingenious—and the attempted assassination of Gil Blas in the dungeon. The duration of the piece—its worst novelty—extending itself into the noon of night, was somewhat felt at its first performance, but after the necessary and judicious curtailments, “making it keep better hours,” it met with a very favourable reception. We could wish that one song, “With spirits aching,” had been left in, for the sake of the words as well as the air—but let that pass.

Miss Kelly, as the young Gil Blas, at seventeen—he does not look a day older—played very delightfully, but

we like her best as Antonia—her own daughter by descent. We quite gave in to her re-appearance as “very like her father when he was seventeen;” and however much her compound relationship, with her own personal feeling of individuality, might be puzzling to herself, to us she was plural, multi-personal. Her first song, “Farewell, from Ovieda’s towers,” was pretty—and the bell accompaniment chimed in most dreamingly; but in her last, to the King, she was as arch as an angel, and so natural, that if there were not so many Sonnets to Nature already, we would write one to *her*, and desire nothing better than to hear her read it! Her dress too—to step out of our element—was tasteful and elegant; and, if the word were not applied vulgarly, Corinthian, in that crisp silky foliage on the sleeve; and as for her train—O what a train to ‘list in! Mr. Bartley played the fifty-second Gil Blas with great spirit, and gave him a body, like port—full, rich, and rosy; in his scene with the Duke of Lerma he seemed really to be father to his own indignation. Mr. T. P. Cooke, as the robber chief, looked very brave and handsome; and Wrench, as Picaro, was worth twenty omlets, and gave due effect to the jests he was entrusted with. He was by turns a thief, secretary, and pedlar, but came to an honest man at the bottom of his character, like the Hope in Pandora’s box, which is something for a moral. The rest of the performers exerted themselves in a very laudable manner; Mr. Pearman, indeed, was scarcely what we could have wished, in Gil Blas, at twenty-five,—except in his dress, which was elegant—and not so “cunning at fence,” as he ought to have been, if his adversary had not been worse. Mr. Ambrose reminded us rather too much of Punch in his yellow costume, but this is a fault that he may leave off.

The music was pleasing, and, accompanied by the sweet voices of Misses Kelly, Povey, and Carew, braced up our ears like tonics; we rather wondered that any one could hiss Miss Povey and Mr. Broadhurst in a duett, but so it was, doubtless by some one who had no ear for music.

Gordon the Gipsy is the name and title of a fierce northern outlaw—a personification of the spirit of revenge—which, when it lives under the black snaky ringlets worn by Mr. T. P. Cooke, is always terrible. He looked indeed like a Scottish man-tiger—tartan-striped—that would pick revenge to the bones. Wildly and savagely he lurked about while his enemy crossed the lake, and fired his flaming signal in the dark moonlight, exulting in the requital of his father’s murder, by the false Gavin Cameron, now master of the forfeited Drummond’s Keep. Observing that his victim, on ringing a bell, is drawn up into the tower, he avails himself of the secret, and presents himself as the long lost son, Allan Cameron, whom he is said to have resembled. Alice, however, suspects her cousin’s relationship, and, to prove his identity, brings Old Marian Moome, the nurse, who declares, in a tone which goes to the heart, that he is “no Cameron!” The old woman afterwards attempts his life in his sleep, but is prevented by Le Noir, a negro domestic, bound by a renewed oath of fidelity to the Gipsy, of whose fortunes he had formerly been a follower. Gavin, nevertheless, still believes in his son Allan—saves him from a band of soldiers who apprehend him in the keep; and finally falls himself, with his niece Alice, who is loved by Gordon, into the hands of the gipsies. Gordon, in the true spirit of Scottish revenge, takes Cameron on the lake, that he may drown him in the very place where his father had been drowned, and see him struggle, twelve feet deep, as his father had struggled among the grassy weeds; but at this moment the soldiers arriving, Gordon, after stabbing Cameron, is shot in the boat, the gipsies are dispersed, and Drummond’s Keep, fired by the old negro, is burnt into ashes.

Mr. Rowbotham upheld the character of Gavin Cameron very respectably; Mrs. Bryan gave very ably the unable old nurse, tottering and nodding as if to her fall; Mr. Salter blackened his character very laudably in the Negro; and Mr. Broadhurst sang a very pretty song very sweetly, as Dunbar, the lover of Alice (Miss Carr). Tradition says,

that this lady, on the first night, looked so very interesting to a kind gentleman in the boxes, that he threw himself—in a scrap of paper—at her feet, offering himself, “an honest man worth 250*l.* per annum,” to her acceptance. What the lady thought we know not—for our part, we think “an honest man” is worth more.

Mr. Wilkinson, as Mr. Gillespie Farantosh, landlord of the Blue Sheep’s Head, did good in a humorous part, especially in his gipsy-hunting, with a gun which had been long in the family, and would be long anywhere. In his encounter

with the Gordon, he conducted himself right pleasantly, if not valiantly, and we heartily rejoiced to see him save his own life—as by a miracle—with a bullet through his bonnet.

The music was very well selected, and the scenery good; especially the night view of Drummond’s Keep, in which a greater apparent distance was given to the moon than is commonly effected. We are not melodramatic in our taste, but the present one pleased us much; and it was given out for repetition with general applause.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

OUR foreign abstract for the present month does not present features of very extraordinary interest. The affairs of Spain are beginning to assume a more favourable aspect. The events of the seventh of July, recorded in our last, were followed by the resignation of all the ministers, who have been replaced by staunch friends to the constitutional system. It now appears that the resistance of some of the royalist officers was instigated by Ferdinand himself. When some of them were put upon their trial, they pleaded the king’s commands, and sent, through the legal officer appointed by the state to prosecute them, a letter for Ferdinand’s recognition, which they alleged they had received from him.—Ferdinand without hesitation acknowledged the letter, but said they were great fools to act on it, when it was not countersigned by a minister, which alone could give it force! The legal officer, struck with amazement, indignantly remonstrated, but Ferdinand’s only reply was—“No matter, you have been directed to prosecute, and I suppose you must do your duty!!” He then tranquilly turned away, leaving the unfortunate men to their fate. It is a melancholy fact, that the state of the country required the execution of some of these deluded dupes. One

good has, however, resulted from it; the new ministers, thus taught to appreciate their royal master, have proceeded, without the least scruple, to sweep from the palace every suspected person; the whole tribe of sycophants have been banished without ceremony, and the “beloved” is left in royal solitude, to meditate upon perfidy exposed, and tyranny defeated, without even one congenial soul to sympathise in his misfortunes. General Morillo has resigned; the household has been placed under the superintendence of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, a tried friend to liberty; and the celebrated Mina takes the command in Catalonia, with a sufficient force at his disposal to crush the factious in that unfortunate and disaffected district. The greatest attention to the state of the finances is paid by the new administration, and this is supposed to be only a preliminary to a more extensive military organization. It is said, that the moment the internal disturbances are quelled, and the army put upon a proper footing, a demand will be made upon the French king for the instant removal of the cordon sanitaire, which, if refused, will doubtless lead to important results. Indeed such a demand appears now to be imperiously called for, as the French ultras have thrown

off the mask, and openly declared in the chamber, that this cordon had objects ulterior to any sanitary consideration. Their instrumentality, however, in the accomplishment of these objects, may not prove so very facile, if it be true, as reported, that when the soldiers heard of the constitutional triumph at Madrid, they waved their caps in the air, loudly shouting, "Long live the liberties of Spain."

The French parliament has been prorogued, after another of those legislative exhibitions, in which the words "liar," "traitor," "slave," and "demagogue," were alternated with a facility which nothing but practice could give. The immediate cause of this altercation was an allusion made in the indictment against General Berton to four members of the left side of the chamber, two of whom are B. Constant and the Marquis La Fayette, a name consecrated to liberty. It is said to have been a part of Berton's plan, to have constituted these four members into a provisional government; but whether they participated in his design does not appear. They were naturally extremely indignant at the mention of their names. An impression had also gone abroad, not very likely to conciliate them, that the Austrian and Prussian armies were to enter France in considerable force, with the two-fold object of acting against Spain, and securing the obedience of the French army! In allusion to this, General Foy exclaimed in the chamber of deputies, "The holy alliance has been mentioned! The holy alliance! we know it only by the taxes which it has imposed; by the calamities which it has inflicted on us. But if its soldiers appear again on the national territory—if we are menaced with a third occupation, all Frenchmen, whether military or not—(the whole left side rose, exclaiming, *all, all,*)—all France would rise and march united to exterminate them."—If things go on as they promise, we think it not unlikely that the sincerity of this declaration may be put to the test.

In our last we recorded, with grief and horror, an account of the Turkish enormities in the isle of Scio; and with very different sensations cer-

tainly, we have now to add a signal and providential retribution. The following is the detailed account, which has been since officially acknowledged by the Turkish government. Two Greek fireships, which had eluded the vigilance of eleven Turkish ships of war, penetrated in the night into the Canal of Chio, and succeeded in approaching the admiral's ship of 130 guns. One, about two in the morning, got so near as to grapple it closely on the larboard-side, applying the fire there. The prodigious efforts of the crew at length succeeded in disengaging the admiral's ship from the fireship, after which the ship of the Captain Bey sunk it. But the second fireship also approached the admiral's ship, and set fire to it, while the Turks were endeavouring to get rid of the first. Within three quarters of an hour the fire reached the magazine, and the vessel blew up with a terrible explosion. The Captain Pacha, who had been severely wounded, but who did not wish to leave his ship, was forcibly put into a boat by his attendants. A mast, however, which immediately fell, wounded him mortally on the head, sunk the boat, and he was brought ashore on the wreck. He expired within an hour, and was buried on the sands of Scio, amid the ruins he had created. Out of the whole crew, consisting of 2,286, scarcely 200 were saved. Two other ships of the line, and a frigate, were saved, but much damaged. The Greek crews, after achieving this exploit, succeeded, amid the alarm and confusion of the moment, in passing safely in their boats through the Turkish fleet, and returning to Ipsara, where the intelligence was celebrated by salvos of artillery, which lasted an entire hour, and the sound of which was distinctly heard at Scio. During the night of the 19th the Ottoman troops, enraged at the loss of the Captain Pacha, attacked the foreign consulates in the island, but were repulsed; after which they renewed their cruelties upon the few surviving inhabitants. We are sorry to have to add, that the receipt of this intelligence in Constantinople proved the signal for new enormities. In the first week in July no less than 1500 Greeks were apprehended, of

whom two hundred were immediately strangled, and the rest were thrown into prison, in all probability to share a similar fate. A rising in that capital of the Janissaries had also taken place, but it was repressed by the Vizier, who called in the assistance of the Asiatic troops; 200 of the Janissaries are stated to have fallen. The insurrection was caused, it is said, by a suspicion on their part, that the Turkish government intended to get rid of them—a not improbable suspicion certainly, if we consider the frequent mutinies and massacres which they occasion. A meeting, we are glad to say, has been called in Edinburgh, in favour of the Greeks, and a subscription commenced for the surviving Sciots; the first resolution says most happily and truly, that “the name and history of the Greeks are associated with recollections of the most sacred nature, and excite in the breast of the scholar, the patriot, and the Christian, a deep and lively interest in the fate of that once illustrious, but long oppressed and degraded people.” The meeting was numerously attended, and its object taken up with a zeal to which we heartily wish success. It is now said, but with what truth we know not, that the Russian army upon the borders of Russia had shown very decided symptoms of a new born democratic spirit! If this be true, perhaps Russian boors may yet write the epitaph of the Holy Alliance. A considerable opposition begins to manifest itself to the nomination of Iturbide, the new Mexican Emperor. He has promulgated his *free* constitution; the first article of which is, that “the Catholic religion is the religion of the state, and that none other shall be tolerated!”

Our domestic abstract for this month contains some intelligence of public interest, and some, we regret to say, of a painful nature. We shall take the details, however, in their order. On the 6th of August the parliament was prorogued by his Majesty in person. The House of Lords was opened at an early hour, and every possible preparation was made to give eclat to the ceremony. We never witnessed a finer display of beautiful and magnificently dressed females, who, with the Peers in their

full robes, and the Foreign Ambassadors in the state dresses of their respective courts, presented a truly grand and imposing appearance. At very little after two o'clock, the King entered the House in his parliamentary robes, wearing the crown, and took his seat on the throne. The Duke of Wellington carried the sword of state. The Earl of Liverpool as Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, took their stations near the throne. The Commons were immediately summoned, who appeared at the bar in considerable numbers, headed by the Speaker. The Right Hon. gentleman, on presenting some bills for the royal assent, entered into a review of the labours of the late Session; he dwelt particularly on the attention which had been paid to the finances, on the great remission of taxation which had been effected, and on the benefit derived by the state from the reduction of the five per cent. annuities. He also reverted to the state of Ireland as reported by Lord Wellesly at the commencement of the session, and the harsh measures which it was found necessary consequently to adopt; after this, he reverted to the subsequent famine, and the supplies which Ministers had recommended to avert it; concluding this very brief epitome of their labours, by declaring that “the Commons had performed their duty, and hoped that they would meet the public approbation.” The royal assent was then given in the usual form to the several bills which the Commons had brought up; after which, his Majesty, in a clear audible tone, delivered the following speech from the throne.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—I cannot release you from your attendance in Parliament, without assuring you how sensible I am of the attention you have paid to the many important objects which have been brought before you in the course of this long and laborious Session.

I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country; and I have the satisfaction of believing, that the differences which had unfortunately arisen between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte are in such a train of adjustment as to afford a fair

prospect that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the supplies which you have granted me for the service of the present year, and for the wisdom you have manifested in availing yourselves of the first opportunity to reduce the interest of a part of the national debt, without the least infringement of parliamentary faith.

It is most gratifying to me that you should have been enabled, in consequence of this, and of other measures, to relieve my people from some of their burdens.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—The distress which has for some months past pervaded a considerable portion of Ireland, arising principally from the failure of that crop on which the great body of the population depend for their subsistence, has deeply affected me.

The measures which you have adopted for the relief of the sufferers meet with my warmest approbation, and seconded as they have been by the spontaneous and generous efforts of my people, they have most materially contributed to alleviate the pressure of this severe calamity.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that these exertions have been justly appreciated in Ireland, and I entertain a sincere belief, that the benevolence and sympathy so conspicuously manifested upon the present occasion, will essentially promote the object which I have ever had at heart, that of cementing the connection between every part of the Empire, and of uniting in brotherly love and affection all classes and descriptions of my subjects.

After the delivery of the speech the Lord Chancellor declared Parliament prorogued to the 8th day of October next, by his Majesty's command, and the Commons left the bar. The King then departed, attended by the same state in which he had proceeded to the House; he was received with every demonstration of loyalty by the populace, and looked uncommonly well. Thus has terminated a session protracted, we believe, beyond all former example, marked by much labour, and certainly commenced under circumstances of uncommon difficulty. The financial and agricultural discussions were of considerable importance and perplexity; and the public burthens have been either directly or indirectly relieved to the annual amount of nearly four millions. It is not our intention, nor does it fall indeed, we think, within *either our limits or our place*, minute-

ly to review those various measures which will be found from the commencement to the close of the session carefully noticed in our abstract. We cannot, however, conclude this subject without hoping that some serious attention will be, on the next meeting of Parliament, bestowed upon the state of Ireland. It is a subject which calls loudly and deeply for the interference of the legislature; and undoubtedly the expedition with which her constitution was suspended in January ill accords with the refusal in July to enter even into an investigation of her grievances.

The termination of the session was followed by an occurrence of no ordinary interest; we allude to the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, *by his own hand!* This appalling event took place at his Lordship's residence, at Foot's Cray, on the morning of the 12th of August, his Majesty's birth-day. The circumstances immediately attending his Lordship's death were detailed by his physician Doctor Bankhead, on the inquest, which, as it must necessarily be the most authentic account, we shall epitomize for our readers. It appears that on the Friday evening preceding the catastrophe, the Doctor had, at Lady Londonderry's request, waited on his Lordship at St. James's-square, where he found his head so confused, and his pulse so irregular, that he ordered him to be cupped, which operation accordingly took place, seven ounces of blood having been taken from the nape of his Lordship's neck. After this they departed for Foot's Cray, Doctor Bankhead having promised to follow them on the next day and remain a day or two with his Lordship. At seven o'clock on the ensuing evening Doctor Bankhead arrived; and having gone directly to Lord Londonderry's room, who had remained in bed all day, his Lordship immediately said it was very odd that he should come to his room first without having gone to the dining room; to which the doctor answered, that having dined in town, he did not wish to disturb the family at dinner. His Lordship then said that the Doctor looked very grave, as if something unpleasant had happened, and begged to know what it was; the Doctor said that he had

nothing of the kind to tell, and was very much surprised at the manner of putting the question; upon which his Lordship apologized, adding that "the truth was, he had reason to be suspicious in some degree, but hoped that the Doctor would be the last person to engage in any thing that would be injurious to him." The Doctor continued in the house all the next day, and did not leave his Lordship till half-past twelve o'clock on Sunday night. He then retired to rest in a room very near his Lordship. On Monday morning about seven o'clock, being summoned to attend his Lordship in his dressing room, he entered just in time to save him from falling; his Lordship said, "Bankhead, let me fall upon your arm, — 'tis all over," — and instantly expired. The Jurors having heard the evidence, unanimously returned a verdict to the following effect:—"That on Monday, August the 12th, and for some time previously, the most noble, Robert, Marquis of Londonderry, laboured under a grievous disorder, and became in consequence delirious and of insane mind; and, whilst in that state, he inflicted on himself, with a knife, a wound in the neck, of which he instantly died." After the verdict was delivered, the Coroner read a letter addressed to Doctor Bankhead, by the Duke of Wellington, and said to be in his Grace's hand-writing, requesting the Doctor to call on Lord Londonderry on some excuse or other, as he had observed his conduct to be so strange at the council on that day, that he had no doubt he was under some temporary mental delusion, owing to the severe pressure of business which he had had of late. The Duke ended by declaring the communication to be strictly confidential, and begged that its subject might never be revealed to any one. Now that the fatal event has taken place, various occurrences immediately previous are recollected by friends of the deceased, indicating the incoherence of his mind. On the previous Friday, it is said, he called at the British hotel in Cockspur-street, and asked in a hurried manner whether the council was sitting, and whether Sir Edmund Nagle was there; and on being told he was

not, he clapped his hands together in such a way as to attract the notice of the passengers in the street. On that day also he was observed to go three several times to the gate of Carlton House, in order to have an interview with the King, and he departed again without entering. At the interview, however, which he subsequently had, in order to take his Majesty's pleasure on certain subjects connected with the approaching Congress, he entered upon the political discussions which were likely to take place, in so luminous and able a manner, as to excite the admiration of the royal auditor. When however he was about to depart, the King graciously hoped he would take care of his health, adding, that he did not think he looked so well as usual for some time past, and that greater care was necessary; upon which the Marquis turned quickly round, saying, "*Does your Majesty see any thing the matter with me?*" His look, manner, and tone, at once excited his Majesty's suspicions, and he is reported to have said to the Duke of Wellington after the interview: "*Have you seen Londonderry? either he is mad or I am.*" The more the King reflected upon the circumstance, the more he was convinced, and he dispatched a messenger to Coombe Wood to Lord Liverpool, to whom on Saturday morning he stated his apprehensions. The consequence was, that pistols, razors, and, as it was supposed, every instrument of self-destruction were carefully removed out of the Marquis's way. It is rather singular certainly, that with all these appearances, and all these precautions, his Lordship should have been left at such a crisis, with an unusual weight of public business to transact! He had not only the duties of his own office, but those also of the home department, to attend to, according to official etiquette, during Mr. Peel's necessary absence in Scotland. It is a very curious fact, but one for the truth of which we pledge ourselves, that on the very week before his death, the noble Marquis's solicitor had called by his desire three several times upon Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, the publishers of O'Meara's "*Voice from St. Helena*," to demand

that Mr. O'Meara should be delivered up to him for prosecution! Mr. O'Meara desired to be instantly surrendered, and even retained counsel. The passage at which his Lordship took offence is contained in the second volume, page 228, relative to the fortune of Marie Louise. His Lordship had declared his intention of proceeding by *information*, a mode which deprives the accused of the benefit of a grand jury. His Lordship was buried on Tuesday the 20th, in Westminster Abbey, between the graves of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox: although the funeral was considered a private one, still it was attended by a number of the carriages of the nobility, and by all his colleagues in office who were in town. When the coffin was removed out of the hearse for interment at the Abbey, the multitude who were assembled on the occasion raised a shout, which echoed loudly through every corner of the Abbey! We state the fact; the reader must make his own comment: but we cannot avoid saying, that if, on the one hand, it argues a barbarous spirit in the people, it also proves how deeply unpopular he must have been, whose horrid suicidal death became a matter not of grief but of exultation.

After the prorogation of parliament, his Majesty departed on his long-projected visit to his Scottish dominions. He embarked at Greenwich, where he was met by the Lord Mayor in his stage barge, attended by all the pomp of civic paraphernalia. The day was remarkably fine; and the Royal Sovereign, in which the King embarked, was surrounded by boats and pleasure barges of every description, filled with elegant company, and many of them containing bands of music. The King was every where very warmly received by the crowds who had assembled to meet him, and made repeated acknowledgments to his subjects as he passed along. After his Majesty's departure, the weather appeared very boisterous and unfavourable, which prevented his landing at Leith on his birth-day, as he had intended. The afternoon of the day on which he did arrive in Leith harbour proved

so very wet, that he was obliged to defer his landing till the next day, very much to the chagrin of his Scottish subjects, who had assembled from all the hills and islands, and whose well-seasoned feudal pomp seemed to defy the elements. Early, however, on the important day, all Leith and Edinburgh poured forth its population—Culloden and “Charlie” were forgotten, and the chieftains all put on “*their tails*,” and the highland bagpipe strained its chanter in honour of “their Geordie, their old chevalier.” The scene is represented as having been exceedingly “imposing,” which we have no doubt it was; but notwithstanding all the pomp with which he was surrounded, and the loyal welcome which he received, a deep gloom was visible upon his Majesty's countenance;—he had received but the evening before the melancholy account of his minister's decease. It is a very remarkable thing, that the King has never departed from his usual place of residence without some fatal event occurring, either in his household, or his administration. Thus he was in Lancashire when Mr. Fox died—at Sunbury, when the Princess Charlotte died—in Ireland, when the Queen died—and now the death of Lord Londonderry has marked his arrival in Scotland! The day after his arrival, the King held a Levee in Holyrood House, at which it is said nearly 2000 were present. Before the King landed, Sir Walter Scott, whose muse has been in requisition on the occasion, went on board the Royal Sovereign, and presented him with a superb St. Andrew's cross, formed of Scottish pearls and precious stones, and sent as a present from the ladies of Edinburgh. His Majesty received it very graciously, and declared his intention of wearing it on all state occasions. We have neither time nor space at present to detail all the balls, banquets, and festivals, in honour of the royal visitor. The King seems much pleased with his reception, and is reported to have said, “I always heard the Scotch were a proud people, and I do not wonder at it, for I find they are a nation of gentlemen.”

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE; &c.

Homer.—After an interval of about twenty years, that magnificent classical work, Tischbein's Illustrations of Homer, from ancient monuments, has been resumed; the Seventh Number, forming the first of a new series, having lately appeared. It contains six subjects, five of which have been till now unedited. The only one hitherto published is the celebrated *Tabula Iliaca*, which is here given of the exact size of the original, a cast having been made expressly for this purpose, and with the utmost exactness. On the interest of such a work, and its value to philology, it is needless to dwell; it is enough to remark, that M. Schorn, the writer of the accompanying text, is in every respect a worthy successor to the illustrious Heyne. The archaeological erudition and the superior taste uniformly displayed, will render this work a most honourable monument of that zeal for classical literature by which Germany has been long distinguished.

Constantinople.—M. Von Hammer's work, entitled, *Constantinople and the Bosphorus*, may be considered as a most interesting accession to the studies of geography and statistics, since every thing relating to the metropolis of a country, to which recent circumstances have excited more than ordinary attention, are detailed with scrupulous exactness. No one could be more competent to the task than the present author, who, independently of his familiarity with Oriental language and literature, was farther qualified for it, by having for some time filled a diplomatic situation at the Porte; through which circumstance he has been enabled to collect a variety of information not accessible to travellers in general.

Retsch.—Moritz Retsch, a German artist, whose name is familiar in England by his popular illustrations to Goethe's *Faust*, has painted, for the collection of his Excellency the Austrian Ambassador, a picture, of which the subject is taken from *Undine*, representing the heroine when rescued by Huldebrand and carried to the fisherman's hut. German critics speak in terms of the highest admiration of the fascinating beauty and grace which characterise the principal figure. Retsch is equally admirable as a portrait-painter; and is distinguished by the peculiar skill with which he expresses the mental characteristics of his sitters.

Hungarian Literature.—A literary almanack, similar in plan to those which have so long been popular in Germany, and the first attempt of the kind in the Hungarian language, has appeared this

year. The editor is M. Kisuföldi, a dramatic writer of some celebrity. The contents possess in many respects no ordinary merit, combined with varied interest. The work is got up with much taste, and the plates, by Häfel, Apmann, and Blaschke, are favourable specimens of the ability of Hungarian artists.

Italian Literature.—The academy of Lucca has published the first volume of its transactions, under the title of *Atti della Reale Accademia Lucchese di Scienze, Lettere, ed Arti*, 8vo. Prefixed to the work is an historical account of the rise of this society. It originated in 1584, when it was called *Accademia degli Oscuri*, at which period it was held at the house of Gian Lorenzo Malpiglio, the person after whom Tasso has named two of his admirable dialogues. During the course of two centuries this institution maintained itself without exciting any attention on the part of the government, or receiving from it any support, until 1805, when it was put upon an improved footing, and received its present appellation. The papers contained in this volume consist of a variety of treatises on historical, mathematical, and other subjects.—The Abbate M. A. Marchi has published the fourth volume of his *Etymological Dictionary of all Scientific and Technical Terms derived from the Greek, Dizionario Etimologico di tutti i Vocaboli usati nelle Scienze, Arti, e Mestieri, che traggono Origine dal Greco: compilato dal fu Aquilino Bonavilla coll' assistenza del Professore di Lingua Greca, M. A. Marchi*. This laborious undertaking is executed with great diligence and ability, notwithstanding that, like every other work of a similar nature, both omissions and defects might be pointed out. When completed, for the author has not advanced beyond the letter P, it will form an important addition to Italian philology.—Count Cicagnara, the author of the excellent *Storia della Scultura*, and president of the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, has published an extensive *Catalogue Raisonné* of his library, one of the richest in the world in works of engravings and graphic literature. This collection has been enriched with the rarest articles of this description from some of the most distinguished libraries in Europe, for its possessor spared neither pains nor cost in amassing whatever related to the fine arts. The Catalogue is divided into forty sections or classes, and contains remarks on each article, pointing out its rarity, the value of the editions, the merit of its embellishments, &c. &c. all of which render it truly valuable to those who study the

bibliography of the fine arts. Under the head of *Ingressi, Trionfi, Feste, &c.*, there are no fewer than 200 articles; and relative to the single subject of ancient and modern Rome, about 300.

Bohemian Literature.—The branch of literature most assiduously cultivated here at present is that of philology and languages. The bookseller Hewel proposes to publish by subscription a German Dictionary, far superior to that of Adelung in comprehensiveness and extent. The second volume of Zimmermann's interesting History of Bohemia, under Ferdinand I. has appeared, and contains an introductory review of the literature of that period.

Darmstadt.—This city has so increased within the last thirty years, that its population has been more than doubled. It has received likewise considerable embellishment by the erection of several important public buildings. Some new ones have been lately begun, among which are, the new Catholic church, and the Fountain, intended to commemorate the New Charter of the Constitution, (bestowed on the States by the Grand Duke, on December 17, 1820). The latter of these will, when completed, be a most magnificent decoration to the city. The basement is decorated with the figures of Genii, taking hold of each other's hands, and in the pannels, or intervals between them, are the names of the Deputies of the Second Chamber. On this basement rises a cube of eleven feet, having pilasters at its angles, and the four principal rivers of the Duchy in bas-relief, viz. the Lahn, the Maine, the Rhine, and the Neckar, one on each side. Above these are eight lions, which, on particular days, will spout forth water. The whole structure is surmounted by a figure of Hesse Darmstadt, holding a sceptre in her right hand, and in her left a scroll, on which is inscribed the word *Constitution*. Around this figure stand three others, representing the Provinces of the Duchy. The artist who designed this splendid monument is the architect Lerch. The other edifice, which will occupy one of the highest sites within the city, will be a rotunda; and, if executed according to the original design, will be one of the most noble and beautiful places of public worship in all Germany. Its architect is M. Moller, an artist of superior talent, and favourably known to the public by his excellent work the Architectural Antiquities of Germany. The public library at Darmstadt is one of great value, and contains no fewer than 140,000 volumes.

Russia.—Lithography is making rapid progress in this country, where it bids fair to become popular. Prints from Ham-burgh are more highly esteemed than those of either Munich or Vienna, to which the pre-eminence is generally allowed.—A collection of portraits of celebrated living public characters, chiefly residing at St. Petersburg, has been commenced by a young artist named Hippus, under the title of 'Contemporaries.' Each number of this work contains five subjects: Count Strogonoff, Grilloff, the poet, and Martos, a sculptor, who has been honoured with the flattering appellation of the Northern Canova, are among those which have already appeared.

Danish Artists at Rome.—Freund, a pupil of Thorvaldson, has modelled a figure of Mercury, full of energy and spirit, and every way worthy of the noble school to which it belongs. This young artist is evidently inspired with the spirit of his master, and strives to emulate the fine nature and simplicity of the antique.—Pontoppidan, another artist, will doubtless inspire his countrymen with a purer taste in architecture. Many of the designs which he exhibited when at Rome were commended for their elegant style, and for their other excellencies. He is now in Sicily, studying the remains of ancient art in that island.—Hillerup and Jensen are assiduously employed in studying and copying the finest productions of the Italian masters; the latter of these painters, who has already given such decided proofs of superior talent, has lately produced a most exquisite copy of Raphael's celebrated Julius II.—Thorvaldson has nearly completed his colossal figure of Christ, for the new *Fro-kerke* (Notre Dame), at Copenhagen. This statue possesses indescribable majesty: nothing can be conceived more affectingly sublime than the attitude, and the dignified manner in which the Saviour of mankind stretches forth his arms towards the whole human race.

Sculpture.—John Gibson, an English sculptor, now studying at Rome, is likely to rise to eminence in his profession, and to become a conspicuous ornament of British art. Sir G. Beaumont has just given him a commission to execute in marble his exquisite groupe of *Psyche borne by Zephyrus*, the model of which is now the admiration of all who pretend to *virtù*. Canova has been warm in his commendation of this performance, in consequence of which, the artist's *studio* is become a lounge for all the fashionables at Rome.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE average price of wheat for the week ending August 3, was 42*s.* 5*d.* The reports given by the corn letters on Monday, August 5, notified the arrival of large quantities of grain, (of wheat 10,113 quarters) and a reduction of the price of old wheat from 2*s.* to 3*s.* a quarter. On Monday, August 12, the supply of the preceding week was stated to be no less than 19,624 quarters. So vast a quantity, while it inundated the market, and completely exceeded the natural demand, paralysed at the same time the buyers, by the eagerness to gain possession of the market, which it evinced on the part of the sellers, for which necessity alone can rationally account. The effect was commensurate to the cause; wheat fell from 8*s.* to 10*s.* a quarter, and even at this reduction, the buyers were indisposed to purchase, so that scarcely any sales could be effected. Yesterday displayed phenomena scarcely less appalling to the suffering agriculturist. The supply was 10,475 quarters, in the face of the glut and reduction of last week; and new wheat again fell 6*s.* a quarter. It is, however, a curious fact, that while this diminution of price took place, the general average on the 10th of August has risen 6*d.* it being 42*s.* 11*d.* This, however, is to be accounted for by the great proportion of superior quality sold in Mark-lane, where 9,773 quarters were delivered in the previous week, producing an average of 47*s.* 5*d.* These are curious facts, for which we are not quite prepared to account.

In the mean time, the depression in the price obliterates at once, in a single fortnight, all the advantages the occupiers of the soil are imagined to have derived during the past year from abatements in rent, tithe, and taxation. Here is a diminution of 14*s.*, taking the aggregate of the two weeks, upon an article which averaged about 42*s.* as its entire price, or a reduction of something more than 33 per cent. The ground we have taken in all our arguments upon this subject, since the first agitation of the agricultural question in parliament, is thus very nearly realized. We have always anticipated, our readers will recollect, that the price of corn would ultimately descend to or near to the cost of the continental growth, with the expenses attending the importation to this country. If then wheat can be now purchased at *Hamburgh* for about 32*s.* 6*d.* and the cost of transit be esti-

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mated at 5*s.* making together 37*s.* 6*d.*, the next averages will probably exhibit a price very little above the continental level.

The vast influx of corn into Mark-lane, at a period so immediately succeeding the harvest, can indeed only be accounted for by necessity, and we fear that necessity will be increased by the pressure which the landlords themselves feel, and by the natural desire which they must entertain to have their arrears paid up, while the barns are full, and while the demands of the clergyman, the tax-gatherer, and of other creditors, not being yet enforced, leave to the farmer the means of satisfying his more patient landlord. This is a terrible state of things, but we know positively that in many counties it is the true state. We are acquainted with some of the largest land owners in the kingdom, who have recovered large arrears by the circumstance of their tenants becoming insolvent, and being broken up at the instance of less merciful connexions. These gentlemen had not the heart to bring affairs to a crisis; but of course when it became merely a question between one creditor and another, they scrupled not to use the advantage which the law assigns to the landlord; nay, more, we have been lately assured by men of the first landed connexions, and of the first information in one of the counties reputed to be the most opulent in respect to its agriculturists, that if the concerns of the whole agricultural community in that county could be made up, and brought into one balance sheet, they would exhibit an insolvency of at least three-fourths of the whole—the farmers not being able to pay more than 5*s.* in the pound. We have heard this statement from so many, and such respectable quarters, that we can no longer withhold our reluctant belief to the verity of the fact. Deplorable indeed must be the issue to the individuals, and all connected with them. Yet since we can but regard cheap subsistence as the greatest blessing a nation can enjoy, the only useful inference we can draw, the only good we can extract from the evil—is to instil and to corroborate the maxim which must now be the only sure guide to prosperity; namely, that the farmer must look for his remuneration to a reduction of his expense, instead of an elevation of price. This doctrine, we are happy to see, is confirmed by so able an authority as Mr. Curwen, who in the late meeting of the *Abbey Holm*

Agricultural Society of Cumberland, declared himself to that effect. "We are," said the honourable gentleman, "part of one great family of Europe: no nation could exist of itself, therefore we cannot expect nor should we desire that agriculturists alone should flourish. At this time the manufacturer is in full employment, and this is occasioned by the low price of victuals: food is not half of its former price, therefore the operative manufacturer can do with a great deal less wages than he formerly had; the consequence of which is, that their employers keep them in full work; but, on the contrary, should prices again rise, should the scale again preponderate in favour of the agriculturist, down goes the manufacturer. No nation can exist long in this state of things; and the only remedy which I think will put a stop to it is *steady prices*." Mr. Curwen then proceeded to argue from the principle of the general depreciation effected by the change of the currency, and adopted by Ministers in their proposition to lower the rate at which importation is permitted from 80 to 70 shillings:—from this principle, we say, Mr. Curwen inferred that funded property should be subjected to the same depreciation which land had suffered, and he took his stand upon the fact, that as the depreciation was the act of the government, so it was their duty impartially to subject every species of property to its operation. "Without being accused of spoliation," he observed, "or of wishing to touch upon the property of individuals, he thought they would be justified in calling upon the legislature to remedy this crying evil. The 38 millions of dividends were equal to or even more than all the real property of the country, and the latter had seven millions of poor rates, not to mention innumerable other reductions, to pay, whilst the former escaped without the least reduction. The 38 millions ought in his opinion to be subject to poor rates, but not to tithes, repairing of roads or bridges, as these spring out of the nature of property, but the poor rates do not. The proceeds from the funded property would be

3½ millions; and this, it might be said, would be difficult to distribute: but let the government say they would compel the funded proprietor to contribute his share, and he for one would say take it off in taxes; this would save to the country 15 per cent. The real property was at a charge for taxes, &c. of 30 per cent.; in some cases perhaps more; now if the fundholders should restore 15 per cent. they would all be then bearing a fair proportion." These remarks were followed by a recommendation to petition, and especially, that the fundholder may be subjected to the poor's-rate, to which effect resolutions were adopted. Mr. Curwen has this year, like Mr. Coke, suspended the meeting at his own house.

We may now speak of circumstances appertaining to agriculture rather than to political economy, of which our former observations have principally partaken. The harvest is every where complete, except in the extreme northern and eastern parts of the kingdom. Wheat is fine in quality, and certainly a full average crop, well got in generally. Barley will be under the average, and deficient in quality, owing to the curious second growth that succeeded the rains. This has not only kept back the cutting, but occasioned two entirely separate crops as it rises, the first being dead ripe while the second was yet as perfectly green. Hence the first was cut too late, and the second too soon. Oats are a moderate sample, few partaking of the same evil. Beans are a short crop, and the turnips early sown, particularly the Swedes, have been taken off by the fly, so that the quantity will not be near so abundant as last year. The wool trade is very flat, owing to a large supply at York fair; however, there was but a small quantity brought back, yet the demand was slack and dull. The Meat markets continue to fall. Beef in Smithfield, the very best, fetched no more on Monday than 3s. 4d. the supply large, and the market very heavy; Mutton remains much the same, but Lamb is cheaper.

August, 1822.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, August 24.)

THERE is nothing in the occurrences of the last month, as far as commerce is concerned, that calls for any particular observations. We are not aware that any considerable change has taken place with respect to the state of commerce, either for the better or the worse. We have more than once hinted our apprehensions with respect to the risks of entering too largely into speculations for the South American market, and we now see from the public

prints that the accounts from that country strongly confirm the opinions we had formed.

The piracies committed in the West Indies afford subject for very serious consideration. That they might be greatly checked, if not wholly stopped, we take for granted; but as the government must be presumed sincerely to wish to protect our commerce against such lawless aggression, there must be some paramount

reason for not employing those means which seem to be in its power. Whether, as some suspect, it is withheld by an overstrained respect for the territorial rights of Spain, we do not pretend to guess; but as part of the island of Cuba is said to be the grand resort of those freebooters, and as this fact itself is a proof that the Spanish Government, if not unwilling, is unable to chastise them, we confess we should not be sorry if the British Government were to take the task upon itself, (as America did with Amelia Island,) and we should be still more pleased if the matter ended with the acquisition by the British crown of the noble island of Cuba, towards which America is already stretching out her polypus arm.

Cotton.—The market has not experienced any remarkable variation, either in the demand or price during this month. The sales in four weeks, from July 23, to August 20, were 1400, 1500, 1600, and 1900 bags. The particulars of the sales of this last week are, in bond—455 Pernams sold, ordinary 10½d., good 11d.; 30 Bahias, good 10d.; 10 Paras, middling 8½d.; 10 Bowed, good, 8½d.; 50 Surats, very ordinary 5½d., good fair 6½d., good 6¾d.; 1050 Bengals, ordinary and fair 5½d. and 5¾d., good 5½d. a 6d.; nearly the whole for export;—and, duty paid, 60 fine Demeraras 10½d. a 11d. Of the 380 T F Demeraras offered by public auction, 200 only sold: the ordinary dingy 8½d. and 8¾d., middling with stain 8½d. and 9d. and fair, clean and bright, 9½d. and 9¾d.; the remainder were withdrawn at 10½d. and 10¾d. for which they are now held.

The report of yesterday's markets states but little variation. The purchases from the 16th to the 22d instant, inclusive, exceed 1200 packages, viz. 730 Bengal, 5½d. a 6d. in bond; 70 Surat, 6½d. a 6¾d. ditto; 22 Upland, 8½d. ditto; 350 Pernambucco, 10d. a 11d. ditto; 63 Para, 8½d. a 8¾d. ditto; 60 Demerara, 10½d. a 11d. duty paid.

At Liverpool, in the four weeks ending August 17th, the sales were 32,550 bags, and the arrivals 52,600 bags. The market was heavy, not having recovered the pressure of the recent great importations. The prices were generally ½d. lower, and the inferior descriptions of Bowed and Orleans ¼d. lower.

Sugar.—At the end of the last, and commencement of the present month, the market was languid, and rather heavy; towards the middle of the month the request for Muscovades rather revived, the holders evinced much more firmness, and though no general advance on the prices could be stated, yet purchases could not be made on such low terms as before. The demand afterwards became less brisk, but the previous prices were fully maintained.

The demand for Muscovades has been very steady this week, and though no general advance in the prices can be stated, yet the market is more firm, and the sugars from 52s. a 57s. have realized higher rates.

In refined goods there is no alteration, the quantity at market is quite inconsiderable, and the few buyers have difficulty in finding the small parcels which have been wanted during the week; there is however no improvement in prices.—Molasses have been steady 26s. 6d. a 27s.

There have been considerable enquiries after Foreign sugar by private contract, particularly yellow Havannah, but no sales to any extent are yet reported. By public sale on Wednesday, 760 bags Bengal sugars sold at full prices, ordinary white, 30s. 6d. a 31s. 6d., middling 32s. 6d. a 33s.

The statement reported in our last is contradicted, and it is affirmed that no reduction is intended upon the duty in West India Molasses.

Average prices of raw sugars from Gazette.

July 27.....	30s. 4¾d.
Aug. 3.....	31s. 0½d.
10.....	28s. 10½d.
17.....	28s. 1¾d.

Coffee.—The market has on the whole been very animated and satisfactory during the last month, with the exception of a temporary depression, which we shall notice below. In the week ending July 27, the public sales consisted of 1663 casks, and 2246 bags, the whole of which went off with briskness, at prices generally 2s. per cwt. higher; good ordinary St. Domingo 105s. to 106s.; coloury, 106s. 6d. to 107s. 6d.; good ordinary Brazil, 104s. 6d. to 105s. On the 30th, there were three public sales, and the market seemed heavy; but the coffee was chiefly ordinary and damaged; but fine qualities supported the previous prices. In the following week, the public sales were again considerable, and a reduction of 1s. to 2s. took place, but the market recovered at the close of the week. On the 6th instant, two public sales again consisting chiefly of very ordinary broken and damaged coffee, could hardly be taken as a criterion, yet considering them as such, the prices were higher, with a general and extensive demand. It must be observed, however, that very few parcels of good coffee had lately been brought forward, the great demand for exportation having nearly cleared the market of good and fine descriptions. The report of the following week was still more favourable, the public sales, though very extensive, having gone off with great briskness, and all descriptions, except the very ordinary, from 2s. to 4s. per cwt. higher.

On the 13th, there were four public sales, 215 casks, 452 bags; the whole sold

with great briskness, fully supporting the advance we have stated, and in some instances, coloury coffee obtained a further improvement; 400 bags good ordinary Brazil sold 105s. *a* 106s., coloury 108s.; fine ordinary foxy Jamaica 114s. *a* 117s.; 49 bales Mocha for home consumption, of a much better quality than has lately appeared at market, sold at 10*l*.

The same state of things continued for the week following, the sales large, with a small improvement in the price; but on the 20th, though there was only one sale of 159 casks of Jamaica, and 28 casks of St. Domingo, the sale, contrary to general expectation, was heavy, and the greater part was taken in. Prices were 1s. to 2s. lower than on the preceding Tuesday. On Tuesday and Wednesday this week, the market was very heavy, and a slight depression in the prices took place. On Thursday, the demand again revived, and a considerable sale went off with spirit, nearly realizing the prices of last week for Jamaica coffee; the Demerara and Berbice sold freely, at prices 2s. *a* 3s. per cwt. higher.

The public sale yesterday, 142 casks 7 bags; Jamaica and Berbice coffee went off with considerable briskness at very full prices; middling Berbice, in extensive parcels, 128s. and 130s.

Spices.—East India Company's sale, August 12.—1,291 bags Pepper, black, Company's, at 7*d*. scratched; 5,130 ditto, private trade, sold 6½*d*. *a* 6¾*d*.; 1,000 tons Saltpetre, Company's, at 26s. scratched; 1,445 ditto, private trade, sold 20s. 6*d*. *a* 24s.; 538 bales Cinnamon, 1st quality, sold 7s. 1*d*. *a* 7s. 7*d*.; 12 ditto, scratched; 126 ditto, 2d quality, sold 6s. 1*d*.; 425 ditto, scratched; 174 ditto, 3d quality, sold 5s. 1*d*. *a* 5s. 2*d*.; 210 scratched; 1 bag Cloves, sold 3s. 11*d*.; 12 ditto scratched; 12 casks Mace, 1st quality, sold 5s. 1*d*.; 188 ditto, scratched; 4 ditto Nutmegs, ungarbled, sold 3s. 7*d*.; 496 ditto, scratched; Cassia Lignea, 6*l*. 15s. *a* 8*l*. 2s.; Ginger, 11s. 6*d*. *a* 13s.; Sago, 14s. *a* 49s. 6*d*.; private trade, Cloves, Bourbon, 2s. 3*d*. *a* 3s.; Amboyna, 2s. 6*d*. *a* 3s. 11*d*.; Nutmegs, 2s. 9*d*. *a* 3s. 6*d*.; Mace, 4s. 6*d*. *a* 6s. 2*d*.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The demand for Rum continues languid; the purchases lately reported are quite inconsiderable, yet the holders have evinced no disposition to sell at any reduction. The prices of Brandy are entirely nominal; Geneva has improved.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The prices of Foreign Tallow have been very steady, the nearest quotation for yellow candle, 37s. for parcels here, and for late arrivals 37s. 6*d*. and 38s.—Hemp is in limited supply, and a considerable improvement in the price has in consequence been realized.—In Flax there is little variation.

Oils.—The market remains at nominal quotations for Fish Oils; the holders are demanding an advanced price for Greenland Oil, but the business done is quite inconsiderable: in the absence of accounts from the fisheries, holders look with confidence to the uncommonly late reports respecting this year's success; the buyers on the contrary infer good weather, and a favourable fishing. It is reported some speculators have contracted for large parcels, but the rumour at present rests upon slight authority.—Seed Oils are lower, and heavy at the reduced quotations.

Silk.—There is a considerable advance in Italian Silks; Bengals and Chinas bear a premium 1s. *a* 1s. 6*d*. on the last East India sale prices.

Corn.—Aggregate averages for the last six weeks:—

Wheat 42s. 11 <i>d</i> .	Rye 18s. 10 <i>d</i> .
Barley 19s.	Beans 26s.
Oats 18s. 9 <i>d</i> .	Peas 26s. 9 <i>d</i> .

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Hamburg, 10th August.—*Cotton*. Still very dull, and declining in price.—*Coffee*. As many holders of the most considerable parcels, lately arrived, still keep back from the market, and many orders were completed from the sale of a large quantity from Brazil, at the close of last week, very little has been doing this week. There is very little Domingo on sale, and good ordinary with a little colour and not broken, cannot be had under 11½*d*.; fine ordinary ditto not under 12*d*.; and pale ordinary with some broken, not under 11½*d*. to 11¾*d*. Havannah and Portorico, the middling and good middling sorts of which continue in demand, are nearly cleared off. Of fine middling Dominica and Berbice, a good deal has been brought to market, but the middling qualities are rare. Fine middling Jamaica, for which there are many orders, is scarcely to be had. *Dyewoods* of every description have been in general demand, other articles dull.—*Spices*. Pepper finds buyers at last week's prices, but the holders keep back. Pimento is more sought, and the prices have risen a little, as our stock is short.—*Rice* remains firm in price as the demand continues; the inferior sorts are most inquired for.—*Tobacco*; in most descriptions more business has been doing. There have been sold by private contract, about 40,000 lb. Portorico in leaves, 40,000 lb. ditto in rolls, and about 50 hhds. of Virginia and Kentucky.—*Tea*; the 1,283 chests Haysanchin 189 quarter do. and 419½ do. Haysan, and 56½ do. Imperial, imported from Providence, have already met with purchasers.—*Sugar*. Hamburg refined met with a brisk sale this week at a trifling reduction in the price. Our stock of lumpa is greatly reduced; good middling will fetch 8½*d*. Treacle sells readily in large

parcels at 10*d.* There is rather more demand for raw goods, but this has no influence on the price, as new supplies continue to arrive.

Frankfort on the Oder, August 1st.—The late St. Margaret's Fair has turned out, in general, uncommonly good. Far more goods have been brought both from the interior and from abroad than in former Fairs: the sellers have been satisfied with the great demand and the buyers with the reasonable prices. Foreign and Prussian cottons and woollens, ordinary and middling Prussian cloths, and leather, have met with the best sale. Linen and silk goods, especially those of Elberfeld, sold to advantage, as did also foreign and Prussian jewelry and hard-ware, iron, glass, and wood articles; Lyons silks were so much in request, that four times as much might have been sold as were at the fair. Of unmanufactured goods, as horse-hair, bristles, feathers, hides, firs, wax, &c. there was a large supply at the fair, which was for the most part sold at good prices. Wool, of which there was more than on former occasions, sold at the following prices, per stone, viz. improved 14 to 17 rix dollars; fine country wool, 8 to 10 ditto; middling, 6 to 7 ditto; ordinary, 3½ to 5 ditto.

Nuremberg, Aug. 1.—The summer fair has been far better than any preceding one. There was a large quantity of English cotton manufactures, which sold well.

Riga, July 29.—*Flax* sold at the following prices: Marienburgh crown, 44*r.*; ditto cut, 38*r.*; white Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, 45*r.*; cut Badstüb, 38*r.*; Risterr Threeband 29*r.*—*Hemp.* The prices last paid were, Ukraine clean, 98*r.*; Polish ditto 100*r.*; Ukraine outshot, 89 to 88*r.*; Polish ditto, 91 to 90*r.*; Uk-

raine Pass, 80 to 81*r.*; Polish ditto, 83*r.*; Torse, 49 to 48*r.*—*Hemp-oil*, is offered at 90*r.*—*Sugar.* White Havannahs have been purchased, according to the quality, at 15½ to 16 copecks; yellow ditto, at 11 cop. and six months credit; good ordinary refined of our own manufacture may be bought at 24 cop. The prices last paid for *Salt* were: Terravecchia, 83*r.*; Cagliari, 80½*r.*; reddish coarse Cete, 76*r.*; Hieres, 72*r.*

Copenhagen, Aug. 13.—The trade in corn and in all kinds of merchandize is very dull. Several cargoes from the West Indies have already arrived, but the demand is very slack and the prices low.

Amsterdam, 10th. Aug.—*Cotton.* The demand is trifling, and our stock has been lately increased by fresh supplies.—*Coffee.* The prices have not only kept up, but West India is about ¼ stiver higher than last week.—*Dyewoods*, &c. with the exception of Indigo, which meets with a ready sale, at advanced prices, these articles are dull, and woods about ¼ florin lower.—*Spices.* On the whole there is little doing, but the price steady, so that 17½*d.* to 18*d.* are paid, for fine brown pepper, and 59½ to 60 florins for Jamaica Pimento.—*Rice.* Carolina is worth 42 to 45 shillings Flemish.—*Tobacco.* Only about 200 hhds. of Maryland and several small parcels of Kentucky have been lately sold, and it is difficult to obtain the market prices.—*Tea.* No purchases have been made except for home consumption at the current prices.—*Sugar.* Refined goods continue to meet with a rapid sale, but raw sugars are dull and cannot be disposed of but at depressed prices; fine Surinam and Havannah are again ¼*d.* lower than last week.

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July 20.—Adams, J. Spalding, Lincoln, miller. [Flaher, 10, Holborn-court, Gray's Inn. T.
Armstrong, G. J. Princes-square, Ratchiff-high-way, coal-merchant. [Clutton, High-street, Borough T.
Baily, J. Canwick, Lincoln, maltster. [Styan, 4, Lincoln's Inn-fields. C.
Bourne, T. Wyke Beck, Dorset, printer. [Alexander, 36, Carey-street. C.
Fullford, W. Lad-lane, warehousman. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.
Jones, R. P. Abergavenny, Monmouth, linen-draper. [Jenkins, New Inn. C.
Peyton, W. G. Upper Thames-street, merchant. [Drace, Billiter-square. T.
Thorp, J. sen. Chandle, Chester, calico-printer. [Makinson, Temple. C.
Young, J. G. Ship-lake, Oxford, merchant. [Crosley, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.

July 21.—Baker, J. Crutched-friars, wine-merchant. [Pearce, St. Swithin's-lane. T.
Bigland, B. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, 2, Staple Inn. C.
Capon, J. B. Bishop's Hall, Somerset, wool-stapler. [Hee, 11, Staple Inn. C.
Edmonds, T. Costell Bugged, Cardigan, tanner. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Fearnley, C. Crutched-friars, wine-merchant. [Pearce, St. Swithin's-lane. T.
Shannon, W. Whitehaven, Cumberland, draper. [Falcon, 4, Elm-court. C.
Stevenson, J. Boston, Lincoln, grocer. [Stocker, 2, New Boswell court, Carey-street. C.

July 27.—Als, J. Westfield, Sussex, farmer. [Gwynne, Lewes, Sussex. C.
Bennett, J. sen. Crickmoor, Dorset, coal-merchant. [Wright, Hart-street, Bloomsbury. T.

Davies, T. Whitechapel High-street, baker [Raddeley, 61, Leaman-street, Woodman's-fields. T.
Hellyer, J. Hayling North, Havling Island, Southampton, farmer [Cousins, Old Broad-street. C.
James, J. Wood-street, Cheap-side, tea-dealer. [Spencer, Furnivall's-lane, Holborn. T.
Laurdale, T. Cloughton, York, dealer. [Kearney, King-street, Cheap-side. C.
Price, J. Hyall, Worcester, dealer. [Hicks, Gray's Inn-square. C.
Rivers, W. and J. Clowes, Shelton, Stafford, manufacturers. [Pugh, 10, Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street. C.
Robinson, G. Prospect-place, Walsworth, coal-dealer. Beetholme, 2, Staple Inn, Holborn. T.
Tomlinson, W. jun. Nantwich, Chester, money-scrivener. [Sandys, Crane-court, Fleet-street. C.
Wedgeberrow, T. Himplington, Worcester, grocer. [Williams, Lincoln's Inn. C.
Whalley, G. L. Cheltenham, Gloucester, money-scrivener. [Clutton, High-street, Southwark. T.

July 28.—Clarke, H. and F. Grunby, Liverpool, merchants. [Taylor, 2, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.
Hallam, J. T. Menham, Derby, farmer. [Woodward, Tokenhouse-yard. C.
Hewer, W. Llanellen, Monmouth, farmer. [Gregory, Clement's-lane. C.
Mortimer, J. sen. Cluckheaton, York, merchant. [Morton, 7, Gray's Inn-square. C.
Robinson, F. Aston, Warwick, dealer. [Jenning, Elm-court, Temple. C.

August 2.—Alfrey, W. Cloak-lane, Dowgate-hill, warehousman. [Jones, 16, Brunswick-square. T.

Atwood, T. Stelling Minnis, Kent, dealer. [Bendamore, 11, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T.
Haddon, J. G. Covent-garden, wine-merchant. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.
Whittingham, R. George-street, Brunswick-square, victualler. [Frueman, Coleman-street. T.

August 6.—Carnforth, J. Whitby, York, plumber. [Grove, 24, Strada-lane, Ludlow-st. C.
 Gifford, J. Jan. Torquay, Devon, wine-merchant. [Hind, Essex-court, Temple. C.
 Jones, W. Bristol, victualler. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
 Joseph, M. Liverpool, woollen-draper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.
 Marshall, W. Hessele, Kington-upon-Hall, miller. [Highmore, Beech-yard, Bank-lane, Cannon-street. C.
 Roberts, W. Oxford-street, bookseller. [Regent, 24, Austin-church. T.
 Roberts, J. and F. Roberts, Carlisle, cotton-manufacturers. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house. C.
 Walker, W. Bolton, Lancaster, shopkeeper. [Hard, Temple. C.
 Wilson, J. Ely, Cambridge, miller. [Fisharing, Temple-lane. C.
 Worley, V. Henry-street, Hampstead-road, grocer. [Cardale, Gray's-lane. T.
 August 10.—Aynsley, G. Wakefield, York, victualler. [Lake, 9, Cateaton-street. C.
 Bartle, R. Halston, Cornwall, grocer. [Pollard, Temple. C.
 Crabtree, J. Wakefield, York, victualler. [Lake, 9, Cateaton-street. C.
 Dunleigh, T. Devonshire-street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper. [Arden, 15, Clifford's-lane. T.
 Gilbert, J. and H. Taylor, Bristol, commission-merchants. [Evans, 27, Hutton-garden. C.
 Hulce, J. Shirland, Derby, cotton-spinner. [Hills, 48, Chancery-lane. C.
 Lewis, W. Cardiff, Glamorgan, linen-draper. [Pons, London. C.
 Palmer, M. and J. Palmer, Gulesborough, York, common-brewers. [Plumptre, Temple. C.
 August 12.—Atkins, R. N. Portsea, Southampton, grocer. [Collett, Chancery-lane. C.
 Greig, J. and H. Storr, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, linen-draper. [Jones, Slue-lane. T.
 Hardridge, J. Wellington, Somerset, draper. [Pearson, Pump-court, Temple. C.
 Howard, F. Hereford, wine-merchant. [Dark, 26, Red Lion-square. C.
 Hendy, W. Breage, Cornwall, farmer. [Tollitt, Inner Temple. C.
 Peacock, J. Bishop-Wormouth, Durham, ship-builder. [Blackston, Symond's-lane. C.

Strickland, J. Shingle-Morden, Cambridge, common-brewer. [Barfoot, Kings Bench-walk, Inner Temple. C.
 Tucker, B. Jan. Bristol, carpenter. [Vined, Lincoln's-lane-fields. C.

August 17.—Barnescliff, A. Grosvenor, Kent, hardwareman (Wootton, Taken-house-yard. T.
 Denholme, A. Cheltenham, Gloucester, dealer in Slates (King, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
 Foulkes, J. Chester, grocer. [Taylor, 9, Kings Bench-walk, Temple. C.
 King, W. Farnham, Southampton, coach-builder. [Holme, New-lane. C.
 Mason, J. B. Cambridge, cook. [Ode, 27, Watlington. C.
 Richards, M. Hythe, Southampton, ship-builder. [Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. C.
 Thorp, J. Jan. Chandle, Chester, calico-printer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

August 20.—Kills, H. J. Norwich, linen-draper. [King, Berjeant's-lane, Fleet-street. C.
 Moore, T. Paddington, salt-merchant. [Doxon, 10, Prisoner-street, Spitalfields. T.
 Parsons, O. Liverpool, sail-maker. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.
 Rix, G., C. Rix, and G. Rix, Manthill-place, Newington-betta, corn-merchant. [James, 8, Walbrook. T.
 Wytherley, W. Trefnant, Salop, farmer. [Butter, Gray's-lane-place. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gentle—July 23 to Aug. 20.

Melville, J. merchant, Grahamston, Falkirk.
 Wilson and Gentle, victuallers, Glasgow.
 Clark, J. watch-maker, Greenock.
 Ellegood and Smyth, merchants, Glasgow.
 Simpson, A. merchant, Cromarty.
 Wright, A. fish-curer, Banff.
 Finlay, T. wood-merchant, Elie, Fife.
 Rowley, J. china-ware-merchant, Glasgow.
 Turnbull, S. merchant, Glasgow.
 Campbells and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
 Newlands, J. and L. Fraser, jewellers, Glasgow.
 Burke and Henry, coal-factors, Edinburgh.
 Cartwells, W. and G. manufacturers, Paisley.
 Clark, J. Jan. merchant, Levenmouth.
 McDonald, W. and A. merchants, Edinburgh.

BIRTHS.

July 22.—In George-street, Hanover-square, Lady Copley, a daughter.
 23. In Great George-street, the lady of Dr. Lushington, M.P. a son.
 Aug. 4. At Queenhithe, the lady of Wm. Venn, Esq. Alderman and Sheriff, a son.
 6. In York-street, St. James's-square, the lady of Dr. Boyton, a daughter.
 8. In York-street, St. James's-square, the lady of Sir Ulysses Burgh, Kt. M.P. a daughter.
 11. At Lower Tooting, Surrey, the lady of John George Crickitt, Esq. of Doctor's Commons, a daughter.
 12. In Berkeley-square, the Countess of Jersey, a daughter.
 — At Sidmouth, Devon, the lady of Alexander Nicholson, second Regiment of Life Guards, a daughter.
 14. At Brighton, the lady of Lieut. General J. S. Wood, a daughter.
 — In Berkeley-square, the lady of Henry Dering, Esq. a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the Countess of Portsmouth, a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

At Belfast, the lady of Sir Stephen May, a son.
 At Ballymaloe Castle, the lady of Clement John Foster, Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 22.—At Mary-le-bone Church, by the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wallisley, Henry Long, Esq. eldest son of Edward Long, Esq. of Hampton

Court, Surrey, to the Hon. Lady Catherine Walpole, youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present Earl of Orford.

27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, Lord Granville Somerset, second son of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, to the Hon. Emily Smith, youngest daughter of Lord Carrington.

Aug. 1.—At St. Martin's in the Fields, Benjamin Golding, M.D. to Sarah Pelerin, only daughter of William Blew, Esq. of Warwick-street, Pall Mall.

— At Wilton Church, Tunton, F. Welland, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service, third son of the late R. Welland, Esq. of Lymington, Devon, to Sophia, eldest daughter of John Corfield, Esq. of Wilton House.

2. At Mary-le-bone Church, Richard Jeffry, Esq. of Montague-street, to Maria, eldest of the late Lieut. Col. Samuel Kelly.

3. At the New Church, St. Pancras, Rich. Barker, Esq. of Tavistock-street, Russell-square, to Miss White, of Burton Crescent.

4. At Haswell, Middlesex, Thos. Bramall, Esq. of Tamworth Castle, Warwickshire, to Miss Cooper, of Brentford.

— At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Hereford, Wm. Cartwright, Esq. Captain of the Royal Tenth Hussars, and second son of Wm. Ralph Cartwright, Esq. of Ayns, M.P. for the County of Northampton, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Henry Jones, Esq. and Niece to Lady Ticeray.

7. The Rev. J. F. Debon, to Katharine, youngest daughter of the late James Wenzell, Esq. of Boston House, Bedfordshire.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROMETER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in inches, &c.	Rain in inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirrostratus.	Altostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulonimbus.			Nimbus.
1		30.24	30.22	30.230	73	52	62.5	45	38	41	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.35	...
2		30.14	29.94	30.060	77	52	64.5	48	43	62	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
3		30.14	30.10	30.120	74	57	65.5	47	37	61	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	65	...
4	☾	30.12	30.04	30.080	82	60	71	50	42	53	SE to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
5		29.89	29.83	29.860	70	54	64	57	57	77	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
6		30.07	30.07	30.070	65	55	60	67	65	77	NE to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	15	...
7		30.24	30.22	30.230	74	52	63	54	43	63	N to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
8		30.23	30.30	30.315	75	60	67.5	52	42	60	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
9		30.23	30.12	30.175	78	63	70.5	52	43	64	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
10		30.01	30.00	30.005	76	57	66.5	61	60	63	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
11	☾	29.97	29.75	29.860	78	56	67	58	60	84	SW to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12		29.76	29.50	29.630	72	58	67.5	57	63	63	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
13		30.06	30.02	30.040	76	55	65.5	58	50	64	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
14		30.13	30.07	30.100	75	54	64.5	50	48	64	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
15		30.06	29.94	30.000	74	61	67.5	51	45	60	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
16		29.68	29.68	29.680	79	60	69.5	58	55	50	NE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
17		29.68	29.84	29.765	77	58	67.5	60	47	64	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
18	●	29.66	29.70	29.780	77	61	69	51	48	63	SE to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
19		29.62	29.60	29.610	75	60	67.5	54	50	60	S to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
20		29.70	29.60	29.650	75	60	67.5	61	47	57	SW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
21		29.74	29.70	29.720	76	61	68.5	56	50	64	S to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
22		29.94	29.80	29.870	76	61	68.5	60	48	63	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
23		29.90	29.78	29.840	75	62	68.5	57	66	84	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
24		29.77	29.70	29.735	74	60	67	63	62	66	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
25	☾	29.87	29.81	29.840	76	57	66.5	59	60	63	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
26		29.90	29.88	29.890	74	54	64	57	48	60	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
27		29.91	29.81	29.860	75	61	68	50	46	70	S to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
28		29.64	29.64	29.635	73	59	66	55	67	80	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
29		29.69	29.62	29.655	74	55	64.5	67	53	69	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
30		29.75	29.69	29.720	72	56	61	56	58	49	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
31		29.84	29.81	29.825	69	49	59	55	46	54	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
		30.33	29.50	29.905	72	49	65.95	55.6	49	63.0		24	27	28	1	24	25	18	6.55	4.277

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum... 30.33 July 8th, Wind NW.
Minimum... 29.50 Do. 12th, Do. SW.

Range of the Mercury... 0.83

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month... 29.806

for the lunar period, ending the 18th instant... 29.875

for 14 days, with the Moon in North declination... 29.914

for 16 days, with the Moon in South declination... 29.120

Spaces described by the rising and falling of the Mercury... 4.170

Greatest variation in 24 hours... 0.830

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere... 18

THERMOMETER { Maximum... 82° July 4th, Wind SE.
Minimum... 49 Do. 31st, Do. NW.

Range... 33

Mean temperature of the Air... 65.95

for 31 days with the Sun in Cancer... 65.49

Greatest variation in 24 hours... 25.90

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM... 54.98

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air... 84° in the evenings of the 11th and 22nd.

Greatest dryness of Ditto... 35 in the afternoon of the 1st.

Range of the Index... 51

Mean at 2 o'clock PM... 40.1

at 8 Do. AM... 55.6

at 8 Do. PM... 53.9

of 8 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock... 55.9

Evaporation for the month... 6.550

Rain, with the gauge near the ground... 4.277

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high... 3.860

Prevailing Winds, SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 3; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 15; an overcast sky without rain, 6; rain, 7—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulonimbus, Nimbus.
28 27 29 1 24 25 18

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
3	1	1	3	2	10	5	7	31

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR JULY, 1831.

Naval Academy, Newport.

GENERAL REPORT.

This month has been alternately dry and wet, accompanied with strong gales of wind, lightning and thunder; and what is more remarkable, the maximum and minimum temperatures of the air fall short of those of last month, the latter by $\frac{1}{2}$ ths of a degree; the heat at the earth's surface having been diminished by the heavy rains, which amount to between 4 and 5 inches in depth. But after so dry a winter and spring, these copious falls of rain have evidently changed the face of the country, and have been of the utmost benefit to the growing corn, to the grass lands, and to vegetation in general. Although the mean temperature of the air has been retrograde this month, in comparison of last, yet it is nearly 5° higher than in July, 1831. The barometer began to sink rapidly on the 11th instant, and has continued much below its mean height since the 15th. The evaporation too, is less this month than last by $\frac{1}{2}$ th inch.

The lightning in the night of the 10th, was almost as strong as that in the night of the 4th, when the Albion's mast and the Sheer-bulk were damaged in Portsmouth

Harbour. It was brought on by nearly opposite winds of different temperatures, in the evening (10th), when they began to discharge their electrical contents during twilight; and at 9 o'clock the forked lightning was succeeded by four or five claps of thunder, with awful and irregular detonations, which seemed to travel a great distance before the vibrations of the atmosphere ceased, accompanied by a smart shower of rain. The variegated lightning from the passing clouds to the NW. was discharged in quick succession throughout the night, sometimes in the shape of long trains of small balls of fire, but mostly in extensive sheets, with a light not far short of daylight.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are 1 *aurora* in the afternoon of the 12th, 2 *perihelia* at 7 A.M. of the 4th, 9 solar halos, 1 rainbow, 4 meteors, vivid lightning in the nights of the 4th and 10th, thunder on five different days, and 11 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from SE., 9 from SW., and 1 from the W.

DAILY REMARKS.

- July 1. Fair, with a brisk drying wind.
2. AM. over with Cumulostratus, and a solar halo. PM. fair, with the lighter modifications of clouds, which formed a mackerel back sky.
3. Fair, with a fresh wind from SW. and a solar halo in passing beds of Cirrostratus in the afternoon a whitish moonlight, and diverging Cirri, which stretched in narrow bands nearly across the visible hemisphere in the direction of East and West.
4. At a quarter before 7 A.M. 7 *perihelia* appeared, each being $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ from the sun's centre, and about a degree without the edge of a faint solar halo, which was formed in an attenuated Cirrostratus, the day fine, but cloudy at intervals two currents of air after sunset, which melted the low passing electrical clouds, and produced vivid lightning through the night, accompanied at midnight by several tremendous claps of thunder in the south, and torrents of rain. Immediately before the rain came on, several balls of fire fell in the neighbourhood, and the forked lightning damaged the main-mast and main top-mast of his Majesty's ship Albion, and slightly injured the Sheer bulk in Portsmouth harbour. It also partly unroofed a house at Forton near this place.
5. AM. overcast with Cirrostratus of an electrical appearance, and distant thunder to the eastward. At mid day steady but heavy rain came on from NW. and produced $\frac{1}{2}$ th of an inch in depth in less than two hours. PM. cloudy and two winds, the upper current from NW.
6. Calm and a steady rain, with little intermission, and a rising barometer, a circumstance that seldom occurs while it rains.
7. A fair day, with clouds and a brisk wind a clear sky by night.
8. Fair, with Cirri, Cirrostratus, and Cumuli, and opposite winds, the upper one from NW. an overcast sky by night.
9. As the preceding, and a gale from SW. by night.
10. A continuation of the gale, and Cirrostratus sweeping the surrounding hills in its passage to the NW. followed by a little light rain a sunny afternoon, and overcast by night.
11. AM. overcast with Cumulostratus PM. heavy rain, and a hard gale from SW.
12. AM. showery, and a continuation of the

- gale PM. fair with Cumulostratus, in one of which modifications of clouds an *Aurora* appeared at 8 PM. an overcast sky and a strong breeze from NW. by night, with light showers.
13. A fine day and night, with two winds, the upper one from NW. and Cumulostratus at intervals.
14. AM. ancient Cumuli and the lighter modifications of clouds PM. clear, and dew in the night.
15. A fair day, with prevailing Cirrus, in which a faint solar halo appeared in the afternoon. cloudy by night, and a little light rain.
16. Sunshine, with Cumulostratus, and nearly opposite winds, the upper one from NE. and a faint solar halo overcast by night, and light rain towards morning.
17. A fine sunny day, and a clear sky by night.
18. AM. fair in the afternoon the sky was overcast with attenuated Cirrostratus, which a faint solar halo appeared. In evening a few drops of rain at intervals, and near a calm wind, the upper current from NE. and the lower one from the northward, which melted the low passing clouds.
19. A system of portions of the former clouds from the north, and a little rain at 10 AM. afternoon a fair day with a strong wind, a breeze and a clear sky by night.
20. A strong gale from SW. and a gale from SW.
21. Overcast, windy, and showers at intervals, except in the morning.
22. A fine day, and a strong gale from the west; the night as the preceding.
23. AM. overcast with Cumulostratus PM. incessant rain, and a gale from SW.
24. and 25. Sunshine, and a continuation of the gale alternately fine and cloudy by night, the lower strata of clouds often passing over quickly, with only a few drops of rain.
26. AM. overcast and a gentle breeze PM. fine, with Cumuli, and Cirri, the former of a dark blue colour at sunset, and the latter of a deep red; cloudy and windy by night.
27. AM. fair, with lofty diverging Cirri sometimes crossing each other in a dark blue sky a faint halo, followed by heavy showers of rain in the afternoon, and a strong gale from NW. flying clouds through the night.
28. A stormy day and night, the gale from SW.

Notwithstanding the almost incessant rain during the last 24 hours, the evaporation in that time amounts to upwards of one-eighth of an inch in depth. Hence it appears that even in wet weather, whilst the air near the earth's surface is not completely saturated, a slow evaporation is going on; and that it is increased by a wind that blows from the eastern side of the meridian, and decreased by a SW. wind, particularly if it cross the Atlantic Ocean.

29. Wind and showers (one rainbow early) ex-

cept in the afternoon, when distant thunder was heard to the northward, in which quarter the united modifications of clouds assumed a very electrical appearance; and two winds crossed each other at right angles.

30. A fine day, with a fresh breeze from NW, and distant thunder-clouds: a clear sky by night, and a shower towards morning.

31. Showery and distant thunder-clouds: a clear sky by night.

NEW PATENTS.

D. Gardner, Edmund-place, Aldersgate-street; for a stay, particularly applicable to supporting the body under spinal weakness, and correcting deformity of shape.—June 13.

J. Wass, Ashover, Derbyshire, millwright; for an improvement, which prevents the ill effects to vegetation and animal life, that has hitherto been occasioned by noxious fumes and particles that arise from smelting or calcining lead ore, &c.—June 15.

M. I. Brunel, Chelsea, engineer; for improvements on steam-engines.—June 26.

T. Gauntlett, Bath, surgeons'-instrument-maker; for improvements on vapour-baths, by which the heat is better regulated, and the baths rendered more portable.—June 26.

W. Branton, Birmingham, engineer;

for improvements upon fire-grates, and the means of introducing coal thereon.—June 26.

L. B. Rabant, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, Gent.; for an improved apparatus for the preparation of coffee or tea.—June 26.

T. Postans, Charles-street, St. James's, Gent., and W. Jeakes, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, ironmonger; for an improvement on cooking apparatus.—June 26.

G. Smart, Pedlar's Acre, Lambeth, civil engineer; for an improvement in the manufacture of chains, which he denominates mathematical chains.—July 4.

J. Smith, Sheffield, book-keeper; for an improvement of, or in, the steam-engine-boiler.—July 4.

J. Bold, West-street, Long-lane, Bermondsey, printer; for improvements in printing.—July 4.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 23 Aug.	Hamburg. 20 Aug.	Amsterdam 23 Aug.	Vienna. 7 Aug.	Nuremberg 15 Aug.	Berlin. 17 Aug.	Naples.	Lelpsig. 16 Aug.	Bremen 19 Aug.
London ...	25.50	37.1	40.5	10.8	fl. 10.9	7.2	—	6.20	618
Paris	—	26 ⁵ / ₈	57	119	fr. 119 ¹ / ₂	83 ¹ / ₂	—	80 ¹ / ₂	17 ¹ / ₂
Hamburg .	181 ¹ / ₂	—	34 ¹ / ₂	145 ¹ / ₂	146 ¹ / ₂	163	—	147 ¹ / ₂	133 ¹ / ₂
Amsterdam	57 ¹ / ₂	104 ¹ / ₂	—	139 ¹ / ₂	140 ¹ / ₂	145 ¹ / ₂	—	140 ¹ / ₂	127
Vienna	248 ¹ / ₂	147 ¹ / ₂	35 ¹ / ₂	—	40	104	—	101	—
Franckfort.	4 ¹ / ₂	148	35 ¹ / ₂	99 ¹ / ₂	100	102 ¹ / ₂	—	100	111 ¹ / ₂
Augsburg .	248 ¹ / ₂	147 ¹ / ₂	35 ¹ / ₂	99 ¹ / ₂	99 ¹ / ₂	103 ¹ / ₂	—	100 ¹ / ₂	111 ¹ / ₂
Genoa	473	82 ¹ / ₂	89 ¹ / ₂	61 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig	—	148 ¹ / ₂	—	—	99 ¹ / ₂	103 ¹ / ₂	—	—	111 ¹ / ₂
Leghorn ...	512	89	97 ¹ / ₂	56 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	548	39	43	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz	15.50	94	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples. ...	432	—	81 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15.50	—	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid. ...	15.55	94	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	548	39	42 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 15 Aug.	Breslaw. 14 Aug.	Christiania. 3 Aug.	Petersburg. 6 Aug.	Riga. 8 Aug.	Antwerp 20 Aug.	Madrid. 12 Aug.	Lisbon. 8 Aug.
London	153 ¹ / ₂	7.2	9 Sp. 96	10	9 ¹ / ₂	40 ¹ / ₂	36	52
Paris	80 ¹ / ₂	—	—	106	—	par.	15	540
Hamburg	147 ¹ / ₂	152 ¹ / ₂	211	9 ¹ / ₂	9 ¹ / ₂	34 ¹ / ₂	90 ¹ / ₂	39 ¹ / ₂
Amsterdam .	141	145	—	9 ¹ / ₂	10	¹ / ₂	98 ¹ / ₂	43
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	857

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From July 26 to Aug. 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-7
Ditto at sight	12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U.	12-8
Antwerp	12-4 .. 12-5
Hamburgh, 2½ U.	37-8 .. 37-9
Altona, 2½ U.	37-9 .. 37-10
Paris, 3 days' sight.	25-40 .. 25-55
Ditto .. 2 U.	25-70 .. 25-85
Bordeaux	25-70 .. 25-85
Frankfort on the Main	156 .. 157
Ex. M.	94
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Ua.	10-16 .. 10-20
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M.	10-16 .. 10-20
Trieste, ditto	36 .. 36½
Madrid, effective...	36 .. 36½
Cadix, effective.	36 .. 36½
Bilboa	35½ .. 36
Barcelona	35½ .. 36
Seville	30½ .. 31
Gibraltar	47½
Leghorn	43½
Genoa	27-60 .. 27-50
Venice, Ital. Liv.	45
Malta	39½
Naples	117
Palermo, per oz.	51½ .. 52
Lisbon	52 .. 52½
Oporto	46 .. 47
Rio Janeiro	50
Bahia	94
Dublin	94
Cork	94

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	6	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	9	3	13	6
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	4	9
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 27s. 6½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 8½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£0	2	0	to	0	4	0
Middlings	0	1	6	to	0	2	0
Chats	0	1	6	to	0	0	0
Common red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	July. 20	July. 27	Aug. 3	Aug. 10	Aug. 17
Wheat	43 8	43 2	42 5	42 11	43 3
Rye	18 4	23 5	18 0	19 3	18 4
Barley	19 5	18 4	18 2	18 1	19 0
Oats	18 10	18 7	18 5	18 4	18 0
Beans	26 4	25 2	24 8	24 8	24 6
Peas	25 9	26 9	25 7	27 1	26 4

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from July 22, to Aug. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	56,116	70	—	56,186
Barley	3,455	—	—	3,455
Oats	57,662	6,805	—	64,467
Rye	49	—	—	49
Beans	6,420	—	—	6,420
Pease	5,350	—	—	5,350
Malt	8,840 Qrs.;	Flour 41,375 Sacks.	Foreign Flour—none.	

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	.. 50s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	.. 45s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	.. 0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	.. 0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 90s.
Sussex, ditto	.. 50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	.. 0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	.. 0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	.. 0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£.	s.	£.	s.
3	0 to 4	0..4	0 to 4 4..1 2 to 2 0
3	10 to 4	4..4	0 to 4 15..1 10 to 2 6
2	10 to 4	0..3	15 to 4 8..1 7 to 1 19

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at	
Newgate.—Beef	.. 2s. 0d. to 2s. 8d.
Mutton	.. 2s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.
Veal	.. 2s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.
Pork	.. 2s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Lamb	.. 2s. 8d. to 3s. 4d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	.. 1s. 10d. to 3s. 0d.
Mutton	.. 2s. 0d. to 2s. 6d.
Veal	.. 3s. 0d. to 4s. 8d.
Pork	.. 2s. 8d. to 3s. 10d.
Lamb	.. 3s. 0d. to 3s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from July 26, to Aug. 26, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,140	3,325	187,190	1,860

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 29 to Aug. 19.

	July 29.	Aug. 5.	Aug. 12.	Aug. 19.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	35 0 to 40 6	32 0 to 40 6	35 6 to 42 6	35 0 to 41 3
Sunderland	33 6 to 41 6	32 9 to 41 9	33 0 to 42 6	33 6 to 41 3

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Aug. 17th, 1898.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of
	£. s.	£. s.		£.		£. s.	£. s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark.....	23	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	—	1482	100	Do. new.....	78	7 10 p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham.....	100	4	1780	100	Vauxhall.....	30	—	3000	100
Basingstoke.....	4	—	1280	100	Do. Provisionary Notes.....	100	5	54,000	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	54,000	—	Waterloo.....	3	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided).....	580	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 84.....	38	—	5000	50
Bolton and Bury.....	95	3	477	250	— Annuities of 71.....	29	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	50	4	958	100	— Bonds.....	103	3	00,000	—
Chelmer and Blackwater.....	93	5	408	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield.....	120	8	1500	100	Barking.....	20	—	—	100
Coventry.....	1070	44 3	500	100	Commercial.....	108	5	—	100
Croydon.....	2 10	—	4548	100	East-India				
Derby.....	140	8	600	100	Branch.....	108	5	—	100
Dudley.....	68	3	2000	100	Great Dover Street.....	37	1 10	482	100
Ellesmere and Chester.....	68	3	3575	138	Highgate Archway.....	5	—	2888	50
Erewash.....	1000	58	351	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	1000	55
Forth and Clyde.....	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.....	—	1	1000	50
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	—	—	1900	100	Severn and Wye Do.....	31 10	1 10	3782	50
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	—	Water Works.				
Grand Junction.....	244	10	11,515	100	East London.....	97	2	3500	100
Grand Surrey.....	54	3	1521	100	Grand Junction.....	58	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan.....	101	5	60,000	—	Kent.....	88	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union.....	30	—	2348	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan.....	100	5	19,327	—	South London.....	30	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3095	100	West Middlesex.....	55	2 3	7540	—
Grantham.....	148	8	740	150	York Buildings.....	24	—	1390	100
Huddersfield.....	18 10	—	6812	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon.....	18 5	17	25,328	100	Albion.....	50	2 10	2000	—
Lancaster.....	27	1	11,008	100	Atlas.....	6	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	365	12	2,679	100	Bath.....	575	40	—	—
Leicester.....	500	14	545	—	Birmingham.....	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	70	—	1686	100	British.....	50	3	—	250
Loughborough.....	3500	170	70	100	County.....	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray.....	221	11	250	100	Eagle.....	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell.....	—	30	—	—	European.....	20	1	50,000	20
Moumouthshire.....	180	8	2400	100	Globe.....	133	8	1,000,000	100
Do. Debentures.....	100	5	48,520	100	Guardian.....	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire.....	70	2 10	700	100	Hope.....	4 5	6	40,000	50
Neath.....	410	25	247	—	Imperial.....	96	4 10	2400	50
North Wilts.....	—	—	1770	25	London.....	28	1 4	2800	25
Nottingham.....	200	12	500	150	London Ship.....	20	1	31,000	25
Oxford.....	730	32	1720	100	Provident.....	18	18	2500	100
Peak Forest.....	70	8	2300	100	Rock.....	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	40	—	2320	50	Royal Exchange.....	265	10	745,000	—
Regent's.....	37 10	—	12,294	—	San Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale.....	56	2	8631	100	Sun Life.....	23 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury.....	170	9 10	500	125	Union.....	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire.....	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	71	4	6000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares.....	65	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge.....	200	0	300	145	City Gas Light Company.....	114	5 12	1000	100
Stratford on Avon.....	17	—	3647	—	Do. New.....	60	2 10	1000	100
Stroudwater.....	485	22	—	—	Bath Gas.....	17	15	2500	20
Swarsea.....	186	10	538	100	Brighton Gas.....	20 5	1	1500	20
Tavistock.....	90	—	850	100	Bristol.....	—	1 14	2500	20
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2570	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk.....	1900	75	1800	200	London.....	28	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham.....	230	11	1000	100	Russel.....	11	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton.....	210	10	900	100	Surrey.....	5	—	700	50gs
Wilts and Berks.....	8 10	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.				
Walsbeach.....	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart.....	22	1 5	1000	50
Worcester and Birmingham.....	25 10	1	6000	—	British Copper Company.....	52	2 10	1807	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery.....	9	—	2200	50
Bristol.....	20	—	2200	146	Do.....	5	—	3447	50
Do. Notes.....	100	5	288,224	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	15	1	2000	150
Commercial.....	87	8 10	3182	100	Carnegie Stock, 1st Class.....	92	4	—	—
East-India.....	159	8	450,000	100	Do..... 2d Class.....	79	3	—	—
East Country.....	31	—	1038	100	City Bonds.....	109	5	—	—
London.....	110 1/2	4 10	8,114,000	100					
West-India.....	183	10	1,200,000	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th July to 24th Aug.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	New 4 p. Cent.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Excheq. Small.	Consols for Acc.
July															
26	250½	80½	1	80½	92½	99½	20½	80½	—	250	64	—	6	7	80½
27	—	81½	—	80½	—	99½	20½	—	—	250½	—	91	6	7	80½
29	251½	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	20½	—	—	251	—	—	6	7	80½
30	251½	81½	81	80½	92½	99½	20½	—	—	—	—	—	6	7	80½
31	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	20½	—	—	250	63	91	7	7	80½
Aug.															
1	252	81	—	80½	92½	99½	20½	—	—	—	62	—	8	8	80½
2	251½	81	—	80½	92½	99½	20½	—	—	250	65	90½	8	8	80½
3	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	—	—	—	8	8	80½
5	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	—	65	—	8	8	80½
6	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	80½	—	—	64	—	7	8	80½
7	—	81½	1	80½	92½	99½	21	80½	—	—	—	90½	7	7	80½
8	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	—	64	—	7	8	80½
9	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	80½	—	—	64	—	8	9	80½
10	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	249½	63	—	7	9	80½
12	252	81	80	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	250	63	—	7	9	80½
13	—	80	—	80½	91	99½	21	—	—	—	63	—	8	9	80½
14	251½	80	81	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	249	63	91	8	10	80½
15	251½	81	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	—	65	—	9	9	80½
16	251½	81	81	80½	92½	99½	21	80½	—	—	66	—	9	9	80½
17	251½	81	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	249½	—	—	9	9	80½
19	251½	81	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	—	69	—	8	9	80½
20	—	81½	1	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	—	69	—	7	9	80½
21	—	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	80½	—	249½	68	—	7	9	80½
22	252	81½	—	80½	92½	99½	21	—	—	251	52	—	7	9	80½
23	252	81½	1	80½	92½	99½	21	80½	—	—	49	90½	6	8	80½
24	Hot.														

IRISH FUNDS.

	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
July											
20	250½	90½	91½	—	—	104½	104½	—	—	—	21½
25	—	91½	91	—	—	104½	104½	—	47½	71½	—
31	250½	92½	91½	—	—	105	105	—	—	—	—
Aug.											
3	251½	92½	91½	—	—	105	105	—	—	72½	22½
7	—	91½	—	—	—	105	105½	—	—	72½	—
10	252	92½	91½	—	—	—	—	102½	—	72½	22½
14	251½	93	91½	—	—	105½	—	—	—	73	21½
17	251	92½	91	—	—	105½	105½	—	—	73	22

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From July 26. to Aug. 19.

	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
1822		
July	fr.	c.
26	91	35
29	91	65
31	91	65
Aug.		
3	92	40
5	92	55
7	92	55
10	92	95
12	93	25
16	93	15
19	93	75

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.		
	Aug. 2	6	9	13	16	23	July 7	12	24
Bank Shares.....	22	22	22	22	22	22	104½	104½	102½
6 per cent.....	—	92½	92½	92½	93	93	103½	103½	102½
1812.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	104	104	103
1813.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	105	—	104½
1814.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	107	106½	106
1815.....	98½	98½	98½	98½	—	99½	—	—	—
5 per cent.....	96½	96½	96½	96½	97	97	—	—	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

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LONDON :

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

A WELCOME paper from the *late* Mr. Edward Herbert—why did he not send it sooner?—has just given us a very pleasant evidence of his continued existence. It shall have an early place in our next Number. A Visit to the Monastery of Sorrento, by our Italian Correspondents, will appear at the same time.

Mr. C—— is not the Mr. T—— alluded to by a Templar.

T. Q. who comprehends Poetry in his charge against us—but not in itself—is singular in his complaint of its superabundance; and is it really possible that, with his penetration, he cannot discover the continuation of the Tales of Lyddalcross?

How could Gallus be so imprudent as to tempt a French song out of its own tongue, before he could provide for it in English? We shall pillory him for his folly in two of his own verses:—

Alas! to make a love so vain,
And never win at all of bliss,
And never see it back again,——
There is no smart so smart as this!

Ah! if she will not heal my woe,
Yet I will never cease of it;
But love with all my heart, although
She stole away the *piece* of it.

El Musa's communication respecting the Plymouth Exhibition shall be forwarded to the proper quarter; but on these subjects we cannot well see without our own spectacles.

L. F. who dates himself under sixteen years of age, will do well to remember, that youth may excuse, but not recommend, bad Poetry. The Night Thoughts are not admired because the Author was Young.

The thick (headed) letter from Ross, in Herefordshire, has failed in its object, the Post-office having returned the expences. If the Man of Ross would send us his address, we might make him some return for his trouble.

“On being asked to sing by a very beautiful Young Lady to whom the Writer is much attached,” and “Lines written for a Bust of Fox,” cannot have a place in our Magazine.

J. A. S. of Walworth ! if Lindley Murray could rise out of his Grammar, what would he not make of thee—thou embroiler of verbs and nominatives, and verse-confounder of all numbers !—" Do you hear how he misplaces ? "

This morning bloom'd on yonder bank
That rose now fading to the eye ;
How sweet and lovely ~~were~~ its sweet,
Now blooms no more but fading *die*,
And though its lovely beauties lost,
It still ~~have~~ left its sweets behind ;—

and then comes what Winifred Jenkins calls " the very *moral* of Lady Rickmansworth."

And learn fond youths before *to* late,
A lesson from it take in time,
Nor pass the morning of your life
In vanity and empty pride ;
But store your mind before *to* late,
With wisdom's treasure that never *glide*.

* * * * *

Though like the rose you fade at last,
Your bosom with its sweet may glow,
And look with pleasure on the past,
And calmly wait afresh *to blow*.

We are well satisfied, from the earnest manner in which Augustus states his opinion, that he sincerely entertains it, and that he is really as much our friend as he professes himself to be.—We take, therefore, in good part the advice he offers, though we cannot allow his objections the weight which they appear to have in his estimation. Nay, we trust that the truth is conveyed with even less colour by our Contributor, (for the article in question is not ours), than by our Correspondent, and he may be certain that no erroneous representation could ever be intentionally admitted into our pages. Having said this by way of explanation, and deeming it useless to argue a question of mere opinion, we have much pleasure in adding, that it is probable his wishes will be gratified. We shall be glad to hear from him in his own name, and to see the papers to which he alludes.

Peter Patricius Pickle-herring has displayed considerable ability, and no little impudence, in his Vituperation. It far exceeds in merit his " Adventures:" they are *inadmissible*. If Peter had a little more refinement, he would become, probably, a welcome Correspondent.

We cannot do more than acknowledge the receipt of the following :—
Bourgeois, Philaploes, and Relics of Thomson.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1822.

VOL. VI.

FRENCH PRETENSIONS.

I can no longer brook thy vanities.—Shakspeare.

FRANCE is the chosen land of the Arts!—Paris is the modern Athens! The French are the bravest people in the world!—The French are the most warlike people in the world!—The French are the most civilized people in the world!—The French are the politest people in the world!—The superiority, in short, of the French, in all things, over all the nations of the earth, is universally acknowledged!—Make the tour of Europe, and visit every land where art and civilization exist, or ever have existed, and you will be stunned with these exclamations in every corner of—Paris. They have become proverbial—in Paris. They are received and undoubted truths—in Paris. People talk them *at* each other, and *of* each other, and *to* each other—in Paris. They are household phrases—in Paris. They are the very baby's lullaby—in Paris.

The French are a people supereminently *Cockney*, each individual relatively to his own particular birth-town. A native of Beauvais might be induced to admit that Paris is a place very well to visit; but for a residence, a spot where a man would desire to establish himself for life, in the full enjoyment of ease and luxury, he is persuaded that Beauvais is the only town in Christendom. The Parisian is a cockney on a grander scale; that is, he allows of no exceptions: his own city

of Paris is to him every thing, and the whole universe besides, nothing. In his opinion, a man might be born and live and die there, nor regret having seen nothing beyond its barriers. He is an ultra Chinese in his notions of the extent of the world of art, civilization, and refinement, for he cannot conceive its existence beyond the walls of the mere capital of his own country. All nations, the French and Chinese excepted, are willing to admit their inferiority to others in some particular respect: they alone thrust themselves forward as models of universal perfection. Now the Chinese, though an ingenious, are an ignorant people, and we make no scruple of at once attributing *their* pretensions to their ignorance; but the French, who in the general diffusion of useful instruction* among them are second only to the English, are in no danger of the application of a similar solution to theirs. Many deep and close observers, many intelligent and discriminating travellers, from different quarters of the world, have, after a mature study of the French character, unceremoniously, and with some appearance of justice, placed their pretensions to the score of insolence; but out of pure regard for a people so kind, so amiable, and so amusing as they are, one is unwilling to adopt so harsh an explanation of the pheno-

* By useful instruction is not meant dancing and playing tunes upon a fiddle; or, rather, these qualifications do not come within the English notion of useful instruction. Here we are lamentably deficient.

menon, while a milder one is to be found. Vanity then, vanity, which from time immemorial has been considered as the peculiar characteristic of the French, is the great source of the evil. Insolence, indeed, is so little to be assigned as its true cause, that when they put forth their pretensions to universal pre-eminence, as they do every day in the week, and every hour in the day, it is under the intimate and innocent persuasion that they are merited, and will readily be admitted; and with a happy unconsciousness that the rest of the world (too much amused to be angry with them) are enjoying a sly laugh at their expense.

The English are a proud people; their superiority over others, where it really does exist, they feel intensely, and assert with firmness and decision; but, happily for them, they are not vain; and a notion of universal superiority is a delusion to which none but their vulgar and their very ignorant are subject. There is extant among them a stock of good sense, and it is seldom that good sense is unaccompanied by modesty; and when, by the examination of themselves, or a comparison with others, they detect their own errors and deficiencies, they steadily set about the task of correcting and supplying them: they endeavour really to attain excellence before they boast of its attainment. Now the French consider themselves as arrived at the very acmé of perfection in all things accomplishable by human effort: they entertained precisely the same opinion two or three centuries ago; and it will be impossible for them to think better of themselves a century hence, when, probably, they will have improved in many respects wherein they are, at present, greatly wanting. This is a real and serious evil; it retards the march of their improvement; and, so far, their vanity is a crime which carries its punishment along with it. But even the assertion of universal excellence does not satisfy them: no, all Europe, the whole world, must bend the knee and acknowledge the supremacy of French valour, French glory, French patriotism, French politeness, French literature, French

this, that, and the other. The eternal song of *La gloire Française, la politesse Française, &c. &c.* is dinned in one's ears "from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve;" it is shouted from their stage, and the echo is repeated from their very senate ~~and a dozen~~ little authors scribble a little journal full about it seven days in every week. Now it may not be amiss to examine the basis on which these pretensions are founded. Schlegel has observed, that the French always demand so much that one is almost inclined to allow them less than they are really entitled to: this is the necessary consequence of an exorbitant claim; but in the following hasty, though candid examination, it is intended to concede *all* that in strict and severe justice ought to be conceded to certain FRENCH PRETENSIONS.

The noisiest, and not the least obtrusive of their pretensions is to supremacy in valour, patriotism, and military glory; nothing else is heard of at their theatres, nothing else is seen but illustrations of it at their picture galleries and printshops. Now, no one is inclined to dispute their claims to military renown; nor does it at all detract from their reputation for valour, that their armies were destroyed in Russia, beaten out of Spain, and compelled to negotiate a peace at the very gates of their own capital: this is the mere fortune of war, and to these reverses all nations are liable, who make war their chief occupation. But it is impossible to suppress a smile, when one hears them misname all their battles, *Victories*, and difficult to forbear reminding them, in the midst of their empty boasts of invincibility, that they *have been* vanquished, upon their own ground too, upon French ground, and (to say nothing of many other reverses) that the two most signal defeats ever sustained in person by their greatest general were inflicted upon him by English commanders.* Why will they not honestly acknowledge their defeats? Their valour would suffer no impeachment by it. French soldiers are composed of the same materials as others, and are equally vulnerable to bullets and bayonets; and there

* Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre, and the Duke of Wellington.

is nothing marvellous in their losing a battle against equal numbers of troops, as well disciplined as themselves, any more than in their obtaining victories over twice or thrice their number of raw Prussian recruits, or undrilled Portuguese peasants.

Nor is any one disposed to deny that the French are as *brave* a people as any in the universe; on the contrary, their claim to a character for courage is freely admitted, and they have, in many instances, nobly proved it. But it is their pretension to pre-eminence in valour, and almost to the exclusive possession of it, that is rejected. Personal courage is not the exclusive growth of France, it is not the peculiar inheritance of a Frenchman; indeed no quality is more common: as occasion requires, it can be procured any where for a shilling a day. It is seldom that the victories of the French have been obtained either through a deficiency of courage in those they have had to contend with, or a super-abundance of it in themselves; and it is singular that they do not perceive how much they detract from the value of their own boasted exploits by impeaching the bravery of their opponents: there is but little glory in vanquishing a cowardly foe. Were they, indeed, to boast of the superiority of French discipline and French tactics, *that* superiority might be conceded to them; and even with respect to that, it seems to be generally considered, among those best enabled to judge in military matters, that most of their successes, under Napoleon particularly, were obtained by the system of bringing (so to express it) indestructible numbers of men into the field. But the truth is, that in modern warfare, where so much is done by the mere pulling of a trigger, or the pointing of a match, where no man sees the bullet aimed directly at himself, personal prowess is less essentially necessary in the common soldier,—at least, there is less opportunity for its display,—than in ancient times, when a battle was a series of single combats, and each man, selecting an opponent, fought

with him foot to foot, knowing that he must “either do or die.” The battle of Waterloo was, at many periods of it, a contest somewhat of this latter nature. To the French its result was, utter, total, irretrievable defeat! This, though it adds a bright ray to English glory, casts no shade on the courage of the French. They were vanquished, not because they were wanting in courage, but because they had to contend against courage fully equal to their own, assisted by superior bodily strength. Their prowess in that fight is generously recorded by the nation who were then their enemies, who, attributing somewhat of the failure of the French to the common chances of war, arrogate to themselves nothing beyond the glory of having been victors in a battle, which brought for the first and last time NAPOLEON into personal opposition with WELLINGTON—a battle which, considered whether as to the numbers engaged in it, the obstinacy with which it was contested, or the deep importance of its consequences, is unparalleled in the history of Europe. Why will the French not exercise a similar modesty in recording *their* victories?

Patriotism—Patriotism is a noble feeling, and the French boast much and eternally of theirs; but, like courage, it is considered as natural to man, and the less *talked* about, the readier is the possession of it believed. Every man is presumed to love his native land. The savage, who fights to the death in defence of his habitation in the wild wood, is a patriot. The Arab, who protects his desert-tent from aggression, is a patriot. William Tell was a patriot. Hampden and Sidney were patriots. The Spaniards, who (aided by the English) drove the French invaders of their country back beyond their own frontiers, were patriots. These are instances of *real patriotism*, which implies, not the trespassing upon the rights of other nations, not the invasion of other countries, but *the determined and uncompromising defence of one's own!* *Verbum sat.**

To excellence in Poetry and the

* The following is given as an extraordinary instance of *absence of mind*—what the French term *distracted*. At the time when their strong places, and their very capital, were occupied by foreign troops, a piece called the Battle of Denain, was performing at one of the Paris theatres, in which one of the characters terminates a flaming compliment to French valour and French patriotism by saying, that the last Frenchman

Fine Arts their pretensions are unbounded and overwhelming.—To begin with their Poetry. It is agreed, by all the literary nations of Europe, that the French possess no poetry; or so little as not to entitle them to claim rank as a poetical people. They are the only nation who are destitute of a great epic poem; for their *Henriade*, which, for want of something better, they set up as a candidate for that title, is, by common consent, pronounced to be, not only the worst production upon which a national reputation was ever attempted to be founded, but, in itself, so very bad a poem as to be utterly unreadable every where except in France. So inadequate in subject, so weak in conception, so cold in invention—in its machinery at once so clumsy and so trivial—so tame and unsatisfactory in execution!—so lamentably beneath the mark is the *Henriade*, that the French have yet to produce an epic poem—if they can. In the sixteenth century, indeed, when all Europe was tuneful, France produced some pretty madrigal writers, who now are unappreciated, and almost unknown. In them some gleams of true poetry may be found, and that may account for their present neglect: for the people who can admire the senseless and extravagant vagaries of Ossian, who consider those nonsensical rhapsodies as fine poetry, must necessarily be insensible to the natural charms of Ronsard, Jodelle, and others of their time.—In satire, indeed, they are successful; they turn an epigram admirably; and Boileau may be justly placed at the side of Dryden and Pope: but Boileau is a satirist in verse, and no poet, and there the approximation of him with Dryden fails.—Their tragic Dramatists, with the exception of *Corneille*, who emits occasional sparkles, are destitute of poetry. Racine, the reviver of classical subjects for the theatre, is a mere prose-writer in verse: he is a fine declaimer, ad-

mirable for the purity of his language, for its smoothness, and its polish, but he has no imagination, no fancy, no power of creation. Compare him with Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, or any of the elder English dramatists. They lay the universe under contribution; with them nothing is mute; they give to all nature thoughts and a tongue; things inanimate speak; a leaf, a flower, a cloud, proclaims a moral lesson. They are full of illustrations and images, which they pour forth from the irresistible impulse of Poetry within them. Shakspeare, for instance, is profuse; the pearls of poesy drop from him unawares. Racine says just what it is absolutely necessary he should say, but no more; he expresses his thoughts closely, correctly, elegantly, if you will, but drily; he writes with a rule and compass at his side. Throw a passage from Shakspeare into what form or language you will, and it will still continue to be poetry: turn a scene of Racine out of verse, and it would become downright prose. From reading a play of Shakspeare one derives the same kind of pleasure, though in a higher degree, as from the contemplation of a beautiful picture, in which the charms of nature are reproduced with force and freedom, yet with truth: a play of *Racine's* is like a neatly executed drawing of certain mathematical figures—the eye is coldly satisfied with its correctness and precision. The laws which the French have imposed upon themselves for verse-making are severe and unyielding, and to these they implicitly submit: hence they are excellent versifiers.* But mere verse is not poetry, and the great error of the French lies in supposing that it is; what they call poetry, therefore, is poetry no where but in France. It is rarely that the coinciding opinions of different nations are incorrect, and if there were no other proof that the French are not

would die rather than suffer the hostile foot of a foreigner on French ground. This ill-timed piece of self-compliment—transformed by existing circumstances into a biting satire—was vehemently applauded by the audience. “Britons are always victorious,” is a sentiment highly relished by an English mob; but if it were presented to them immediately after some signal defeat, their good sense would revolt at it.

* That is, with reference to their own rules. But, from its regularity, French verse is exceedingly monotonous and fatiguing to the ear. Theirs is indeed, as Lord Byron has termed it, a “creaking lyre.”

poets, this one would be sufficient:—that while the poetry of England and Italy passes into all the modern languages, the *poetry* of the French remains fast bound in the iron fetters of their own verse.

In *Music* and *Painting* they rate their pretensions so highly—they so absolutely deny the existence of these arts in a tolerable state elsewhere than in France,—they treat so contemptuously the very supposition of a successful rivalry by any other country, that it is proper their real merits should be determined by a comparison with the highest standards—with the acknowledged models of attainable perfection in art. A test of criticism less exalted would be below the level of the rank they claim; to this, severe as it is, do their overwhelming pretensions expose them, and by its result must they be content to stand or fall.

In Music, the only two nations in the world who can boast of names become classical are Italy and Germany. England is not to be taken into consideration, simply because she puts forth no pretensions to musical fame;* France is, simply because she does. And what pretensions? Such as give us the right to expect that she will support them by the production of master-pieces, of works become famous, and, as it were, naturalized throughout Europe, like the music of the Italians and the Germans. Where are they? Will it be believed that she has not one, not a single one, not a bar, nor a note to produce! What has she that will bear a comparison with *any* of the works of Mozart? Whom dare she venture to place by the side of Haydn? Where are her Cimarosas? Her Paesiellos? What has she comparable to

the *Barbier* or the *Otello* of Rossini? It is not too much to say, that she has hardly produced one *Score* that would be listened to by any but French ears, or obtain a reputation far beyond the walls of Paris. The French will bring forward their Grand Opera, their *Académie Royale de Musique*, (or, as, in strictness, it ought to be called, their academy for dancing), but alas! that will not assist them, for what have *they* done there? *Nothing, positively nothing!* With the poor exception of two or three operas by Gretry, remarkable for nothing but a pretty Romance or two, and a few mediocre compositions by Catel and Kreutzer, *there is not one of the operas upon which the French would found their reputation as a musical nation that is not the work of foreign composers!* Gluck was a German; Piccini, Salieri, Sacchini, and Spontini, Italians; and as well might the French claim the works of Rossini as their own because they are occasionally performed in Paris, as attempt to arrogate to themselves a musical fame on the strength of the *Iphigenias*, *Armida*, *Dido*, *Œdipus*, and the *Vestal*, composed by foreign authors upon French words. And to this is reduced the *nationality* of the *Grand Opéra Français*.†

At their Comic Opera they have, indeed, produced some very pretty music; but even here, so far as nationality is concerned, they will be found to be in almost as naked a plight as at their Grand Opera. It is painful to enter into such minute scrutinies in a mere question of art, but the demands of the French upon our admiration are so exorbitant, that one is compelled to a rigid examination of their validity. It has already been shown that the great and established works, at the great French

* This is to be understood as relative only to *dramatic* music. With the exception of Arne, Arnold, Shield, and Bishop, we have scarcely a name to quote, for the operas performed at the English theatres are chiefly compilations from Italian and German composers. Again: by *dramatic* is not intended what is usually understood by *theatrical* music, mere sing-song used at the theatres; but music illustrative of the passions, strictly appropriate to the situations of the characters, and productive of dramatic effect. We are deficient in what may be called musical interpreters of the passions, as Mozart, Gluck, and (now and then) Rossini. For canons, glees, and catches, and what may be generally classed under the name of *chamber music*, England is unrivalled.

† If the music here be not national, the style of singing is; and pray Heaven its nationality may prevent its ever wandering into foreign parts! "The screams, the howls, and the infernal din!" The witty Carraccioli—he that discovered that English women have two left arms—said of the French, for their taste in music and singing, that *their ears are made of horn*.

Opera, are either German or Italian; and it will place French pretensions in rather a ludicrous point of view, when it is known that even their Comic Opera is indebted for most of its best music to Italians: Cherubini, Nicolo, Dellamaria, and others of less note! One name they possess, and one of which they may well be proud—GRETRY, the gay, the tender, the witty, the unaffected. Nor must Mehul and Boildieu be forgotten. But if a national reputation for excellence in any particular art may be obtained by the possession of two or three men of a certain genius, whose works, and, perhaps, whose names are unknown out of the country which gave them birth, then might England herself stand boldly forth, nor fear to come successfully out from the struggle for musical superiority over her boasting and uncompromising rival. But England must be content to rest her fame on the simplicity, tenderness, truth, and beauty of her ballad tunes; while that of France must not aspire beyond her Romances, and those little Vaudeville airs, so admirably adapted to the expression and effect of epigrammatic couplets.*

A real lover of the Arts loves them for their own sake. With him a fine picture is still a fine picture, whether it be Italian, English, French, or Dutch. He decides on its merits before he enquires about its *school*. He entertains no exclusive prejudices in favour of the Arts of his own country. Not so the French. They talk eternally about the Fine Arts, but their ideas seldom wander beyond the Fine Arts of France. They appear almost to be ignorant of their present existence beyond the walls of Paris. Even the classic names in painting are scarcely ever alluded to but as comparisons, generally to the advantage of their own artists. A mere inspection of any of their reviews of their works of art will prove this; and there it may be seen how every pigmy, who bespatters an enormous

canvas with outrageous mixtures of scarlets, violets, yellows, blues, and greens, is immediately upheld as the vanquisher of a Paul Veronese, and the equal, at least, of Raphael. The *grand tableau* is the subject of every one's thoughts and conversation for at least a week, or till it is cast into shade by another *grand tableau* a foot higher or wider, and nothing else is to be heard of but the supremacy of the French in the Fine Arts. That the French *attempt* much in matters of art is not to be denied, nor can it be contested that their efforts are often rewarded with a certain degree of success; but that they have attained to that point of superiority of which they are unceasingly boasting, and which, upon their own bare assurance, they would have the rest of Europe accord to them, may be disproved by the slightest examination of any thing they have yet produced.

They set forth their gallery of the works of modern French artists, at the Luxembourg, as a collection of their *best*; surely, therefore, they cannot accuse us of unfairness in selecting it as an example. Now *will any one picture there* stand a comparison with the works of any of the great Italian masters? Decidedly not.† It may be objected that this is a hard and an unfair test: but, no: the unlimited pretensions of the French authorise us in judging them by a severe standard; and when they stun us with their boasts of the *unrivalled* productions of the French school, we may be allowed to reject David, Gérard, or Girodet, as the points of perfection (though all men of considerable talent) and to appeal to Titian, Guido, Raphael, and Michael Angelo.

With respect to their Exhibition lately closed, comprising the result of three years' labour, it is not too much to say, that it was the worst collection of pictures ever brought together for public inspection. We have oc-

* Generally speaking, English music is unlearned and undramatic: that of the French is stiff, harsh, mannered, and affected. The English must greatly improve their musical education; the French must reform theirs altogether: until this is effected, they had both better retire from the field, and relinquish the palm of musical excellence to those who alone deserve it—the Germans and Italians.

† To those who have not examined this gallery, any particular notice of its contents would avail nothing in support of this assertion: to those who have, it would be needless.

casionally found an unfortunate preponderance of bad works at Somerset House ; but at no time, though there the exhibition is annual, was there ever seen so small a proportion of good ones. At the Louvre, from among *fourteen hundred subjects*, it would have been difficult to select fifty as rising above mediocrity, and of these but a very small number deserving the character of really good pictures. The best of them were, a couple of portraits painted several years ago by Gérard—one of Dr. Dubois, and one of Mlle. Mars, the celebrated actress, in a Russian costume (the engraving from which is well known in London); some portraits by Prudhon; a fine head of the greatest tragedian of the age (it is almost needless to add the name of Talma), by Picot, worthy of ranking with the best efforts of modern portrait-painting; an *Interior* or two (subjects in which the French delight), by Granet and Fruchot; two or three fruit and flower pieces; a series illustrating the influence of the passion of love on the arts, a poetical idea poetically treated, by Ducis; and some pretty trifles—a blacksmith's shop, a sportsman bewailing his dog, &c. For the rest, the exhibition was made up of rows of bad portraits of uninteresting people,—Mr. A——, the Countess of B——, Mrs. C—— and her children, and the whole alphabet through (very like Somerset-house); here and there a brave officer in a simple costume,

and next to him a captain of the National Guard, painted to look fierce and warlike, foaming like a battery, seemingly stuffed with gunpowder like a Congreve rocket, and almost threatening to *go off*! representations of death in all its forms, by sword and shot, fever, famine, and the plague; and pictorial illustrations of disease and suffering in all their stages.* Add to these, Saint Louis', François-Premiers, and Henri Quatres by dozens; traits of French valour, French glory,† French generosity, by scores; and a quantity of vast frames, each encompassing several square feet of canvas, tastelessly daubed over with glaring colours, and epigrammatically termed *historical pictures*,‡ and a pretty correct idea may be formed of the result of three years' labour of the nation, self-styled the foremost in the world of Art. Their efforts in Sculpture and Engraving may be passed over by a word: in the latter art they are notoriously inferior to the English, and in the former not to be compared either with the English or Italians. They have no name capable of supporting a comparison with Chantrey or Canova; and Raimbach's engraving after Wilkie's Blind-man's-buff, exhibited in one of their rooms, left every other at an immeasurable distance behind it.

Repeating that, with the one or two exceptions already stated, they did not exhibit a picture of transcendent merit in any branch of paint-

* This is no exaggeration. One artist, apparently ambitious of gratifying a greater variety of *distastes* than any of his rivals, happily imagined the exhibition of a whole collection of diseases on one canvas. The subject was ingeniously chosen—the clinical lecture outside the hospital of Saint Louis; where several poor suffering wretches, stained with the disgusting signs of disease, were supported by the attendants, or scattered about upon litters. Do not we now and then hear and read about *le bon goût François*?

† The French marine painters were hard put to it for a naval victory, and, at last, were obliged to content themselves with two or three by American ships over English. Had they been desirous of working on a grand scale *they might have chosen better*.

‡ Literally speaking, there was not *one* great historical work worthy of the name, or capable either of making or sustaining a reputation. Some *frames* there were of most promising dimensions, but their presumptuous magnitude only served to contrast more ridiculously with the littleness of the talent they encompassed. Heads so devoid of character and meaning, attitudes so forced and unnatural, one would have thought that bad actors of melodramas had served for models. Such violent contrasts of light and shade! Such glaring and inharmonious combinations of colour! These materials do not constitute a great picture, though every figure on the canvas be six feet high. After gazing for a few minutes at these things, the wearied eye was obliged to seek repose among the Italian pictures in the next gallery. A French gentleman, in reply to the observation of an English amateur, that the exhibition was not a very good one, said—“Why Sir, *for France*, it is even a bad one; yet it would make the reputation of *England* or any other country.”

ing,—in history, not even one worthy of selection—it is necessary, in order to render this sketch of the present state of the Fine Arts in France complete (and not the less so for being a rapid one) to notice their claim to superiority in three of the minor departments of Fine Art,—Medalling, Miniature-painting, and Painting on Porcelain. In these their superiority is willingly acknowledged, because it is justly merited. The French medalists are unrivalled; in all the various kinds of miniature portrait-painting they excel; and in the very difficult art of copying pictures on porcelain (if we except the Chinese, who, for truth of imitation and brilliancy of colour, excel even the French) they surpass all other people in the world.

The French have lately taken it into their heads to boast of their superiority over other nations (and with a particular reference to the English) in the *useful arts*! This boast is rather a novel and a very unexpected one; and, while we wish them the full enjoyment of all the pleasure they can derive from it, we must admit that they deserve high praise for the *attempts* they are making, and the habits of useful industry they *begin* to appear desirous of acquiring. A quarter of a century back, the whole circle of their useful labours embraced the manufacture of snuff-boxes, tooth-pick cases, and scented pomatums. The beauty and perfection of these articles acquired for them a reputation *tout-à-fait Européenne*, and, even to this day, these are the objects in which they particularly excel. But the Revolution having scattered vast numbers of Frenchmen about various countries of Europe, chiefly in England, these ingenious people soon perceived the inferiority of their own country in all those arts and institutions which promote the comfort of life, and confer dignity on man. English snuff-boxes, it is but too true, were ill-fashioned and clumsy; English tooth-pick cases in the very worst taste; and English pomatums, to say the best of them, detestable; but the constitution of England, her wise and equal laws, the unparalleled charms of English domestic life, and above all, her useful, well-directed, and *productive industry*, excited their admiration, and they, naturally an imita-

tive people, diligently set about the task of imitation. The present peace, by facilitating the communication between the two countries, has been of considerable advantage to them. Their legislators, their men of science, their artists and artisans, have visited England; her laws have been explained, her manufactories exposed to them; English social life, its very mechanism (so to express it), has been laid open to their inspection, and from all these they have had the good sense to profit. But like Voltaire, who after pilfering the best scenes of his best plays from Shakspeare ridiculed and abused him,—as a thief (to use Mrs. Montague's powerful illustration) sets fire to the house he has robbed to prevent detection,—most of these gentlemen, who have greatly benefited their country by the information in various matters freely afforded them, have gratified their ill-concealed jealousy of their instructors by the publication of a little volume or a little pamphlet—full of slander and misrepresentation. This, however, may, in some instances, be accounted for in a way less discreditable to the French character than would, at first sight, be supposed; it is not always to be attributed to an ungracious or ungrateful return for the hospitality accorded them, nor to a wilful bias towards misrepresentation: the truth is, that many very intelligent Frenchmen who have visited England and written about it are totally ignorant of the language—a circumstance which must necessarily involve a traveller in the grossest errors and misconceptions; and some other persons, the mere hirelings of the book-stalls of the Palais Royal, have set about their task with three eminent disqualifications—ignorance, want of understanding, and their own rank in life,—which latter has bounded their views of English society, manners, &c. to what the streets, the third or fourth-rate coffee-houses, or an introduction to some servants' hall through a lucky acquaintance with the French cook or valet, may have afforded them. But to quit this digression.

If the French do not excel in the Useful Arts, they deserve praise for what they have hitherto accomplished, and the desire (apparently a serious one) they evince to do more. It

is impossible to pass through the streets of Paris without being struck by the vast display of imitations, some of them tolerably well executed, of English manufactures, which, but a few years ago, could in no shape or quality be procured but from England. Every thing must have a beginning, and this is *but* a beginning; and at whatever degree of excellence in the useful arts the French may, in the course of time, and by study and serious application, arrive, they have *as yet* done nothing to excite in an Englishman the feelings they foolishly attribute to him—jealousy of their *pre-eminence*, and alarm for the commerce of his country, which their industry, as they somewhat prematurely boast, must speedily overthrow.

It is not very long since an Exhibition—rather an ostentatious, and in most respects a very trumpery one—was made in the galleries of the Louvre of the produce of the industry of all France. Here were to be found, ranged in order, and with an air of extreme, nay, absurd pretension, quantities of fiddles, gilt clocks, mock-diamonds, toasting-forks, painted papers, pickled cucumbers, velvets, wooden shoes, carpets, mouse-traps, porcelain, dried herrings, cutlery, yards of calico, silks, sugar-plums, &c. &c. &c. Notwithstanding the jealous fears of an Englishman on an occasion of such fatal import to poor England, it would have been difficult for him to suppress a smile at the wonder and astonishment of the French as they gazed around them, and the amusing excess of their admiration of objects neither curious nor rare, most of which they might see in any London chandler's shop window, and better than their best on half one side of Fleet-street or Ludgate-hill every day in the year. The bold and enterprising quackery of many of the exhibitors was fully answered by the good-tempered, unreflecting gullibility of the visitors; and even *they* must have laughed in their sleeves at hearing “*Superbe*” “*Magnifique!*” “*Mon dieu, que c'est beau!*” lavished on rows of penny pipkins, copper saucepans, piles of currant jelly, and pyramids of earthen pots-de-chambre. But the agonies inflicted on the Englishman by the reiterated exclamations, half exultation, half pity, of “*What will the*

English say?”—“*The English cannot equal this!*”—“*The English will burst (creveront) with jealousy*”—were somewhat alleviated by the inscriptions attached to every third stall: *This article imitated from the English*—*This article almost equal to the English*—or, *This article fully equal to the English*: thus, perhaps without intending it, implying an acknowledgment of English superiority.

In the Useful Arts, the French of the present time, compared with the French of thirty years ago, have made an enormous progress; but a comparison with the English cannot fail of being lamentably to their disadvantage. They do many more things than they did formerly, it is true; they do but few things well; and the great distinction between them and the English—(a distinction which will be found to pervade the characters and general habits of the two people)—is, that the latter consider *utility* as the paramount object of attainment, while the former are satisfied with the flimsy qualifications of the eye. For instance: French knives are mounted on showy handles, but they disdain to cut, and are immovable to the most pathetic intreaties of the grinder; French boots are very spruce and well-pointed, but they are the sworn allies of the puddles, and surrender at discretion to the first—*water*; French razors, tastefully disposed in glittering cases, are overpowered in the first encounter with the beard, leaving the chin, a neutral country and the seat of war, the greatest sufferer in the ineffectual contest; French locks are in a state of open rebellion, and laugh to scorn the commands of their liege lord the key:—and so of almost every other French article intended for utility. Utility, durability, and cheapness—the best commodity at the least price—it is upon this that commercial supremacy is founded; and when the French have attained these points, in all of which they are notoriously deficient, they may boast of an *equality* with England—to say nothing of superiority—and begin to think of a commercial rivalry with her—but not till then.

The last French pretension we shall notice is that of being the *politest* people in the world. They once had the reputation of being so,

and so long as it was deserved it was unaffectedly acknowledged by every other nation. It was freely admitted, and in its fullest force, by the English themselves; and through the period of the Revolution, and till the conclusion of the last peace, *La politesse Française* remained a phrase traditional in England as it is still in France. Now the circumstance which has most forcibly struck the most enlightened travellers from all quarters, who have visited France within the last few years, expecting to find the people the paragon of politeness, is the enormous depth below their reputation at which they actually are placed. This is to be accounted for in three ways:—first, people depend less upon hearsay than formerly; they judge with their own eyes; they take nothing upon trust, and describe things as they find them;—secondly, other nations are greatly advanced in politeness,—a circumstance in itself sufficient to render the distinction less obvious;—and lastly, French politeness is really fast decaying. This is a melancholy truth, but a truth it is. So far, indeed, as politeness is the work of the dancing-master, they are still super-eminent: they bow, and sidle, and shuffle, and grimace, and in conversation use an abundance of unmeaning phrases, the conventional signs of politeness; but this is not the true quality; it is merely *poli*, polish, an artificial quality communicated to the surface, and which does not exist beneath it. The very word itself, *poli*, they use indifferently to express *polite* and a *polished outside*; and are not aware that mere *manners* alone no more constitute politeness, than mere gloss does the value of a metal. The true politeness is a combination of delicate feeling with good sense—an intuitive sentiment of kindness and propriety. It is unpretending. A polite man, by a natural impulse, as it were, and without any manifestation of effort, at once sets you at ease with yourself and with him. This, modified into a thousand various forms, is the general effect of politeness. Does French politeness perform this? Without hesitation it may be answered—No. The very boast a Frenchman will make to a foreigner about French politeness—*no matter for the form of words in which it may be conveyed*—is im-

polite: the foreigner, unless he be a fool, perceives that the comparison is made to his disadvantage,—that he is held as an inferior in the estimation of the Frenchman,—and consequently becomes ill at ease with himself, for a time at least. A polite Frenchman will not hesitate to abuse a whole nation, for some supposed inferiority to the French, in the very face of a native of it; and considers that the terms of French politeness are amply fulfilled if he concludes by assuring Monsieur, “that he is charmed and delighted with *him*, and that he has the honour of declaring that *he* is a very striking exception to the general rule.” Now here the blow has been struck—the *amour propre* of the foreigner has received a wound:—he feels that his country is undervalued, and the shallow exception gives him no pleasure. The *politeness* is formal and conventional; the *incivility* is real. Yet this the French do not consider as incompatible with what they call politeness. Now a polite Englishman, if he cannot say a civil thing, will be silent. It is needless to multiply instances; but an anecdote related by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which true and false politeness are exquisitely distinguished, may not be misplaced here.

Reynolds, when a young man and just rising into notice, was invited by two noblemen to call upon them. He went to the first, was announced, and with great ceremony ushered into my lord's presence, who, with many profound bows, expressed his deep sense of the honour Mr. Reynolds had done him. He instantly conducted the painter round the room, obligingly pointed out his best pictures to him, requested his opinion of them, and listened to him with the most condescending attention. The visit lasted for nearly an hour, and my lord conversed with him all the time about Vandyke and pictures, pictures and Vandyke, and when Reynolds took his leave my lord even bowed him to the very hall door. He went away deeply impressed with a sense of his lordship's condescension towards a painter—towards a man of his own comparative littleness. He paid his next visit. He found the nobleman in his library, who just receiving him with “Ha! Mr. Reynolds, I'm very glad to see you,”

drew his own chair closer to the fire, and motioned to Reynolds to place himself at his side. My lord talked about politics, the weather, the books which happened to be scattered about the table, pictures too—when any turn in the conversation naturally led to them,—the news of the day, and other casual subjects. When Reynolds rose to depart, his lordship shook him by the hand, rang for a servant, and expressed a hope that Mr. Reynolds would not be long in repeating his visit. He left the house, pleased at his reception, but never once thinking of the immense distance which separates a painter from a lord—so completely had the nobleman set him at ease with himself. Now, according to the French feeling, or, strictly speaking, the French *system* of politeness, the palm would decidedly be awarded to *Mi-lord qui faisoit tant de révérences*.

There is no doubt that in France, Politeness, even according to French notions of it, has been gradually decaying ever since the commencement of the Revolution. That event, whatever good it may have produced in other respects, unhappily sowed the seeds of a barbarous spirit amongst them, and they are increasing and multiplying with fearful rapidity. Woman has at all times received less moral consideration in France than in most other civilized countries, particularly England; but till the bloody and ferocious examples daily exhibited in the course of the Revolution familiarized the public mind with the horrors inflicted on, and committed by, women, the female person had always been held sacred. Woman, though possessing few independent and rational rights, had always been the object of an abundance of little attentions, and the charter of protection from harm and insult, granted to her by nature, was in France, as it still is in other European countries, ratified by man. How is it with them now? Not to speak of twenty or thirty years, but only a little

month ago,—in one of their theatres, women—they were Englishwomen, to be sure, and that may serve as an excuse to the *politest nation in the world*—were pelted with rotten eggs, potatoes, half-pence and stones! All were struck, some were bruised; and it is to be attributed rather to the awkward aim than to the gentle intentions of the *urbane* assailants that greater ills were not inflicted. The journals which have stood most forward in defence of this disgraceful affair admit that the assailants were not the mob, the mere rabble of Paris, but the students of the law and medical schools—*la belle jeunesse Française!* as they call them.*

“By this we have proved our hatred of the English,” say they. There needed no such proof of their hatred. They hate the English, and for reasons which it would be too humiliating to their vanity to enumerate. But like bad reasoners they have proved more, much more, than they intended: they have proved, what cannot now be disputed, that they are no longer *la nation la plus polie du monde*;—that they are nearly bankrupt in politeness, and would fain maintain their reputation on the credit of what they formerly enjoyed;—that now that their real funds are exhausted, they would keep up the same show with mere counters, and pass them upon the rest of Europe for current coin;—that (as it has already been said) a barbarous spirit is growing up amongst them;—and that, though they continue to play off the grimaces, the monkey-tricks of politeness, the real *politesse Française*, the politeness of the heart (if indeed they ever possessed *that*), is gone from them for ever! But let us turn from the recollection of the scene alluded to; it is too disgusting, and, contrasted with French pretensions to politeness, too ridiculous for quiet contemplation.

To conclude. The French are rather the favourites of Europe, for they are an amusing, a clever,

* It is really a pity to see these poor deluded lads, the unthinking dupes of a little newspaper faction, turned from their needful studies on every occasion where a riot is to be got up, and excited to the work which in London is left to coal-heavers, brewers'-draymen, and St. Giles's labourers. What demon is it that tempts them to set up for politicians and legislators, before they have escaped from the ferule of their schoolmasters? How different is this from the decent and gentlemanly conduct of the students of our *University of Court*.

and in many respects a kind people ; and those who are best inclined to love them are the most grieved to witness the ridicule they draw down upon themselves by their ceaseless, ill-timed vapourings, blusterings, and boastings. The merits of the French, and they possess many, are fully and fairly appreciated by other nations ; the praises they deserve are freely bestowed upon them ; their excellencies, and (where they are superior) their superiorities, are acknowledged ; but though they beplaster their Boulevards with representations of their glory, and courage, and patriotism, ten times thicker, if possible, than they do,—though they continue to stun one another by their plaudits of the flashy compliments paid to them by their own little Vaudeville-makers for being the most polite, the most civilized, the most enlightened people on the face of the globe—it will not serve to place them a jot higher in any one's estimation but their own.

It is evident that they are anxious to acquire the character of being a useful as well as a clever and pleasant people, and are growing ashamed of their proverbial frivolity ; and of being looked to merely for the supply of the most expert dancers, cooks, and hair-dressers. This is laudable. But to execute their purpose it is necessary that they correct themselves of that constitutional vanity which considerably impedes their progress in improvement, and, at the same time, renders them somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of the world ; that they learn to think more favourably of others, less favourably of themselves ; and, above all, that they bear it constantly in mind, that in what way soever they may be desirous of establishing a reputation for excellence, their right to it will be estimated by their acts and works alone, while the only meed of their PRETENSIONS will be ridicule and contempt.

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

Tom Hood

1.

ALAS ! that breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful church-yard of Bedfont !

2.

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining, far distant, in the summer air
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between
Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
Two far-off ships—until they brush between
The church-yard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide open'd gate.

3.

And there they stand—with haughty necks before
God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes :
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs
With pouting lips—forgetful of the grace
Of health, and smiles on the heart-conscious face,—

4.

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
 May wear the happiness of rich attire ;
 And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
 May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
 Of lifeless diamonds ;—and for health deny'd,—
 With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
 Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory
 That has no life in life, nor after-story.

5.

The aged priest goes shaking his grey hair
 In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
 Earthward in grief, and heav'nward in pray'r,
 And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by.
 Good-hearted man ! what sullen soul would wear
 Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
 Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
 Of one so grey in goodness and in days ?

6.

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
 Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
 And sadly blends his reverence and blame
 In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
 Impatient :—many a red-hooded dame
 Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside
 From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
 That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

7.

“ I have a lily in the bloom at home,”
 Quoth one, “ and by the blessed Sabbath day
 I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come
 And read a lesson upon vain array ;—
 And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some
 Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say—
 Making my reverence—Ladies, an you please,
 King Solomon's not half so fine as these.”

8.

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run
 His earthly course,—“ Nay, Goody, let your text
 Grow in the garden.—We have only one—
 Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next ?
 Summer will come again, and summer sun,
 And lilies too—but I were sorely vexed
 To mar my garden, and cut short the blow
 Of the last lily I may live to grow.”

9.

“ The last ! ” quoth she, “ and though the last it were—
 Lo ! those two wantons, where they stand so proud
 With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
 And painted cheeks, like Dragons to be bow'd
 And curtsey'd to !—last Sabbath after pray'r,
 I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud
 If they were angels—but I made him know
 God's bright ones better, with a bitter blow ! ”

10.

So speaking, they pursue the pebbly walk
 That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng
 Hand-coupled urchins in restrained talk,
 And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,
 And posied churchwarden with solemn stalk,
 And gold-bedizen'd beadle flames along,
 And gentle peasant clad in buff and green,
 Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene;

11.

And blushing maiden—modestly array'd
 In spotless white—still conscious of the glass;
 And she, the lonely widow, that hath made
 A sable covenant with grief—alas!
 She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,
 While the poor kindly-hearted, as they pass,
 Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress
 Her boy—so rosy!—and so fatherless!

12.

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near
 The fair white temple, to the timely call
 Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.—
 Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl
 Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere
 Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,
 —Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
 In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

13.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
 In purple luxuries—with restless gold—
 Flaunting the grass where widowhood had wail'd
 In blotted black—over the heapy mould
 Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd
 How the warm vanity abused the cold;
 Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
 Sadly uplooking through transparent stone:

14.

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
 Shocking the awful presence of the dead;
 Where gracious natures do their eyes benight,
 Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
 Nor move too rudely in the summer bright
 Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,
 Meting it into steps, with inward breath,
 In very pity to bereaved death.

15.

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
 To solemn pray'r, and the loud populous hymn,—
 With glowing picturings of joys divine
 Painting the mistlight where the roof is dim;
 But youth looks upward to the window shine,
 Warming with rose and purple and the swim
 Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
 Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes;

16.

Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath
 Enrobed his angels,—and with absent eyes
 Hearing of Heav'n,—and listening the path,
 Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies
 Clouding with satin,—till the preacher's wrath
 Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries
 With a deep voice that trembles in its might,
 And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light:

17.

“ Oh that the vacant eye would learn to look
 On very beauty, and the heart embrace
 True loveliness, and from this holy book
 Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace
 Of love indeed ! Oh that the young soul took
 Its virgin passion from the glorious face
 Of fair religion, and address'd its strife
 To win the riches of eternal life !

18.

“ Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,
 And the poor excellence of vain attire ?
 Oh go, and drown your eyes against the sun,
 The visible ruler of the starry quire,
 Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,
 Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire ;
 And the faint soul down darkens into night,
 And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

19.

“ Oh go, and gaze,—when the low winds of ev'n
 Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
 Their gold-crown'd heads ; and the rich blooms of heav'n
 Sun-ripen'd give their blushes up to God ;
 And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riv'n
 By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
 Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
 May quench its longings of magnificence !

20.

“ Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade away—
 Day into darkness—darkness into death—
 Death into silence ; the warm light of day,
 The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
 Of Even—all shall wither and decay,
 Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
 The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich dyes
 That break and vanish in the aching eyes.”

21.

They hear, soul-blushing, and repentant shed
 Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour
 Their sin to earth,—and with low drooping head
 Receive the solemn blessing, and implore
 Its grace—then soberly, with chasten'd tread,
 They meekly press towards the gusty door,
 With humbled eyes that go to graze upon
 The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

22.

The lowly grass!—O water-constant mind!
 Fast-ebbing holiness!—soon-fading grace
 Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind
 Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face
 For ever!—How they lift their eyes to find
 Old vanities.—Pride wins the very place
 Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now
 With idle wings on the curb-conscious brow!

23.

And lo! with eager looks, they seek the way
 Of old temptation, at the lowly gate;
 To feast on feathers, and on vain array,
 And painted cheeks, and the rich glistering state
 Of jewel-sprinkled locks.—But where are they,
 The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
 With lofty neck, and nose, and stiffen'd eye?—
 None challenge the old homage bending by.

24.

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
 Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,—
 For Vanity has faded into gloom,
 And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,
 And impious Life leaf-trembles at its doom,—
 Set for a warning token evermore,
 Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
 Shall gaze with lifted hands and wond'ring eyes.

25.

The aged priest goes on each sabbath morn,
 But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair;
 The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn,
 Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair;—
 And ancient lips that purr'd up in scorn,
 Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r;
 And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
 The lily blooms its long white life away.

26.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
 In pride of plume, where plummy Death had trod,
 Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
 Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod;—
 There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
 Two sombre Peacocks.—Age, with sapient nod
 Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
 How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

If any man, in his unbelief, should doubt the truth and manner of this occurrence, he may in an easy way be assured thereof to his satisfaction, by going to Bedford, a journey of some thirteen miles, where, in the church-yard, he may with his own eyes behold the two peacocks. They seem at first sight to be of yew-tree, which they greatly resemble; but on drawing nearer, he will perceive, cut therein, the date 1704—being, without doubt, the year of their transformation.

Ovid.

LUKE LORANCE, THE CAMERONIAN.

I sought my home—my father's home, and stood
 In mute deep sorrow on the threshold stone,
 Passing my palm o'er my oft dropping eyes.
 No maiden sister now, nor long-gown'd dame,
 Nor merry hind, nor grave grey-headed sire,
 With outheld hand and kindred smile came forth
 To greet and welcome me. Woe, and alas !
 The hall was roofless and the hearth was cold :—
 The gladsome hearth, where rustic poets sang,
 Where matrons 'mongst their menial maidens smiled,
 And ancient hinds, with wise saws and strange stories,
 Gave wings to winter-nights—was silent now.
 A hemlock large and flowering, green and long,
 Shot up and shadow'd all the western nook,
 Where oft I gazed in my old grandsire's face,
 And heard him talk of civil wars and sorrows
 At home felt and abroad. Domestic feud,
 Friends' deadly enmity, nor famine dread,
 Nor spotted plague, nor stroke of heaven's right hand,
 Nor midnight fire far flashing o'er the walls
 Had desolate laid my home, and driven my kin
 To the pent city or the foreign shore.
 For one had fallen in ripe and ready age,
 One sank in seventeen's green and tender bud,
 One perish'd in a far and friendless land,
 One slew a false friend and his country fled,
 One died a victor on a bloody field,—
 One, when the fight wax'd dubious, wound his pennon
 About his breast, and with his bayonet stood
 Defending it, and died. One sank at sea
 In sight of home—his mother heard his shriek,
 And running wildly to the sea—merge saw
 The last of her fair-hair'd sea-boy. One was struck
 With shot, while he his colours to the mast
 Nail'd, and amid the bloody foam went down,
 Faint-shouting with his crew of gallant mariners.
 So was my name from Scotland wede away,
 And thus my house sank down.

An absence of forty years in a foreign land, amid perils and sorrows, and all the varieties of evil fortune, had failed to subdue that love of home which belongs to every human heart. It was on a summer morning when my ship entered the Scottish sea, and the hills and the woody vales of my native land began to appear in succession before me as we sailed along the coast. I had seen more lovely hills and richer vallies—had wandered where we crushed at every step the clusters of ripe grapes, or trod among fragrant berries and scented herbs—but early joys and remembrances had consecrated the rugged hill and the lonesome glen, and Scotland was dearer to me in her homely garb of heath and grass

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than the sunniest and richest regions of the east. I went ashore, and sought the way to my native village. The houses, covered at my departure with heather or broom, now sparkled in blue slate, and the way which formerly winded through a wilderness of hazel, holly, and wild plum, was now drawn as straight as a line ; while a rude fence of shapeless stone prevented the traveller from seeking the company of a little brook which still pursued unmolested its ancient freakish and fairy course. The village had been compelled by a new purchaser to dismiss its ancient name, and assume the surname of an opulent plodder from the West Indies. This change was but partially effected ; the old people, who have no ala-

crity in forming new friendships, treated the name of their new landlord with open scorn—and the young, who are more tractable in such matters, contented themselves with moderate merriment. In leases and in deeds the new name appeared, and also in a grant to the poor of the parish sedulously emblazoned in gold on the walls of the parish kirk; but the old name still maintained its ground in tale, in song, and in conversation, and bade fair to triumph in time over the new one.

The name of the village had not undergone a greater change than the houses and the people. The house which had sheltered my name for centuries—I see it before me as I speak, with its sharp gables, crow-stepped skews, arched door-way, floor of hewn-stone, and huge hall chimney, where fifty people might find comfort in a snowy night—the house of my fathers had been cast down, and a new house with a flat roof and Venetian windows occupied its place. The name of the possessor too was changed from plain Emanuel Herries, portioner of fifty acres of land, into “John Macfen, Esq. writer,”—whose ready pen and shrewd spirit had assisted largely in the transfer of property from old hands to new, while every new change brought a large tribute of hill and holm, and good red gold, into the possession of this region kirk. Other houses and other names had undergone similar changes—there appeared more exterior beauty about the houses, but less internal comfort—all seemed anxious to show a carved and gilded outside, but two or three experiments taught me that the hearty patriarchal hospitality of the people had undergone a momentous change since my departure. My relations—my friends—the companions of my youth, were all dead, departed, or dispersed. I enquired after some of the ancient names—a shake of the head, and “I never heard of the family before,” or “They are all dead and gone,” or “They have gone away to a distant land,” were generally the answers which I obtained.

Sick at heart, and sorrowful in spirit, I strolled to the extremity of the village, and stood looking on a tall pole which carried a board at its extremity exhibiting the change which

had taken place in the name of my native place. The board announced something else—namely, the hostility of the people to their new landlord—for, shattered by a thousand stones, it required some skill in conjecture to stumble on its meaning.

In this very scrutiny I was employed, when I observed an old woman in a white mutch and closely mauded, bent near the ground, and leaning over a staff, gazing intently upon me from the low door of a little cottage just opposite. I approached and said, “Where are the Halbertsons, the Hallidays, the Herries’s, and all the old names of Nithsdale, which were once so rife in this village?” She drew her eye-brows deeply over her eyes, and after pondering on my person for some time, said, “A sad hour for Herries and for Halbertson, when the one must ask of the other what is become of their kin—I am all that remains of the house of Halbertson, and seven fair daughters, and seven bold sons, once sat at the board, and ye are all that remains of the house of Herries—a noble name and a brave, with fair castles and broad lands—but wherefore need I sigh? time, and civil dissension, and foreign war, make the lofty low and the low lofty. Names have their changes, even as the seasons have, and I see not why the Robsons and Rodans, and all other names which were once the lowest spokes in the wheel of fortune, should not turn uppermost at last. They are a civil and a kind-hearted people—skilful in flocks and in herds, and cunning in the culture of corn—more by token William Robson never passes my door from market or from mill but he leaves me something to remember him by. But if ye would learn the fate of the Herries’s, go look among the long ranks of grave stones in the parish kirk-yard. There they lie with their memorials above them—thou wilt find grave succeeding grave of thy kindred and mine; the feet of the Halbertsons to the heads of the Herries’s—wherefore thy name should undergo such humiliation I know not, save that there is no precedence in the court of death, and his dart levels all distinctions—even the more pity.—And that reminds me to go and read a page or two of that glorious youth Rutherford.” And adjusting

a pair of silver spectacles before her dim eyes, she turned herself round to retire.

“ Dame Halbertson,” I said, “ forty years have I remained in a far land, nor heard one word of my kindred—what is become of them and their lands and their towers?”—“ Become of them,” said the old dame, apparently marvelling at my question—“ the sea has had its share—so has the destroyer’s sword.—Sorrow has also craved her morsel—old age came last, and was worst served—seven years since, I stretched with these two withered hands all that I thought remained of the ancient house of Herries. His looks were stately, and his locks were long and white as the driven snow. I shall never look on such a manly form again, for the stamp of God is fast wearing out of the race of man. And of the lands did ye ask, and the old towers? Alas, that the enthusiastic and devout spirit of thy name should have lessened thy inheritance and cast down thy halls—but the house of Herries stood fearlessly for the covenant through a period of sore peril—and the glory they won above, diminished their substance below. They are gone, and none to mourn their departure but Luke Lorange and me.”

“ Luke Lorange,” I said, “ and does my old school companion still live—I shall think the sun gives little light till I see him—where shall I find my old and merry friend?” Dame Halbertson laid her finger on her lip, and came close to my side:—“ Forty years change human cheer, and they have sorely changed Luke Lorange; much he endured in the evil days of persecution, and with a sword in his right hand and the Bible in his left, he fought and prayed, and warred, and meditated on mountain tops and lonesome places, and now his spirit is at times touched, and he thinks the period of dool and disaster has returned, and so he takes up his abode in wild hills and deep glens, and prays, and preaches, and lifts up his voice against the pressing abominations of these godless times—till it is awful to see and fearful to hear him. He has left his ancient abode, and built himself a house in the mouth of the Cameronian linn—and there will you find him.” And away I walked to seek out the residence of Luke Lorange.

It stood in a sweet and lonesome place, at the entrance of a wild and caverned linn. An old tree hung down from the upper ground, overshadowing the roof, while through, among its thick green branches, a line of thin white smoke, such as ascends from a summer fire, found its way to the wind—then visibly breathing among the boughs which waved over the linn. A brook, escaping from among woods and rocks, came streaming by, and, lingering amid a little holm, formed a pleasant pool mid-waist deep, where a maiden had laid down a web of linen to bleach, and on the margin of which a brood of ducks sat dozing. The house itself was of rude construction—built more with an eye to self-denial and penitential humility, than with a desire of rational delight and comfort. The walls were of clay, hardened with a mixture of gravel; the roof was covered with a thick coating of heather, while a bundle of long broom, cut in blossom, and bound with withies, formed an effectual hallan or screen to shelter the entrance. The door stood open—doors then were seldom closed save against winter storms, and I entered, without any announcement, the residence of my ancient friend.

The house seemed deserted by its owner—and I stood for a time and looked on the rude furniture and the scanty means of human comfort which were presented. As I looked, I saw something in the form of a human being, stretched out the chimney length—groveling beside and almost among the warm ashes of the hearth fire. I went closer, and soon observed that it was one of those quiet and gentle idlers who formerly wandered about their native parish finding food and shelter—the questionable wisdom and humanity of man has since immured them in the county mad-house, and deprived the peasantry of much harmless merriment, social amusement, and some of those quaint and pithy sayings on which lunacy oftener stumbles than wisdom. He was clothed in very coarse grey cloth, without shoes or bonnet, and, raising himself on his hands, he lay and looked on me as a house dog would do, and growled out what seemed the remains of one of our old minstrel ballads.

ON TWEED STREAM SAT A SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

1.

On Tweed stream sat a Scottish maiden,
A-kaming her silken hair,
To the other side came a southron dame,
To douk her white breasts there.

2.

And up then sang that southron dame,
And loudly lilted she;
Now who would swim Tweed's silver stream
To reave sic geer as thee.

3.

My gay gos-hawk flew over the Tweed,
At the rising of the sun,
And she came back wi' the Scotch thistle top,
To rowe her gorlines in.

4.

And up then sang that Scottish maiden,
And loudly lilted she,—
We pluck'd the wing of thy gay gos-hawk,
Down by the greenwood tree.

He concluded his ballad abruptly the floor and chaunted in a slow and
—gazed on me with much earnest- sorrowful tone the following verses,
ness, and uttering a low and melan- which seemed to allude to the adven-
choly cry of recognition, lay down on tures of some of my kindred.

GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

1.

Go seek in the wild glen,
Where streamlets are falling;
Go seek on the lone hill,
Where curlews are calling;
Go seek when the clear stars
Shine down without number,
For there will ye find him
My true love in slumber.

2.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken;
They sought on the mountain,
'Mang lang lady-bracken;
And sore, sore, they hunted
My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of airn
To fetter and bind him.

3.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,
Where the falcon is flying,
To show me the den where
This bold traitor's lying—
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair pryncedom the heiress,
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries?

4.

The white bread, the sweet milk,
 And ripe fruits I found him,
 And safe in my fond arms
 I clasp'd and I wound him;
 I warn thee go not where
 My true lover tarries,
 For sharp smites the sword of
 My gentle Hugh Herries.

5.

He rein'd his proud war-steed,
 Away he went sweeping,
 And behind him dames wail'd, and
 Fair maidens went weeping;
 But deep in yon wild glen,
 'Mang banks of blae-berries,
 I dwelt with my loved one,
 My gentle Hugh Herries.

Concluding his song, he leaped to his feet, and motioning me to follow, went out of the house with a side-long hop and skip, and standing at the entrance of the linn, held both his hands along a rude zig-zag trodden way, which, winding among jutting rocks and stunted bushes, dived into the centre of that unfrequented region. Imagining that my Cameronian friend had retired into the recesses of the linn, I questioned my wayward guide, but all the response I could obtain was, "Deed are they—trouth are they—twa o' them—twa o' them—the tane and the tither—daddie and daughter. Ye'll never see mair o' them—a' those who go into that linn living are borne out dead—torn with shot and hacked with iron, man and woman, and wee wailing wean.—'Trouth are they, trouth are they, twa o' them, twa o' them." And these disjointed expressions he continued muttering with great earnestness and rapidity, all the while directing me along the path. The sun had yet a full hour's journey ere it reached the western hills, and, parting with the simple lunatic, I proceeded along the path.

This remarkable glen, now called the Cameronian Linn, from the refuge which it afforded to the persecuted Covenanters, was at that time fragrant with the bloom of summer, and the diminished waters of the brook allowed a broader path than usual to those who wished to wander into its recesses. It was not without

awe that I entered a place hallowed by many a song and legend. As I glided along the margin of the stream the banks rose higher and steeper, and the red freestone rock, hung with streamers of ivy, shot over my path, and nearly united the rugged sides. The stream sounded louder, and kept leaping from stone to stone—the trees, anxious for the fresh free air and the uninterrupted enjoyment of light, shot upwards along the face of the precipice, and threw out their green tops into the open air at the height of eighty feet over-head;—while among the green boughs, hawks and ravens, and many lesser birds of carnage and rapine, sat looking down on me from a stunted branch or a shattered crag. The linn grew more wild and grand as I proceeded, expanding below and narrowing above, till a man, with a moderate exertion, might leap, and in several places step across. In one place it presented deep and immense caverns, in another it seemed smooth and regular, as if the hand of man had aided the labours of nature. At my feet the stream wheeled round and round in many a pool and trough, covered with a reddish foam, which it obtained by chafing against the soft red rock with its seams of golden clay; while overhead, at the height of a hundred feet, the freestone seam opened and gave to view a long irregular line of blue sky sprinkled with dim stars. Around me in many places had the hands of man been

busied—a rude altar, surmounted by a stone crucifix, defaced much by time and more by the change of human opinion, still stood before a little grotto or cave beneath a projecting rock; while on the other side the image of an armed man on a barbed horse was deeply etched in the stone. Innumerable names and dates, some of them several hundred years old, bore record of those whom war, or love of seclusion, had driven into this singular place of refuge.

The sun, now moving down to the hill-top, streamed through the chasm, and tinted with a thousand changes of light the boughs, and the stream, and the rock, and fell full and undivided on the leap of the linn, where the rivulet ground its way through the hard upper shelf of stone, and threw itself down at one uninterrupted bound into a fathomless plump below. As I stood and gazed on this wild and beautiful sight, I was startled by the sound of a human voice proceeding from a rude door or opening in the face of the rock. Who this might be, I stood short while to imagine; but laying hold of some long streamers of honeysuckle which, rooted in the upper ground, dropped their thick and odorous blossom down to the surface of the stream, I ascended a steep and winding path or stair which conducted me to the entrance of a large chamber or cavern. There, beside a block or table of stone, knelt an old man—an open Bible before him—his hands clasped together, and his head, with its remaining locks made lint-white by time and sorrow, stooped so low as to touch the floor. His dress was of that homespun and common sort called moorland grey, and a large broad westland bonnet, much soiled by long use, lay at his knees.—

Though worn with age, and changed in look, there was something about him which recalled earlier days; but if I knew not for a surety that my ancient friend Luke Lorange was before me, I could not be deceived in the resemblance which a softer image that knelt at his side bore to the companion of my youth. This was a maiden of some eighteen or twenty years old, clad in a kirtle and jupes of grey, bare-footed and bare-headed, and trimmed out with a strict regard to the simplicity and penitential decorum of dress so rigidly enjoined by the professors of church discipline. But no neglect or austerity of dress could take away or lessen the light—the modest light, of two sweet hazel eyes; or prevent her handsome form and beautiful face, slightly browned as it was by exposure to the sun, from influencing the heart of man. A thousand recollections of youthful times rushed upon me as I gazed on the kneeling forms before me. I spoke not, lest I should interrupt what seemed a devout humiliation of the spirit; and I imagined it cost a strong religious effort to restrain the old man from welcoming me with an embrace. He subdued, however, the swellings of his heart, and, as he rose from his knees, motioned me to a seat hewn from the rock, and closing the sacred book, proceeded to sing to a prolonged and solemn sort of melody the following rude and mysterious verses. In this kind of half sacred and half-profane, half true and half prophetic poetry, the old ministers of the word allowed their hearers to indulge—with the hope, perhaps, that devotional verse would triumph over common song—an event which the joyousness of youth will keep ever at a distance.

THE CAMERONIAN SONG.

1.

I lay and slept on Wardlaw-hill,
A heavenly tongue came crying—
Ho! sleep ye when God's banner bright
Is on the rough wind flying,—
When swords are sharpen'd, lances whet,
And trumpets sound from Sion?
Awake! strike in your strength, and stride
O'er fields of dead and dying.

2.

And lo ! I woke, methought, and cried
 Woe, woe to son and daughter ;—
 To lord and loon, who scoff'd God's cause,
 Be hissing scorn and laughter ;
 The blood of Scotland's chiefs shall flow
 As rife as Lamma's water :—
 Awake, awake ! and draw your swords,
 The trumpet sounds to slaughter.

3.

And as I cried, lo ! there arose
 A sweet wind softly blowing,
 That stirred among the blooming heath,
 Like waters gently flowing,
 Or like the sound 'mongst forest leaves,
 When July's drops are sowing ;—
 God's slain saints came in garments white
 As winter, when it's snowing.

4.

And first they sang unto the Lord
 A song of praise and wonder,—
 Then gazed on earth with eyes of fire,
 And lips that utter'd thunder.
 On proud men's necks they set the heel,
 And trode the wicked under ;
 Shook thrones of evil kings, and cut
 Their cords of strength asunder.

5.

Then the fierce whirlwind of his wrath
 Along the land went sweeping ;
 I heard the gnashing of men's teeth,
 And wailing and wild weeping.
 God's sickle down the ripen'd ridge
 Of wicked ones went reaping :—
 O'er all the earth let there be mirth,
 And joy, and dance, and leaping.

6.

The martyr'd saints rose from their graves
 On moor and mountain hoary,—
 I heard bold Cameron's voice, who lives
 In godly song and story,
 And Peden fierce, and Renwick meek,
 Who preach'd on Nith and Corrie :
 They sang a new song o'er the earth—
 A song of praise and glory.

7.

Young gentle Herries too was there—
 My three sons, tall and blooming
 As when their bright brows to the dust
 John Grahame stood sternly dooming.
 My sweet wife came—from my dim eyes
 I felt the big drops coming,
 The light of heaven was in her looks,
 And all the land did lumine.

8.

Oft in my slumberings at mid-night,
 And visions dark and drearer,
 She comes and calls—the wind sinks down
 And sighs in awe to hear her—

Sleep'st thou, my love ?—then glides away
 With many a fair form near her :—
 The longer that I live, my love,
 I love thee aye the dearer.

9.

Mine is a love which with the bloom
 Of woman's cheek keeps growing,
 But fades not when the lovely rose
 Has had its time of blowing :
 It is a love not born to die,
 And flows while my blood's flowing.—
 I've sung my song of sadness—now
 Pray till the cocks are crowing.

As the song proceeded I looked round on this cold and lonesome chamber, past the door of which the descending sun poured a few ineffectual streams of light. Its history was recorded on its walls—a hermit's cell—a robber's den—a place of refuge—and a haunt for vagrants. Crucifixes, with kneeling devotees, were deeply cut in the centre of the side walls—attempts had been made by some scrupulous occupant to efface them ; while above, a long pilgrimage or procession of saints, with images and torches, seemed winding towards a kind of altar or shrine for the purposes of making offerings and performing devotion. In another place a much more hasty, or less skilful hand, had cut a scene of deeper and more recent interest.—Three youths knelt blindfolded—their hands held upwards in prayer—and their ancles wore fetters ; at a little distance stood soldiers with levelled carbines, and some old men and women wrung their hands, and seemed to implore in vain, to a stern and determined captain, for tenderness and mercy. Texts from Scripture—of sorrow, of triumph, or of fortitude—were scattered thickly around,—and many a “ Well done, ye good and faithful servants,” was lavished on a scene, which, rude as the representation was, no one could look on without being moved. At no distant period a battle seemed to have been fought in the place—the walls were dented with strokes of swords, and several musket-balls had sunk deeply into the soft rock. Occurrences of a less tragic nature had also taken place. A fire of wood and turf had lately blazed against the wall, and the floor *still bore marks* of a recent feast. The *bones of lambs and fowls* lay about,

and the smell of liquor had not wholly left some sheafs of straw, where a horde of gipsies had enjoyed themselves.

The old man put on his bonnet and took me by the hand :—“ Oh ! Halbert Herries, long have you lingered in a far country—lingered till the winds have shaken the grain which it was your duty to reap, and there is nought left to the gleaner but stubble and chaff. The destroyer's hand has been lifted against us, and like the servant from the destruction of the house of him of Uz, I alone am escaped to tell thee.” As Luke Lorance named my name, the young maiden came forward—looked wistfully in my face—the colour deepening on her cheek, and the moisture brightening in her eyes. “ Aye, look on him well, my daughter,” said the Cameronian, “ and see how much of thy sweet mother's look is left in the face of her elder brother.” “ Ah ! little, little I see of her meek endurance of spirit,” answered the maiden ; “ I see a face changed by time and the suns of foreign lands, and I see an eye that looks coldly on fallen friends and on poor Scotland—of my mother I see little—” and she sobbed aloud, covering her face with her hands, while the tears streamed between her round white fingers. “ And are you indeed my ae sister's child ? ” I said : “ where are all her brave brothers and relations whom I left full of youth and hope when I sailed to a far country ? ” “ All gone, Halbert Herries, all gone,” answered Luke ; “ can man endure for aye ?—does the sword of civil war spare the blood of the virtuous and the noble-minded ? Alas ! the purest blood is as soon shed as the basest ; domestic war—religious feud—sudden conspi-

racy—open persecution—have each in their turn visited the house of Herries, and all that is spared is this young and tender maiden—the daughter of thy æ sister and sad sorrowful Luke Lorange.”

“Alas!” I said, “where were all thine own brethren?—were they not bold and forward in thy cause?—hadst thou no sons?—and does my sister live?—much have I to ask.” The maiden wept, and throwing her arms around her father’s neck, as if to restrain him from outrage to his person, cried, “Oh father! my dear father, compose yourself, and dash not your grey hairs on the ground, as you often do when my hapless brothers are named. Think of the sacred cause in which they fell—that their young blood was not shed in vain—that those who smote them with the sword have also been smitten with the sword. Did you not say when you saw them stretched and bloody on the green sward, with their faces to heaven and their swords in their hands, that they never seemed half so lovely; and when Isabel Rodan, who loved my young brother Reuben, came with a shriek, and fainted at his side, did ye not as she came from her swoon say, ‘Why weep ye, maiden, see ye not that the youth has sought a sacred and a silent bride—and that his bridal bed is ready.’” Her father stood for a little space as fixed and as motionless as marble—his eyes and his hair seemed frozen, and his hand, placed on the tresses of his child, was moved with something between a shudder and a palsy. “Thou sayest true, my daughter,” he said, “my æ sweet child—but though the spirit exults, the mortal part mourns—and I cannot but feel that they were fair and lovely—surpassed the youths of the land—were dear to thy mother and me—that their days on earth were few, and their call was sudden. But of them will I think no more, even now, but welcome thy mother’s brother as well as I may.”

I was much moved by this brief and broken account of the desolation which had befallen his house; but much as I longed to learn the story of his sorrows, my anxiety was restrained by his appearance; deep grief and long mourning had preyed upon him—had unsettled his spirit,

and I thought the wisest course would be to allow him to tell me the story of his woes in his own way. I expressed my sorrow, and said, I had brought an unchanged heart and some wealth from a foreign land, and was come to end my days beside him. He seemed not to heed what I said, but suddenly observed: “This is a cold and uncomfortable chamber to bid my Jean’s brother welcome in—but cold as it is, and damp and lonesome—floored and roofed with rock—with its chairs and tables of rude stone, and its curtains of creeping woodbine, it is a place dearer than a palace to me. I have cause to remember these walls—to think on this wild and caverned glen, and many a night I sit beside that little stream, which you hear leaping from linn to linn, and think on the fearful and stormy days which are passed, and which have swept away my happiness with them. Martha, my love, bring me a draught of water from yon little spring—pour out a cupful to Him above, as the pious king did, for it was once a place of blood—and bring the second cupful to me—for my lips are parched—on this day have I vowed to humble myself from sunrise to sunset without food or drink, and the sun is setting now.” And putting his hand before his eyes, and turning away from me, he busied himself for a few moments in prayer, while his daughter, with a small wooden cup, flew to the spring, which sparkled clear in a little trough of stone, and returned to his side, presenting the water with a face of anxious concern. He spilt part of the water on the floor, muttering a prayer as he spilt it, and drinking the remainder off at a draught appeared much refreshed. Martha spread a small white cloth over the rough table of stone, placed some oaten bread, and honey, and butter, upon it, and poured out from a little jar a weak but very refreshing beverage—a sort of breg-wort, made from the refuse of honey. Water was added from the spring, with a few handfuls of wild blae-berries, which are plentiful in almost every lowland glen, and after a blessing was pronounced on them we began to partake. The old Cameronian tasted of the honey and of the water, and thus he pro-

ceeded to give me a few glimpses of the eventful times, so ruinous to his house, which preceded the expulsion of the last of the Stuarts.

"I was never a bold and froward person, and the sword which I was compelled to unsheathe was drawn for the protection of rights civil and divine. The blood that was unrighteously shed be upon the heads of those who gave the unmerciful counsel, to tread under war-horses' hoofs the afflicted kirk of poor Scotland—let it not be visited upon those unhappy instruments of oppression—even the armed men who listened to no counsel, save the sound of the trumpet, and who thought obedience to the voice of command was the chief virtue of their station. With them I sought not to war—and my sword spared them, wherever to spare them was safe. I sought alone to cut off the captains of the host of persecutors—some of them were names of long standing and ancient renown—but the names of Dalzell, of Maxwell, of Johnson, and of Grahame, much as I loved them all for their valour of yore, could not be a spell against the sword, which was drawn only when the voice of our religion was made mute, and our hills, and highways, and hearths, smoked with innocent blood.

"It happened on a summer morn, that the banner of the broken remnant was spread upon the green hill of Wardlaw, and a sermon was poured forth over the assembled people. Before us we beheld the vale of Nith all in its flush and beauty, and behind we saw the high hill of Queensberry, covered with flocks from base to summit. John Renwick preached:—to you who never heard the eloquence of that gifted person—who never knew what it was to be hunted from hill to glen for worshipping God in your own way,—who never listened to the voice of divine wisdom amid an ocean of trouble and sore tempest—to you it may be as seed sown on frozen waters, to tell how resistlessly edifying that glorious sermon on the hill was—how we stood like stocks and stones—with eyes upturned, and hands clasped, while the enthusiastic address of the mighty preacher made *us look upon kings and councillors as dust, and martyrdom as a pur-*

chased blessing. From nine in the morning till noon-day did the sacred professor pour his balm into the bleeding bosoms of his flock—the hours seemed minutes, and hunger and thirst, which listen not to the words of the wicked or the wise, were subdued for a time on that blessed morn. His concluding words will be ever remembered by those, and they were not many, who escaped from that place of peril and blood. 'And where is the kirk of God now, you ask me—the voice of the preacher is heard no more within its walls; its cope and corner stones are cast into the dust, and its multitudes are persecuted—pierced with the spear and cloven with the sword—where then is the kirk of Scotland? Is it squared stones, and shapen timber, and a piece of ground chosen by lot, and measured out by man's hands, which form the holy and modest kirk? It is not in the city, for there the destroyer's trumpet is blowing;—it is not in the valley, for there I hear the sound of the war-horse, and the shouting of its rider,—nor is it established on the hill, for there it would be seen from afar, and the wicked would come and cast it down. I will tell you where God's Scottish kirk stands to-day: wherever a matron prays—a devout man wishes holy things—a youth hopes for heaven—and a maiden thinks of salvation—be it in the wood—in the valley—on the moor—on the mountain—at their own humble home—or surrounded by armed men—be it in the tower—be it in the dungeon—or on the deep and unstable waters—there has God placed his kirk, and displayed his banner. Despond not, therefore, that you see your homes desolate, and the houses of the Most High destroyed—stand boldly by your religion, strike those that seek to smite, for heaven will most surely help us. I mean not that the dead will rise armed from the dust and trample your persecutors down—I mean not that angels will descend, as they did of yore, visible, in all ages, and smite the warriors of Grahame and Dalzell—nor do I mean that fire will fall from heaven, or gush from earth, and devour your enemies—we live under a more mysterious, but no less effectual dispensation. The day is at hand—the golden day of redemption—I hear the voice

of a holy one crying, "A bright day for poor Scotland." I may not—shall not, surely live to see it, though its morning is at hand—nor will many of you, my friends, behold it, for before it comes shall we be scattered as chaff—the spear and the sword will be at our bosoms, and the war-horse will dye his fetlocks in the warm blood of saints.'

"Even as he poured out this rapt and enthusiastic discourse we heard the sound of a lonely trumpet in a wood below—many clapt their hands and shouted, imagining that heaven had sent us aid, but presently the banner of John Grahame, and the waving of a long stream of warriors' plumes, emerged on the plain, and began to ascend at a rapid pace the green hill whereon we were assembled. Some of the congregation drew their swords—some prayed—some stood motionless with fear and awe, and some fled over the heath, to seek shelter among the woods and glens of Closeburn and Glenae. My three sons, and the two youngest sons of the house of Herries were by my side: we drew our swords, and prepared to resist with musket and spear—I looked on the preacher—he stood gathered in spirit and strength, in his pulpit of green turf, gazing unmoved on the long line of horsemen winding up the side of the hill. He beckoned me to him. 'Son of Ephraim Lorange,' he said, 'wherefore dost thou tarry here?—thou art not marked out for the slaughter—thou shalt not surely die to-day—take, therefore, thy children, and the children of Emanuel Herries with thee—dive into that long cloud of mist which heaven now rolls towards us—there is a linn in Closeburn where thou wilt find shelter, and may the blessing of John Renwick and Him above be with you—fly—leave me to perish, for it hath been revealed that my hour is come, and the sacrificer shall find me on the altar.'—At this moment the plumes and bright swords of the horsemen appeared above the hill—I stood, resolved to resist.—'Fly,' said the preacher, his voice rising far above the stir of the multitude and the neighing of the horses.—'Fly—cast away the sword, and trust not the spear—if thy hand sheds blood to-day, the blood of thy sons shall be the atonement—the Lord's preach-

er has spoken it ;" and he calmly awaited the approach of the slayer. The trumpets sounded, and the contest commenced—it was but of brief duration. The horsemen came in a cloud, and charged with the most desperate impetuosity—we resisted for a small space, but at length were broken like a cobweb, and the hill-top and the neighbouring heath were dyed with blood. I remembered not in my wrath the last words of the sacred preacher ;—my sword—the swords of my three fair sons, and those of thy younger brethren, bore token of our courage in God's cause. We were chased from the field—we gained the shelter of a thick mist, which had settled along the line of hills, and we continued our retreat to this wild and unfrequented glen.

"Alas! we were not unobserved—a dozen of the fiercest of the horsemen had followed us on the spur, and from a distant hill saw where we sought refuge; for the mist had cleared away, and the descending sun shone out fair and bright. We sought shelter in this cold and desolate chamber, where an anchoret lived of yore, and where the outlaw of Durisdeer found refuge, and where many dissolute and dubious characters make resort. We thanked the Giver of all good for protecting us from the sword; took our helmets from our heads, and the corslets from our bosoms, and drank water from that little well, and bathed our brows, hot with battle and with flight, in the rivulet. We were joined by two more of the congregation. We had obtained some refreshment from a shepherd, and were preparing for worship when we heard the sound of voices approaching. I looked out and observed the helmets of six troopers moving slowly along the side of the stream, and heard them urging a diligent and scrupulous search for some of the most desperate of the Covenanters, who had sought concealment among the caverns. I returned to my sons, and enjoined silence, with the hope that our pursuers would not find us; but in a moment we observed their plumes coming nodding up the little rough ascent to our chamber. We drew our swords, and with a shout flew upon them just as they gained the entrance. They discharged their carbines—the

balls missed, and dented deep in the rock ; behold the marks they made ; and ere they could use their other weapons we were upon them with cut and stab, and prevailed against them, and slew them. Success now made us insolent and vain ; we offered up no thanks for our victory, but resolved with the twilight to leave the glen, and seek shelter in the wild hills of Galloway. In a fatal hour we left this little abode, and walked towards the entrance of the glen : the sun had been sometime down, the moon was yet unrisen—it was that pleasant time between light and dark which men call the gloaming. We had reached a little round knoll of greensward, partly encompassed by the stream in the gorge of the limn, and there we stood holding a low and cautious consultation. My youngest son, my dark haired Adam, touched my hand, and taking me a step aside, whispered, ‘ Father, let us either go bravely forward or swiftly back ; there are armed men in that little thicket before us.’ Even while he spoke, several carbines flashed from the bushes, and thy two brothers, and two of my sons fell ; our enemies raised a loud shout, and four in number rushed out upon us, discharging their pistols as they advanced. It was not courage—it was not rage—it was not devotion—it was not love of my children—but all together that made me rush upon them ; a strength more than my own was in me, and none could withstand me. But I fought for victory when victory was no longer desirable. My elder children were mortally wounded, and my youngest, who had fought by my side, and saved my life, had just strength to say, ‘ Oh ! my mother,’ and dropt dying at my feet. One, and one only of my enemies escaped, and lives to be pitied of God and man. On that little knoll were my three fair sons and thy two brothers buried ; thy sister never smiled nor held up her head again ; and three flat tomb-stones mark out their lowly abode to the devout passenger who visits this melancholy glen.”

My own tears, and the tears of his only daughter fell fast during this moving and remarkable tale ; he took my hand, and said, “ let us go home, my brother, a tale such as mine is a miserable welcome to a

stranger. I have scarce any better cheer to offer, but let us be meek and content.” We descended from the cavern, and walked down the margin of the stream, till we approached the little burial knoll ; the figure of a man lay stretched and motionless upon it. “ Behold,” said the Cameronian, “ behold the slayer of my youngest son. I had vowed a vow to seek him over the earth, and slay him wherever I found him ; but ‘ revenge is mine, saith the Lord.’ Even as with pistols in my girdle, and a sword at my side, I had reached the threshold of my own door to seek his destroyer, behold there came a man running, almost naked, and with yellings on his tongue, as if something evil held him in chace. He saw me, and cried, ‘ Oh ! save me, save me,’ and I took him into my house and warmed him, and gave him food. And he cried and said, ‘ there is blood on my hands which no one can wash out. I hear always the sound as of one running after me, crying, “ Ho ! kill and slay him, for he slew the son of Luke Lorance ; he spared not the darling of the old man’s bosom, smite him and slay him.”’ And I looked upon the man and knew him, and I rose from my seat, laid my hand on my sword, and I shook exceedingly ; my wife flew to my bosom, clasped her arms around me, for she saw death and judgment in my looks, and said in a low voice : ‘ Luke, if ye reverence Him above, smite not this wretched man ; the Lord hath stricken him with madness, and hath sent him to thy door to show thee how just his judgments are.’ So I sat down again, and the man looked stedfastly at me for a moment, and uttering a groan, he threw himself at my feet, placed my right foot on his neck, and besought the saints to receive his spirit. And I was moved and forgave him ; and ever since he has dwelt with me—he carries me wood, and he brings me water ; he sleeps at my hearth, for a bed he will not touch ; and should we call him at midnight or morn, he is ever ready to answer and obey. If he deprived me of a fair son, he preserved the life of my sweet daughter—how strange God’s ways seem to man. She was on a visit to the lady of Ae, it was midnight, and she slept in an upper

chamber ; the house caught fire, and was wrapt in flame when the cry of my daughter was heard—and there was none dared to rescue her. This poor and miserable man was alarmed by the flash of the light on the window where he lay ; he came as if wings had been given him, startled the crowd through which he broke with a yell, and ran up the turret stair ; wrapped Martha in the bed clothes, descended the same way, though the stair stones were crackling under his feet, and placed her on his knees on the green, and wept and laughed with immeasurable joy. He knows that he has long had my forgiveness ; nay, that he has won my love

—yet let the night be ever so rough and wild, you will find him at twilight, where you see him now, stretched upon the graves of my children, uttering moans, and making lamentations. I hope he has found mercy in God's eyes, and that his reason will be restored before he sleeps in the grave which I wish soon to be laid in."—As we passed the little knoll, he rose to his knees, took a small cross from his bosom, held it up between him and the sky, and the sound of his loud and bewildered prayer followed us to the threshold of Luke Lorange, the Cameronian.

NALLA.

ON THE DIVERSITY OF OPINIONS WITH REGARD TO LIKENESSES IN PORTRAITS.

WHEN a portrait-painter has once advanced to the merit or fortune of being fashionable, his labours are smooth and pleasant enough. He paints with a name, and is admired by law. The question with his patrons is not, a head of an acquaintance, or a whole-length of a friend ; but a portrait by Mr. Varnish. He looks his *sitters* in the face with confidence, neither confounded by beauty, nor intimidated by ugliness. He commits to canvass the exact pig's-head of a certain nobleman without offence, and copies out the eyes of the lovely countess as much to her satisfaction as her glass. "Who is that?" you ask—pointing to the head of a man, or a woman, or a child. "That is Mr. Varnish," you hear, and there can be no further question.

It is a very different sort of business, however, with the less favoured professors of the art, with those who are required to make likenesses as well as portraits. To transcribe literally the most impracticable countenances, to fulfil the expectations of fastidious beauty, to pacify the alarms of captious ugliness, to satisfy the partialities of blind or microscopic affection, and finally, to conciliate unanimity among the most obstinate elements of disagreement, are tasks requiring no common

degree of skill, fortitude, and patience. There is no subject, perhaps, on which opinion runs into more unreasonable variations and caprices, than on this of likenesses in portraits ; a fact which is the more extraordinary, seeing that the matter is referable to definite rules and certain grounds of comparison. We may allow people to differ as they please, whether Miss Juliet is as handsome as her cousin, or whether blue eyes are more beautiful than black. These are points, interesting as they may be, of mere taste and fancy, not to be controlled by any law, test, or measure. But the infinity of the Alderman's mouth, and the bulk and bearings of his nose, are questions of geometry, determinable with as much precision as the width of the Thames, or the prominence of Beachy Head. Nevertheless, commit these objects to paper in their just proportions—aye, even to an inch, and you shall find not two of his acquaintance agree to recognise in them their friend the Alderman.

The fact is, that eyes, nose, and mouth, are among the least important marks from which many persons derive their impressions of certain faces. Strangers, indeed, naturally judge from these great cardinal signs, and they judge alike. Those who know nothing of a man but his face

will very readily concur in one verdict on his likeness, if an artist do but tolerable justice to the broad forms and arrangement of his features. Of the fifty thousand people who look upon Mr. Stock, as he walks from his house to the Exchange, there will not probably be three who see any thing in his face but a pair of red eyes, and a strange, lawless mouth, kept open by a sort of tusks instead of teeth. With the multitude, Miss A—— is invariably an elderly gentlewoman, sallow, and squinting a little; while Mr. C—— is, without exception, a plain, black-looking man, with a hook nose. These individuals, however, bear a very different aspect in the estimation of their friends. In several parts of Northamptonshire, Miss A—— is said to be still pretty; and that lady herself, with all her experience, wonders at nothing so much as to hear people call Mr. C—— plain. In countenances with which we are very familiar, we often perceive a variety of minute and indefinable casts of expression, many hints and shadows of meaning, spirit, or affection, that are hidden from a hasty or indifferent observer. “That is the best part of beauty,” says Lord Bacon, “which a picture cannot express,—no, nor a first sight of the life.” These deep secrets, these intimacies of the countenance, if I may call them so, have nothing to do with its grosser attributes, as a thing of eyes, nose, and other features—yet, being connected frequently with certain characteristic peculiarities of understanding, temper, and feeling, they are inseparably blended with all our thoughts and knowledge of an individual, and we consider them indispensable in any portrait that assumes to be a just representation of him. Hence spring all the anxieties and perplexities of the unfortunate artist. It is his fate to please nobody, because he fails to seize upon with precision, not the plain elements of which every head is composed, but those mysterious lineaments, and fragile looks, which no one pretends to define or explain, but which all concur in understanding as indescribable “somethings,” “nameless what shall we call ‘em,” “je ne sais quoi’s,” with other loose definitions which, whatever they may

be, are certainly not amenable to brush and canvas. He may make a perfect copy of all that he sees, and all that the whole world sees, in a face; and yet meet with nothing but dissatisfaction and abuse on the part of his employer, because he has omitted to notice some unutterable piece of fancy-work, the sign perhaps of a moment, perceptible only by two people on earth, and by them only at chosen periods, probably, when it pleases the gentleman to put on some unimaginable description of smile. He may effect all that in the nature of things he can reasonably contend or hope for, and yet reap nothing but disappointment.—“Yes,” a lady will say, “I freely admit all that you contend for—the eyes are like, and the nose, and the mouth, and the chin—I cannot deny it—the hair too, and the shape of the head, are to the life—and yet, altogether, I can—not look at that face, and fancy it my husband.”

The artist may derive some comfort in his disgraces, when he remembers, that there is no more unanimity on the subject of living likenesses, than on the essays of his art. The grounds of difference are the same in either case. Every observer is either blind to what others see, or sees something that escapes their notice. You think that the Admiral is the very picture, in vulgar phrase, of his brother; but, rely upon it, you will find no one else that sees the slightest resemblance between them. You know, and will readily admit, that the faces of the two have in every feature a distinct form and character; but are ignorant, it may be, that their perfect resemblance is made out in your eyes merely by a slight movement of the head in talking, which they have in common, and which nobody but yourself has taken the trouble to make himself familiar with. The human face has often been compared to a book, and, among other resemblances, it is in the same manner liable to be so encumbered with the “*notæ variorum*,” so disguised by new readings, and curious analysis, that Nature herself might fail to know her own work, in the representations of her commentators. What an infinite variety of opinions and feelings there is about

the face of the beautiful Miss M—— on the part of the crowd that see and adore her. They all agree as to the quality of her complexion, the colour of her eyes, and the shape of her nose and mouth; but, among these palpable glories of her face, each has some secret idol—some pet enchantment, which his own peculiar eyes have discovered—a something amounting almost to a look, perhaps; an inexpressible kind of half-closing of—not both eyes—and yet not altogether of only one; a segment of some unprecedented sort of smile—particularly on the left side of the mouth; a dropping of the eyebrows—no—not a frown, nor any thing like it; a movement of the chin, observable only when the mouth is neither open nor shut; and other exquisite diversities, which an artist might overlook, but which each proprietor thinks absolutely essential to the perfect loveliness of his mistress. In such a case, what is an unfortunate limner to do? There is some reason in insisting upon the utmost fidelity and nicety of imitation, as far as relates to every thing that you can positively swear to in a face, of a substantive form, however minute, whether of flesh and blood, or bone, or gristle, or horn. I would hold out to the end of time for an eloquent wart, and would as soon give up my life as a favourite mole; but for such phantasies and idealisms as looks or half-looks, and smiles of all descriptions and degrees, no man can equitably be responsible.

The greatest perplexities to which a portrait painter is exposed, spring, not so much from those with whom he is principally concerned, as from a crowd of monitors, at once indifferent and officious, who make it a duty to call upon the portraits of their acquaintance, and pass sentence upon them before their suspension. He must produce a likeness, that not only the person most interested shall consider perfect, but which all the friends of that person shall combine to pronounce a full transcript of all the nice whims and delicate pretensions, which they may feel or feign on the subject. He paints a portrait, for example, of a lady's daughter, and is happy to hear the mother admit, that he has done all she could desire.

This reward, poor man, is cruelly treacherous and transitory. The lady, in the fulness of her satisfaction, sends all her friends to admire the portrait; each of whom—or how could he be a friend?—points out some distinct defect, but for which the likeness had been complete. However contradictory in their suggestions, the lady attends to them, one by one, with great candour; and day after day, as her difficulties arise, repairs to lay them at the door of the persecuted painter. “I am sorry, Sir,” so she salutes him, “that I am come to find fault.” “Fault! madam,” replies the artist—“you may remember that but yesterday,—” “Yes—yes,” interposes the lady, “that’s very true—but, upon consideration, I must think there wants a little more colour—though that’s not what I mean neither. My daughter has a description of bloom—not what we understand by colour—nor yet pale by any means—a *something* very difficult to explain, or to paint, I dare say, but which Mr. Brown very justly thinks more characteristic of my daughter’s style of beauty, than any other property of her face.” The artist does something or nothing, and the lady is again satisfied; but only in consideration of having set her heart upon some new objection of equal importance. “Just the thing,” she now observes,—“the very tint of nature. Mr. Brown, I am sure, will be quite easy now—the colour is exact—but the eyes, Sir, the eyes, there certainly is *something* wanting there.” “Upon my word, Madam,” says the artist, “I do not perceive the defect.” “Nay, now do look again,” continues the lady; “I don’t want them too brilliant, and I would not for the world have them dull. My daughter, without doubt, has black, sparkling eyes—but at the same time, (with an expression between laughing and weeping) a kind of gay melancholy—you understand me,—a sort of—of—the French now would tell you what I mean in a moment: it is *something* that one does not often see—and which, Mrs. Smirk assures me, is the thing of all others which makes my daughter’s eyes so charming.” The artist alters again—and so he goes on, quite in opposition to his own judgment and feel-

And now on Poitiers field again
He meets the English line,
And foremost on the battle plain
His ashen spear did shine.

When out there rush'd a sturdy knight,
And ran a-tilt at him ;
In sable armour he was dight,
That clothed every limb.

Long time they strove with lance in hand ;
And many a thrust did try :
The lances split ; and then his brand
Each loosen'd from his thigh.

So close they join, those pearls so bright,
That gleam'd on Eustace' brow,
In the black mail their balls of white,
As in a mirror, show.

But soon was changed that white to red ;
For with a furious blow,
The sable warrior smote his head,
That fast the blood did flow.

King Edward from a neighb'ring height
Was looking on the fray :
And save, he cried, oh save the knight,
And bring him here straightway.

They brought him where King Edward stood,
Upon the hillock nigh ;
They staunch awhile the streaming blood ;
And scant he oped his eye.

Edward, said he, behold the braid
Thou gavest erewhile to me :
For me it won the loveliest maid
That lived in Burgundy.

That maid for many a year I woo'd,
And she my love return'd ;
But still her sire the suit withstood,
Till praise in war was earn'd.

That praise, O King, thy hand bestow'd,
To her the gift I bore ;
And when our wedding torches glow'd,
This wreath I proudly wore.

That thou another boon wouldst give,
I came to ask this day—
That thou, who gavest me then to live,
Wouldst take that life away.

Amid the fight I saw thee not,
But saw thy princely son ;
I knew him by his sable coat ;
From him I had the boon.

The words thou badest me say, I said,
Of all to her alone ;
She heard ; and how she smiled, sweet maid,
And kiss'd the pearls, each one !

I've worn them since for love of thee,
Now love I nought beside :
For she is in her grave, quoth he ;
Then grasp'd his hand, and died.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT,

IN CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was born in the parish of Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, in the year 1721. His father, Archibald, a Scotch gentleman of small fortune, was the youngest son of Sir James Smollett, who was knighted on King William's accession, represented the borough of Dumbarton in the last Scotch parliament, and was of weight enough to be chosen one of the commissioners for framing the treaty of union between the two countries. On his return from Leyden, where it was then the custom for young Scotchmen to complete their education, Archibald married Barbara, the daughter of Mr. Cunningham, of Gilbertfield, near Glasgow; and died soon after the birth of our poet, leaving him, with another son and a daughter, dependent on the bounty of their grandfather. The place of Smollett's nativity was endeared to him by its natural beauties; insomuch that, when he had an opportunity of comparing it with foreign countries, he preferred the neighbouring lake of Loch Lomond to those most celebrated in Switzerland and Italy. Being placed at the school of Dumbarton, which was conducted by John Love, a man of some distinction as a scholar, he is said to have exercised his poetical talents in writing satires on the other boys, and in panegyrising his heroic countryman Wallace. From hence, at the usual age, he was removed to Glasgow; and there making choice of the study of medicine, was apprenticed to Mr. John Gordon, a surgeon, who afterwards took out a diploma and practised as a physician. His irresistible propensity to burlesque did not suffer the peculiarities of this man, whom he has represented under the character of Potiou, in *Roderick Random*, to escape him. He made some amends for the indignity, by introducing honourable mention of the name of Dr. Gordon in the last of his novels. A more overt act of contumacy to his superiors, into which his vivacity hurried him, trifling as

it may appear, is so characteristic, that I cannot leave it untold. A lad, who was apprenticed to a neighbouring surgeon, and with whom he had been engaged in frolic on a winter's evening, was receiving a severe reprimand from his master for quitting the shop; and having alleged in his excuse, that he had been hit by a snow-ball, and had gone out in pursuit of the person who had thrown it, was listening to the taunts of his master, on the improbability of such a story. "How long," said the son of *Æsculapius*, with the confident air of one fearless of contradiction, "might I stand here, and such a thing not happen to me?" when Smollett, who stood behind the pillar of the shop-door, and heard what passed, snatching up a snow-ball, quickly delivered his playmate from the dilemma in which this question had placed him, by an answer equally prompt and conclusive. Not content with this attack, he afterwards made the offender sit for his whole-length portrait, in the person, as it is supposed, of Crab, in the same novel.

In the midst of these childish sallies, he meditated greater things; and the sound of the pestle and mortar did not prevent him from attending to the inspirations of *Melpomene*. At the age of eighteen he had composed a tragedy on the murder of James I. the Scottish monarch, and about that time losing his grandfather, by whom he had been supported, and discovering that he must thenceforth rely on his own exertions for a maintenance, he set forth with his juvenile production for London. On his arrival there, failing as might be expected, to persuade the managers to bring his tragedy on the stage, he solicited and obtained the place of a surgeon's mate, on board the fleet destined for the attack of Carthage. Of this ill-conducted and unfortunate expedition, he not only made a sketch in his *Roderick Random*, but afterwards inserted a more detailed account of it in the *Compendium of Voyages*. After a short

time, he was so little pleased with his employment, that he determined to relinquish it, and remain in the West Indies. During his residence in Jamaica, he met with Miss Anne Lascelles, to whom, after a few years, he was married, and with whom he expected to receive a fortune of three thousand pounds. In the islands he probably depended for a subsistence on the exercise of his skill as a surgeon. He returned to London in the year 1746; and though his family had distinguished themselves by their revolutionary principles, testified his sympathy with the late sufferings of his countrymen, in their expiring struggle for the house of Stuart, by some lines, entitled the Tears of Scotland. When warned of his indiscretion, he added that concluding stanza of reproof to his timid counsellors,

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

His first separate publication was, *Advice*, a satire, in the autumn of this year. At the beginning of the next it was followed by a second part, called *Reproof*, in which he took an occasion of venting his resentment against Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, with whom he had quarrelled concerning an opera, written by him for that theatre, on the story of *Alcestis*. In consequence of their dispute the piece was not acted; nor did he take the poet's usual revenge by printing it.

The fallacious prospect of his wife's possessions now encouraged him to settle himself in a better house, and to live with more hospitality than his circumstances would allow him to maintain. These difficulties were in some measure obviated by the sale of a new translation which he made of *Gil Blas*, and still more by the success of *Roderick Random*, which appeared in 1748. In none of his succeeding novels has he equalled the liveliness, force, and nature of this his first essay. So just a picture of a seafaring life especially had never before met the public eye. Many of our naval heroes may probably trace the preference which has decided them

in their choice of a profession to an early acquaintance with the pages of *Roderick Random*. He has not, indeed, decorated his scenes with any seductive colours; yet such is the charm of a highly wrought description, that it often induces us to overlook what is disgusting in the objects themselves, and transfer the pleasure arising from the mere imitation to the reality.

Strap was a man named Lewis, a book-binder, who came from Scotland with Smollett, and who usually dined with him at Chelsea on Sundays. In this book he also found a niche for the exhibition of his own distresses in the character of Melopoyne the dramatic poet. His applications to the directors of the theatre, indeed, continued so unavailing, that he at length resolved to publish his unfortunate tragedy by subscription; and in 1749 the *Regicide* appeared with a preface, in which he complained grievously of their neglect, and of the faithlessness of his patrons, among whom Lord Lyttelton particularly excited his indignation. In the summer of this year his view of men and manners was extended by a journey to Paris. Here he met with an acquaintance and countryman in Doctor Moore, the author of *Zeluco*, who a few years after him had been also an apprentice to Gordon, at Glasgow. In his company Smollett visited the principal objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood of the French metropolis.

The canvas was soon stretched for a display of fresh follies: and the result was, his *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, in 1751. The success he had attained in exhibiting the characters of seamen led him to a repetition of similar delineations. But though drawn in the same broad style of humour, and, if possible, discriminated by a yet stronger hand, the actors do not excite so keen an interest on shore as in their proper element. The *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, the substance of which was communicated by the woman herself whose story they relate, quickened the curiosity of his readers at the time, and a considerable sum which he received for the insertion of them augmented the profits which he derived from a large impression of the work. But they form a very disagreeable

interruption in the main business of the narrative. The pedantic physician was intended for a representation of Akenside, who had probably too much dignity to notice the affront, for which some reparation was made by a compliment to his talents for didactic poetry, in our author's *History of England*.

On his return (in 1749) he took his degree of Doctor in Medicine, and settled himself at Chelsea, where he resided till 1763. The next effort of his pen, an *Essay on the External Use of Water*, in a letter to Dr. —, with particular remarks upon the present method of using the mineral waters at Bath, in Somersetshire, &c. (in 1752) was directed to views of professional advancement. In his profession, however, he did not succeed; and meeting with no encouragement in any other quarter, he devoted himself henceforward to the service of the booksellers. More novels, translation, historical compilation, ephemeral criticism, were the multifarious employments which they laid on him. Nothing that he afterwards produced quite came up to the raciness of his first performances. In 1753, he published the *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*. In the dedication of this novel he left a blank after the word Doctor, which may probably be supplied with the name of Armstrong. From certain phrases that occur in the more serious parts, I should conjecture them to be hastily translated from another language. Some of these shall be laid before the reader, that he may judge for himself. "A solemn profession, on which she *reposed herself* with the most implicit confidence and faith;" ch. xii. (v. 4. p. 54, of Dr. Anderson's edition.)—"Our hero would have made his retreat through the *port*, by which he had entered;" instead of the *door*; ch. xiii. p. 55.—"His own penetration pointed out the *canal*, through which his misfortune had flowed upon him;" instead of the *channel*; ch. xx. p. 94.—"Public ordinaries, walks, and *spectacles*;" instead of *places of entertainment*;" ch. xxv. p. 125.—"The Tyrolese, by the *canal* of Ferdinand's finger, and recommendation, sold a pebble for a real brilliant;" ch. xxxvii. p. 204.—"A young gentleman whose pride was *indomitable*;" ch. xlv.

p. 242. In one chapter we find ourselves in a stage-coach, with such company as Smollett loved to introduce to his readers.

He was about this time prosecuted in the King's Bench, on a charge of having intended to assassinate one of his countrymen, whose name was Peter Gordon. A few blows of the cane, which, after being provoked by repeated insolence, he had laid across the shoulders of this man, appeared to be the sole grounds for the accusation, and he was, therefore, honourably acquitted by the jury. A letter, addressed to the prosecutor's counsel, who, in Smollett's opinion, by the intemperance of his invective had abused the freedom of speech allowed on such occasions, remains to attest the irritability and vehemence of his own temper. The letter was either not sent, or the lawyer had too much moderation to make it the subject of another action, the consequences of which he could have ill borne; for the expense, incurred by the former suit, was already more than he was able to defray, at a time when pecuniary losses and disappointments in other quarters were pressing heavily upon him. A person, for whom he had given security in the sum of one hundred and eighty pounds, had become a bankrupt, and one remittance which he looked for from the East Indies, and another of more than a thousand pounds from Jamaica, failed him. From the extremity to which these accidents reduced him, he was extricated by the kindness of his friend, Doctor Macaulay, to which he had been before indebted; and by the liberality of Provost Drummond, who paid him a hundred pounds for revising the manuscript of his brother Alexander Drummond's travels through Germany, Italy, Greece, &c. which were printed in a folio volume in 1754. He had long anticipated the profits of his next work. This was a translation of *Don Quixote*, published at the beginning of 1755. Lord Woodhouselee, in his *Essay on Translation*, has observed, that it is little else than an improvement of the version by Jarvis. On comparing a few passages with the original, I perceive that he fails alike in representing the dignity of Cervantes in the mock-heroic, and the familiarity of

his lighter manner. These are faults that might have been easily avoided by many a writer of much less natural abilities than Smollett, who wanted both the leisure and the command of style that were requisite for such an undertaking. The time, however, which he gave to that great master, was not thrown away. He must have come back from the study with his mind refreshed, and its powers invigorated by contemplating so nearly the most skilful delineation that had ever been made of human nature, according to that view in which it most suited his own genius to look at it.

On his return from a visit to Scotland, where a pleasant story is told of his being introduced to his mother as a stranger, and of her discovery of him after some time, with a burst of maternal affection, in consequence of his smiling, he engaged (1756) in an occupation that was not likely to make him a wiser, and certainly did not make him a happier man. The celebrity obtained by the *Monthly Review* had raised up a rival publication, under the name of the *Critical*. The share which Smollett had in the latter is left in some uncertainty. Doctor Anderson tells us, that he undertook the chief direction; and Mr. Nichols,* that he assisted Archibald Hamilton the printer. Whatever his part might be, the performance of it was enough to waste his strength with ignoble labour, to embitter his temper by useless altercation, and to draw on him contempt and insult from those who, however they surpassed him in learning, could scarcely be regarded as his superiors in native vigour and fertility of mind. "Sure I," said Gray, in a letter to Mason, "am something a better judge than all the man-midwives and presbyterian parsons that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too) I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you?" And Warburton, who had probably been exasperated in the same way, called his

History of England the nonsense of a vagabond Scot.

In the same year was published a *Compendium of Authentic and Entertaining Voyages*, in seven volumes, which was said to have been made under his superintendence. We have his own word,† that he had written a very small part of it. In 1757, his *Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England*, an entertainment in two acts, in which the scene throughout is laid on board ship, and which describes seamen in his usual happy vein, was acted at Drury-lane with tolerable success. In 1758, he published his *History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748*, four volumes. Of this work, hasty as it was, having been compiled in fourteen months, ten thousand copies were speedily sold.

Some strictures in the *Critical Review*, which, in order to screen the printer of it, he generously avowed himself to have written, once more exposed him to a legal prosecution. The offensive passages were occasioned by a pamphlet, in which Admiral Knowles had vindicated himself from some reflections that were incidentally cast on him in the course of Sir John Mordaunt's trial for the failure of a secret expedition on the coast of France, near Rochefort. In his comments on the pamphlet, Smollett had stigmatized Knowles, the author of it, as "an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity." It can scarcely be wondered, if, after such provocation, the party injured was not deterred by menaces, or diverted by proposals of agreement, from seeking such reparation as the law would afford him. This reparation the law did not fail to give; and Smollett was sentenced to pay a penalty of one hundred pounds, and to be confined for three months in the prison of the King's Bench. Cervantes wrote his *Don Quixote* in a gaol; and Smollett resolved, since he was now in one, that he would write a *Don Quixote* too. It may be said of the Spaniard, according to Falstaff's boast, "that he is not only

* *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iii. p. 398.

† In a Letter in Doctor Anderson's Edition of his Works, vol. i. p. 179.

witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men ;” and among the many attempts at imitation, to which the admirable original has given rise, Sir Launcelot Greaves is not one of the worst. That a young man, whose brain had been slightly affected by a disappointment in love, should turn knight errant, at a time when books of chivalry were no longer in vogue, is not, indeed, in the first instance, very probable. But we are contented to overlook this defect in favour of the many original touches of character, and striking views of life, particularly in the mad-house, and the prison into which he leads his hero, and which he has depicted with the force of Hogarth. If my recollection does not mislead me, he will be found in some parts of this novel to have had before him the Pharsamond of Marivaux, another copy of Cervantes. But it does not any where, like Count Fathom, betray symptoms of being a mere translation. Sir Launcelot Greaves was first printed piecemeal in the British Magazine, or Monthly Repository, a miscellany to which Goldsmith was also a contributor. It has the recommendation of being much less gross and indelicate than any other of his novels.

During the same period, 1761 and 1762, he published, in numbers, four volumes of a Continuation of his History of England; and in 1765, a fifth, which brought it down to that time.

Not contented with occupation under which an ordinary man would have sunk, he undertook, on the 29th of May, 1762, to publish the Briton, a weekly paper, in defence of the Earl of Bute, on that day appointed first commissioner of the treasury; and continued it till the 12th of February in the ensuing year, about two months before the retirement of that nobleman from office. By his patron he complained that he was not properly supported; and he incurred the hostility of Wilkes, who had before been his staunch friend, but who espoused the party in opposition to the Minister, by an attack, the malignance of which no provocation could have justified.

In 1763, his name was prefixed, in conjunction with that of Francklin, the Greek professor at Cambridge, and translator of Sophocles and Lu-

cian, to a version of the works of Voltaire, in twenty-seven volumes. To this he contributed, according to his own account, a small part, including all the notes historical and critical. To the Modern Universal History, which was published about the same time, he also acknowledged himself to be a contributor, though of no very large portion.

His life had hitherto been subjected to the toil and anxiety of one doomed to earn a precarious subsistence by his pen. Though designed by nature for the light and pleasant task of painting the humours and follies of men, he had been compelled to undergo the work of a literary drudge. Though formed to enjoy the endearments of friendship, his criticisms had made those who were before indifferent to him his enemies; and his politics, those whom he had loved, the objects of his hatred. The smile, which the presence of his mother for a moment recalled, had almost deserted his features. Still we may suppose it to have lightened them up occasionally, in those hours of leisure when he was allowed to unbend himself in the society of a wife, with whom he seems always to have lived happily, and of an only daughter, who was growing up to share with her his caresses, and to whom both looked as the future support of their age.

Ταύτην, γέγηθα, κἀπληθόμεαι κακῶν
"Ὅδ' ἀντὶ πολλῶν ἐστὶ μοι παραψυχή,
Πόλις, τιθήνη, βᾶκτρον, ἡγεμὼν ὁδοῦ.

In her, rejoicing, I forgot mine ills.

I have lost much; but she remains, my comfort,

My city and my nurse, my staff and guide.

He had bemoaned his distresses as an author; but was now to feel calamity of a different kind. This only daughter was taken from him by death, in her fifteenth year. Henceforward he was, with some short intervals, a prey to querulousness and disease. Soon after this loss (in June, 1763), being resolved to try what change of climate would do for him, he set out with his disconsolate partner on a journey through France and Italy. On quitting his own country, he describes himself “traded by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a private calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.” The account which

he published of this expedition on his return, shows that he did not derive from it the relief which he had expected. The spleen, with which he contemplated every object that presented itself to him, was ridiculed by Sterne, who gave him the name of Smelfungus. With this abatement, the narration has much to interest and amuse, and conveys some information by which a traveller might perhaps still profit. When he brings before us the driver pointing to the gibbeted criminal whom he had himself betrayed, and unconsciously discovering his own infamy to Smollett, we might suppose ourselves to be reading a highly wrought incident in one of his own fictions. His prognostics of the approaching Revolution in France are so remarkable, that I am tempted to transcribe them. "The King of France, in order to give strength and stability to his administration, ought to have sense to adopt a sage plan of economy, and vigour of mind sufficient to execute it in all its parts with the most rigorous exactness. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to punish the delinquents, of what quality soever they may be; and the first act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are undoubtedly many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government; and in all probability, the subjects of France will be the first to take the advantage of it. There is at present a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which under the reign of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the constitution. In proportion to the progress of reason and philosophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, superstition loses ground; ancient prejudices give way; a spirit of freedom takes the ascendant. All the learned laity of France detest the hierarchy as a plan of despotism, founded on imposture and usurpation. The protestants, who are very numerous in the southern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticism. Many of the Commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of those odious distinctions, which exclude them from the honours and privileges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments

or tribunals of justice in the kingdom seem bent upon asserting their rights and independence in the face of the king's prerogative, and even at the expense of his power and authority. Should any prince, therefore, be seduced by evil counsellors, or misled by his own bigotry, to take some arbitrary step that may be extremely disagreeable to all those communities, without having spirit to exert the violence of his power for the support of his measures, he will become equally detested and despised, and the influence of the Commons will insensibly encroach upon the pretensions of the crown." (*Travels through France and Italy*, c. xxxvi. Smollett's Works, vol. v. p. 636.) This presentiment deserves to be classed with that prophecy of Harrington in his *Oceana*, of which some were fond enough to hope the speedy fulfilment at the beginning of the revolution. Smollett passed the greater part of his time abroad at Nice, but proceeded also to Rome and Florence.

About a year after he had returned from the continent (in June, 1766), he again visited his native country, where he had the satisfaction to find his mother and sister still living. At Edinburgh he met with the two Humes, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, and Ferguson; but the bodily ailments, under which he was labouring, left him little power of enjoying the society of men who had newly raised their country to so much eminence in literature. To his friend, Dr. Moore, then a surgeon at Glasgow, who accompanied him from that place to the banks of Loch Lomond, he wrote, in the February following, that his expedition into Scotland had been productive of nothing but misery and disgust, adding, that he was convinced his brain had been in some measure affected; for that he had had a kind of *coma vigil* upon him from April to November, without intermission. He was at this time at Bath, where two surgeons, whom he calls the most eminent in England, and whose names were Middleton and Sharp, had so far relieved him from some of the most painful symptoms of his malady, particularly an inveterate ulcer in the arm, that he pronounced himself to be better in health and spirits than during any part of the seven preceding years. But the flattering appearance which

his disorder assumed was not of long continuance. A letter written to him by David Hume, on the 18th of July following, shows that either the state of his health, or the narrowness of his means, or perhaps both these causes together, made him desirous of obtaining the consulship of Nice or Leghorn. But neither the solicitations of Hume, nor those of the Duchess of Hamilton, could prevail on the Minister, Lord Shelburne, to confer on him either of these appointments. In the next year, September 21, 1768, the following paragraph in a letter from Hume convinced him that he had nothing to expect from any consideration for his necessities in that quarter. "What is this you tell me of your perpetual exile and of your never returning to this country? I hope that, as this idea arose from the bad state of your health, it will vanish on your recovery, which, from your past experience, you may expect from those happier climates, to which you are retiring; after which, the desire of revisiting your native country will probably return upon you, unless the superior cheapness of foreign countries prove an obstacle, and detain you there. I could wish that means had been fallen on to remove this objection, and that at least it might be equal to you to live anywhere, except when the consideration of your health gave the preference to one climate above another. But the indifference of ministers towards literature, which has been long, and indeed almost always is the case in England, gives little prospect of any alteration in this particular."

If ministers would in no other way conduce to his support, he was determined to levy on them at least an involuntary contribution, and accordingly (in 1769,) he published the *Adventures of an Atom*, in which he laid about him to right and left, and with a random humour, somewhat resembling that of Rabelais and Swift, made those whom he had defended and those whom he had attacked alike the subject of very gross merriment.

But his sport and his suffering were now coming to a close. The increased debility under which he felt himself sinking induced him again to try the influence of a more genial sky. Early in 1770, he set

out with his wife for Italy; and after staying a short time at Leghorn, settled himself at Monte Nero, near that port. In a letter to Caleb Whitefoord, dated the 18th of May, he describes himself rusticated on the side of a mountain that overlooks the sea, a most romantic and salutary situation. One other flash broke from him in this retirement. His novel, called the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which he sent to England to be printed in 1770, though abounding in portraiture of exquisite drollery, and in situations highly comical, has not the full zest and flavour of his earlier works. The story does not move on with the same impetuosity. The characters have more the appearance of being broad caricatures from real life, than the creatures of a rich and teeming invention. They seem rather the representation of individuals grotesquely designed and extravagantly coloured, than of classes of men.

His bodily strength now giving way by degrees, while that of his mind remained unimpaired, he expired at his residence near Leghorn on the 21st of October, 1771, in the 51st year of his age.

His mother died a little before him. His widow lived twelve years longer, which she passed at Leghorn in a state of unhappy dependence on the bounty of the merchants at that place, and of a few friends in England. Out of her slender means she contrived to erect a monument to her deceased husband, on which the following inscription from the pen of his friend Armstrong was inscribed:

Hic ossa conduntur
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;
Qui procipli generosa et antiqua natas,
Præcor virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aspectu ingenue,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoso,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere supra facultates munificæ
Insignis.
Ingenio feraci, faceto, versatili,
Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
Variâ fabularum dulcedine
Vitam moreque hominum,
Uberrate summâ ludens deplaxit.
Adverso, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
Nisi quæ satyræ opipare supplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
Quo Musæ vix nisi nothas
Mærenatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Per multis amicis desiderati,
Hocce marmor,
Dilectissima simul et amantissima conjunx
L. M.
Sacrauit.

A column with a Latin inscription was also placed to commemorate him on the banks of his favourite Leven, near the house in which he was born, by his kinsman Mr. Smollett of Bonhill.

The person of Smollett is described by his friend Dr. Moore as stout and well-proportioned, his countenance engaging, and his manner reserved, with a certain air of dignity that seemed to indicate a consciousness of his own powers.

In his disposition, he appears to have been careless, improvident, and sanguine; easily swayed both in his commendation and censures of others by the reigning humour of the moment, yet warm, and (when not influenced by the baneful spirit of faction) steady in his attachments. On his independence he particularly prided himself. But that this was sometimes in danger from slight causes is apparent, from an anecdote related by Dr. Wooll, in his *Life of Joseph Warton*. When Huggins* had finished his translation of Ariosto, he sent a fat buck to Smollett, who at that time managed the *Critical Review*; consequently the work was highly applauded; but the history of the venison becoming public, Smollett was much abused, and in a future number of the *Review* retracted his applause. Perpetual employment of his pen left him little time for reflection or study. Hence, though he acquired a greater readiness in the use of words, his judgment was not proportionably improved; nor did his manhood bear fruits that fully answered to the vigorous promise of his youth. Yet it may be questioned whether any other writer of English prose had before his time produced so great a number of works of invention. When, in addition to his novels, we consider his various productions, his histories, his travels, his two dramatic pieces, his poems, his translations, his critical labours, and other occasional publications, we are surprised that so much should have been done in a life of no longer continuance.

Excepting Congreve, I do not remember that any of the poets, whose lives have been written by Johnson, is said to have produced any thing in the shape of a novel. Of the *Incognita* of Congreve, that biographer observes, not very satisfactorily, that he would rather praise it than read it. In the present series, Goldsmith, Smollett, and Johnson himself, if his *Rasselas* entitle him to rank in the number, are among the most distinguished in this species of writing, of whom modern Europe can boast. To these, if there be added the names of De Foe, Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne, not to mention living authors, we may produce such a phalanx as scarcely any other nation can equal. Indeed no other could afford a writer so wide a field for the exercise of this talent as ours, where the fullest scope and encouragement are given to the human mind to expand itself in every direction, and assume every shape and hue, by the freedom of the government, and by the complexity of civil and commercial interests. No one has portrayed the whimsical varieties of character, particularly in lower life, with a happier vein of burlesque than Smollett. He delights, indeed, chiefly by his strong delineation of ludicrous incidents and grotesque manners derived from this source. He does not hold our curiosity entangled by the involution of his story, nor suspend it by any artful protraction of the main event. He turns aside for no digression that may serve to display his own ingenuity or learning. From the beginning to the end, one adventure commonly rises up and follows upon another, like so many waves of the sea, which cease only because they have reached the shore.

The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before.

Admirable as the art of the novelist is, we ought not to confound it with that of the poet; nor to conclude, because the characters of Parson Adams, Colonel Bath, and Squire Western, in Fielding; and of Strap, Morgan, and Pipes, in Smollett, im-

* From a letter of Granger's (the author of the *Biographical History of England*,) to Dr. Ducarel (see Nichols's *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 601,) it appears that Huggins made also a translation of Dante, which was never printed. He was son of that cruel keeper of the Fleet prison who was punished for the ill treatment of his prisoners.—(Ibid.)

press themselves as strongly on the memory, and seem to be as really individuals whom we have seen and conversed with, as many of those which are the most decidedly marked in Shakspeare himself; that therefore the powers requisite for producing such descriptions are as rare and extraordinary in one instance as in the other. For the poet has this peculiar to himself; that he communicates something from his own mind, which, at the same time that it does not prevent his personages from being kept equally distinct from one another, raises them all above the level of our common nature. Shakspeare, whom we appear not only to know, personally, but to admire and love as one superior to the cast of his kind,—

Sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
has left some trick of his own lineaments and features discoverable in the whole brood.

*Ignæus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo
Seminibus.*

It is this which makes us willing to have our remembrance of his characters refreshed by constant repetition, which gives us such a pleasure in summoning them before us, as “age cannot wither, nor custom stale.” This is a quality which we do not find in Fielding, with all that consummate skill which he employs in de-

veloping his story; nor in Smollett, with all that vivacity and heartiness of purpose with which he carries on his narrative.

Of Smollett's poems much does not remain to be said. *The Regicide* is such a tragedy as might be expected from a clever youth of eighteen. The language is declamatory, the thoughts inflated, and the limits of nature and verisimilitude transgressed in describing the characters and passions. Yet there are passages not wanting in poetical vigour.

His two satires have so much of the rough flavour of Juvenal, as to retain some relish, now that the occasion which produced them has passed away.

The *Ode to Independence*, which was not published till after his decease, amid much of common place, has some very nervous lines. The personification itself is but an awkward one. The term is scarcely abstract and general enough to be invested with the attributes of an ideal being.

In the *Tears of Scotland*, patriotism has made him eloquent and pathetic; and the *Ode to Leven Water* is sweet and natural. None of the other pieces, except the *Ode to Mirth*, which has some sprightliness of fancy, deserve to be particularly noticed.

SUN-RISE.

MORNING awakes sublime, glad earth and sky
Smile in the splendour of the day begun;—
O'er the broad East's illumined canopy,
Shade of its Maker's majesty, the Sun
Gleams in its living light; from cloud to cloud
Streaks of all colours beautifully run,
As if before heaven's gate there hung a shroud
To hide its grand magnificence. O heaven!
Where entrance e'en to thought is disallow'd;
To view the glory that this scene is giving—
What may blind reason not expect to see,
When in immortal worlds the soul is living
Eternal as its Maker, and as free
To taste the unknowns of eternity?

ON THE POETRY OF NONNUS.

POETRY, and indeed literature in general, runs the same course as painting and music; the fresh and masculine vigour of the first models is gradually improved upon; the graces of variety, the brilliancy of heightened effect, the surprise of contrast, are attained, and great results are effected by a complication of means and resources unknown to the early professors; but there is a diminution of that grandeur without effort and that truth of feeling which adhere to the noble simplicity of nature. At length this refinement degenerates into its extreme, affected exaggeration; and we have the tragedies of Dryden and the pictures of Fuseli. Yet it is a mistake to reject, with a peremptory and unqualified sentence of reprobation, those who pamper the craving of satiety by thus contributing to flatter and titillate a fastidious and capricious taste: it is not always, perhaps not often, by blockheads that these innovations are made. These fantastical pranks in literature and art are played by men of genius; by men who perhaps know better, or who at least ought to know better. The painter who dislocates the human joints, and moulds his countenances into a gorgon-stricken expression of marble, may yet throw out shadowy intimations of a daring though eccentric fancy; the musician who astounds the regularly trained ear by interspersed discords, that seem to violate the known analogies of science, may "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," while confounding rules by the mastery of uncontrollable genius. Kehama burst through the twelve opposite gates of Padalon, in twelve chariots and in his own person, at the same individual point of time: the small critics rubbed their hands and cast their gibes on the poet, who yet passed on his way, with serene disdain, in the consciousness of power. The innovators on the severity of ancient models are neither without their use nor without their merits; they serve as beacons against the wanton departure from true taste which has

always nature for its basis; and if they have great faults, (the greater because these very faults are fondled like spoiled children) they have usually some striking qualities: sweetness, and brilliancy of touch, as well as subtlety of invention, seem to mark the decline of classical taste.

A very extraordinary instance of unchastised judgment and vivacious imagination is afforded by Nonnus, of Panopolis, an Egyptian poet of the 5th century; who, it seems, went among the Saracens on some embassy, and whose Greek (for in that language he chose to write) is certainly less Attic than Saracenic; I mean such as we might imagine Saracenic Greek would be. The *Dionysiaca* were first printed in 1569, from a MS. in the library of John Sambuch, at Antwerp; but he wrote also a poetic paraphrase of the gospel of John, first printed at Venice, by Aldus, in 1501. Some writers, who fall foul on the mythological poem for the excellent reason that it has not the Homeric purity, are wonderfully complaisant to the evangelical paraphrase; the one, they say, is the "most irregular poem extant with regard to style, sentiments, method, and constitution;" the style of the other they find out to be "perspicuous, neat, elegant, and proper for the subject." Now the most indulgent conclusion which can be drawn from the decision of these critics, is, that they are wholly unacquainted both with the one poem and the other; a conclusion which derives some confirmation from the piece of intelligence that *one* of these poems is written in heroic verse; the plain case being that the measure of the two poems is the same, and is nothing more nor less than the Homeric hexameter. The style of each bears exactly that affinity to the other which might be expected in two works of one and the same author: all the faults of redundancy, tawdriness, and refinement, which they exclaim against in the *Dionysiaca*, exist, without the slightest disparity, in the *Evangelion*. In a heap

of mythological love-tales and adventures of giants and monsters, such a style may not be so very unpardonable, even though it give occasion to the discerning objection, that the sentiments are "irregular;" but how far conceited refinements may be "proper for the subject," which the Evangelist has treated with such

pure and sublime simplicity, I leave them to determine.

As the book is uncommonly scarce, I shall give the reader an opportunity of judging how far, according to the statement of the critics, *this* piece is as much above, as *that* is beneath censure.

JOHN IV. 25.

He said: th' unconscious woman, with a voice
 Prophetic, spake to Christ of Christ: she said
 The helper of the world at last should come,
 Whom she had there approaching: "O my Lord!
 We know by the tradition of our sires,
 Who bear the law divine, Messiah comes,
 Call'd by the people Christ; and, when he comes,
 To us now ignorant will teach all truth."

The woman said; and Christ with witness word
 Replied; *the self-exclaiming finger placing*
Against the speechless nose, "I am himself,
 The Christ who now speak to thee: thou behold'st
 Now with thy very eyes whom with thine ears
 Thou hearest: I am Christ; no second comes."

JOHN XI. 40.

"Said I not this before, if ye would keep
 The prudent seal of silence on your lips,
 Having right faith and not a doubtful mind,
 Ye should behold God's life-sufficing glory?"

They drew aside the stone: the King, with face
 Turned starward, lifted up his eyes, and cried
 Unto his Father, "Thanks to thee, oh Father!
 That thou hast heard me: in my mind I know
 Thou ever hearest, when he cries, thy Son:
 But for the people standing round I spake,
 That they may have more faith to hear that thou
 Didst send me forth, beholding with their eyes
 The swift dead issuing from the sepulchre
 Bound with his bands, nor falling in the dust."

He said, and sounded with a piercing voice;
 "Come Lazarus forth!" the dead-arousing echo
 The breathless body of the voice-bereft
 Corpse roused to life: he called th' unbreathing man,
 And the dead traveller ran, spontaneous-walking,
 With feet together bound, upon the earth:
 He call'd th' unbreathing man, and the dead exile,
 Hearing amongst the dead, return'd from forth
 The shades, beholding, past the goal of life,
 A late re congregated principle,
 Marvellous; and Pluto all-subduing sought
 Vainly the flitting corpse on Lethe's wharf.

Now as nothing can well be worse than this; as it would be difficult to select from the whole range of poetry a more glaring instance of fulsome and impertinent amplification; as the writer has furnished us with better examples of the burlesque sublime, than Pope and Swift were able

to ransack from the Epics of Blackmore, and as this is affirmed to be the better poem of the two, what must be the other? The critics, however, have stultified their own criticism; for they assure us, that the style of the paraphrase of John is "neat and elegant, and proper for

the subject:" we shall therefore take leave to interpret their decisions, as old ladies do their dreams, by contraries; and it seems, on the face of the matter, to be a tolerably safe conclusion, that the *Dionysiaca* is a superb poem.

They, indeed, who have exerted their vigilance to guard us against admiring Nonnus with prejudice to Homer, have been able to lay their finger on not a few instances of conceited and puerile taste, similar in kind to those above quoted; but not similar in degree: there is nothing so bad, there *can* be nothing so bad, in the mass of heterogeneous fables bound together in the Dionysiacal bundle, as Pluto hunting on the banks of Lethe for the ghost of Lazarus. The reason is obvious: the subject is too solemn; too sacredly and momentously interesting to human hopes, for us to admit patiently of mythological common-places being mixed up with it; and the sublimity of the incident itself, recorded, as it is, with a plain circumstantiality that bears the stamp of truth, repels every attempt at officious decoration; even as Samson "brake the seven green withs, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire." But who would experience any violent sensation of offended taste, should he meet with playful prettinesses of ingenuity, or tumid exaggerations of imagery, when Aura is changed into a fountain, or when the constellations combat against Phæton? It is a common error in those who pride themselves on a classic simplicity of taste, to exact simplicity where it would be out of character. Darwin has been treated in this way: he has been held up to the terror of all imitators, as a merely physical poet; as purely material in his poetry, without sentiment, and without any feeling for the ideal. To this it may be answered, that he turned Botany into a fairy tale; and that he chose the diction and illustrative imagery which were suitable to his plan and congenial with his subject. It was the fairy dress of fairy metaphysics. That he carried the same limited power of picturing to the eye into the regions of sentiment, may be true; but the objection is never levelled against his cold and passionless elegiac pieces: for these, on the contrary, pass cur-

rent as pathetic, and are transcribed as such, into those crude repositories of mechanically assorted poetry which are designed to cultivate a classical taste in the minds of youth. It was the *Loves of the Plants* which they, who pretended to a correct judgment, took upon themselves to condemn, as fantastic in style and meretricious in decoration. This is much the same prudery of taste, as that which swept from the vicinity of the mansion the architectural garden, with its fountains, its statues, and its grottos, and obliged the inmate to step at once, without an intermediate gradation, from the house to the field.

The author of the *Dionysiaca* has thus experienced the same species of frigid injustice as the authors of the *Botanic Garden*, and of *Thalaba*. He has been censured for his tinsel refinement and subtle trifling, as though he were celebrating the unnatural brothers of Thebes, or expounding in lofty verse the principles of the Orphic Theology. Many of the censures which Cunæus has cast upon him would merit the praise of tasteful acumen were they directed against a poet of a different class: but what he sometimes holds up to reprobation, as sins against classical propriety and good sense, appear to me positive beauties, in the relation in which they stand, and in reference to the theme and object of the poet. I shall set down a few instances of this.

Petrus Cunæus asserts the trite axiom that the "beginning of a poem should be gentle, modest, and temperate;" but Samuel Johnson, with his usual sturdy sense, has shown that in this supposed rule Horace is misconceived and Addison mistaken; the præmial verses of both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* being rather splendid than unadorned. (*Rambler*, No. 158.) I should be glad to hear from any disciple of Addison what there is superior in magnificent elevation to this passage (among several others similar) in the alleged plain exordium of the *Paradise Lost*?

Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from
the first

Wast present, and with mighty wings out-
spread,

Dove-like, sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant?

When Cuneus cries out on the exclamation of Nonnus,

Arrest the changing Proteus ! let him show His varying form, since various is my song—and talks of “uncouth and frivolous sense,” and the “invention of a jejune and empty poor dabbler in poetry,” he seems to “puff out his angry cheeks” on a very small occasion. That the diction of Nonnus is a little barbarous, and that he subtilizes too much, and trifles too wittily with the changes of the sea god, as influencing the transitions of his story, must be admitted : but in a poem of diversified mythological fables, the invention of Proteus seems both ingenious and suitable. If it be objected that his exordium is loaded and pompous in details, why is Virgil to escape clear of the same censure ? The truth is, that Virgil was an Augustan poet : he belonged to the golden age : he was the prince of poets, and could do no wrong : though after panting through the cumbrous and prolix invocation prefixed to the Georgics, an unclassical reader might be tempted to exclaim,

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor.

If Virgil, after having made already an unmerciful muster of personages, could cry out “O ALL ye gods and goddesses !” surely, Nonnus might be permitted to place Proteus before us under a few of his hypothetical transformations.

In the moment of inspiration the poet exclaims,—

Bring me the wand, ye Muses ! clash the cymbals,
Give to my grasp the ivy spear of Bacchus,
Him whom I sing—

And again,—

Bring me the wand, ye Mymallonian maids !
Bind to my bosom—(my wont vesture doff'd)

The mottled fawn-skin, dropping nectar'd dew
Of the Maronic grape.

On this, quoth Cuneus, “he who begins to kindle up his subject to unprepared ears, seems to be mad among people who are in their senses, and is, I may say, like a drunken person among others who are sober. You see nothing here but *Bacchic* rant and *Corybantic* noise.”

Oh brains of Bolanus ! what an error ! to presume to be *Bacchic* while preparing to celebrate the god of Bacchanals !

The said *Petrus* no doubt regarded Euryalus in the *Dionysiacs*, wielding a sword twenty cubits long, as on a par with Jack the Giant-killer. He had better have commented on the *Gnomici Poetæ Græci*, and “left the world” of fabulous romance “for others to bustle in.”

The merit of Nonnus is, that he has decked out the classic mythology with a gothic wildness of fancy. He has also several graceful tales and pleasing adventures, though expanded by luxuriant amplification, and tricked out here and there with sparkling conceits in the Italian manner. To the usual slang of criticism it is sufficient to reply, that the *Dionysiacs* is a poem confessedly irregular, and irreducible to any single rule of epic writing. The unity of the poem consists merely in its title. Bacchus is the centre of the system by arbitrary position : he has his own set of adventures and exploits, which are not always necessarily connected with those of the other mythological personages, who move in eccentric orbits, and pursue their erratic course independent of the hero. I beg to introduce the poet of Panopolis to such readers as have not made a vow to read nothing but the settlement of Æneas in Italy.

VIDA.

STORY OF AMPELUS.

From the *Dionysiacs*, Book 10.

The Wrestling-match.

Both, in delighted converse link'd, to thicket shades repair,
And now the ivy spear they throw that flits in empty air ;
Now on the treeless ocean shore in th' open sunlight stray ;
Now rouse from rocks the lion whelps that couch on hills for prey :
Anon in solitude upon the banks of desert stream,
Upon some river's banks, where bright the rolling pebbles gleam,
With wrestler's gripe in sportful mood they struggled all alone ;
Nor tripod as their palm of strife, nor flower-wreath'd caldron, shone :

Nor pamper'd courser neighing stood ; but double flutes of love
 With two-voiced whispers breath'd, and this the prize for which they strove.
 And lovely was their strife ; and Love himself within the ring,
 With wrestler Hermes at his side, stood trembling on the wing :
 And looking on they wrought the while a chaplet of delight ;
 Where with Narcissus hyacinths their purple blooms unite.
 Both in the midst sprang forth at once these wrestlers fair as Love,
 And round each others' backs their hands a finger-fillet wove :
 A finger-chain beneath their loins, a mutual yoke of hands,
 Dragging with arms and elbow-joints in intertwisted bands ;
 And in their clasp reciprocal they lifted from the ground
 Each other's body, snatch'd in air, descending, round and round ;
 A double pleasure thus employ'd th' Olympian dweller's mind,
 Lifting and lifted thus by turns upon the wafted wind.
 Round Bacchus' wrist with fasten'd gripe the boy his fingers strain'd,
 And caught his unreluctant hand as in a yoke retain'd ;
 But he around the youth's smooth loins his freed hands winding cast ;
 With grasp all frantic-fond he caught the twining wrestler fast,
 And toss'd him up ; then Ampelus a deft advantage took,
 And Bacchus' ankle suddenly with foot extended strook ;
 And with a gentle smile he sank beneath his fellow's thrust,
 As though by that soft foot-sole tripp'd, self-rolling in the dust.
 The naked boy incumbent sat upon the prostrate god,
 Who as he writhed him to and fro heaved back the pleasing load ;
 Till with stretch'd heel, that delves the sand, his nimble back he lifts,
 Yet shows but half his strength, and thus with striving turns and shifts,
 And sleight of quick-repelling hand throws off the lovely freight ;
 The stripling's bended elbow propp'd upon the sand his weight :
 Then on the god's resisting back with crafty leap he swung
 His sidelong form, and round the loins as with a chain he clung ;
 With heel to ankle firmly prest, his kneading knees he plied,
 And drew his foot-sole right outstretch'd along the twisting side :
 Roll'd headlong in each other's twine they tumbled on the soil ;
 The dripping moisture from them rain'd, the herald of their toil ;
 Till Bacchus, he who bore the form of strongly grappling Jove,
 Spontaneous-vanquish'd, loosed his hold, though he unvanquish'd strove :
 As mighty-statured Jupiter upon Alpheus' bank,
 Self-prostrated to Hercules, knee-tottering reel'd and sank.
 To see the sportive fight achieved, the youth's delighted hand
 Upheld the prize, the two-voiced pipe ; and stooping from the strand,
 He wash'd away the beaded dust, and as he dash'd the stream,
 His body, dropping silver, shed a lambent lovely gleam.
 (*To be continued.*)

SUN-SET.

WELCOME, sweet Eve, thy gently sloping sky,
 And softly whispering wind that breathes of rest,
 And clouds, unlike what day-light gallop'd by,—
 Now stopp'd, as weary, huddling in the West ;
 Each, by the farewell of Day's closing eye,
 Left with the smiles of Heaven on its breast !
 Meek nurse of weariness, how sweet to meet
 Thy soothing tenderness, to none denied ;
 To hear thy whispering voice :—Ah ! heavenly sweet,
 Musing and listening by thy gentle side,
 Lost to life's cares, thy colour'd skies to view,
 Picturing of pleasant worlds unknown to care,
 And, when our bark the rough sea flounders through,
 Warming in hopes its end shall harbour there.

LES MACHABÉES, OU LE MARTYRE;

TRAGÉDIE EN CINQ ACTES, PAR M. ALEXANDRE GUIRAUD :

*Représentée pour la première fois le 14 Juin, 1822, au Théâtre Royal de l'Odéon,
par les Comédiens du Roi.*

WE hear that this tragedy (of which our readers may find the subject in the 7th chapter of the second book of Maccabees) has had a greater success than any which has appeared for a long time on the French stage. We do not wonder at it. The novelty of the subject,—the animation of the dialogue,—the violent conflict between maternal love and religious enthusiasm in the breast of Salomé,—the heroism of her martyred sons,—the suspense in which we are kept as to their fate,—their triumphant sufferings,—and the fury of their persecutor Antiochus, terminating in his own utter consternation and dismay,—all this must have agitated the feelings of the audience strongly from beginning to end. At least we know that so it has been with us on reading it. Yet, with all this, we feel that there is a want of poetry throughout; of which there would be the more right to complain, if it did not pervade all the tragedies we are acquainted with since the so much celebrated age of Louis XIV. By a want of poetry, we do not mean the absence of fine descriptions of buildings, and groves, and rocks, and sea-views, and moonlight landscapes; but we mean the absence of a powerful metaphoric diction, such as at once testifies the poet's genius,* and is the true index of passion,—such as Aristotle, from his own sagacity, or from the practice of his countrymen, concluded to belong properly to the drama,—and such as Shakespeare, without knowing any thing of Aristotle, or the countrymen of Aristotle, excelled in above all others. It is herein that not only the modern French, but even Italian tragedians, (not excepting Alfieri and

Monti), are miserably deficient. We remember an attempt (we are not sure whether by Voltaire or not) at translating the following words in Hamlet,—

The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown :

and all that came of it was,—

Enfin, c'est ton oncle !

We are, however, sincerely glad to find the Tragic Muse making any thing like a stand on the French stage. We should have liked to see Mrs. Siddons rushing in upon our own, unable to support the torture of her sons, after she had encouraged them not to shrink from the trial, and uttering some such words as the following:—

Non, non, laissez moi fuir.—Dieu ne l'exige pas ;

Et l'effort est trop grand pour le cœur d'une mère.

Tous mes fils garderont leur noble caractère,
Et je n'ai pas besoin de ranimer leur foi.

(Regardant ses vêtements avec horreur.)

Dieu ! le sang de mes fils a rejailli sur moi !
Le sang ruisselle encore, et la hache est levée.

A. 5. Sc. 3.

It is not well for a writer to follow this German custom of bringing the directions to the actors into his book. They not only are a most unwelcome interruption to the reader, but may induce the poet, who is satisfied with so clumsy a method of conveying his meaning, to pass over many an exquisite touch of nature. When Rosse communicates to Macduff the murder of his wife and children, if Shakespeare could have contented himself with a parenthesis *in italics* to this

* Ἔστι δὲ μέγα μὲν τὸ ἐκάσω τῶν εἰρημένων πρεπόντως χρῆσθαι, καὶ διπλοῖς ὀνόμασι καὶ γλώτταις· τὸ δὲ μέγιστον, τὸ μεταφορικὸν εἶναι· μόνον γὰρ τοῦτο, οὔτε παρ' ἄλλου ἐστὶ λαβεῖν, εὐφύιας τε σημειόν ἐστι· τὸ γὰρ εὐ μεταφόρειν, τὸ ὁμοιον θεωρεῖν ἐστι. κ. τ. λ. Aristot. Poet. Tyrwhitt's Edit. 8vo. p. 84.

effect,—(*Here Macduff pulls his hat close over his face, and rests in a stupid silence ;*) he might have thought himself dispensed from making Macduff say to him,—

Merciful heaven !

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon
your brows ;
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not
speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it
break.

That fine exclamation,—

Dieu ! le sang de mes fils a rejailli sur moi !
which stood in no need of explanation, might perhaps have been suggested by a passage in the *Polyeucte* of Corneille, where Pauline, who has just witnessed the martyrdom of her husband, says to her father,—

Son sang, dont tes bourreaux viennent de
me couvrir,
M'a dessillé les yeux, et me les vient
d'ouvrir.

The Christian martyr of Corneille is not equal to the Jewish ones of M. Guiraud. The sudden transition in *Polyeucte*, from his love for Pauline to the ambition of martyrdom, is too like an exemplification of that mischievous saying of Voltaire's—

D'amour à la devotion

Il n'est qu'un pas ; l'une et l'autre est
faiblesse.

M. Guiraud has contrived to support the interest of his play without any love.

As we are here reminded of Corneille, so are we elsewhere of Racine, but not so much to the advantage of the modern. In the character of young Mizaël, he has plainly had his eye on that of Joas in the *Athalie*, as may be seen by comparing A. 2. Sc. 7. of that tragedy, with A. 1. Sc. 3. of the present. But the judgment of Racine could not be expected in so young a writer. One of the first answers of the Hebrew boy to the interrogatories of king Antiochus, when he is asked—

Jeune Hébreu, qui es-tu ?
is—

Sans Dieu je ne suis rien,
Aussi puissant que vous si je l'ai pour
soutien.

His subsequent simplicity, in being so easily cajoled by the king to discover the hiding-place of his brothers, is scarcely consistent with the boldness and intelligence manifested in this reply.

The author has contrived artfully enough to introduce the vision of Heliiodorus, from the third chapter of *Maccabees*, b. 2. from which Raphael has taken his picture ; but he might surely have made something more of it.

J'allais déjà saisir les vases de l'autel ;
Déjà même, à travers la foule gémissante,
Mes soldats promenaient la hache menaçante ;
Quand la voûte du temple, entr'ouverte
soudain,
M'a fait voir un guerrier, qui, tout couvert
d'airain,
Avec un cri semblable à la voix d'une
armée,
Apparaissait immense en l'enceinte enflammée.
Ce guerrier n'étoit point un fantôme imposteur,
Un je ne sais quel Dieu.

Ephraïm.

L'ange exterminateur.

Héliodore. Son bouclier de feu gardait
le sanctuaire ;
J'ai voulu fuir ; mon front étoit dans la
poussière ;
Et de mon corps meurtri les membres flagellés
Se débattaient en vain sous ses coups redoublés ;
Son pied divin pressait ma poitrine sanglante.
Que dis-je ? il plane encor sur ma tête tremblante ;
Dans mon sein palpitant il étouffe ma
voix ;
Me poursuit à tes pieds.

Ephraïm.

Je le sais, je le vois.

A. 4. Sc. 5.

We will leave it to our readers to make the comparison to which we have referred in the Apocryphal book. We are informed that M. Guiraud is not more than two or three-and-twenty years of age. The dedication of the tragedy to his mother does as much credit to his filial feelings, as the tragedy itself does to his talents as an author.

FERDINAND MENDEZ PINTO.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar
of the first magnitude.—*Love for Love.*

MOST of our book collectors are familiar with — *The Voyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile; Knight, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem, and marvayles of Inde*; and it is well known that this bold seeker, and fearless assertor, of incredible adventures, left England in 1322; visited Tartary about half a century after Marco Polo; religiously declined marrying the Soldan of Egypt's daughter, because he would not renounce Christianity; and after wandering for thirty-four years through the realms of Inde, and being long reputed dead, returned to publish his Adventures, scrupulously qualifying his most astounding relations with some such words as these:—*thei seyne, or men seyne, but I have not sene it.* The original English MS. is in the Cotton Library, but the reader, on referring to the *Tatler*, No. 254, will be amused with Addison's pretended discovery of these writings, and the pleasant fiction of "the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which Sir John made in the territories of Nova Zembla."

Although the name of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, the Mandeville of Portugal, has passed into a by-word in England, being commonly used as a paraphrase for mendacity, little or nothing is known of his history or travels; and as his strange work is not now of common occurrence, I propose to translate, for the benefit of your readers, such occasional passages as most amusingly illustrate his circumstantial exaggerations, all of which he narrates as an eye-witness; and thus at the same time exemplify the credulity of an age which was content to receive such marvels as authentic records. His first chapter is a short biographical sketch of his life, before embarking for India, probably the most veracious portion of the whole narrative, and I shall therefore give it as nearly as possible in his own words, using only the privilege of abridgment.—"Whenever I reflect on my continual struggles, troubles, and anxiety, since my very infancy, I feel great reason to reproach Por-

tune, as if her glory were only founded upon her cruelty: but when I call to mind my manifold perils and trials in the Indies—that it has pleased God to relieve me from the persecution of the blind Fury—to preserve my life, and place me safe in port, where I may leave to my children, for memorial and inheritance, this rude and imperfect work, I feel how grateful I ought to be to the Giver of all mercies. I write for my children, that they may know the wonderful hazards I encountered in twenty-one years, having been thirteen times captive, and seventeen times sold to the Indians and savages of Ethiopia, Arabia Felix, China, Tartary, Madagascar, Sumatra, and many other kingdoms and states of that oriental Archipelago, at the extremity of Asia, which the Chinese, Siamese, Gueos, and Luquinese justly term the eye-lids of the world, and of which I shall hereafter more fully treat; whereby they may learn what is to be effected by courage, fortitude, and perseverance, in every pinch and extremity of Fate. Thanking God, therefore, for his singular favours, and owning all my sufferings to be the consequences of my sins, I take for the beginning of my work the time that I passed in Portugal, where I lived till I was ten or twelve years old, in the misery and poverty of my father's house, in the town of Monte Mor Ouelho; when an uncle, desirous of promoting my fortune, and withdrawing me from the blind indulgence of my mother, carried me to Lisbon, and placed me in the service of an illustrious and wealthy lady. This happened on St. Lucy's day, the 13th of December, 1521, the same on which they celebrated the funeral ceremony of our late king, Don Emanuel, of happy memory, which is the very earliest thing I can recollect.—After having been one year and a half in the service of this lady, an affair occurred which placed my life in instant jeopardy; so that to escape from death I left her house in all haste, being so bewildered, and overcome with terror, that I knew not whither I fled,

until I arrived at the Port de Pedra, and beheld a galley loading with horses for Setuval, where the king, Don John the Third, whom God absolve, then held his court, on account of the great plague with which many parts of the kingdom were infested. Embarking in this galley, I sailed the next day; but, alas! no sooner were we fairly out at sea than we were attacked by a French corsair, who, unexpectedly boarding us with fifteen or twenty men, carried our vessel. After having stripped and pillaged us, they took out our cargo, with 6000 ducats, and then scuttled and sunk the galley, so that out of our crew of seventeen not one escaped slavery. As they were freighted with arms for the Mahometans, they bound us hand and foot, intending to sell us for slaves in Barbary; but at the end of thirteen days it pleased Fortune that, about sunset, they discovered a ship, to which they gave chase all night, following in her track, like old corsairs accustomed to such brigandage, and running alongside towards day-break, they fired three guns and boarded her, killing six Portuguese and ten or twelve slaves.

“It proved to be a large and goodly vessel belonging to a Portuguese merchant, called Sylvestre Godinho, coming from St. Thomas's, with a great quantity of sugar and slaves, worth 40,000 ducats; so that having now such a rich booty, the corsairs abandoned their plan of going to Barbary, and set sail for the coast of France, taking with them as slaves such of our crew as were capable of assisting them in their navigation. As for me, and the others who remained, they landed us by night at a place called Melides, where we remained all miserably naked, and covered with wounds from the blows and lashes we had received. In this pitiable state we arrived next morning at St. James de Caçen, and here our sufferings were relieved, principally by a lady named Donna Beatrix, daughter of Count Villanova; when, after being cured of our wounds, we all betook ourselves whithersoever we thought we might best mend our fortunes. For my part, poor as I was, I wandered with six or seven companions in misery to Setuval, where good fortune instantly placed

me in the service of Francisco de Faria, a gentleman in the household of the grand commander of St. James, who, in reward of four years' service, gave me to the aforesaid commander, to act as chamberlain, which I did for eighteen months. But as the wages then paid were insufficient for my support, necessity compelled me to quit him, though I availed myself of his influence to obtain permission for embarking to the Indies, being resolved to try my fortune in the East, and submit to whatever good or ill fate might be reserved for me in those unknown and remote countries.”

On the 11th of March, 1537, our traveller set sail with a fleet of five ships, and arrived safely at Mozambique, whence they were ordered by the governor to proceed to Diu, as he was in daily expectation of the armies of the Grand Turk, to avenge the loss of Sultan Bandar, King of Cambay, whom the said governor had put to death the year before.—On their passage from Diu to the Straits of Mecca, they were audaciously attacked by a pirate of inferior force, upon whom, however, they retaliated with such destructive effect, that all the crew, consisting of eighty, were killed or drowned, with the exception of five, whom they made prisoners. One of these was the captain, who, upon being put to the torture, confessed that he was a renegade Christian, having been born at Cedenha, but that becoming enamoured of a beautiful Greek Mahometan, he had renounced Christianity and married her. Earnest and friendly proposals were made to him to abandon his errors, and resume the Catholic faith; all which he resisted with the most unshaken obstinacy and resolution. “Whereupon,” says our traveller, “the captain infallibly concluding that this abandoned miscreant was not to be won from his blindness and heresy, in not believing the thrice holy Catholic faith, became suddenly inspired with such a lively zeal and vehement love of God, that he tied him neck and heels, and having attached a large stone to his neck, cast him into the sea, where the wretch now shares the torments of his Mahomet, and keeps him company in the other world, for having been his disciple in this.”

Giving this extract as a short specimen of the more authentic, or, at least, the more credible portion of his narrative, I shall cite a few equally brief passages, illustrative of those marvellous statements, and stupendous assertions, which have occasioned the name of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto to be generally mentioned with the complimentary cognomen of "the Liar."

It will hardly be expected that any summary or analysis of his book should be attempted, when the reader is informed, that it consists of 229 closely printed chapters, into which we shall therefore only dip hap-hazard, as if consulting the Virgilian lots, and leave the result to declare its own auguries. And here it is at least consolatory, that we are never deluded by hearsay, nor fobbed off, as in the case of Sir John Maundevile, with—"thei scyne—or men seyne, but I have not sene it;" for honest Pinto is very properly scrupulous upon these points, and scorns to be satisfied with any thing less than ocular demonstration. It is true, that both himself and the captain of the vessel, Antonio de Faria, did occasionally entertain very grave doubts as to the marvellous averments of their Chinese pilot, Similau, who disdained any other reply to their injurious suspicions than forthwith to carry his vessel into the very thick and centre of the wonders he had described, and submit them to the evidence of their seven senses. Opening the ponderous tome at a venture, we seem to be poaching upon the manor of Bishop Pontopidan, expecting with every line to catch a kraken, such is the abundance of large fishes and other sea-game with which we are instantly environed. Even our traveller, accustomed as he was to portentous spectacles, acknowledges that he was somewhat startled at the sight.—"We arrived at length at a port called Buxiphalem, in the 49th degree north, where we saw an infinity of fishes and serpents, of such strange forms, that I can hardly describe them without terror. In this place we beheld some in the form of ray fish, which we called *Peixes Mantas*, above four fathoms in circumference, with a muzzle like an ox; others like enormous lizards, spotted black and

green, having three rows of bristles on the back, extremely sharp, and as thick as an arrow, with others all over the body, though not so thick. These fish occasionally bristle up like porcupines, which renders them very dreadful to behold. They have a very black and pointed snout, with sharp teeth, a foot and a half long, issuing from the jaws, like the tusks of a wild boar, which the Chinese call *Puchissuchoens*. Here also we saw another sort, having the whole body extremely black, like the fish we call the Miller's Thumb, but so prodigiously large, that the head alone is six paces across, and when they extend their fins in the water they appear a fathom broad. I shall pass over in silence the innumerable other species we saw, as being foreign to my subject—suffice it to say, that during the two nights we passed in this spot we never thought ourselves in safety, on account of the lizards, whales, fish, and serpents by which we were surrounded; especially as we heard such a constant hissing, flapping, and neighing of sea-horses, which abound in these parts, that words cannot describe the uproar."—Chap. 71.

In the very next chapter we encounter a race of giants, whom subsequent travellers thought proper to transplant to Patagonia, whence, however, they have been ejected by more accurate navigators; and these lofty specimens of humanity threaten to become extinct, unless revived by some voyager not less *splendide mendax* than the subject of our article.—In the absence of the American sea-serpent, and the mermaid discovered in the Hebrides, of which a circumstantial account generally runs through the papers every two or three years, we may put forward the following narrative, which it is not improbable suggested to Swift the first idea of the Brobdingnaggians.

"Continuing our voyage, both by rowing and sailing, and turning our prow according to the serpentine course of the river, we arrived next morning before a very high mountain called *Botinafan*, whence ran many rivers of fresh water. In this mountain there was a quantity of tigers, rhinoceroses, lions, ounces, and other wild beasts, which, leaping and crying, by reason of their natural

ferocity, made a cruel war upon the weaker animals, such as stags, wild-boars, monkeys, baboons, apes, wolves, and foxes, which we contemplated for a long time with wonderful pleasure, occasionally shouting all at once to frighten them, whereat they were little alarmed, not being accustomed to the pursuit of hunters. On leaving this mountain we encountered another, not less wild and savage, called *Gangitanou*, beyond which all the country is very rugged, and almost inaccessible. Similau informed us, that certain men, called *Gigauhós*, dwelt at the foot of this place, who were of enormous size, living like brutes upon the spoils of the chase, or upon the rice which the Chinese merchants brought them from Catan, and bartered with them for furs. He assured us that more than 200,000 skins were annually exported, which the Chinese consumed for the lining of winter robes, carpeting, and counterpanes. Antonio de Faria, much astonished at this, but still more at the stature of these *Gigauhós*, begged the pilot to procure him the sight of one, assuring him, that it would be more gratifying to him than to possess all the treasures of China; to which Similau replied,—‘Signor Captain, as I see that this is essential, both to preserve my credit with you, and to impose silence upon those who murmur and make mockery of me when I relate things which they consider so many fables; in order that by one truth they may judge of another, I swear to you, that before sunset you shall see a couple of these people, and speak to them, on condition that you do not go ashore as you have hitherto done, for fear any misfortune should happen; for I assure you that these *Gigauhós* are naturally so brutal and fierce, that they live upon flesh and blood like the beasts of the forest.’ Among the thick trees and wild mountains that inclosed us as we advanced, there was such an infinite number of apes, monkeys, foxes, wolves, stags, wild boars, and similar animals, that they encumbered and impeded one another, making such a loud noise that we could not hear ourselves speak, which amused us for some time; until, upon turning a point of land, we saw a young boy,

without any beard, driving before him six or seven cows which had been pasturing thereabout. Similau having made signs to him he immediately stopped, and when we had gained the bank where he was, Similau showed him a piece of green taffeta, whereof these savages are immoderately fond. Upon asking him by signs whether he would buy it, he replied with a voice very much broken, *Quiteu—parau—fau, fau*—words which we could not understand. Antonio de Faria then commanded that three or four yards of this taffeta should be given to him, as well as six pieces of china, which the savage having taken, one after another, he appeared transported with joy, and cried out—*Pur pacam pochy pilaca hunangue doreu*, which we could no more comprehend than the preceding. Leaving his cows by the river, he then ran off into the woods, being clothed in the skin of a tiger, his feet and arms naked, his head uncovered, and having no other weapon than a stick burnt at the end. As to his height, by what we could guess, it was above seven feet and a half; but we were much astonished when, in a quarter of an hour after, he returned, bearing upon his shoulders a live stag, and accompanied by thirteen people, eight men and five women, who led with them three cows, and danced together to the sound of a drum, on which, from time to time, they struck five times, then clapped their hands, and cried, *Cur cur hinau falem*. All these people, both male and female, were clothed exactly alike, except that the women wore large tin bracelets on the middle of their arms, and had much longer hair than the men, which they decorated with flowers. They had also round their necks chains of red shells, as large as oyster-shells. All of them had a very savage look, with thick lips, flat noses, large nostrils, and the rest of the body enormous, though not so much so as we had imagined; for Antonio de Faria, having caused them to be measured, found that the tallest did not exceed eight feet in height, excepting an old man, who was nearly six inches more. As to the women, they were hardly seven and a half feet high; and to judge by their looks, I should deem them very

coarse and gross, and less reasonable than any people we have ever encountered. Antonio de Faria, highly gratified that we had not come there for nothing, gave them sixty pieces of china, a piece of green taffeta, and a basket full of pepper, whereat they were so delighted, that throwing themselves upon the ground, and lifting their hands to heaven, they all said at once, *Vunguahileu opunguapau lapaon, lapaon, lapaon*, which we took for expressions of gratitude and thanks."—Chap. 72.

Our next dip into this marvellous tome conveys us to the city of Pekin, in China, which he introduces to us with a candid and ingenuous profession of his own simplicity and truth, that ought to disarm criticism, and procure him implicit credence from all those who are not incurably sceptical, or needlessly disposed to cavil at the following relation, made, it must be remembered, by an eye-witness.

"As my design in writing this book is solely to bequeath it to my children, as an alphabet wherein they may trace my labours and travels, I care little about the form and style of its composition; for it appears to me much better to leave these things to nature, and simply to describe matters as I saw them, without amusing myself with hyperboles or circumlocutions. I shall therefore proceed to state, that the city of Pekin is situated forty-one degrees north; being, according to some, thirty, and according to others, fifty leagues in circumference, but the latter estimate includes the suburbs. On the inside the walls are lined with fine porcelain, and decorated with painted lions and gilt banners. It contains five hundred large palaces, called houses of the Son of the Sun, where are maintained all those soldiers who have been wounded in the king's service, generally amounting to about a hundred thousand in number. We saw a very long street, with low houses, where resided twenty-four thousand watermen, the king's rowers; and another of the same construction a full league long, where there were fourteen thousand cooks belonging to the court; and a third of similar form, where we beheld an infinity of women of the town, who are exempted from the tribute

paid by the regular courtesans. In this quarter also dwell all the washerwomen, amounting, as we were told, to more than a hundred thousand; and, in the same enclosure, are thirteen hundred noble and sumptuous houses, some of them containing a thousand people, for the religious of both sexes. We saw also a good number of houses having large gardens attached to them, and even thick woods, stocked with game and deer of all sorts." Chap. 104.—In fact, the wonders they saw were so manifold and bewildering, that the poor man says it would be impossible to enumerate them at that time, although he would certainly resume the subject, and give a more detailed account upon some future occasion; a pledge which he shortly after redeems with the following touching expression of his regret that he should have committed himself to so difficult a task.

"This city of Pekin, of which I have promised to speak more fully, is so prodigious, and the sights to be seen therein so remarkable, that I almost repent my undertaking, which, to say the truth, I hardly know how to set about; for we are not to suppose that it is such a city as Rome, Constantinople, Venice, Paris, London, Seville, or Lisbon; nor that any European city, however populous and famous, can be compared with it. Neither can any of the celebrated places beyond the confines of Europe pretend to rival it in its stupendous buildings, excessive riches, wonderful abundance, innumerable population, its great commerce, and infinite vessels; its courts of peace, justice, government, and other institutions. By the chronicles of the king of China, it appears that this city is thirty leagues in circumference, without reckoning the suburbs, in which latter are many astonishing things, whereon I might enlarge if I thought proper. It is enclosed with a double wall of hewn stone, of great thickness, with three hundred and sixty gates, each having a barbican of two very high towers, surrounded by ditches, over which there is a drawbridge. At each gate is an officer, with four halberdiers, who are obliged to give an account of every thing that enters or passes out. Within these walls are three thou-

sand eight hundred pagodas or temples, where are continually sacrificed a great number of birds and beasts, all wild, which they hold to be a more acceptable offering than the tame ones, according to the assertion of their priests, who thus pass upon them a great abuse for an article of faith. This city has moreover twelve hundred canals, made by the kings and people of former days, which are three fathoms deep and twelve broad, traversing the streets in every direction, over which are bridges built upon arcades, with columns at each end, and benches for the passengers. Four fairs every day are held in the different quarters, where we saw an immense abundance of silks, brocades, cloth of gold, linen and cotton goods, skins of martens and ermines, musk, aloes, fine porcelain, gold and silver plate, pearls, gold in ingots and dust, and such like articles, whereat we were all much astonished. I

should want words were I to attempt a description of the quantities of the other things, such as metals of all sorts, coral, cornelian, crystal, quick-silver, vermilion, ivory, cloves, nutmegs, mace, ginger, tamarisks, cinnamon, pepper, cardamoms, borax, flower of honey, sandal, sugar, fruits, conserves, venison, fish, flesh, and fowl, as well as fruits and vegetables of every variety. There are one hundred and sixty meat markets, not only provided with the customary flesh, but with that of horses, buffaloes, the rhinoceros, tigers, lions, dogs, mules, asses, chamois, otters, and zebras, every sort being eaten in this country. There are also immense cellars filled with hams, smoked meats, pigs, boars, and birds of every description; all which I only record to show how liberally God has supplied the wants of these poor blind infidels, in order that his name may be glorified for ever." Chap. 106. 8.

CHARLIE STUART.

A FEW lines of the following song have found a sanctuary among Hogg's *Reliques of Jacobite Poetry*; it has never before appeared in a perfect state.

1.

Come belt the broad-sword to your side,
 Ilk Scotchman with a true heart,
 And make the southern vallies ring,
 And shout out Charlie Stuart.
 The lowland pipe blew soft and shrill—
 We love a Prince as thou art;
 The highland war-pipe wilder blew—
 Thou'rt welcome, Charlie Stuart.

2.

The broad-swords shone—the tartans waved—
 Of men in gallant order;
 Some ran, some gade, some spurr'd their steeds,
 And bow'd them for the border.
 The Southrons sigh'd to leave their dames,—
 Some fled—some play'd the coward,
 'Till dark Drummossie's fatal sun
 Sank down on Charlie Stuart.

3.

A man may ride for fifty miles,
 Nor see a sweet cot smoking;
 Yet the new-made widow sits and sings,
 While her dear wee babe she's rocking,—
 On Darien think—on dowie Glencoe—
 On Murray, traitor, coward—
 On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands—
 And think on Charlie Stuart,

C.

THE OLD ACTORS.

I do not know a more mortifying thing than to be conscious of a fore-gone delight, with a total oblivion of the person and manner which conveyed it. In dreams I often stretch and strain after the countenance of Edwin, whom I once saw in Peeping Tom. I cannot catch a feature of him. He is no more to me than Nokes or Pinkethman. Parsons, and still more Dodd, were near being lost to me, till I was refreshed with their portraits (fine treat) the other day at Mr. Mathews's gallery at Highgate; which, with the exception of the Hogarth pictures, a few years since exhibited in Pall Mall, was the most delightful collection I ever gained admission to. There hang the players, in their single persons, and in grouped scenes, from the Restoration—Bettertons, Booths, Garricks, justifying the prejudices which we entertain for them—the Bracegirdles, the Mountforts, and the Oldfields, fresh as Cibber has described them—the Woffington (a true Hogarth) upon a couch, dallying and dangerous—the Screen Scene in Brinsley's famous comedy, with Smith and Mrs. Abingdon, whom I have not seen, and the rest, whom having seen, I see still there. There is Henderson, unrivalled in *Comus*, whom I saw at second hand in the elder Harley—Harley, the rival of Holman, in *Horatio*—Holman, with the bright glittering teeth in *Lothario*, and the deep paviour's sighs in *Romeo*—the jolliest person ("our son is fat") of any Hamlet I have yet seen, with the most laudable attempts (for a personable man) at looking melancholy—and Pope, the abdicated monarch of tragedy and comedy, in *Harry the Eighth* and *Lord Townley*. There hang the two Aickins, brethren in mediocrity—Wroughton, who in *Kitely* seemed to have forgotten that in prouder days he had personated Alexander—the specious form of John Palmer, with the special effrontery of Bobby—Bensley, with the trumpet-tongue, and little Quick (the retired Dioclesian of Islington) with his squeak like a Bart'lemew fiddle. There are fixed, cold as in life, the immovable features of Moody, who, afraid of o'erstepping nature, sometimes

stopped short of her—and the restless fidgetiness of Lewis, who, with no such fears, not seldom leaped o' the other side. There hang Farren and Whitfield, and Burton and Phillimore, names of small account in those times, but which, remembered now, or casually recalled by the sight of an old play-bill, with their associated recollections, can "drown an eye unused to flow." There too hangs (not far removed from them in death) the graceful plainness of the first Mrs. Pope, with a voice unstrung by age, but which, in her better days, must have competed with the silver tones of Barry himself, so enchanting in decay do I remember it—of all her lady parts exceeding herself in the *Lady Quakeress* (there earth touched heaven!) of O'Keefe, when she played it to the "merry cousin" of Lewis—and Mrs. Mattocks, the sensiblest of viragos—and Miss Pope, a gentlewoman ever, to the verge of ungentility, with Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her gay Honeycomb lips. There are the two Bannisters, and Sedgwick, and Kelly, and Dignum (Diggy), and the by-gone features of Mrs. Ward, matchless in *Lady Loverule*; and the collective majesty of the whole Kemble family, and (Shakspeare's woman) Dora Jordan; and, by her, *two Antics*, who in former and in latter days have chiefly beguiled us of our griefs; whose portraits we shall strive to recall, for the sympathy of those who may not have had the benefit of viewing the matchless Highgate Collection.

MR. SUETT.

O for a "slip-shod musc," to celebrate in numbers, loose and shambling as himself, the merits and the person of Mr. Richard Suett, comedian!

Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his lifetime he was best pleased to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his non-age and tender years were set apart and dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister

days, when he was "cherub Dicky."

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like Sir John, "with hallooing and singing of anthems;" or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to "commerce with the skies"—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which cathedral seats and sounding boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe*.

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Good-Fellow of the stage. He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck, by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!*—sometimes deepening to *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype, of—*O La!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O La!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The "force of nature could no further go." He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half

a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter, a sigh have puffed him down; the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Good-Fellow, "thorough brake, thorough briar," reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakspeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose gait, a slippery tongue, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words light as air, venting truths deep as the centre; with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery hatch.

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral, pretensions. Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood—how dearly beautiful it was!—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist,—but because it could not touch him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death; and, when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O La!*—*O La! Bobby!*

MR. MUNDEN.

Not many nights ago we had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockletope; and when we retired to our pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by us, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain we tried to divest ourselves of it by conjuring

up the most opposite associations. We resolved to be serious. We raised up the gravest topics of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

— There the antic sate
Mocking our state—

his queer visnomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra's tear, and the rest of his relics—O'Keefe's wild farce, and *his* wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But we were not to escape so easily. No sooner did we fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed us in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before us, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium—all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when we awoke! A season or two since there was exhibited a Hogarth gallery. We do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one face (but what a one it is!) of Liston; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion. Not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible

wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. We should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river horse; or come forth a pewit, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

We have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry—in Old Dorn-ton—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. We have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in what has been truly denominated the “sublime of farce,” Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end, with himself.

Can any man *wonder*, like him? can any man *see ghosts*, like him? or *fight with his own shadow*—*sessa*—as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cocker of Preston—where his alternations from the Cocker to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cocker, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him, or as if Thalaba were no tale! Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a supernatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man, with the sun and stars about him.

ELIA.

THE MEMOIR OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

(Concluded.)

I WILL now beg you to accompany me on a somewhat less painful journey. And do not think that this is foreign to the subject. The pleasures of a *Hypochondriac* are generally the cause of his pains. They are the *stirps* from which his hydra-headed visions spring. They are the trunk of a tree which yields no blossom;—only leaves, upon which our melancholy sins are written—only fruit, like that which grows (or grew) on the Dead Sea shore, full of dust and bitter ashes!

There is a poem by Mr. Charles Lamb (entitled *Hypochondriacus*), which gives an account of some of the familiars who wait upon the melancholy man:

Fierce Anthropophagi,
Spectra, Diaboli,
What scared Saint Anthony,
Hobgoblins, Lemures,
Dreams of Antipodes,
Night-riding incubi
Troubling the fantasy,
All dire illusions
Causing confusions;
Figments heretical,
Scruples fantastical,
Doubts diabolical:—

This is the dark side of the catalogue. Let us turn over for a while to a sunnier page; we must return to the shadows again.

I have “all my life long” had some one main pursuit,—an amusement. Throughout a large and varying circle the tyranny of my imagination spread; but it had its limits, like the ocean. I had bright as well as interlunar nights,—stormy days and serene hours; some of the benefit, as well as all the disadvantage of the seasons. I had always some reigning pleasure, which was like a separate being, concurrent and co-existent with the other, as hope may live with fear. My imagination was gloomy; but sometimes, as the dark cloud is enlightened and made beautiful by the iris, it took a gentler colour from the things around me: it shrank before my strenuous exertions: it was influenced deeply by

my pursuits. I have heard much of what is called “constitutional” melancholy. My belief is that *Hypochondriasis* may be almost always overcome by exertion. It may, perhaps, exist to such a degree as totally to weigh down the mind of the sufferer; but it must then be termed—insanity. This state is very rare, and needs never be apprehended. It is true, that most instances of suicide have been accompanied by extreme melancholy; but this has almost universally arisen from external causes, as the death of friends, or the loss of fortune. No man’s imagination is naturally morbid, except where he inherits the seeds of insanity. On the contrary, it is originally healthy, and enables its possessor to fight up against a legion of terrors. It is elastic, like the mind,—like the body, and bends to accident and circumstance;—or rather it takes an impression readily, like water, and loses it as soon. I speak now of its purer state. When it is diseased, it becomes rigid, obstinate, and retentive; its domain is a region haunted by foul shapes, let loose from the caverns and dark recesses of the brain,—a turbulent element, fierce and unmanageable. And all this is (generally speaking) produced by—*excess*. Excess of study or amusement,—of exercise or indolence,—of eating, drinking, watching, sleep,—too much care, too much neglect,—all generate, or bring to its terrible maturity the *Hypochondria*.—Were I a king, I would have written in golden letters on my halls and chambers, where I ate, and slept, and held counsel, the despised, but excellent word—“MODERATION.”

I have all my life long had some one main amusement. This has been either poetry, painting, music; or, (deserting art for science) I have betaken myself to the noble science of “self-defence;” or I have followed the theatre with its gaudy allurements, or encountered the blythe perils of the chase. Without these helps, these anodynes, what resistance could I have made to the

Spirit of Evil, when he beset me? Had he stood before me, visible, tangible, indeed, I might have hurled my inkstand at his head, after the fashion of Luther; but times are altered since the Reformation, and the Devil is more cautious than formerly. We have no witches or killcrops here, as in Germany, and our stock of conjurers has been much reduced. We occasionally, perhaps, hear one spoken of, and it is said, in palliation, that "Mr. ——— is not *much* of a conjurer," &c. but even these accusations become less frequent. The Evil One himself seldom comes forward, except as a mere phantom, or a desire, seizing upon our hopes or our fears; though now and then, indeed, he ventures abroad in the shape of a pig, or a bottle of wine at a parish or tythe dinner, and vanquishes the sinful laity,—aye, even

——— the parson of the parish,
And the attorney:

for there is no "benefit of clergy," I am told, with him; and as to the poor follower of law, he has always been held an animal "*feræ naturæ*," and liable to be hunted down without pain or penalty.

As to my amusements, my first love was Poetry. I remember many, many years ago, how I sate on the knee of my uncle's old housekeeper, and listened to her tales of Shakspeare. She was a woman who had known better days, and had some taste for books. She had an excellent memory, and repeated to me numberless stories,—Clarissa,—The Vicar of Wakefield,—Pamela,—(she repeated Pamela to me almost as minutely as Richardson)—and then she would tell me of Lear, that mad old king, and of his three daughters, (one so good and fair,)—of Richard, Hubert, and Arthur, Constance, &c.—interspersing her narrative with copious quotations from the plays. These pretty evening tales I was accustomed to listen to hour after hour; always stealing from the parlour to my old friend's room at the time when she said "her work would be done," and never willingly returning. What feasts were those! How I loved Cordelia, Arthur, Imogen! What tears and pity I showered upon them! How fond was I, too, of that

young and amorous story of Verona, which tells of times when morning shone upon the world, and Love was a god indeed. Oh! that bright couple whom Death and Hymen crowned together—whose sepulchre was hidden by roses!—I vowed that my first money should be spent upon Shakspeare, and I kept my word. It was a school present that I received, and just enough to compass a cheap edition. These books were a treasure to me. I read them through and through in my bedchamber, neglecting (or indifferent to) meals and exercise, and all other amusements while they lasted; and they lasted long, for a young boy reads but slowly. Then I burned to personate the heroes. I became Constance, and raved: I towered as Richard: I grew pensive as Hamlet: I was Othello, with a face all over soot (I could not get it off readily, I remember, and met with a reproof),—and, in short, in my way, I "played many parts;" without an auditor, it is true, to applaud, but then there were no bitter critics, no inattentive loungers, no ladies who talked throughout all my performance, and I was satisfied and happy.

These pleasures were somewhat interrupted by my going to a public school. What excellent things I, a child, unlearned, when I became a denizen of that premature world! My imagination was *scared* by the light let in upon me. No mystery was left unexplained. I lost my faith in all fiction.—Do not smile at this: it is the straight road to all infidelity. An incredulous boy (that man without man's capacity) is odious. I distrust him as well as hate him. Oh! there is something fine in the confidence of youth. It is like the gentle reliance of women. *They* lean upon us, the sterner sex, how beautiful in their weakness! Fair creatures, who are in our eyes the models of angels, how excellent ye are! More true, more delicate, more heroic, more generous than we, how is it possible too much to praise ye! At what ENORMOUS USURY was the seventh rib of man lent out when it produced ye! If we could part with the others—but no: Nature has nothing of equal beauty left; and moreover we are all content.

In the intervals of school (the holidays) I ran through the whole range of romance, from the *preux chevaliers* of the ancient time, to the banditti who frown through the pages of our modern stories. From these I proceeded to novels, and from novels,—instigated, I believe, by the scraps of verse at the head of each chapter—to poetry again. I had leisure when I was at C——, and accordingly, from Spenser down to Beattie and Cowper, there was nothing that escaped me. Not that I had then much relish for the better order of poets: on the contrary, I read Dryden's and Pope's odes to Saint Cecilia in preference to *Comus* or *Paradise Regained*, or *Timon*, or *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, or *Pericles*,—the three last acts of which, by the bye, I maintain to be undoubtedly Shakspeare's. This period I consider to be that in which my perceptions were duller than either before or since. It was indeed a night of taste with me, when I read Dryden and Pope (and not their best writings,—not their satires) in preference to our two great poets. However, I was soon fatigued, because never much delighted, and quitted the loftier muse for her sister—Music.

Music has been much celebrated by poets, much oftener than painting, and beyond it. This is very natural. There never could be much jealousy where the one is so inferior to the other. But between poetry and painting (though I hold the first to be clearly the higher and more comprehensive art), the distinction is not so great. It has been said, that there is a closer alliance between poetry and music, than between painting and poetry. I do not think so. A poetical sentence does not of necessity so much imply harmony, as that there shall exist in it some image, detailed or referred to. Like all things of smaller power, painting and music are, perhaps, more perfect, within their own limits, than poetry herself. But *her* range is magnificent and boundless—it reaches over earth and heaven, over air and ocean, and through all illimitable space. She can track the most subtle theories, the finest and most airy abstractions; passion, and prejudice, and the

shut soul of man, yield up their secrets before her: her touch is like that of the painter in his power, and her tones leave all melody far behind.

Music, then, became my study. I followed it, as I have done all pursuits, enthusiastically. My first attempts at producing a note on the flute were sufficiently ludicrous. I practised before a mirror, in order to attain the proper *embouchure*, and the distortions of face, and the hideous noises that followed, are still alive in my memory, like the “accidents and offences” of yesterday. I recollect with pain those horrid approximations to a tune; those creaking, jarring *melodies*,

Never ending, still beginning,

with which I was wont to serenade the neighbourhood from sunset till midnight. And then the difficulty—I once read mathematics (by way of amusement!) and did not find them so insurmountable as I had apprehended. The “*pons asinorum*,” more especially, I passed over easily. But, in music, “Haydn's minuet,” and “The Dusty Miller,” were real problems, not to be mastered like lines and circles. They took an age of labour, a world of constancy. But then, what unmixed delight I felt when I was once master of a tune! The rooms and garden echoed with my strains. Every visitor became acquainted with my accomplishments, and every one with whom I was familiar was requested in turn to “hear me play.” Spirit of Orpheus! what visions were mine—what a heaven of harmony was opened to my fancy! It was then that I bought “theories of music,” and “dictionaries of music,” and “practical lessons,” and “introductions to the German flute.” I talked of great musicians, and listened with a hungry ear to every tale concerning them. I heard of Corelli, who could play the most divine airs with the strings of his violin *loose*—of Farinelli, whose voice was so touching, that it held captive in its airy chains the wills of tyrants. Then it was, that the tale of Amphion was no more a fable, nor the story of Eurydice a poet's feigning. Music seemed to me the beginning and end of all:

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.

So I sang, and so I determined it should continue, as far at least as I was concerned.

At the time of which I am writing B—— park (the seat of the Marquisses of L——) was not in the possession of the present lord. It was unoccupied, and in a manner dismantled. The furniture had been sold, the plants, the garden ornaments;—the avenues and old stately trees had been cut down, or were marked for “falling;”—the large rooms were deserted:—no human tread, no familiar voice, was to be heard, except from one or two of the servants’ apartments. The steward, the gardener, the game-keeper, were there, each lord of his separate domain, but the master of all was a stranger. The country people “about” walked thither on Sundays and holydays, and sighed to see huge marks of chalk staining the brown barks of the tall elms and branching oaks: they said, “it was a pity,” so it was, “that so fine a place should be left to servants only;” and the tenants regretted that “my lord” did not come down to see them. At last, indeed, he came; but he enjoyed his honours but a short time. After his death, they descended with the parks and possessions to his younger brother, who, I am told, keeps up the state of the old mansion with hereditary hospitality and pride. During the interregnum, if I may so call it, of possession (I mean during the life, and absence, of the late Marquis) I used often to wander there. I would stray along the green forest paths, scaring the bird or timorous hare from its shady haunt; or else, with my flute and “Handel’s water-piece,” safely stowed in the game-keeper’s boat, I would row to the middle of the broad blue lake, and there lie tossing among the rippling waters, hour after hour, while the woods and sounding shores re-echoed to my song.

But I should tire the reader were I to go on thus. Be it sufficient to say that I continued this pursuit (with intervals) for some years, rising from “Wheatstone’s last Number of Country Dances”—to the duetts and solos of *Pleyel*;—thence to *Haydn* and

Hoffmeister,—to the crabbed but useful works of *Kreith*,—to *Mozart*, to *Beethoven*;—sometimes even mingling, a humble fourth, in the fine quartetts of *Gabrielski*, or startling the dull silence with *capriccios* of my own. In the end I became tired of my own music, and seceded to the oratorio and the opera, for pleasure which I could no longer afford to myself. Catalani was then in her prime, and she outwent even all my anticipations. I heard her sing her almost last song on the stage of the Italian Opera. It was like a crowning hymn,—the last and most melodious:

The setting sun, and music at its close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things
long past.

After Catalani followed Bertinotti, and then (returned) Grassini, Fodor, and others. These pleased me in various degrees; but I have been more touched by the Oratorio of “*Acis and Galatea*,” than by any of them. It was Mrs. Vaughan who used then to sing “*The flocks shall leave the mountains*,” so sweetly, that I could have listened for ever. I have heard her again, lately; but she is quite another person. Harrison and Bartleman then sang together, and very delightfully. Any one who recollects their “Here shall soft charity repair,” will I am sure bear testimony to this opinion. Besides these, there were Braham, (with his peerless voice)—the Knyvetts, Yaniewicz, and others, all in their way meritorious.

In one of the intervals, when music had ceased for a time to give me great pleasure, a book fell into my hands which gave a new turn to my thoughts. It was “*A Treatise on the Art of Self-defence*, by Thomas Fewtrell.” The book had not much merit, but it introduced great names to me, which I had before known but by imperfect report. Broughton, Slack, Perrins the giant, Big Ben, the celebrated Thomas Johnson, and other manly spirits, were made manifest to me. They were as brave as the heroes of the *Iliad*, and, generally speaking, pretty nearly as worthy: most of the difference lies in the historian:—Homer or Thomas Fewtrell?—the odds are certainly against

the boxer. So much has been said lately about boxing, that it may be more agreeable to pass over this subject, adverting merely to one or two circumstances connected with it. Boxing (or rather sparring) is an amiable amusement. The *Hypochondriac*, however, should not rush at once into the pursuit, in the hope that, like a sudden plunge into the water, the shock may benefit his nerves. It should be contemplated and toyed with for a time, until the exercise becomes familiar. Flute playing is but an indifferent help to a Hypochondriac: at least, I discovered that leaning over a music book for six hours daily (which I did, at one time) by no means tends to brighten our visions of the future or to strengthen the nerves. A little even of that may be good, because it is an amusement, and withdraws the spirit from that fierce self-inspection which so much torments the melancholy man. Boxing, in moderation, is excellent; for that too is an amusement, and makes the body robust, and the spirit light-some and brave. I and my friend H—— devoted our souls to this fine art. We read how great fighters are trained, and adopted the system without delay. I must own that H—— persevered more than I. He ran up hills wrapped in two or three great coats—he slept on the hard floor;—he rose early (oh, what a sluggard then was I!);—he ate—like a young fighter in his noviciate. I must own that his resolution here was greater than mine. My aspirations were as high—my hopes as great; but I had my infirmities, like a person who has never been melancholy. I liked the smoked atmosphere of a room in which there was a fire, better than the wholesome air of March, or the varying but lovely skies of April—I read idle stories, instead of looking at the opening bloom, or gazing on the green face of nature. I have been punished for this; almost, one would think, enough. I am now a lover of the fields, of clear skies and balmy airs; somewhat later perhaps than many love them,—but not I hope too late.

When I became a law student I left music—(I returned to it afterwards—once, for a short time);—

and when the study of the law drew down upon me the evil spirit of *Hypochondria*, I resorted, as I have said, to the elder dramatists and poets, and their contemporaries, for relief. My delight, when a child, in plays and stories, had of course little to do with any critical faculty. Afterwards I read verse with somewhat of a diseased taste; and finally, I returned to it for comfort, at a time when my spirit was broken by ill health, though my intellect was better than it had ever been. It was now that poetry became to me a *passion*. Lord Byron had just published his “*Childe Harold*.” I have no words to tell how I felt, how I fed upon his lines. I had seen him (several times), when I was a boy, and the recollection of his person riveted my attachment to his verse. Oh, the giddy pleasure of that time! Never shall I worship any thing again as I did then. His name, his fame, were holy things to me; and his lines, good or indifferent, I loved and defended them all. Some persons say that they are “rather (*rather!*) fond of poetry,”—and they believe it: they do not know that it is a story in verse which delights them,—a plot, a character, or an incident. *My* love required not such nourishment: it thrived upon the word and the sentiment alone, and turned aside from all grosser food. The world were then devouring the very amusing verses of Sir Walter Scott, or were giving up their minds to didactic rhyme: I was

Spell-bound amidst the clustering Cyclades.

I lived in sunnier climes and on calmer seas. The blue skies of Greece, the Egean islands, the Asian shore (that heroic strand, where gods and men contended),—Leucadia, Parnassus, Tempe—were *my* domain; and the spirit that led me on was one with whom I had stood face to face in boyhood, and thought no more of than of “the idle wind which men regard not.” Now, with what reverence did I turn back upon my old recollections, and trace every feature of a poet so illustrious!—with what deep regard did I think of him! I saw again his full and bold blue eye—his high forehead—his scornful lip. They were all before me. I remembered even a few of his ex-

pressions, and they often solaced me in my sad retirement.

The love of poetry now begat in me a spirit of imitation; i. e. I myself strove to write poetry. My friends (those dangerous confidants) protested that it was "really not so bad." I kept it for a couple of years, and found out that it was execrable. Yet it was not worse than young beginners commonly write. It was simply not good;—neither more nor less. This, by some persons, would be considered as worse than total failure. Even that witty wicked person Don Juan speaks of some good gentleman

Sweating plays so middling, *bad were better*;
but I cannot agree with the son of Don José on this more than on one or two other subjects. I wrote poetry, then—shall I confess that I derived great pleasure from my own verses? Yes; in truth it was so. A fresh image, a happy combination, a musical line, carried with them more than ordinary delight. It was not merely my own skill or fortunate invention that I was enamoured of. No; it was because they had high associations with them;—because they bore me back through years and ages of romance,—by fable, and elegy, and holy amorous song,—past tales of love forgotten,—

O'er perilous seas and faery lands forlorn,
unto times made famous by immortal verse, and the loves (or deaths) which are therein recorded.

In time, poetry, to which I had turned for refreshment and comfort, excited me more than the study of the law. All the imagery of my rhymes haunted me. Throngs of radiant creatures which had eluded me in the day thronged about me at night;—tropes and metaphors of all sorts, personifications of Hope and Charity, of Love and Jealousy, and Despair, presented themselves. What golden couplets I composed! what lofty designs I meditated! but the morning came, with its cold and sober dews, and all the fabric of my nights dissolved. Sleep sobers the judgment wonderfully. I advise every young poet of heated imagination to put aside his verses for a week, and then to let them undergo inspection early in the morning. If they will bear *this* test, they are good

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for something: if not,—let him try again.

The transition from poetry to painting is easy. I was instigated, I believe, originally by a line of Thomson to inquire into the beauties of painting. "The Castle of Indolence," has always been with me the most favourite of his works, though perhaps it is neither the best, nor the most characteristic of his genius. Therein you may read of enchanted things,—of idleness and ease, of perfumes, and silken couches, of bright wines, and statues, and pictures, which

Showered all the Arabian heaven upon their nights;

and among others there are living landscapes, full of the light of setting suns, or solemn and classical, or wild,

Such as Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

These were magical words to me. There was a music in the names, (there is something fine,—is it from association?—in the names of all poets and artists) and I did not rest contented till I knew more of them, and of their mighty brothers of Florence and Bologna, of Venice and Rome.

It was not long before I saw beauties in the elder artists which I could not discover in the moderns. I do not pretend to what is called "natural" taste: indeed, I do not believe in its existence. Taste in art is an acquired thing. It is unlike genius. It does not flash upon you like an inspiration: but it comes streaming and bright,—and brighter,—and brighter still, through the channels of the intellect, clearing the eye and refining the opinion. Taste has been much abused. It is the "parcel of our fortunes" that is most valuable. It is a subtle operation of the mind, finer and more precious than the art of making true a theorem or unwinding an enigma.

My first introduction to the great painters was through the medium of prints,—an indifferent one, it is true, but it was the best in my power. I looked with profound reverence on the immortal features of their minds, spread through countless generations, or concentrated in a sin-

gle face or figure. I saw Titian who dipt his pencil in the iris, and Raffaele who unclasped the volume of light, and Michael Angelo, the giant of painting, and the patient Flemings, its slaves,—the seducer Correggio, —the magician Rembrandt:—I saw them all; not face to face, indeed, not in their original hues and essence, but filtered through the graver's alembic, and yet with enough of their primal beauty to catch a young imagination, and to fix a love of the arts for ever.

Well,—I began to collect prints; I bought bad ones, as every one does. at first; huge staring things that had no mark or merit, except "*Titian pinxit*," or some such authority in the corner; but this was quite sufficient. In time I discovered the real value of this rubbish, and began to affect a little taste. I became a connoisseur—in his *first* state. I purchased Wille's, and Lucas Van Leyden's, Wierinx's, Strange's, Woollett's, Sharpe's—(I confess that I still like the two last)—I was beguiled by the clear wiry engravings of the French—I liked even the little country pictures after the Dutch artists; but of Marc Antonio and Julio Bonasone (fine pictorial poet) I had never heard.

From prints I proceeded to pictures. My first essay was unfortunately fortunate. I bought a Holy Family by ——— I forget who,—but the picture dealer can tell, if he has not changed, as is most likely, the author's name. This was "really not so very bad," for fifteen pounds; and moreover, it covered a square yard of wall, the paper of which was discoloured and damp. One picture never contented a true lover of art, and accordingly I wandered from shop to shop, gazing, doubting, listening, admiring,—*buying*!—Gentle reader, if thou art stung by a love of pictures, hearken unto me. There is nothing so illusive,—there is no deception so easy as to impose on eyes inexperienced in painting. The best judges are sometimes deceived, and they who are no judges, *always*.

But a person who openly sells his wares is probably honest?—Be not deceived. If you go to a seller of pictures you will see Carracci's, Guido's, Poussin's, Domenichino's, &c. &c. as common as dust. If they are twenty years old, it is their greatest age; for like things of a dwarf creation, they reach an early maturity, without any approach to excellence. "What is this?" you will say to the vender. "Why Sir," he answers, "I won't deceive you: I really do not know. It *has* been called a Guido, and it is certainly *very* like the master. A fine expression there, Sir. Look at that eye. I had it from a gentleman in Cornwall. It had been in the family, Sir, a hundred and fifty years. I gave a great deal of money for that picture, I assure you. Stop, Sir, let me wipe it with a silk handkerchief. Now, Sir, do you see?—Look at the turn of that neck. I wish I could afford to keep it," &c. &c. But no: his eloquence is expended in vain: the picture does not suit you; and you turn to another, and another, and hear the same eulogy lavished upon each. At last, perhaps, the sanctum sanctorum is carefully opened, and a Raffaele, or a Titian, or a Leonardo da Vinci is exposed to view. "There, Sir," the juggler says, "now that's what I call a *real* bit of the master." You admire. "Well, what is the price?"—He looks steadily at you, as if to measure the extent of your simplicity, and says, "Why, Sir, at one word, I can't take less than a hundred and eighty pounds." It was in this way that I once bought a "*real bit*" of Ruysdael. There was a pretty piece of water, and a sward as green as April, and a tree, under which a Dryad might have lived and numbered out her century. Reader, *half* of the picture (*including the tree*) was not a week old. I discovered this—the next morning; when I viewed it in the broad day-light. I made my purchase in the evening, and rested on the picture dealer's honour! *

Historical painting (as painters use the term, thereby including all

* Since this happened, two instances have come within my own knowledge of gentlemen having expended ample fortunes in the purchase of pictures, &c.—One of them is an exile, and both are, I believe, ruined. One purchased paintings, curiosities, and pieces of statuary, to the amount of nearly a *hundred thousand pounds*. He bought—*trash*, and fled his country and his creditors, in despair. Shall I give another instance?

poetical conceptions, and in some cases portrait) has always been my passion. I confess that I never "took much" to landscapes. There is nothing in them to satisfy an extreme craving of the spirit. They are thin food, and cannot allay a strong appetite—nor excite one. A few, indeed, may claim an exception to this dogma, but then they are marvels,—anomalies. There is the famous "three trees" of Rembrandt, with its black showering cloudy sky; and another by the same hand,—I forget what it is,—but the scene is flat, dwarfed and sterile; field after field is stretched out to the far horizon, differing scarcely anything from each other, save in size; and yet the whole wears an aspect near akin to the sublime. Besides these, there is one of Claude's (is it the Enchanted Castle?)—one of Salvator Rosa's (now at Dulwich)—one of Gaspar Poussin's, (a close umbrageous scene, with nymphs bathing in a deep and shady lake) and one of his brother Nicolo's, which is now also in the Dulwich gallery. This last has a foreground occupied by a level grassy road, which runs under the shade of "melancholy boughs," and loses itself at the walls of some antique city. On each side are tanks of water, and masses of marble, carved, or in ruins, each diminishing in size as they re-

cede; and at the back are obelisks and towers, with hanging rocks overhead, and in the extreme distance the blue mountains. The light which pierces through the trees, and throws the massy foliage into fine relief, has a magnificent effect; and the whole picture breathes a classical repose.—These are all which I remember as having interested me much without the aid of story. My great desire has always been to see the wonders and varieties of the human countenance; the power of the human figure,—where a hand speaks, and a foot is eloquent. I delight to look upon the fine flowing outlines of Raffaele, and the "terrible style" of Michael Angelo; to repose on the languishing and voluptuous sweetness of Correggio, and to unravel the dark secrets of Rembrandt. I am no bigot in my taste. I admire all that I think good in each,—the sober beauty of Ludovico Caracci,—the waving elegance of Parmegiano,—the *bravery* of Rubens,—and the mellow golden lights of Titian.* I am enchanted with the quaint graces of da Vinci, and I love to soar with the winged fancies of Julio Romano, and to luxuriate with the exquisite Bonasone. For the rest (except Giorgione, indeed), I care but little; but I may, nevertheless, be wrong in my taste. In landscape, I like a close sequestered

* The Spanish painters do not, I confess, altogether please me; though the Boys of Murillo at Dulwich are, undoubtedly, very fine; and so were two pictures in the last exhibition of the old masters; the one, an elderly Spanish lady, by Velasquez; and the other, a young man in a clerical dress, and called a Spagnoletto. Yet the arts were honoured and patronized in Spain. I am no lover of the Emperor Charles: his cold calculating policy freezes up my admiration, and I never could well forgive him for having been the father of Philip the Second. But his treatment of Titian was magnificent. The parchment which made the great painter a Count of the empire (it is addressed, *dilecto Tiziano de Vecellis, equiti aurato*) is worth anything; and so is the conduct of Charles towards his stupid swarthy courtiers, who found fault with Titian, because he was not a noble—in Spain. But he was elsewhere, and everywhere else, a noble of the first rank, and could afford to dispense with the sullen respect of these dullards of "the Peninsula."

Philip, whom I have mentioned above in terms of reprobation, behaved, nevertheless, in a princely way to Zucaro, who had been sent for (from Italy) to paint the Escorial. This artist seems to have had vanity enough to outweigh ten times his talent, and Philip knew how to check it. The following story is taken from Cumberland's anecdotes of the Spanish painters.—"Senor," said Zucaro to Philip, as he was displaying a painting of the Nativity for the great altar of the Escorial, "*you now behold all that art can execute: beyond this the powers of painting cannot go.*" The king was silent for a time, and so unmoved, that neither admiration nor contempt could be determined from the expression of his countenance. At last, preserving still the same indifference, he asked if those were eggs which one of the shepherds, in the act of running, carried in his basket; the painter answered him, that they were. "*'Tis well he did not break them,*" said the king, and turned away; and the picture was dismissed.—It is right to add, that though Philip erased Zucaro's paintings from the Escorial, and discarded him, he rewarded him in a princely manner.

scene, umbrageous, sylvan ; or one of mere bareness and sublimity. I do not understand the medium.—Corn fields, and villas, and vineyards confound me ; they seem like so many maps. But, independently of other advantages, the human figure seems to me to have more *power*, strictly speaking, than any other object. The Coliseum is stupendous, and so are Athos and Olympus, and so is the Nile, and so is the Arabian Desert ; but the men of Michael Angelo seem mightier than all. They could move a world, or bear it. Yet I like to gaze upon mountains and great rivers. I like to look upon the mad ungovernable ocean, and to listen to its hollow music. The raging and noise, how fine they are ! but the face of man, ploughed up and torn by stormy passions, is finer and more terrible still. In painting I never saw any thing like a mountain, or a huge precipice, or the great curling billows of the sea. Extreme altitude, and depth, and vastness, seem manageable in poetry only. The slighter Pegasus of the sister muse will not bear so severe a burthen. Indeed, how can man expect to thrust into some three feet of canvas the torrent of the wide stretching Amazon, or to take the full-length likeness of “Teneriff or Atlas ?”

And so farewell to painting. If I have trespassed on the preserve of Mr. Weathercock—(By the bye, why does not Mr. Weathercock go on with his pleasant lectures on prints and painters ? Why does he, like a coy and beautiful virgin, shun the eye of his lovers, the “admirer public ?” Is there not much still to speak of,—fields that remain to be won ? Let him write again,—and again)—If I *have* trespassed on Mr. Weathercock’s preserve, I trust that gay and gentle critic will excuse it.

I will not (as I have already run to such length) trouble the reader with the pleasures of hunting. Let him go himself to the sport in the dewy morning. Let him listen to the hound and the winding horn, to the woody echoes, the trampling of horses, the shouts, the cries, the raging, the tearing of the chase. Let him see “the field” go down gently to cover, like a flock to the pasture, or as Sir Walter did—

Like the slow motion of a summer cloud,
and then behold the hunters and their train,
roused and sublimated from their seeming lethargy. Let him join in the noise, and the mad emulation of the day, and return at night hungry and victorious, tired, but not sad, to talk over the perils and enjoyments that he has known, and he will do better than by even attending to my minute and melancholy story.

Gentle or fair reader, lend me your attention a little longer, and I shall have done. I have no more pleasures to speak of. About this time an accident befel me, with which (if you answer my presuming, and are either gentle or fair, or both) you will, I think, deeply sympathize. I felt —“How—where—what—be quick, Mr. Hypochondriac, and spare us ?”—Why then, then, Sir, I fell—in love. —“Gramercy !”—Yes : my fall was as deep as Powerscourt (150 feet, if I remember)—and it lasted as long : *i. e.* all the winter season. A pair of eyes, as blue—as blue—as—Prussian blue, looked on me, and took all the “carnation” from my cheeks. I was like a picture full of tender lights, hung up beside the gorgeous colouring of Rubens. I was smitten—annihilated—lost. How I recovered is the marvel. But I *did* recover, as this narrative will surely be sufficient to testify.—How I have gone on since is a holy secret, not to be divulged. I have spoken of scars ; but should I ever be seriously wounded, I confess that I shall probably keep the pleasant affliction to myself.

* * * * *

—Let no one suppose that the pleasures of the Hypochondriac exceed the measure of his pains. He has *no* unalloyed happiness. In the honey there is *always* a sting. If he is tormented, it is enough ; and if he is delighted, he has an eye to the consequences. His imagination is like an evil prophet. His hopes are spectral,—vanishing as soon as born ; his fears only are firm, dark, terrible, enduring. His prospects are never sunny,—never smiling ; but

Over his head appears the skye,
And Saturn, lord of melancholie.

For my own part I have always, even in the most magnificent visions, had a sense of pain. If I dreamt of flowers or spices, their aromatic odour

seemed impregnated with poison—(I believe that I must have repeatedly fainted from the excess of such pleasures).—If I walked among obelisks, or towers, or mountains, or forests, a feeling of intolerable awe took possession of my spirit, and bore it down. They seemed ready for ever to topple down or overwhelm me; and I had no power to resist or fly. My soul seemed prostrate in these dreams, and I myself weak, worthless, and contemptible.

Does any one wish to dream as I have done?—Let him banish so poor an ambition. Let him do things *waking*, which may be of use to himself, his friends, or his country, and he will see the seventh heaven in his dreams, for they will be full of happiness, radiant,—but not alarming. Yet, let him not study *too much*, nor ride, nor walk, nor drink, nor eat, nor taste pleasure:—it is the “too much” which brings the pain: a little of each is good.

The character of the Hypochondriac’s mind is extreme susceptibility—he is chameleon-like, and takes his hue from the veriest trifle. ’Tis “something,—nothing,” and yet it bears upon him like a fate. There are certain things so sensitive as to seem anomalies among their species. If the stamina of the barberry are pricked, they move. If the sensitive plant is touched, it curls itself up and contracts its leaves. So it is with the Hypochondriac: he cannot endure an innocent joke, and a fierce assault of ridicule destroys him. He loves idleness, perhaps?—it is

bad: or solitude?—that is worse. What then is left for him?—Why, every thing—in *moderation*. Wine, indeed, or such stimulants, I would counsel him to give up altogether, and to live very plainly, very temperately, very regularly. “Good air and gentle exercise,” as the doctors say,—and (as I say) a resolution to withstand temptation, and *excess* of all sorts, and he will go on well.

Patient reader, farewell. Were I to tell thee more, our friend, the Editor, might think that I was overstepping modesty on this subject. He might think that I grew too explicit, and thou mightest esteem me a little tedious. While we are good friends, therefore, let us part. I *have* suffered—Oh! far more than I have ventured to disclose to thee. What is right to tell, I have told: the rest must remain my own unprofitable secret. Besides, the melancholy things which I have told thee have passed away; and I am now recovering. If I have not quite the buoyant spirit which becomes me, I have Hope, at least, to cheer me; I have a few books, a few pictures, and one or two—(have I not?)—friends. *Their* looks are ever gentle and bright towards me,—not too radiant,

But shedding a delicious lunar light,
That steeps in kind oblivious ecstasy
The care-crazed mind, like some still melody;

and sufficient, if I do not grow discontented, to make graceful the future, and yield me some requital for the past.

The Early French Poets.

JEAN BERTAUT.

THE edition of Bertaut’s poems, which I met with in the old French library, was entitled, *Recueil des Oeuvres Poétiques de J. Bertaut, Abbé d’Aunay, et premier Aumonier de la Royne. Seconde Edition. Paris, 1605.* The reader will not expect much imagination in copies of verses written on such subjects as The Conversion of the King, The Reduction of Amiens, A Discourse presented to the King on his going to Picardy to fight against the Spaniard, A Discourse to the King on the Confer-

ence held at Fontainebleau; and there is about as much poetry in them as in those by Waller, Dryden, and Addison, on similar occasions. The poem on the death of Ronsard, (though it has much mythological trifling about Proteus, and Nereus, and Thetis, and Jupiter, and Mercury in the shape of the Cardinal du Perron) becomes exceedingly interesting towards the conclusion, where Bertaut expresses his affection for the departed poet, and the zeal which he had early felt to imitate him:—

Je n'avois pas seize ans quand la première
flame
Dont la Muse m'éprit s'alluma dans mon
ame :

Car deslors un desir d'éviter le trespas
M'excita de te suivre et marcner en tes pas ;
Me rendit d'un humeur pensive et solitaire,
Et fist qu'en dedaignant les soucis du vul-
gaire,

Mon âge que fleury ne faisoit qu'arriver
Aux mois de son printemps desla tint de
l'Hyver.

Depuis venant à voir les beaux vers de
Desportes,
Que l'Amour et la Muse ornerent en tant
de sortes,

Ce desir s'augmenta, mon ame presumant
D'aller facilement sa douceur exprimant.
Fol qui n'advisay pas que la divine grace
Qui va cachant son art d'un art qui tout
surpasse,

N'a rien si difficile à se voir exprimer
Que la facilité qui le fait estimer !

Lors à toy revenant, et croyant que la
peine

De t'oser imiter ne seroit pas si vaine,
Je te prins pour patron, mais je peu moins
encor

Avec mes vers de cuivre egaler les tiens
d'or.

Si bien que pour jamais ma simple outre-
cuidance,

En gardant son desir, perdit son esperance.
Alors vos escrits seuls me chargerent les
mains :

Seuls je vous estimay l'ornement des hu-
mains :

A toute heure, en tous lieux, je senty votre
image

Devant mes yeux errante exciter mon cou-
rage :

Je reveray vos noms, reveray vos hostels,
Comme les temples saints vouez aux im-
mortels,

Voyant la palme Grecque en vos mains
reverdie :

Bref je vous adoray (s'il faut qu'ainsi je die) ;

Tant de vostre eloquence enchanté je devins,
Comme des dieux humains ou des hommes
divins.

Il est vrai que l'eclair de la vive lumiere
Qu'espandoit vostre gloire en ma foible pau-
piere,

M'ebloüissant la vue au lieu de m'eclairer,
M'eust fait de vostre suite à la fin retirer,
Rebuté pour jamais des rives de Permesse,
Si de mon jeune espoir confirmant la pro-
messe,

Vous n'eussiez mon courage à poursuivre
incité,

Me redonnant le coeur que vous m'aviez osté.

Toy principalement belle e genereuse ame,
Dont le juste regret tout le coeur nous en-
tame,

Qui voyant mon destin me vouer aux neuf
soeurs,

Me promis quelques fruits de mes premières
fleurs,

M'excitas de monter apres toy sur Parnasse,
Et m'en donnas l'exemple aussi bien que
l'audace,

Me disant que Clion m'apperceut d'un bon
oeil,

Lors que mon premier jour veit les rais du
soleil :

Qu'il me falloît oser, que pour longuement
vivre,

Il falloît longuement mourir dessus le livre :
Et que j'aurois du nom, si sans estre estonné

Je l'allois poursuivant d'un labeur obstiné.

Veuillent les cieus amis, ô l'honneur de
nostre age,

Rendre l'evenement conforme à ton presage ;
Et ne permettent point que j'aye acquis en
vain

L'heur d'avoir veu ta face, et touché dans
ta main.

Cependant prens en gré, si rien de nous
t'agrée,

Ces pleurs, qu'au lieu des fleurs, ou qu'au
lieu d'eau sacrée,

Avec toute la France atteins d'un juste deuil,
Nous versons sur ta tombe et de l'ame et
de l'oeil.

Scarce sixteen years I number'd when my breast
Was with the sacred love of song possess'd ;
A common doom so early I eschew'd,
And on thy steps immortal fame pursued.
Long ere my prime had ripen'd into man,
From vulgar cares with proud contempt I ran ;
Mine hours in pensive solitude were past,
And my first spring a wint'ry cloud o'ercast :
When, so it chanced, I lighten'd on the strain
Where mild Desportes essay'd his happy vein.
Love and the Muse with such a native grace
Endued his numbers, that I thought to trace
A copy of them in my simple lore.
Fond that I was, who had not learn'd before
How difficult by arts like his to please,
Nor aught less easy than that seeming ease.

Once more to thee I turn'd, and thought my pain
In imitating thee would prove less vain ;

But still more desperate th'attempt to mould
 Verses in brass should equal thine of gold;
 So that for ever my o'erweening skill
 Had lost the hope, though it preserved the will.
 Then with no books but thine my hands were fraught;
 Thee the sole boast of human kind I thought;
 Thine image in all places, at all hours,
 Hovering before me, raised my drooping powers.
 Thy name I honour'd, thy abode revered,
 Like holy temples to th'immortals rear'd,
 Beholding Grecia's palm once more expand
 Her sacred blossoms, foster'd by thy hand.
 Briefly (if I may speak so bold a word)
 Thou wert become mine idol: I adored,
 And in my heart thine eloquence enshrined,
 Like to the Gods or godlike of mankind.

True is, the blaze of that exceeding light,
 Flash'd from thy glory on my aching sight,
 Its feeble nerve o'erpowering by the ray,
 Which less illumined than confused the way,
 Had made me from thy train at last elope,
 Scared from Parnassus; if, the youthful hope
 To follow, thou hadst not inspired again,
 Giving me back the courage thou had'st ta'en.

Thou chiefly, noble spirit, for whose loss
 Just grief and mourning all our hearts engross,
 Who seeing me devoted to the Nine,
 Didst hope some fruitage from those buds of mine;
 Thou didst excite me after thee t'ascend
 The Muses' sacred hill; nor only lend
 Example, but inspirit me to reach
 The far-off summit by thy friendly speech:
 Clio, thou saidst, when first my breath I drew,
 Had on my cradle cast a favouring view:
 That if I look'd to shun the grasp of Death,
 I should be daring, and expend my breath
 On outspread volumes: so would fair renown,
 By hard exertion won, at last my labours crown.

May gracious Heaven, O! honour of our age,
 Make the conclusion answer thy presage:
 Nor let it only for vain fortune stand
 That I have seen thy visage—touch'd thy hand.

Meanwhile accept, if aught thou deign of ours,
 These tears of anguish, which, instead of flowers,
 Instead of hallow'd streams thine urn to lave,
 We with all France are pouring on thy grave.

This warm and affectionate admiration of the two poets who then divided the homage of their countrymen, Ronsard and Desportes, does great credit to Bertaut. His hope of being easily able to imitate the sweetness of the latter, his failure in the attempt,—his then turning to Ronsard as his model,—the encouragement given to him by both, and the de-

votedness and reverence with which he regarded every thing that related to men who in his estimation were of so great importance,—all this is told with an earnestness which makes it impossible to doubt its truth.

There is not one other of his sonnets in the first volume that is expressed with so much nature and grace as the following:—

Au Monseigneur le Cardinal de Bourbon, au Nom des Habitans de Bourgueil.

Vous voyant habiter de terres désolées
Où tout est par le feu détruit et saccagé,
De soucis combattu, de perils assiégué,
Passant mesme les nuits de soin entremêlées ;
Nous cueillons à regrets par ces fresches vallées
Les fruits délicieux dont leur flanc est chargé,
Et de ces beaux jardins où Zephyre est logé,
Nous foulons à regrets les plaisantes allées.
Non qu'estant devenus de nous-mesme ennemis,
Nous ayons en horreurs les delices permis,
Dont entre tant de maux le bien nous daigne suivre;
Mais un public ennuy dedans l'ame nous poind,
Voyant que loïn d'icy vous ne jouissez point
De l'aise et du repos où vous nous faites vivre.

To my Lord the Cardinal of Bourbon, in the Name of the Inhabitants of Bourgueil.

Whilst we behold thee sojourn in a land,
Whose breast the track of livid fire hath scored,
Compass'd about with perils and the sword,
Nor e'en one tranquil night at thy command ;
In these fresh valleys, with unwilling hand
We cull the fruits in bounteous plenty pour'd ;
On these gay lawns, amidst the vernal hoard
Of scents and blossoms, unrejoicing stand :
Not that to sullen waywardness a prey,
We loathe the gifts allow'd us, by annoy
Untainted, midst the general misery ;
But that, while thou, O Prince ! art far away,
Public concern permits not to enjoy
That peace and quiet which we owe to thee.

At p. 238 of the first volume, is *Timandre, Poeme, contenant une tragique Aventure*. This tragical adventure, intended to show the ill effects of trusting in those who deal with familiar spirits, is related with much fluency of numbers, and a style remarkable for its familiarity and ease.

The second volume, which contains his love-poems, none but a lover could have patience to read to

the end. Like those of Desportes, or of our own Cowley, they present us with the idea of no living object. The fancied mistress seems to be nothing more than a web stretched out on the warp for the purpose of embroidering the poet's conceits; and of these, many are the mere sports of an idle ingenuity, which have no concern either with the imagination or the heart: such is the description of her hand:—

Quant à sa belle main, ceste vive merveille,
Qui de ma liberté rend l'Amour possesseur,
Elle se pourroit dire au monde sans pareille
Si Dieu l'eust condamnée à n'avoir point de soeur :
Mais pour mon double mal, elle nasquit gemelle,
D'un marbre qui mobile en dix branches se fend :
L'une exerce le vol, et l'autre le recèle :
L'une commet le meurtre, et l'autre le defend. V. 2. p. 5.

As to her beautiful hand, that living wonder, which renders Love the possessor of my freedom, it might be said to be without an equal in the world, if heaven had condemned it not to have a sister: but for my double misfortune it was born a twin, and both framed of a marble that is endowed with motion, and cleft into ten branches: the one is the committer of the theft, and the other its concealer; the one perpetrates the murder, and the other defends it.

Yet it would be unjust not to own,
that there are some genuine touches of
tenderness: as when he is about to
lose the company of his mistress—

— La crainte de perdre une chose si chère
Fait que je ne sens point l'heur de la pos-
seder. V. 2. p. 23.

I feel no bliss in having, through my fear,
To lose a thing that is so passing dear.

His regret for past happiness is ex-
pressed in some verses, which, when
I began to read them to an ingenious
French gentleman of my acquaint-
ance, I found were so familiar to
him, that he was able to go on with
them, though he neither knew whence
they came, nor was aware that such
a poet as Bertaut had ever existed.

Félicité passée,
Qui ne peux revenir ;
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ay-je en te, perdant perdu le souvenir ?

Helas ! il ne me reste
De mes contentemens
Qu'un souvenir funeste
Qui me les convertit à toute heure en tourment. P. 39.

O pleasures gone, but ne'er forgot,
That still my thoughts pursue,
Oh losing ye, why lost I not
Remembrance of you too ?

Alas ! of all its joys bereft,
My heart looks back in vain ;
The sad remembrance only left
Converts them into pain.

The following stanzas will supply future commentators with a parallel
passage to the well-known apothegm in Shakspeare:—

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water.

On ne se souvient que du mal ;
L'ingratitude regne au monde :
L'injure se grave en métal,
Et le bienfait s'écrit en l'onde.

Amour en sert de preuve aux siens,
Luy qui joint la peine aux délices :
Ceux que plus il comble de biens
N'en célèbrent que les malices. P. 45.

Men's wrongs alone in mind we bear ;
Ingratitude is every where :
Their injuries we in metal grave,
And write their kindness in the wave.

Love can a proof of this supply,
Who mingles pleasure with his pain :
The good we pass in silence by,
And only of the ill complain.

A pretty conceit of Waller's is to be found in Bertaut.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high. Waller.—To a Lady singing
a Song of his composing.

Non, non, rien que notre manie
Ne tient sa puissance en vigueur :
Qui se plaint de sa tyrannie,
Se plaint d'avoir faute de cœur.

Nous seuls brassons les amertumes
 Dont il paist nos cœurs insensés ;
 Nous seuls empennons de nos plumes
 Les traits dont il nous rend blessés.

Nostre oysiveté le fait naistre :
 Nostre espoir l'allaitte en naissant :
 Nostre servage le rend maistre,
 Et nostre foiblesse puissant.

He doth of us blind homage claim ;
 In madness we his vassals are ;
 And when his cruelty we blame,
 The fault is in our own despair.

We only brew the bitter draughts
 On which our witless heart he feeds ;
 And our own feathers wing the shafts
 By which our wounded bosom bleeds.

Our sloth first brings the babe to light ;
 Our hopes his suckling nurses be :
 Our weakness giveth him his might ;
 Our servitude his tyranny.

In one of his sonnets we have the same thought as in those stanzas of Shenstone, on which Johnson has pronounced—that the mind which denies them its sympathy has no acquaintance with love or nature.

Je meurs me souvenant que sa bouche de
 basme,
 D'un baiser redoublé qui me déroba
 l'ame,
 En me disant adieu me pria du retour.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The only poem in which I have observed anything like an attempt to describe the person of his *Amarantha*, is termed an *Elegy* (p. 66), where he introduces Love appearing to him, after he had forsworn his affection for Chloris, and resolved to secure himself from similar engagements by the study of astronomy. The God, in addition to his usual weapons, the bow and the quiver, has a roll of paper in one of his hands, and expostulates in a sarcastic vein with the rebel, on his intentions:—

Et bien, jeune astrologue, à la fin ta pensée
 Des liens amoureux s'est du tout délacée !
 O le vaillant Hercule, il a rompu mes laqs
 Pour soutenir le ciel et soulager Atlas !
 C'est bien fait, persevere, use ainsi ta jeunesse,
 T'amusant à compter, pour fuir la paresse,
 Les estoilles du ciel, puis en fin quelque jour,
 Estant viel et caduc, fuy les plaisirs d'amour.

Well, young astrologer, and thou hast broke
 My bonds at last, and freed thee from the yoke !
 The valiant Hercules ! he bursts my net
 To hold the heav'ns up, and for Atlas sweat.
 'Tis well : perséver : be thy youth employ'd
 Counting the stars, that so thou mayst avoid
 The pains of sloth ; then all thy vigour gone,
 Avoid Love's pleasures, when old age creeps on.

The poet replies, that the ingratitude and cruelty of Chloris had made him resolute to persevere in the course he had taken. On this, Love seems to allow the justice of his plea ; but argues that he is not to give over the chase, because the

prey has once escaped him ; that the mariner, who has suffered shipwreck, again puts to sea ; and the labourer, whose hopes of a harvest have failed, still continues to commit his seed to the earth : and, when Bertaut persists in his contumacy,

ends by unfolding the paper: this presents him with a portrait of a new mistress, which, as might be expected, he finds irresistible. Here there is no want of sprightliness either in the invention or the style; but his materials are spun out somewhat too diffusely.

Jean Bertaut was born in 1552, at Caen in Normandy, a province where the poetry of France may be said to have originated under the auspices of its English sovereigns, or, to speak more properly, the Norman sovereigns of England; and which has since continued to support the honours it had so early acquired. He was the First Almoner to Queen Catherine de Medici. By Henry III.

he was made Private Secretary, Reader, and Councillor of State. Henry IV. who was induced partly by his arguments or persuasion to conform to the church establishment of France, gave him the Abbey of Aunay in 1594; and in 1606 appointed him Bishop of Sees in Normandy. Besides the poems already mentioned, he made a translation of the Second Book of the *Æneid*, inserted in the collection of his poems, and a translation or paraphrase of the Psalms into French verse, which is not among them, and which was perhaps not made till after he became a bishop. He died in 1611, at the age of fifty-nine.

PS. Friend Janus, who has bantered me so pleasantly on my scholarship,* may perhaps hope, that in arriving at Bertaut I have nearly reached the end of my *obliquity*. I hope the Printer did not put the word by mistake for obloquy, and the Editor kindly pass the *σφάλμα* sub silentio. Obliquity, however, it was printed; and I am willing to understand the word as applied to a kind of zodiac, through which I have been travelling, and of which I did indeed seem to myself nearly to have attained the limit, when certain other luminaries sprang up to invite me onwards. To drop the figure for a moment, and explain myself;—I had almost exhausted the materials derived from the old library in France, when another treasure of the same kind, in this country, was unexpectedly laid open to me by the kindness and liberality of its possessor. I must, therefore, entreat Janus, and in him all others who retain the hatred of the old Roman deity (after whom he was probably named) to the Gauls, that they will yet bear with me while I persevere a little longer in this Loxian course.

Jane biceps, anni tacitè labentis origo,
Solus de Superis qui tua terga vides,
Dexter ades.....
.....
Prospera lux oritur: linguisque animisque favete.

* See our last volume, p. 469.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

BY HANS KELLERMAN.

I have heard it said,—and they were no fools who said it,—that the romance of life was over, that the days of adventure were gone by; but how can this be, when so many volumes, quarto, octavo, and duodecimo, give the lie direct to the assertion? Every body now has his adventures; and they who cannot find monsters at home, contrive to make them in a twelvemonth's tour of the continent. There is no fatigue that a genuine tourist will not endure for the sake of talking of it afterwards,

and if he is not lucky enough to meet with any robbers, he is sure to hear of them, which answers his purpose every jot as well; nay, I once had a friend, who, having travelled a whole year to no purpose, flung himself in despair into the English river Thames, but by some singular accident swam to shore instead of sinking, and afterwards wrote a pretty account,—a very pretty account indeed, of his drowning and subsequent recovery to life. For my own part, however, I have been more fortunate;

without stirring a step beyond my native city, I have seen and done enough to make a decent quarto, allowing the usual quantity of margin. In good truth I may say that no one has *suffered* more for his country than myself, and I have no doubt that you will agree with me that all the terrors which have ever terrified poor human nature, whether by ghost or gunpowder, dirk or devil, are mere jokes to what I endured on that dreadful day when Vienna was bombarded by the French,—the horrible French!—the grinning, grimacing,—chattering, swearing,—cringing, dancing,—frog-eating, man-killing, French!—But to my story.

This bombardment of Vienna took place in the year 1809, on the 11th of May, at the hour of nine—exactly to a minute. I want no memorandum to recollect the date: it cleaves to my memory like the first whipping I received at school, and now it is my *anno domini*,—the centre-point to which I refer all the past, present, and future transactions of my life. Nor will you, my kind friends, wonder at it, when you have heard my story; oh, it will make your hearts ache and your eyes run over! It is, indeed, almost too terrible for belief; posterity will hardly credit the tale; I shall be called a Trenck, a Tott, a Bruce, a Munchausen; but indeed, I only speak the truth, and that too with becoming modesty; Cæsar himself did not tell his tale with greater candour; and again, I boldly say that no one has *suffered* more for his native land than I have done.

When, in the Spring of 1809, Napoleon Bonaparte had advanced as far as Linz with the whole of the French army, my worthy friends and fellow patriots began to have fears for the city of Vienna, or,—to speak it more correctly,—for themselves in the city of Vienna; for, as to the imperial brick and mortar, that was a trifling consideration. I, as in duty bound, being a colonel of volunteers, endeavoured to comfort them, and bade them take courage, though in simple verity I did not then know what courage was; when, however, on the 10th of May, the Duke of Monte Bello appeared before Vienna, I soon learnt what it was not, and that knowledge was at least worth the other half of the mystery. I felt a

cold shudder creep over me at the sight of the Frenchmen, and I had very little difficulty in bringing over reason to the side of fear;—"Is there not danger?" quoth FEAR; "Very great," replied REASON; "Is man," continued Fear, "educated, clothed, and fattened, at so much expence of time, labour, and money, only to be shot down like an old crow after all? Would not any lean, ignorant, ragged rascal be just as good food for powder, besides being a great saving to the nation?"—"Certainly," replied Reason—and certainly Reason was in the right: nobody shall persuade me that I have cost myself and my mother so much pain, only to be exposed to the discretion of a bullet—a creature that is proverbial for the want of discretion—a beast that makes no distinction of persons, and would as soon kill a prince as a peasant. Oh, the thing is not to be thought of; it is not good; it is not fit; it is abominable.

With this conviction, it may be easily supposed, I had no violent desire for fighting, though the enemy were Frenchmen; it was true, that I heartily hated the whole race of them, but then we are not bound to cut the throat of every man who does not happen to be to our taste. And yet what was to be done? As a colonel of volunteers, I could not handsomely run away from my men; and indeed, there was much more fear that the lean slaves would run away from me, for my legs carried four times the load of any given pair in the whole regiment, and therefore were likely to be four times as slow in a retreat. Then too, if by any extraordinary chance they should stand firm, my plight would not be a jot the better; with my rotundity of person I should be a bull's eye to the target, and every gun would be aimed at me; escape would be impossible.

Such were my reflections in the hungry interval between the laying of the cloth and the serving up of dinner, that tedious prologue which all cooks contrive to make as long as possible. This day too I thought it was longer than usual; but at last the fish made its appearance; it was a fine carp, and I had just tasted enough to be able to say so much without the imputation of rashness,

when in bounced my cousin David with the words, "the enemy will attack us this evening."

The carp turned to wormwood in my mouth; never in my life had I eaten so bitter a morsel, and though few had ever suspected me of being a conjuror, yet now I had the faculty of second sight, and of second *hearing* too, in full perfection.

And coming events cast their shadows before.

I saw the glitter of the French bayonets, and heard the din of the French muskets, though all the time there was neither bayonet nor musket within five miles of the city. But evening came, and with it came both the one and the other, when by a strange perversion of things I could neither see nor hear distinctly: still, where my safety was concerned, I had a natural instinct which answered all the purposes of reason, and I clearly felt that it would never do to stay at home and receive a domiciliary visit from the bombs and balls; for, in the first place, I reckoned that my quarter would be the chief point of attack; and, secondly, I held that any one's cellar would be much more convenient on the present occasion than my own attics, where the bullets would tumble fresh from the air.

All Vienna now was in confusion, — dogs barking, children squalling, women crying, and men swearing, — but by this time I had acquired inconceivable presence of mind, for while every body else was running without any definite object, I knew perfectly well which way I was going. With more speed than I had before thought my legs were capable of, I posted off to the opposite side of the city on a visit to my cousin Joseph, or rather to my cousin Joseph's cellar, which at this moment was to me the dearest spot on earth. I thought it, however, more civil to make himself the ostensible cause of my coming, in which I believe that I only follow the fashion of most guests, whose visits are, generally speaking, less to the host than to his wine-bins.

With my cousin I found a stranger, who, by his pale face, evidently had an eye to the cellar as well as myself. He had on a blue-coat, and

wore at his side a sabre of most terrific dimensions; if it had not been for the newness of his garments I should have supposed him to be a poet, for he was as thin as a paper-knife, and, with the green feathers in his hat, looked prodigiously like an eel set up on its tail, and its head stuck with fennel. But poet or not, I felt he was, like myself, a coward; — and why should I be ashamed to own myself of that numerous fraternity? Cowardice may be a misfortune, but it cannot be a vice; valour is as much a gift of Heaven as the genius for poetry or painting, and if a man have it not by nature he will never acquire it by education; you cannot whip courage into a boy like the classics. But I am far from thinking cowardice a vice; on the contrary, I deem it a virtue of the highest order, a sort of necessary cement, without which society would not hold together for eight-and-forty-hours; if all men were Cæsars, the world would be too hot to hold them. Nor do I at all regret that I belong to the cement of society, but rather am thankful to dame Nature for having been so economical to me in the article of courage; I shall live twenty years the longer for her discretion on this score, and twenty years of life are worth having to a man who eats three hundred and sixty-five good dinners in the course of the twelve-month, not forgetting a suitable accompaniment of wine, ale, and brandy. Besides, I am no friend of killing any more than of being killed; let those who think otherwise follow their own inclination; I have not the slightest objection to their stabbing, slashing, shooting, or otherwise slaying, any one, provided that one be not myself; but let them in return leave to me my whole skin, — a necessary article of clothing which indisputably belongs to myself, and myself only. The subject, however, is inexhaustible, and I must perforce leave that, as I left my cousin Joseph, to look after my troop of heroes.

With this view I set off for the North Gate, and my step was as light as if I had been marching to a feast, so much had my courage risen with the certainty of a snug retreat in my cousin's cellar. Scarcely had I got over half the ground, when the

stranger with the pale face was at my elbow.

"We are probably going the same way," said the pale-face.

"To the walls," I replied in a determined tone, and was myself almost terrified at the valour of my own voice. In fact, I began to fear that I was not a coward after all, and that my courage might lead me into some danger; of all my fears, however, that was the most superfluous.

"We shall have a dreadful night of it, I am afraid," said the pale-face, "the French are terrible engineers."

"Psha!"—I was growing bolder every minute,—"*Psha! dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* Follow my example and be firm."

"Such a mass of flesh may well be firm," replied the pale-face; "it is not a trifle that can shake it; but for a poor, meagre, lath-and-plaster devil like myself,—why the very sneezing of an enemy would upset me."

"Sir, Sir, be thankful to Heaven that you occupy so little space in the world; nothing but chance could ever direct a ball to an object so invisible; and, if it should, the breath of the ball would knock you down long before the lead itself could reach you."

The pale-face was nettled at this remark; he began to grow personal, but I had an instinctive knowledge that he was more afraid than myself, and accordingly gave my hat the defying cock, and said:

"It is your good luck that I have other and more important business on my hands, or here should be my answer."

With this I touched my sword significantly, and strutted off into another street in the hope of getting rid of him. Still I had some fear that he might follow me, and did not venture to look over my shoulder lest his pale face should be grinning there. Thanks, however, to my guardian saint, and my own admirable presence of mind, I got out of this troublesome business without any other injury than a little ruffling of the spirits.

I found my company already at their post, and took it into my head to muster them, partly to show my zeal for the service, and partly to lay in a stock of reputation, while it might be had at a cheap rate; so that if my

after conduct should call my valour in question, my present stoutness might be adduced in its defence. Of course, I expected to find that half my troop had forgotten to come, for it was natural to suppose that the worthy souls were animated by the same peaceful sentiment as their colonel; but no, there they all were, young and old, thick and thin, short and tall, resolved, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, to conquer or to perish. I thought it a pity so much good spirit should be suffered to cool, especially as it was likely there would be great occasion for it; so to keep up the fire, I harangued them; quoted to them all the heroes of antiquity, like a bead-roll of saints, (the school-master of the regiment had supplied me with their names,) and was about to retreat again to my cellar, when the officers on the same station would compel me to take an early supper with them, much against my inclination; not that I objected to a supper; I was too good a citizen for that; but my better genius kept whispering to me, "Go to your cousin's cellar; you know not what may happen." Would that I had listened to its suggestion!

The splendid appearance of the officers, and the smell of the hot meats, acted very kindly on my nerves. There was talking and laughing, and singing and swearing, drinking and eating, though no one knew whether the tables might not be turned, and himself be a supper for the worms before the morning. Even I felt the cheerful influence of the roast and boiled, and joined most vigorously in the patriotic toasts that followed rather closely on each other. In half an hour I had become a hero—a Bonaparte—when an unlucky varlet thought proper to drink, "To those who shall fall for their native land and Emperor!" Never was any thing more misplaced than such a toast; every eye too was directed at me, as if I were the destined victim, and they were drinking my safe journey to the other world. From that moment my courage fell like the English stocks; the ringing of glasses was to me like the tolling of death-bells; and the voices about me sounded like so many requiems. If a chair fell, I thought the house was coming down; and if a door slammed,

the bombardment had begun. Internally I vowed to get to some snug retreat with the first opportunity,—a measure which did not at all derogate from my patriotism, for the city would still have my good wishes; and as to my presence, my military talents were not so great but that the state might make a shift to do without me.

In amends for my deficiencies, my brother officers were all growing more and more valiant; they agreed, *nem. con.* that the French would not dare to attack us; that they wanted troops, wanted time, wanted courage, wanted ammunition, wanted every thing, in short, but the inclination; and however strong inclination may be, it is not strong enough to knock down walls of brick and mortar. All this was convincing, and I was convinced, that is, my head was convinced; but I could not bring my heart over to the same belief, though the impossibility of an attack was proved to a demonstration; nothing could be clearer; it was two and two make four. An officer of grenadiers, with a most heroic pair of whiskers, had the goodness to enter into a particular argument with me on the subject, and had just proved that not a cannon would or could be fired that night, when the clock struck nine, and at the first stroke it was as if heaven and earth would come together; the bombardment had really begun. The whole assembly seemed for several minutes struck into lifeless statues, like the king's court in the Arabian Tale, each limb being fixed in its immediate attitude. My neighbour on the left had just brought a slice of pudding to his mouth, and there it remained immoveable. My neighbour on the right had dipped his spoon into the gravy of a dish on which smoked a fine hare, and now it seemed as if he were feeding the animal that obstinately turned away its nose. Several knives and forks, that had only arrived half way to their respective mouths, were fixed in air; and the jaws of my opposite friend, having dropped down to his breast, showed a cavity like the entrance to some unknown region. The only sign of life in the assembly was with a lieutenant, who, when the first bomb fell, was employed in filling his glass,

and now continued the same action, while the overflowing wine ran about on all sides. But this state of things could not last long; the drums beat to arms, the company separated for their posts, and I set off for cousin Joseph's cellar, when, as the devil would have it, I was met by a multitude in full tide for the walls. To pass through them was impossible: I squeezed myself close to the wall, hoping that the stream might pass by me; but no; it seemed as if the crowd were come for no other earthly purpose than to carry me to my post, whither I was borne by simple pressure in spite of all my resistance. Here I found my troop, their arms gleaming in the black torch-light. There was no retreating now, for one of the links shone on me most unmercifully, while the balls and bombs were whizzing like a swarm of cockchafers over our heads, or rather over my head, for every bullet was directed at me—at nobody but me.—The object of the French seemed not so much to bombard Vienna as my innocent person; and, what was still more extraordinary, the balls, one and all, had an intuitive knowledge of where I was to be found. Most willingly would I have retreated rather than expose my dear friends to so much danger on my account, for to stand near me was like standing near steel in a storm of lightning; but I could not move; the dense rows behind me prevented all hopes of flight, so that all I could do was to screw myself into as small a compass as possible, and trust the rest to Providence.

By this time some hundreds of bullets had passed over us without hurting any one,—a circumstance attended with the most beneficial effect on my companions. Their courage came to them as the danger seemed to lessen, at which I was not at all surprised; for it must be owned that nothing does so much injury to valour as the presence of danger. Some were even bold enough to talk of volunteering on the walls, when whiz! burst a bomb amongst us, and stretched several of my heroes on the ground. In an instant all was flight and confusion, and I of course felt it my duty to call back my men to theirs; so off I flew in pursuit of them, running and bawling might

and main, till by some accident I found myself deposited in an ice-cellar.—Oh! I would not have exchanged it for the best room in the Emperor's palace. I was, however, far from being at my ease, being crumpled up in a corner amidst women and children, who were screaming, praying, scolding, swearing, and making a concert that only wanted the braying of the long-eared animal to be quite perfect in its kind. Some of my troops, too, had followed me to this place of safety, either from natural instinct, or because they held it incumbent on them to follow their leader in the paths of honour, even though they should happen to lead to an ice-cellar. Still there was a wall between me and danger, and I felt perfectly satisfied, though my crushed legs served as a seat for half a dozen heavy-armed grenadiers; when, on a sudden, a dreadful crash was heard over head, and the walls of the cellar fairly trembled. Those who were before me fell plump against my frontal protuberance; those behind tumbled on my neck and shoulders; while at least twenty legs, and as many hands, garnished with the usual proportion of claws, were digging at my sides. I firmly believed that the cellar was tumbling about us, and shouted most furiously. My men answered by a shout of corresponding vigour; with their bass mingled the tenors and sopranos of the women and children, and such a concert was raised as never had been heard since the siege of Troy.

By degrees our vocalists grew weary, and, at the end of half an hour, the boldest of the party took courage enough to express a hope that we were still living. I ventured to ask if the cellar had not fallen; no one in his own person had reason to suppose it, though each had believed his neighbour was not only dead, but comfortably buried without the assistance of a sexton. As soon, however, as we found that all of us were safe and sound, our valour rose to the very top of the thermometer; but it was quickly damped by the smell of smoke, that now crept in upon us from a thousand invisible crevices. Every nose was agreed as to the fact, and a little consideration told us, that we were sitting under a burning house, the

smoke of which increased so much in a few minutes, that we were almost stifled. Still no one could find in his heart to venture out from his snug retreat, amidst the shower of bullets that rained incessantly. As a sort of compromise between terror and prudence, we opened the cellar door,—an expedient that was not without its evils; for it not only let in the air, but a party of troops, sent out to recall the runaways to their posts. Necessity, says the proverb, is the mother of invention; I bound my red pocket-handkerchief about my head, groaned piteously, and besought them to let me have a surgeon, and the fellows being tolerably drunk, my scheme succeeded. I again began to feel myself in safety, when a second party appeared with an equal affection for the ice-cellar. Unfortunately there was no room for these new-comers, and they, fancying our cellar concealed a store of wine, threatened to storm our little fortification. Upon this, the garrison within took up their arms; the assailants without did the same; and in an instant we were threatened with a *bellum plusquam civile*. What could be more absurd? Every shot must inevitably hit me who stood in the centre. In despair I cried out, "Halt! I am the Colonel!" Whether it was the force of my voice, or the force of subordination, I know not, but the soldiers drew back without firing a single shot! At the moment I felt that I had achieved a victory; I felt myself a real patriot; I had by my own unassisted wit prevented a civil war, and saved my own life, as well as the lives of others. Truly, I began to think I was a hero after all, but that my valour had lain locked up in my heart, like the fire in a flint, and could only be called forth by collision.

It was not till the break of day that the bombardment ceased, when, with proper precautions, I thrust my head again into the open air. All was quiet, except in my own ears, that still rang with the noises of the night. I hastened, therefore, to assume a military appearance, shook myself like a ruffled hen, cocked my hat valiantly, brought my sword to the proper position—it had travelled round to my right side;—took the handkerchief from my head, coughed thrice,

and by the time I reached my company, looked something like a hero. My soldiers, too, had recovered their valour, now that there was no occasion for it—My case always ! just when I don't want valour, I am sure to find him at my elbow ; but the moment he is wanted, the ungrateful rascal runs away, and leaves me in the lurch. This by the way though !—Not one of my party was missing, save those

who were wounded by the fall of the shell ; all looked heroes, yet many who now wore most terrific faces smelt confoundedly of the cellar : my nose was too well acquainted with the smoke to be in any doubt about the fact ; but I wisely held my tongue, and have ever since passed for a man of valour, and been known among my peaceful neighbours by the appellation of the *Colonel*. G. S.

THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This month has brought with it the usual quantum of what, in the language of the play-bills, is called novelty, but still not that which would be the greatest of all novelties,—a sterling drama. Does the fault lie with authors, managers, or the public ? Each party is willing to charge this deficiency to the account of the other, and it is no easy matter to hold the scales steadily between them. On the behalf of managers it has been said that it is their interest to produce good pieces, and that consequently they *do* produce the best which are offered to their selection : allowing the premises, the conclusion by no means follows ; for how many circumstances may blind them, as well as other men, to their real interest ? Bad taste, personal likings and antipathies, the interference of authority, and all those lesser hindrances which bias the daily current of action, may also act as obstacles with them, and sway them from that which is their real interest to that which is essentially their ruin. If it were not for our abhorrence of all personality, there would be no want of examples to illustrate this maxim,—a maxim so trite and obvious, that its repetition can only be excused by the obstinate folly of those who will not give it credit.

On the other hand the public must have *some* influence in the choice of pieces ; what is positively opposed to their taste must of necessity be withdrawn ; and if they were decided to receive only good plays, only good plays could be produced : but this is supposing popular opinion to be more *active* than it really is : once rouse it into action, and its effect is

as prompt as it is conclusive ; but, for this, mere mediocrity is not a sufficient stimulus : besides, the mind in time is reconciled to inferiority of any kind, as the ear that has been long accustomed to discord loses all its delicacy of perception.

But with all the plausibility of such censures, as applied both to the managers and the public, the great cause of the evil seems to be in the want of some master-spirit to excite and controul the energies of talent, for of that there is no deficiency : but mere talent will not do ; it can not create ; it is an imitative power, and is either good or bad according to the impulse of its age. One Sir Joshua made many artists, as one Byron has made many poets : it is the peculiar province of genius to call forth the excellence of inferior minds ; and we shall seldom, if ever, find that a great man has stood alone at any time—he has rather been the centre of a system. Let one man of real genius appear upon the stage, and a multitude of authors will start up from his example, the least of whom would be a giant in comparison with the best of our present dramatists. He would have many prejudices to conquer, but he would conquer them : in the mean time, all that criticism can do is to keep the way open, that it may not be quite choked up by the weeds of error—to wake the public by occasional stimulus, that they may not fall into a torpid acquiescence with the drama as it is, and fancy it incapable of improvement. Above all, we would have our critics discard the foolish idea of the present age being too level, too uniform in its modes and circumstances, for the production of

real character ; such an opinion has, indeed, been generally accepted, but it is not the less an error : the forms of life may be changed, and the characters of olden times may be utterly extinct ; but other varieties have succeeded to them as rich in matter, whether it be for pathos or for ridicule. The fact is, that we do not want originals, but skill to convey them on the canvas : instead of drawing from actual life we give transcripts from the works of others : our authors resemble those young artists who are clever enough to copy the paintings of any master, but who have not sufficient power to take their portraits from nature as she moves before them. Could the master-spirit arise that once originated Falstaff and Othello, it would hardly be lost to us from the want of occasion.

A second fatal absurdity, and no less generally received, is the idle dogma, that none can write a play except the inmates of a play-house ; this place of necessity draws with it an eternal circle of the same thoughts, the same characters, the same incidents, which, as they lose their effect by repetition, are exaggerated into freshness. It is not within the walls of a theatre that the dramatist should collect his materials, though it is there he must learn the mode of using them when collected. A theatre is the school of the pupil, not the study of the master ; and he, who writes plays solely from the mere mechanic skill acquired in his visits before or behind the curtain, may be a decent play-wright, but he never will be a dramatic poet. It seems almost absurd to dwell on a fact so palpable ; and yet the greater number of our dramatists talk and write as if it were a perfect mystery : their dexterity of combination stands them in the place of genius ; and they never fail because they never venture.

In this class of writers we place Mr. Beazley, the author of *GREYNA GREEN*. He is most assuredly, in the best sense of the word, a man of talent, but he is far removed from genius ; and his most popular efforts are only good editions of the works of other authors : the drama does not seem more peculiarly his bias than any other art ; poetry is not

the vice and virtue of his existence ; it is not a part of him ; he would be clever in any thing, and to be *clever in any thing* is to be *great* in nothing, for genius is not so general as talent : its power is always more concentrated, and it is perhaps this very singleness of object that in some measure constitutes its power.

What we have said of the author precludes the necessity of criticism on his piece : the dialogue is lively and elegant, and the plot dexterously put together ; but much of its merit must of course be lost in the detail, which we give more in compliance with custom, than with any idea of its utility. — A young lady elopes with her lover for Scotland, and is pursued by her guardian, who in his hurry passes them on the road, and, arriving first at Gretna Green, bribes the innkeeper to give him notice of their coming. In the mean time a second couple appear in the persons of a footman and chambermaid, each of whom is deceived into this expedition by the pretended rank and fortune of the other. Unluckily for their schemes, they are recognised by the innkeeper, Mr. Larder,—the gentleman as his fellow servant in the days of his bondage, and the lady as his jilting sweetheart, who had deserted him for a Frenchman : to revenge himself, he betrays them to each other, as Mr. Jenkins and Miss Betty Finnikin, and then leaves them to settle their mutual accounts of deception as they best may, while he hurries off to inform the old guardian that his runaway ward has arrived with her lover, Lord Lovewell. During his absence, a second recognition takes place : in Lord Lovewell, Mr. Jenkins discovers a former master, by whom he had been dismissed for certain little acts of appropriation, such as wearing his lordship's clothes, and spending his lordship's money ; and to make amends for his past rogueries, he offers to assist him in escaping with Emily to the blacksmith. Lord Lovewell accepts the present knavery in payment for the past, and Mr. Jenkins proposes the old and not very probable device of an exchange of dress and character ; by means of this, the lovers pass out in the very teeth of the old man, and, by the time he discovers his mistake, they return married from the blacksmith.

Miss Kelly played the chambermaid; and, slight as the part is, we feel bound to notice it, because it was played by Miss Kelly. This admirable actress has both gained and lost with us in the last three years: her execution is improved; but the very same practice which has wrought that improvement, has also taken something away from her simplicity; there is more glare in her acting than there used to be,—more of that exaggeration which proceeds from too much studiousness of effect; and though it is partially kept down by her pure taste and masculine understanding, yet still it is a defect in a style that would otherwise be perfect. If, too, we were to descend to particular objections, we should say that her Betty Finnikin was the lady imitating the manners of the chambermaid, not the chambermaid imitating the manners of the lady; but this is perhaps being over-critical, for there is not another actress on the stage who could brook so strict a scrutiny, without material injury to her reputation: but Miss Kelly is a star of the first order, and her light will be visible long after she has set from the theatrical horizon.

Mr. Pearman, in Lord Lovewell, seemed to be out of his proper element, if indeed it be fair to criticise the acting of a singer: there is a dash of coarseness in his manner that does not well suit the representative of nobility; and when Miss Carew talked of his lordship, it sounded like a lurking satire. Still, Pearman is the best acting singer on the stage, whatever may be the value of that praise; and his voice is of that sound quality which only wants the aid of science to be really excellent. At a time when vocal talent is so scarce on the English stage—we speak only in reference to the men—a singer of his pretensions deserves encouragement.

Mr. Power, a recent importation from the Olympic, was the innkeeper of the piece, and it is only his own fault that he is not a greater favourite; he would be a good actor, if it were not for his consummate assurance, that shines out on his forehead, like the brass plate on a street door, indicating the name and calling of the inhabitant. At the same time it is no more than justice to state, that he is a clever lively fellow,

always in a bustle, and always acting from the impulse of overflowing spirits. A more intimate acquaintance with a London audience will render him a useful acquisition to the summer theatres; and if our remarks induce him to give fair play to his talents, he will have some reason to thank us for their severity.

The next piece on the list is *THE FAIR GABRIELLE*, a translation, or, as our modern authors phrase it, an adaptation from the French. It is an elegant trifle in one act; but the subject of it is by no means new to the English stage, and the plot is hardly worth repetition:—The soldiers of the League lie in wait for Henri, in one of his visits to the fair Gabrielle; and Eloi, to save his master, assumes his name and habits. He is accordingly taken prisoner, and conducted to the castle of D'Estrées, the father of Gabrielle, but opposed in principle to the royal lover. On the other hand the king is received for Eloi, by the young man's intended bride, and the rest of the piece is made up of this poetical mistake. The submission of the Leaguers to Henri brings the whole to a happy conclusion.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The pieces at this theatre flit along like the royal shadows in the cave of the witches; and at each fresh appearance, we are inclined to cry out with Macbeth, "Why do you show me this?" to which Mr. Morris would no doubt answer, "To fill my treasury;" and Mr. Morris is right, for these things do fill his treasury, though they leave the memories of his audience as barren as they found them. The *argumentum aureum* is the strongest species of the *argumentum ad hominem*, and one to which there is no replying: all that we regret in the business is, that the judgments of the critic and the treasurer cannot be reconciled, and that the very same thing which meets the approbation of the one is always sure to be disagreeable to the other.

The new Opera of *Morning, Noon, and Night*, is written expressly for the treasurer; and, indeed, Mr. T. Dibdin seldom writes for any other critic, though he has talents for a higher vocation, if his ambition were only equal to his powers. As it is,

he has contrived to manufacture a very tolerable entertainment out of his old materials, and the work seems to be done by the same sort of process that regenerates silver of an antiquated fashion; the material is in either case flung into the melting pot, and, being recast in a new mould, comes out itself a perfect novelty, though the substance remains the same: there is, however, some slight difference in the result of the operation; the silver grows purer from each melting, while in the dramatic process the dregs are generally taken up, and the finer parts deposited. On the present occasion this is more peculiarly the fact; the *Opera of Morning, Noon, and Night*, is nothing more than the residue of some half a dozen former plays that have been melted down for the purpose, and remoulded. It is a piece of lively absurdity, often whimsical, and never dull, dulness being by no means a vice of Mr. Dibdin; his nonsense is always gay and sparkling, and from that circumstance alone is superior to the meaning of many writers, who make good sense so abominably tedious, that its company is scarcely tolerable. There is a moral in the cap and bells of Folly, as full of wit as it is of wisdom, which, like the soul of the Licentiate in *Gil Blas*, is well worth digging for; he who once obtains it, will find himself an acceptable companion in all society.

The scene of the new piece is laid on the sea-coast, near the mansion of Sir Simon Saveall, a second sort of Sheva, avaricious to himself, that he may be bountiful to others; the only difference is in the object of their charity: Cumberland's Jew relieved the distressed, while Sir Simon's liberality is directed towards the wreckers, a set of miscreants whose occupation is plunder of the worst kind;—the plunder of those whom the storm has delivered over to them bound and naked from the waters. To wean them from this horrible pursuit, he gives a salvage for the lives and fortunes of the shipwrecked; but, it should seem, to little purpose. This is precisely that sort of improbable virtue which, like the feats of Jack the Giant Killer, is most agreeable to ignorant minds; and accordingly such characters are

always favourites with the multitude, though, in fact, they as little belong to earth as Ariel or Titania: heroism that does not conquer impossibilities, or benevolence that is only reasonable, are mere every-day occurrences, and not worth accepting; there is nothing in them to excite, nothing to stimulate the fancy; virtue must be more than virtuous, or it will not pass muster with the many.

As a companion to Sir Simon, there is a Mr. Shark, who unites in himself the opposite professions of pick-pocket and fisherman, smuggler and penitent, wrecker and moralist. This pleasant compound, by virtue of the moral part of his character, saves a Mrs. Sanguine and her two children from the murderous avarice of his brother wreckers; and having thus balanced accounts with his conscience, turns his thoughts to matrimony: with this view, he lays claim to the hand of Fanny Grampus, the daughter of an old friend and brother in iniquity, who has lately established himself as an inn-keeper; but neither the lady nor her pious parent seems disposed to acquiesce in his pretensions, though he enforces them rather strongly by hinting at certain delicate secrets which may hang his intended father-in-law, in case of non-compliance. This altercation is cut short by Grampus being called away to attend on a fresh arrival, when Shark, suspecting this sudden absence may conceal some purpose of treachery, absconds through the window, with a protest, that if any one is to have the benefit of turning King's evidence it shall be himself.

The new-comer proves to be Captain Sanguine, the husband of the shipwrecked lady, who had been separated from her in the night of their common disaster. He is attended by that indispensable Haymarket character, an Irish servant, of course very brave, very faithful, very sentimental, a desperate manufacturer of bulls, and a decided enemy to bailiffs. These guests are dutifully received by the righteous Mr. Grampus in his quality of landlord; the smuggler and wrecker being put off when he puts on the apron: he informs them that their companion in the next room,—meaning Shark,—is neither

more nor less than a highwayman, an intimation which he generously gives them on the Bow-street principle of "Take care of your pockets, gentlemen."

A second traveller now appears in the person of Lord Scribbleton, a whimsical being, who fancies that life is conducted on the plan of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, with the proper proportion of ghosts, murder, and mystery; and is always on the look out for some horror for his next new novel. It is in this romantic spirit that he takes on him the name of Mr. Mystic, proposing in this disguise to visit Miss Lydia Saveall;—(what a horrid name for a young lady! and a mistress to boot!)—for, according to the schemes of Sir Simon and his old friend, the Earl of Avadavat, she is destined to be his Lordship's bride. The communicative Mr. Grampus, in return for some secrets entrusted to him by his Lordship's French valet, does not hesitate to inform him that he has a highwayman in his house, pointing to the room in which Shark should be, but where Captain Sanguine is; the valet of course repeats this to his master; as a natural consequence, the two travellers mutually mistake each other for a highwayman, and, in the very moment when this error could not escape being cleared up, Captain Sanguine is driven from the field by the arrival of a bailiff, who, not to be without his share in the catalogue of blunders, makes a caption of his Lordship. In the mean time chance leads Captain Sanguine to the castle of Sir Simon, and he, having been warned by the Earl of his son's intended incognito, mistakes the soldier for the nobleman. It is in vain that the man of arms protests against any such title; Sir Simon is inflexible in his belief; and the young lady, Miss Emily Saveall, not to be behind-hand with her supposed lover, appears before him as her own Scotch cousin, while the real Lord Scribbleton arrives at the castle with his bailiffs, in the hope of proving his identity by the evidence of Sir Simon. The old gentleman, however, having one Lord in his house already, refuses to acknowledge a second; and the Captain, by a continuation of his error at the inn, declares the stranger to be a highwayman; thus concluding the list of blunders; and a pretty

long one it is too. Truly, since Shakespeare's sexton, of equivocating memory, no one has more "quarrelled with occasion" than Mr. Dibdin.

Upon the declaration of Captain Sanguine, his Lordship is confined in a cellar below the Castle, and the bailiffs are imprisoned with him, though with what purpose is not very evident: as the county bailiffs, they must have been too well known to pass for robbers; and, if they were intended as guards on the supposed criminal, the novelty of the contrivance deserves more praise than the utility. Below the said cellar is a vault, in which vault Shark places Mrs. Sanguine and her children, after having a second time saved them from the wreckers, who had waylaid them on the road, with the intention of robbery, if not of murder. By another blunder,—we thought the list had been concluded,—he mistakes Lord Scribbleton for the Captain, when the arrival of the Earl puts an end to these equivocations, by giving his own title to each person, and thus brings the whole to a felicitous conclusion.

All this, it must be owned, is not very rational; but, at the same time, it is very amusing, and evinces no slight degree of that nameless quality which, without being actually either wit or humour, is every jot as laughable. There is, besides, a continual bustle of plot, a continual change from grave to gay, from dialogue to action, and from both to music; the attention is not suffered to dwell upon any one thing long enough to grow weary of it; and the story, though intricate, is so well put together, and the web of it so artfully unfolded, that the mind is never distracted by its variety. As to character, such as it actually exists in life, or in the fancy of the poet, that must not be expected from our author, for his world is within the narrow circle of a theatre; his portraits are nothing more than theatrical traditions put freshly on the canvas, but coloured and exaggerated by a happy talent for caricature, that is sure to excite a laugh, in defiance of rule and reason. Take him for all in all, he is one of our best farce writers—of the living, be it understood:

(Oh, we should have a heavy miss of thee
If we were much in love with vanity.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Our art, like the great lights which rule the day and night, has its phases and its revolutions. In the spring it illuminates the world of London; in the autumn it courses over the provinces, and sets not till it reaches the "ultima Thule," the extremest shores of regions civilized or about to be civilized; and in the winter it shines resplendent over the western cities of Bath and Bristol. The present month has abounded in "meetings," as they are technically termed. There has been one at Hereford, (that of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester,) one at Preston Guild-Merchant, and one at Liverpool. Next month promises a Derby and a Norwich festival.

These performances, however, exhibit little that is new or interesting to the musical world at large. Mrs. Salmon, Madame Camporese, and Miss Stevens,—Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Braham, or Mr. Sapio—Mr. Knyvett, or Mr. Evans—Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Beale, or Mr. Kellner, migrate in flocks, like the chaffinches, with some gregarious distinctions indeed, to those genial situations which supply "the scattered store." The selections are almost every where the same, and the only musical fact that they present worth recording, is the preservation of the works of Handel, which are every where kept in remembrance by the morning church performances; and thus the old English taste yet lingers in the provinces, and will probably survive for some time the *popular* existence of the same pure and legitimate style in the metropolis. In the mean while, the performers carry with them the newest fashions in composition and execution, and the distance in the knowledge of the provincials is by this means less remote, than it would otherwise be, from the advances made annually, nay daily, in the metropolis. We shall become a musical nation at last, particularly if the noble amateurs should succeed in giving the country "A Royal Academy," which will send forth its players, singers, and instructors, by annual hundreds. But this hope, as it seems, is even further off, than that of our being a musical people. It

has been shown that the expenditure of this embryo establishment will require a contribution from the public of nearly 10,000*l.* per annum, to support it at its height. It has been demonstrated also, that, upon its present scale, if it improve the science, it will be likely to ruin the fortunes of the profession. We conclude, therefore, that the project will either be pared down to narrower limitations, or transferred to the Philharmonic and the profession, who have been not very handsomely superseded, and who will carry on the design more cautiously at least, if not more propitiously. But from this short digression, we must go back to the provincial meetings. Birmingham, by its grand example, and by its amazing success, has given a new impulse to the employment of the art in charitable purposes. The festival at Derby is intended for the benefit of the County Hospital, and is on a scale of nearly equal magnitude with the original from which it is formed. Whether this be, or be not successful, it is likely that the principle will now be often applied; and the probable alienation from London, which a decreased income among the country gentlemen will bring about, may render the appetite for local pleasures of this sort more keen. We shall not be sorry if such be the effect of the retrenchment now found so necessary.

While this view of the subject presents itself, and in the absence of better matter, it may not be uninteresting to give a few sentences to the existing race of singers and their various attributes, in order to convey (briefly and rapidly as it must be) a general understanding of the state of vocal art, but still sufficiently accurate for the purpose of acquainting our readers with its actual condition.

Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, and Miss Stevens, are now at the head of the list of female singers; and it is not easily possible for three performers, using the same organ, and frequently applying their powers to the same point and in the same direction, to be more various.

Madame Camporese relies upon mind more than on the natural eu-

dowments of her voice,—more upon the higher branches of legitimate science, more upon the philosophy of the affections and the impulses that rule them, than upon the mere *ars technica*, in which, however, she is by no means deficient. She addresses herself to the understanding and the sensibility: she gives her words with the declamation of a fine rhetorician: she applies her powers to the expression, rejecting, with the severest taste, all the blandishments of meretricious ornament; but employing at the same time all the character that energy, tenderness, and transition bestow. Hence she is greatest in recitatives and songs of true passion. But nature has not been lavish of her gifts to Camporese, if we except the delicacy with which the judgment of this unquestionably great singer appears to be informed. Her tact is exquisite; and a hearer of true taste will perceive in every passage the purity and the beauty of the design, even where strength of execution is the most positively abridged. The natural force of Catalani fills all the soul—her grandeur overwhelms—her vehemence not unfrequently shocks the auditor. Camporese, on the contrary, gently agitates the mind. She sets the feelings and the imagination at work; she effectuates, as Mr. Addison says of music itself, “the rising and sinking of the passions by casting soft or noble hints into the soul.” You see how much more she apprehends than she is able to perform. But with character (which is style) there is a purity that ennobles, and a sweetness that delights. With much for the heart, she is more for the intellect than for the ear. Such a singer is Madame Camporese.

Mrs. Salmon is the direct contrary of the warm and sensitive Italian. Nature has indulged her with the most captivating tone, whether it be considered for sweetness, purity, or fluidity, that ever seduced the ear of mortal. Circe and her Syrens were nothing to our nightingale. They

— would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium;

but Mrs. Salmon leaves the soul exactly where she finds it, yet contrives to create a physical rapture, which would almost persuade us that there is no such thing as soul, or intellect;

or, if there be, that they are very unnecessary vehicles for musical pleasure. Her singing is a flood of melody which she pours with such exquisite grace, that we hear, as it were, the odour of a shower of roses, scattered from the fingers of one of the Hours, and the sense revels in the delicious satiety. When she stands up in the orchestra, and begins to warble, we imagine instantly Aurora, and her streams of beamy light dazzling with their brightness. Her notes scintillate, like the diamond lights which the heat of a brilliant midsummer sun generates from the vapour just above the line of the horizon. “She wantons in the wiles of sound,” and we hear with ecstasy. But where is the heart? Exactly where it lies when we drink noyau—or see Paul flitting on the air, or Noblet coruscating through her *battements*. The sense is every thing, the mind nothing.

Miss Stevens rules in another sphere. She is the very queen of quietude and solace. Her attribute is to inspire “the sacred and home-felt delight” with which Milton invests the invocation of his “Lady.” Her singing is chastity itself. With a voice far more full and rich, and not less pure; far more powerful, but neither so exquisite in its flavour, nor so liquid in its tones, as Mrs. Salmon’s; she has neither the character of Camporese, nor the ornament of her English competitor. Educated for the stage, and exercising her talents principally in that region where coarseness is necessary for effect, and violence the substitute for true passion, she is neither unfinished nor vehement. We estimate her singing by the same standard by which a man would measure the qualities of a wife. Dignified in her manners, and elevated and pure in her thoughts, she is placid, yet not insipid; amiable and even lovely in her life, without the blandishments of her sex’s arts. Her cheerfulness is constant, not exuberant and fluctuating. She satisfies the judgment, but the imagination never luxuriates. All is calm, and holy, and smooth, and bright, and beautiful. There is no excess.

From these portraits it will be seen how complete is the variety of manner which these eminent artists exhibit—and they show how di-

versely art is made to work by the original dispositions of nature. It would be impossible to blend these styles, if the singing of the two latter vocalists shall be thought entitled to such a distinction as style. If Madame Camporese's be the great style, and Mrs. Salmon's the ornamental, Miss Stevens's must be classed by that epithet which belongs only to English description—"chaste" performance—a manner void of passion, as void of offence—that never raises, never disgusts, yet always pleases—just pleases, and no more. The characteristics, however, are both intellectual and organic. If any of the faculties of these singers were interchanged, we question whether more could be made of them. Camporese would not have been a better singer with the voice of Mrs. Salmon or Miss Stevens;—because Mrs. Salmon's brilliancy could never take the deep shades of passion,—Miss Stevens's full, rich body of voice, could never be roughened or attenuated into the expression of the one, or the glittering execution of the other. Take from Camporese her vigorous, yet delicate apprehension, and you strip the eagle of her plumage,—you fasten her to the earth. These "Syrens three" present a curious balance of power. But the genius of the age determines for Mrs. Salmon. She gratifies the sense—she is the Venus for the voluptuary. She promises the ecstasy of earthly possession, and she will carry away the golden apple from Jove-created wisdom and heaven-born dignity. The declension has been gradually prepared by composition, as well as by performance. The majesty of Handel was succeeded by the elegance, fancy, and feeling of Cimarosa, Haydn, and Mozart; and these in time have prepared the way for the catching, but slight, and glittering, and voluptuous melodies and *rifiorimenti* of Rossini.

The estimate of these, the first objects of public regard, has detained us so long, that we must hasten to the review of the few publications that have appeared. Hereafter we may resume the consideration of the powers who now rule the vocal sphere.

Messrs. Boosey have commenced a very elegant series of numbers under the title of *Allegri di Bravura*, which are to be continued from the works of living German composers, for the pianoforte. The first is by Weyse, the second by Moschelles, the third by Ries. The same publishers are giving a series of overtures arranged for the pianoforte, violin, flute, and violoncello; from the compositions of Beethoven, Cherubini, Gluck, Mozart, &c.; by J. N. Hummel. Both these publications are on a capital scale.

Mr. Rophino Lacy is adapting airs from Rossini's operas for the piano and flute. Those published, are from *La Gazza Ladra*, *Otello*, and *Mose in Egitto*. They are well done.

Mr. Latour is giving a series of select Italian airs, arranged and varied for the pianoforte, harp, and flute. They are chosen and executed with his accustomed grace and facility.

Mr. Watts has arranged Rossini's overture to *Ricciardo and Zoraida*, as a duet for the pianoforte; it is brilliant and effective: and Mr. Rimbault has prepared Paer's overture to *Camilla*, in the same manner for the same instrument, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello.

Rossini has also furnished Mr. Naderman with a subject for variations for the harp, in the plaintive little song translated from Shakespeare's *Willow*, introduced into *Otello*.

Mr. Emdin, who ranks high amongst amateur composers of ballads, has printed two songs, *Gay Summer is flown*, and *Love's delightful Hour*. They are agreeable, but scarcely equal to his former productions.

There are two glees from the pen of Sir John Stevenson. *Dear Harp of sweet Erin*, resembles in its melody *The last Rose of Summer*, very nearly. It is for three or four parts, and supported by an arpeggio accompaniment. The continuation of *O Stranger lend thy gentle Barque*, is much the same. The three voices take a strain in succession, and unite in chorus at the close. They are pretty things *du camera*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Italy.—An interesting work by Ripetti has appeared at Florence, entitled *Sopra l'Alpe Apuana ed i Mormi di Carrara*, a Dissertation on the Apuan Alp and the Quarries of Carrara, illustrated with a map. This country is now remarkable as the great storehouse from which is obtained the finest material for sculpture. The work is divided into four sections, treating of the geology, topography, chemical mineralogy, and history of this district.

The Cavalier Vacani is about to publish a history of the military actions of the Italians in Spain, *Storia delle Campagne ed Assedi degli Italiani in Ispagna del anno 1808 al 1813*, in 4to. illustrated with maps and plans. *Memorie sulla Vita e sulle Opere di Hasse detto il Sassone. Cenni Storici-Critici sulle Vicende, &c. della Musica in Italia di F.S. Kandler*, has been published at Naples, and, although a work of inconsiderable extent, is valuable from the information it contains. It is dedicated to the King of Naples, and embellished with portraits of Hasse and Faustina Boudoni. The author exhibits to us Hasse's brilliant career for more than fifty years, relates all the remarkable events of his life, and gives a catalogue of his theatrical compositions, oratorios, pieces of sacred music, &c. He then examines his characteristics and merits as a composer, and shows how greatly he contributed towards perfecting the orchestra, the influence he had on his age, and the rank which he deserves to hold.

—The Vision of Alberico, a manuscript of which has been discovered in the library of the ancient convent of Monte Cassino, is preparing for publication. From this work, which was written about the beginning of the 12th century, Dante is supposed to have taken the idea of his *Divina Commedia*. It relates the vision of a peasant of the village of Settefrati, in the district of Atina, who continues in a trance for nine entire days, during which he supposes himself to be conducted by St. Peter through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.

Heliotrope.—Professor Gauss, of Göttingen, having remarked, while making some trigonometrical observations, that the reflection of the sun upon a window was visible at the distance of seven miles, was induced to make some experiments, by which he ascertained, that a small mirror, not more than 2 or 3 inches in diameter, is sufficient to reflect the sun 10 German miles, or even more. This discovery is of great importance in measuring large triangles, the method now adopted being to fix, at night, several Argand lamps, with reflectors, at the place which is intended to be observed from a great distance. In consequence of what he had observed, the professor constructed an instrument which he has named the Heliotrope; this has not only

been found to answer its intended purpose exceedingly well, in making trigonometrical observations, but obviates the inconvenience of making the operations by night.

Poland.—The great Polish poet, Jan Woronicz, Bishop of Cracow, whose national epic, *Assarmos* (which appeared in 1818), is so noble an ornament to the literature of his country, has fitted up the episcopal palace at Cracow as a museum for Polish antiquities. The collection is arranged in the separate halls of this vast edifice, according to different periods and ages. Many of these apartments are embellished with paintings, the subjects of which are taken from the *Assarmos*, and from the ancient Polish mythology. A catalogue raisonné has been published.

Corrosive Sublimate.—Dr. Taddei has discovered, that gelatine mixed with corrosive sublimate renders it innoxious. He gave 12 grains of it to two rabbits, and they did not exhibit any symptom of having suffered from it in the least degree; whereas a single grain of the sublimate, administered in its pure form, was sufficient to kill them. The injurious effects of a grain of sublimate are neutralized by 25 grains of fresh, or by 13 grains of dry, gelatine.

Natural History.—A most perfect and beautiful specimen of the hippopotamus has lately been added to the extensive and interesting museum of Joshua Brook, Esq. This is the first time the animal has ever been exhibited in London in an entire state, no other part than the head having hitherto been brought over.

It has been discovered that the *operculum*, or lid that covers the mouth of many shells, serves to distinguish the various classes, and materially to assist the conchologist in determining to what family they belong. Thus, in the *cyclostoma* and *turbo* the *operculum* is spiral; in the *paludina* regularly annulated, and in the *murices* irregularly annulated. Of these families each has different habits; the first lives upon land, the second in the sea, the third in fresh water, and the fourth is marine and carnivorous.

Björström.—This sculptor (of whom some account was given in our third volume) has finished a groupe, representing Harmony, with Hymen and Cupid reposing on her bosom. The first holds a lyre in her hand; the second, a fascinating youth, entwines his delicate arms around his brother, while a slight, playful smile is perceptible on his lips, and indicates the nature of his slumbers. Hymen is more serene and tranquil. The goddess contemplates them with a lively expression of maternal affection. This fine groupe forms a satisfactory companion to the artist's former one of *Juno and Hercules*.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE accounts from Greece present the same picture which we have placed before our readers since the commencement of this contest; on the one side, a brave people nobly struggling for the recovery of their independence, rising with renewed courage from defeat and disaster, and in the midst of Christian Europe, without an ally or a friend, sustaining the cause of letters, liberty, and religion, against the concentrated fury of barbarism and superstition!—On the other, their oppressors, fired by the spirit of tyranny and revenge, recruiting their diminished ranks by exhaustless numbers, and avenging each defeat by reiterated cruelties. How long is Christendom to endure the disgrace of such a spectacle! Since our last, the destruction of the Turkish fleet has been followed up by the memorable defeat of their army, under Chourschid, in the classical defile of Thermopylæ, where the Greeks are said to have almost rivalled the glories of Leonidas. We are sorry to say, however, that this success has been more than counterbalanced by the loss of Corinth, the key of the Isthmus. This blow was at first represented as a fatal and a final one to the Greek cause; their troops were said to have been paralyzed, and their senate dispersed; in this emergency, however, a last effort seems to have been determined on by the provisional government, which immediately issued a proclamation, ordering a levy *en masse* of all the Greek population between sixteen and sixty, procuring an instant accession of 30,000 troops, who had hemmed in the barbarians in Corinth, not without sanguine hopes of recovering that important fortress.

In the mean time, the Grand Congress of the European powers at Verona approaches. The Emperor Alexander arrived at Vienna on the 7th of September, attended by a suite much more numerous than usual. The Emperor of Austria repaired to Wolkersdorf to meet his august visitor, who, however, at his own request, entered Vienna without any public ceremony. It is uncertain what stay his Russian Majesty may make in the Austrian capital;

but the current rumour is that the Sovereigns do not take their departure for Italy till the middle of September, which would necessarily delay the opening of Congress till the latter end of October. It is a singular fact, that the high allied powers have issued a preparatory mandate, excluding from Verona, during their temporary residence there, every stranger who is not either attached to, or in possession of, a protection from some of the diplomatic body.

Before his departure from Petersburg, Alexander issued an imperial rescript to the Minister of the interior, commanding the immediate suppression of all secret societies, but particularly of the Freemason body; the reason he gives for this is, that "he may create a firm bulwark against every thing that is injurious to the empire, and especially at a time like the present, when unhappily so many states offer sad examples of the ruinous consequences of the philosophical subtleties now in vogue." The rescript is particular and severe. It ordains, 1st, that all secret societies (and particularly Freemasons), under whatever name they exist, shall be closed, and the establishment not allowed; 2d, that all the members of such societies, as soon as they shall be informed of this measure, shall engage in writing to take no part henceforward, under any pretext, in any secret society, under whatever well-meaning name it may exist, either in the empire or in foreign countries;—and under various other regulations, all officers, either civil or military, who do not strictly conform to this document are to be dismissed from their employments, and incapacitated from ever hereafter serving the state! We hope that his Grace of Wellington, who has departed for Verona, will keep it a Freemason-secret from Alexander that his refractory British ally actually laid by proxy, during the summer, in Scotland, the first stone of one of these anti-imperial lodges, and that his royal brother the Duke of Sussex followed the illustrious example personally in the north of England.

In Spain the beloved Ferdinand has finally resigned himself into the

hands of the Constitutional administration. His favourites, the Archbishop of Saragossa, and the Bishops of Malaga and Ceuta, are sentenced to banishment; the Duke del Infantado is exiled to the Canaries, and other powerful Grandees to Ibiza and Seville. In addition to this, the General Don Francisco Lavieo Elio, the persecuting Ultra Champion of Valencia, has suffered death by the *garotte*. This is the second trial and condemnation of Elio; but on the first occasion the congenial spirit of the then predominant authority saved him. On the 28th of August the new administration presented a written demand to the King for the convocation of the Extraordinary Cortes, as the only means of giving confidence to the nation amid surrounding disorders. The demand has been of course complied with, and the Cortes stand convoked for the 25th of Sept. Not in Madrid alone, however, does the Constitutional spirit seem to be triumphant. Espinosa and Mina, with large bodies of regular troops, are advancing into the disturbed districts. The *Trappist*, in an attempt to join Quesada, has been overtaken, routed, and obliged to fly, with the loss of all his baggage, artillery, and ammunition. Quesada himself, with the army of the faith, has been completely defeated near Jaca.

In Portugal, on the 26th of August, the King laid before the Cortes two letters, which he had received from the Prince Regent of the Brazils, by which it appears, that the King, anticipating, no doubt, the ordeal he was to undergo in Portugal, advised the Prince to shift for himself in his American dominions. Accordingly the Prince now dutifully announces the approaching separation of the Brazils from the mother country; and declares his intention of following the paternal advice. The passage is really curious—"Under these circumstances," says he, "*recollecting what your Majesty said to me in Rio*, that in case of a separation it would be better that I should be with that kingdom, rather than an adventurer, I have adhered to what the inhabitants of Brazil wished, the greater part of the provinces having already recognized me as their perpetual defender, and having made manifest their desire to proclaim your Majesty

Emperor of the United Kingdom and me King of Brazil." Such is the pith of the letter. Under these circumstances the Portuguese Cortes have issued an address to the people of the Brazils, offering them a full participation in the advantages of their newly acquired constitutional system, the residence of a local regal authority in their country, and those numerous blessings which must result from the union of the countries.

From France the intelligence is of such a nature as, from recent events, might have been expected—the development of fresh plots against the existing government, counteracted by such practices on their part, that it would be more than wonderful if such plots did not exist. Of this the trial of Berton and his associates at Poitiers presents a memorable instance. We might say the *mock* trial, for certainly a greater mockery was never exhibited in any Court of Justice; at least, according to our antiquated English notions of jurisprudence. When Berton was put upon his trial, and on a charge solemnly affecting his life, he naturally selected an advocate in whom he placed confidence, to defend him. But not only was this just request refused, but a young advocate, who never held a brief before, and who loudly protested his incompetence to the task, was forced upon the accused, in defiance of his vehement remonstrances! The progress of this proceeding was worthy its commencement. The Advocate-general seems to have acted all through with sufficient zeal. His struggle was two-fold; first, to convict the accused, and next, if possible, to implicate some of the leading Liberals in their alleged treason. For this latter purpose every mention of the names La Fayette, B. Constant, General Foy, Manuel, Lafitte, and Voyer d'Angenson, made by the conspirators, in the absence of the parties thus sought to be involved, was studiously elicited, and sedulously dwelt on. Upon these persons, it was said, the conspirators had fixed as a provisional government, in case of success; and the casual acquaintance which, from his rank in life, General Berton might very innocently have had with them, was assigned as strongly suspicious. The conclusions of the Advocate-g-

neral, drawn from such premises, are admirable,—“Moral proofs,” said he, “abound in the cause, but the material proofs are wanting!”—The Court then called upon M. Drault, the young Advocate to whom we have alluded, to proceed with the defence of Berton. M. Drault declined the office, inasmuch as he had not only not been selected, but rejected by the accused. This raised the wrath of the Advocate-general, who foresaw that the whole proceedings against Berton must become nullified by the French law, if it should appear upon the record that he was not defended by Counsel. In this dilemma the President interfered, and called on the Advocate to proceed. M. Drault’s reply does him honour: “I declare from my soul,” said he, “that I would rather be sacrificed myself, than sacrifice the interest of the accused—in fact, I am not prepared for his defence under such circumstances!”—The Court was then adjourned for three quarters of an hour, in order that the elder members of the bar might advise their colleague. But M. Drault would not learn, even from the more experienced, that the best way to rise in his profession was to sacrifice his principles, and he deliberately refused. The consequence was, that he was afterwards struck off the list of Advocates, for not doing that which, if he had condescended to do, he ought to have been proscribed from the society of every man of conscience. Berton indignantly declaimed upon the injustice with which he was treated. The result was a conviction; but Berton has appealed to the Court of Cassation, on the ground of informality; and there seems to be little doubt that he must have a new trial. The editors of the *Constitutionnel*, the *Courier Français*, the *Journal du Commerce*, and the *Pilote*, all Liberal papers, were summoned before the Court of Assize at Paris, and charged with untrue reports of the proceedings in the case of the Rochelle conspiracy. The Editors offered to prove, by credible witnesses upon oath, the truth of their reports; but this was refused, on the ground that the accusation of the Attorney-general was quite sufficient proof of their culpability.

They were then sentenced to imprisonment for various periods, from a year downwards,—to very considerable fines, and to exclusion from the publication of any judicial proceeding whatever for a certain term. In such a state of the French press the only wonder is, how it gives us even the feeble glimmering by which we can discern the surface of the country.

Our domestic intelligence this month is of very little interest. The principal topic is the change which has taken place in the ministry, in consequence of the death of Lord Londonderry. His place has been supplied by Mr. Canning, who, of course, relinquishes the government of India. It would be useless here to recount all the flying rumours which preceded this event, the principal of which were the obstacles which rendered it unlikely. A double antipathy, on the part of the Lord Chancellor and a higher personage, was assigned as insurmountable. However, if such really existed, it has been overcome. One of the great sources of discontent, on the part of the Chancellor, was said to be Mr. Canning’s adherence to the Roman Catholic question; how this has been got rid of, the next session will show. The other was some verbal skirmishing about the New Marriage Act, and in this we are bound to say the Chancellor seems to have been right in his doubts. From all parts of the country there is an universal outcry against its continuance; and Scotland and Ireland are become the scenes of many an unlooked-for honeymoon in consequence. In one week there landed in Dublin no less than twenty-three pair of candidates for wedlock, who preferred even the love-repelling sympathy of seasickness, to the “standing rubric” upon a church-door, and swearing themselves by wholesale out of their “single blessedness.” It is quite clear that the act can only survive till the commencement of the session.

We are sorry to hear that the cares of the new arrangements are said to have preyed considerably upon his Majesty’s health, and to have caused a great depression of his spirits.

25 Sept.

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OCTOBER 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THERE is something like a pause in the state of landed property and of farming produce which indicates an uncertainty—a suspension, as it were, between hopes and fears. The undecided question, as to the true relation of domestic growth to demand—the impossibility of ascertaining, even with an approach to truth, whether the vast importations of the years 1817-1818 have yet ceased to affect the market—the abundance of four successive harvests—and, finally, the early period at which this last year's crop has been brought into consumption—all these circumstances render the possible advance or depression in wheat a matter of the greatest doubt, while there is a struggle between necessity and hope, that in some instances forces the production of the farm to sale, and in others produces a desire to withhold as long as possible. There never was a time perhaps when opinion was so completely unsettled and unformed. We know merchants in the out-ports who are at this moment actually speculating in wheat on the following principle. The capital set loose by the depression of the general price of commodities wants employment, and the choice of the capitalist falls upon wheat this year; first, on account of the excellence of the quality; and secondly, from a belief that things can go no lower; therefore if a profit be not realised, no loss is likely to be incurred; while the mere act of buying for speculation will, probably, by withholding a considerable quantity from the central market (the metropolis), raise the price. This mode of reasoning will consequently affect both the supply and the price for a time at least—perhaps till Christmas, and thus add *pro tempore* to the uncertainty as to final and general results. Wheat is now reduced so nearly to the continental level, that it cannot go much lower in any event; and with respect to quality, the following facts may be relied on. Eight bushels (or one quarter) were last year required to manufacture a sack of flour, six bushels and a half of the present year's produce will yield a sack, and the flour will absorb more water, and consequently give a heavier weight of bread. These facts are immensely important; for so soon as they are universally known, the effect will be to create a distaste for the old stock, and a great difference between the value of the old and new.

The hopes of the farmer are placed on
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the increased consumption which a low price of subsistence and active employment of the manufacturing population occasions, which will ultimately tend to raise the price. He has now the complete monopoly of the home market, and now or never will the effects of the depression in driving poor soils out of cultivation be seen. Certain it is, that the provincial newspapers were never so full of advertisements for the disposal of farms and farming property as at present. In one of the Norfolk papers (*the Norwich Mercury*) there were, during each of the three last weeks, not less than 150 of this nature—this too, in one of the most opulent agricultural districts! The excess above common years in the ordinary course of time may be taken at one-third of the whole number.

The writer of this article has known, at no remote period, no less than *fifty-four* applications made for one farm of no peculiar excellence *within four days* after it was announced to be vacant. Now the columns of the newspapers are occupied by “farms to let.” The consequence, not the least destructive, is the enormous depression which attends the sale of stock; for although where one man goes out another comes in, generally speaking, yet no one cares to buy, because every one knows if he be not supplied to-day at one sale, he can be to-morrow at another. This augments the tenant's loss in a way neither felt nor computed by the landlord.

All these facts demonstrate how momentous will be the transactions of this year upon the general bearing of the agricultural question, at the same time, proving that the grand changes wrought by diminished price are now only beginning to operate upon an extended scale. From this we infer that speculation will be briskly at work, and some considerable fluctuations are probable during the coming year; but until the next harvest, at the very soonest, the final consequences cannot completely develop themselves.

Great exertions are every where making to increase the consumption of barley, by the sale of malt at a low rate, and by the introduction of domestic brewing among the agricultural labourers, as well as by the farmers making allowances of beer in part payment of labour. These endeavours, together with the deficiency of the crop, its mixed growth and inferior quality, on the whole, will probably give it an indefinitely

high value if not counteracted by the "chemic arts" of the brewer's druggist, who can and does, unquestionably, extract a copious proportion of the public beverage from other and cheaper articles than malt and hops. But in spite of these mixtures, happy is the farmer who holds any quantity of barley.

The harvest, it is now admitted, has been as generally well got up as was ever known, and the state of the crop is understood to be as we have related in our late reports. The weather during the month has been uncommonly dry—scarcely any showers having fallen. The consequence is, that the turnips, which were before an exceedingly partial, not to say a failing crop altogether, wear now a much worse

appearance, having got hard and sticky, so that when the rains fall it is probable they will not take their after-growth by any means so well as usual. The supply of winter food will therefore be scanty. The same cause has impeded the progress towards wheat sowing, which is, however, in some places not only done, but we have seen some wheats already considerably above the ground. This breadth, however, is very small indeed. Mark Lane has been rather scantily supplied, and has exhibited a rise, and the meat markets the same. The principal marts have been abundantly supplied during the same period. The average of wheat for the week ending September 7, was as low as 38s. 8d. Sept. 21.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, September 21.)

HAVING no introductory remarks of any importance to make this month, we proceed to the usual particulars of our Report.

Cotton.—If the market has been on the whole in a depressed state throughout the month, it cannot excite any surprise, as the prices have naturally been kept down by the announcement of a great sale at the India House on Friday the 27th of this month, and by very extensive public sales at Liverpool. The low taxed price too of the cotton intended for sale, naturally depressed the market. The sales in London in the four weeks ending the 17th, have been about 5300 bags. Though the accounts from Liverpool had become rather more favourable, the market here was not much affected by them; the holders asked higher prices, but there were no sales at any improvement. The India Company altered the taxed price from 5d. to 5½d. The prices in the fortnight ending the 17th were, Pernama, 9½d., ordinary, up to 10d. for good fair; Paraibas middling 9½d.; Orleans, 7½d.; 8d. ordinary; and 8½d. good fair; Boweds, 7d. to 7½d., middling fair to good fair, 6½d. to 6¾d.; ordinary Surats, good 6d.; ditto, ordinary to good fair 5½d. to 6d.; Madras, fair 6d.; Bengala, fair 5d. to 5½d.; good fair 5½d.

At Liverpool, the sales in the four weeks ending September 14th, were 45,130 bags, the arrivals 38,430 bags: the report of that day (14th) was however more favourable, the market appearing more steady, though without any remarkable change in the prices. Yesterday the market prices were nearly nominal on account of the India sale next week. The Company have altered the taxed price from 5d. to 5½d. The accounts from Liverpool are more favourable than for some time past: the Boweds lately sold by public auction were

at an advance of ¼d. to ¾d. per lb. The purchases for several days had averaged nearly 2000 bags.

Sugar.—For a week or ten days subsequent to our preceding report, the demand for Muscovades continued steady, and prices were improved a little; but the holders beginning to ask an advance, the market became languid, and continued heavy, though without any reduction being submitted to. Towards the close of the second week of this month the demand for Muscovades considerably revived, the prices were a shade higher, and the market very firm, with every appearance of further improvement. On Tuesday last (the 17th) the general demand for Muscovades still continued; the purchases at the close of the day exceeded 1500 casks; the prices 6d. to 1s. higher than on the Tuesday preceding, the market exceedingly firm. A sale of 111 hogsheads of Barbadoes sold well.

The quantity of refined offered for sale has been inconsiderable, but sufficient for the demand, excepting low lumps, which have been scarce, so that last week 76s. was readily obtained for the few parcels offered; fair small lumps and grocery were in good supply and in proportion lower. Molasses were brisk at 28s., and on the 17th 29s. were obtained. At the beginning of this month there was a brisk demand for white Havannah sugars, the prices advanced 2s. to 3s. per cwt.

The prices of Brazil Sugars advanced considerably early in last week, but, in consequence of the quantity brought forward, the market again gave way to the previous currency: above 400 chests were brought to public sale—White, fine realized 38s.; ordinary to good 28s. to 35s.; yellow 25s.; brown 19s.

The demand for Muscovades has continued very considerable during this week, and an advance of 6d. to 1s. per cwt. must be quoted since last Friday in the purchases by private contract. The public sale yesterday consisted of 701 hhd. 5 tierces 43 barrels St. Lucia and Demerara Sugars, generally of a very good quality; the whole went off freely at prices higher than could be obtained by private contract: the market exceedingly firm; dry brown 51s. to 53s. 6d. the greater proportion 54s. to 60s.; a few lots with much colour 68s. 6d. to 69s. 6d.

In the Refined market the purchases are still confined to low lumps, to Bastards, and Molasses; the latter have advanced to 30s.

The request for white Havannah Sugars continues considerable; several parcels are reported to be disposed of by private contract. Yellow and brown descriptions are in plentiful supply, and rate low in proportion. No public sales of Foreign Sugars have been brought forward this week.

Average prices of raw sugars from Gazette.

Aug. 24.....	27s. 6½d.
31.....	27s. 7½d.
Sep. 7.....	29s. 3½d.
14.....	29s. 0½d.
21.....	29s. 1d.

Coffee.—The importers had been so eager to sell, in order to realize the good prices for some weeks previous to the commencement of this month, that all their cargoes were brought forward as soon as they were landed; so that the public sales being very extensive, the market began to be but sparingly supplied with good and fine descriptions. In the last week of August, though 570 casks, and 800 bags were brought forward, almost the whole was unclean, ordinary, or damaged, so that it sold heavily at a reduction of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. that is, the inferior or rank Coffee. Good parcels fetched high prices, and middling and finer qualities were much sought after. The sales on the 3d were 247 casks, and 361 bags; the latter all Brazil. There was no general alteration in the prices; but some descriptions were a shade lower. In the course of the following week the sales were 1077 casks, and 559 bags; the whole of the British plantation sold with briskness, fully supporting the previous prices. The St. Domingo were taken in, ordinary in casks at 104s.; good and fine ordinary, in bags, at 110s. A public sale of 192 casks of British plantation on the 10th went off with much briskness. 32 casks of fine ordinary Jamaica sold at 114s. to 115s. which was rather higher than the preceding week; the remainder of the sale without variation—good ordinary Jamaica 109s.; ordinary dingy 101s. 6d.; low middling Demerara 125s. to 127s. The sales in the remainder of the week were

873 casks and 591 bags, which all sold heavily at a reduction of 2s. to 3s. On Tuesday last (17th) there were three public sales of 353 casks and 212 bags; all the ordinary sold heavily at a reduction of 2s. to 3s. since the preceding Tuesday; Demerara and Berbice 3s. to 4s. lower. Good ordinary valued at 110s. to 112s. sold at 106s. to 108s.; fine ordinary, valued at 116s. sold at 110s.; good ordinary mixed Jamaica went also exceedingly low. A few lots of ordinary to good ordinary St. Domingo 100s. 6d. to 102s.; good ordinary Brazil 103s. Only 40 casks of ordinary middling colour but foxy Jamaica supported the previous prices, selling for 122s. to 124s. 6d. Coloury descriptions were still in demand, and maintained their prices. We add the report of yesterday's market:—The public sales early in the week went off very heavily, the ordinary descriptions of Jamaica at a very considerable reduction, the Demerara and Berbice at a decline of 3s. to 4s. per cwt. There were two public sales this forenoon, consisting of 196 casks and 27 bags, a great proportion middling and good middling Jamaica, which participated in the late general depreciation in the prices, the whole of the fine selling 2s. to 4s. per cwt. lower, good and fine middling Jamaica 139s. to 143s. 6d.; middling St. Lucia 124s. 6d.; the ordinary descriptions of coffee sold rather higher today.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The tallow market has presented some interest during the course of this month. The prices having been for some time low, the trade was induced, towards the beginning of this month, to commence laying in their stock, by which an advance of 3 to 4s. the cwt. was effected. The great speculators, too, it was reported had made large purchases at St. Petersburg, to prevent a sufficient supply from reaching the houses in London who have sold largely for arrival; the unfavourable accounts of the fisheries likewise tended to raise the price of tallow. 41s. was obtained for parcels of yellow candle here, and for arrival 41s. 6d. and 42s. The demand afterwards became more languid, and, on the 7th, yellow candle here had declined to 39s.; but, in the beginning of the next week, the sellers on speculation and the trade were alarmed by the accounts from St. Petersburg, confirming the previous statements, that the great speculators, who have so long swayed this market, had purchased to a great amount at St. Petersburg (10,000 casks), and that the prices there had risen from 97 rubles to 100 and 102 rubles. The market here immediately became brisk, but very few sellers appeared, and the nearest price of yellow candle tallow was 40s. 6d. It is certainly a critical moment in the tallow-market. It is well known, that certain great

houses have made an immense speculation, which, unless a rise takes place, may end in utter ruin. The disastrous accounts of the whale fishery are much in favour of these speculators, and they have been continuing their operations at St. Petersburg; but we have all along been inclined to suspect that this speculation will ultimately fail, since, considering the stock of old tallow which these houses have on hand, the price it originally cost them, the deterioration by keeping, the expense of warehouse-rent, and that the supply of tallow in Russia is this season unusually large, it does not seem possible for any manœuvres to raise the prices so as to make it answer. In fact, the market has become heavy; few sales have been reported this week, and in consequence of vessels arriving off the coast with considerable cargoes, and the languid state of the trade, the prices have been gradually giving way, and the nearest price for yellow candle tallow to-day is 39s. and for late arrival, nearly the same price may be quoted.

Oils.—At the conclusion of last month the prices of whale oil were nearly nominal; the holders would not sell for arrival at less than 22l. which the trade would not accede to; but there were considerable buyers at 21l. Though the season was advanced, no detailed statements had been received direct of the result of the fishery; and the reports through Bremen, Hamburg, &c. were considered to be wholly undeserving attention. At the commencement of this month, however, unfavourable accounts were received by two vessels, one from Greenland, and the other from Davis's Straits, which had a great effect on the market, the holders refusing to sell, unless at a considerable advance, and the buyers still hanging back; but as no further accounts were received for above another week, the prices rose only to 22l. 10s. and 23l. for arrival; but the greater number of holders refused to sell till the result of the fishery was known. On Friday the 13th, however, the market was thrown into great confusion, by accounts received from the Davis's Straits fishery, up to the 16th of August; seven ships were lost, about twenty beset with ice, and the remainder only averaging two to three fish each: immediately 30l. was demanded, but it could not be realised; 26l. was obtained with facility. The accounts since received are up to the 19th ult.; they confirm in a great measure the first accounts, but are not quite so unfavourable. Details were given on the 16th respecting 37 ships; they had 147 fish, four were beset with ice, and one stove.

By public sale the 13th instant.—About 120 tuns Southern Oil, 17l. 5s. to 18l. 10s. As the vessels are daily arriving with very small quantities of oil, a considerable ad-

vance has taken place; Greenland new may now be stated at 28l. and old oil 26l.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The rum market has lately been in such a languid and depressed state, that purchases may now be made at prices a shade lower; no general reduction has yet, however, been submitted to.—Brandy is lower; the best marks are offered at 3s. 4d. but we believe there have been no purchases.—The Geneva lately landed on the quay is offered at a reduction of 1d. per gallon without facilitating sales.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, August 29.—*Flax* has been less in demand for this week past. The prices last paid were Marienburg crown 46 r.; Thiesenhausen and Druiana Rackitzer white 45 r.; for grey 42 r. are asked; Badstub cut is at 38 r.; Risten Threeband, 30 r.; Tow 11 r.—*Corn.* Only a little heavy Courland barley has been purchased for Holland at 47 r. to 50 r. according to quality. The consignments of corn to St. Petersburg continue, but are not considerable enough materially to affect the prices, which may be called nominal, as follows, viz. Rye, 57 r. to 56 r.; wheat, 80 r. to 96 r.; oats, 42 r. to 45 r.—*Hemp.* There is less doing, but the prices keep up, because our stock is small, and for the most part in the hands of solid holders. The prices last paid were, Ukraine clean, 96 r.; Polish do. 98 r.; Ukraine outshot, 86 r.; Polish do. 88 r. to 87 r. Ukraine Pass, 79 r.; Polish do. 82 r. to 81 r. Torse 48 r. to 47 r. *Hemp Oil.* As our stock is small it is held at 105 r.; and in small parcels, paid for at that rate.—*Linseed Oil* is worth 140 r.—*Seed.* Very little doing in crushing Linseed, and the prices according to quality (nominally) 12 r. to 18 r. That of Hempseed, 12½ r. to 13 r. The shipments of sowing seed are expected to begin uncommonly early this year, perhaps even at the commencement of next month. If the weather remains as favourable as hitherto, we expect seed of good quality, but it is apprehended that the crop will be small.

Tallow, white crown may be bought at 110 r.; yellow, at 105 r.

Riga, September 6.—Since the preceding report no great change has taken place in our market, except that the prices of *hemp* have risen in consequence of a brisk demand for England. The prices now asked are Ukraine clean, 98 r.; Polish, 100 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 87 r.; Polish do. 88 r. to 90 r.; Ukraine Pass, 80 r.; Polish do. 82 r. to 83 r.; Torse, 47 r.

Hamburg, 14th Sept.—*Coffee.* Except the sale of about 50,000 lbs. of Brazil and some parcels of Triage, nothing worth notice has been doing, but the prices remain firm, and the general opinion favourable to this article.—*Cocoa.* The

prices being so very low, speculation has been excited, and several parcels of Maranham have been sold.—*Dyewoods, &c.* There has been little doing these two weeks, and the prices remain unchanged.—*Spices.* Some pepper has been purchased at the present low prices. Pimento is in good demand, and the price for good middling is steady at $11\frac{1}{4}d.$; for the best, $12d.$ are paid.—*Rice* of all descriptions maintains its price.—*Tobacco* has not varied; 30,000 lbs. of Porto Rico in the leaf have been sold by private contract. The new supplies are from St. Thomas—two ships, 370,000 lb. Porto Rico, roll and leaf; from Baltimore, 220 casks of Maryland; and from New Orleans, 250 casks of Kentucky.—*Tea* maintains its price. We have received from New York, 879 quarter chests, and 84 one-eighth chests of Haysanchin, and 154 quarter chests of Haysan.—*Sugars.* Hamburg refined are still in demand, and some kinds may be stated at an advance of $\frac{1}{4}d.$; strong middle lumps are readily sold, from the continued want of sufficient choice, at rather better prices, in some instances even at $8\frac{1}{4}d.$; Treacle maintains its price

at $10d.$ In raw goods, nothing of importance has been done, because the prices of the finer descriptions fit for exportation have been held too high; the orders for fine white Havannah being for the most part limited to only $9\frac{1}{4}d.$ and for fine middling ditto to $9d.$ to $9\frac{1}{4}d.$ For the use of our refiners white Brazils have been bought at $7\frac{1}{4}d.$; middling brown ditto, at $5\frac{1}{4}d.$ Fine brown Brazils are held at $6\frac{1}{4}d.$; and Havannah ditto, at $7\frac{1}{4}d.$

Germany.—The measures adopted by the Southern German States, by way of reprisal against France, had at first rather an unfavourable influence on the Franckfort fair; but, contrary to expectation, business became afterwards very brisk, and large sales were made of some goods, especially woollens, which caused raw wool to rise considerably in price. Fourteen of the 22 Swiss Cantons have resolved to impose import duties on French wines, spirits, tobacco, linens, and cotton manufactures of all kinds, &c.

France.—A Commercial Treaty has been concluded on liberal terms between France and the United States of North America.

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T distinguishes London Commissioners, C those of the country.

Gazette—Aug. 24 to Sept. 24.

Allen, R. and T. C. Noble, Bristol, booters. (Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square C.
Candler, J. Jewry-street, Aldgate, flour-baker. (Drace, Billiter-square T.
Fellon, R. and High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant Townshend, 220, St. Margaret's-hill. T.
Fletcher, P. C. and T. Fletcher, Quendon-hill, coal-merchants. (Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street. T.
Golding, T. and S. Golding, Dilton, Kent, paper-manufacturers. (Cranch, Union-court, Strand-street. T.
Hayton, W. and M. Douglas, Sunderland, Durham, coal-itters. (Makinson, Symond's-lane. C.
Leah, S. H. Old-street, watch-maker. (Browning, Hotten-court, Threadneedle-street. T.
Leah, S. H. jun. Old-street, spirit-merchant. (Hill, Road-lane, Fenchurch-street. T.
Pawley, J. Bristol, master-mariner. (Vizard, Lincoln's-lane-holds. C.
Porter, J. Swinford, Leicester, butcher. (Harris, Rugby C.
Ridge, T. Quarley, Southampton, dealer. (Munro, Exchange-office, Lincoln's-lane. C.

August 27.—Brails, Rev. T. Much Wenlock, Salop, earthenware-manufacturer. (Dax, Goldsmith-street. C.
Hill, T. Thornbury, Gloucester, linen-draper. (Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.
Parker, C. Colchester, Essex, merchant. (Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. C.
Poole, T. Middlesex, dealer. (Cathart, 24, Chancery-lane. T.
Shilline, T. York, ironmonger. (Wigginworth, 8, Gray's-inn-square. C.
Taylor, A. M. Southampton, victualler. (Jno. Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. C.
Tweedell, W. Turbury, Cumberland, cooper-maker. (Clenell, Staple-lane. C.

August 31.—Dalton, J. Tottenham-court-road, merchant. (Jennings, 8, Cary-street, Lincoln's-lane. T.
Dent, J. Stone, Stafford, cheesemonger. (Dunbow, Lincoln's-lane. C.
Edwards, T. Liverpool, merchant. (Whistler, 20, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Elmore, R. Birmingham, corn-dealer. (Turner, 8, Bloomsbury-square. C.
Emery, J. Clerkenwell, victualler. (Cokayne, Lyon's-lane. T.
Grogg, T. R. and W. Pheas, jun. Wapping-street, auctioneers. (Upholsten, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.
Morris, T. Bishopsgate, Wilts, shoe-maker. (Hillier, 2, Middle Temple-lane. T.
Richards, T. W. Great George-street, Embury-square, New-road, merchant. (Knight, Basinghall-street. T.
Rose, T. Cafe Royale, Regent-street, Pall Mall, wine-merchant. (Robinson, 8, Half Moon-street, Piccadilly. T.
Sharp, T. Chapside, poultry-cook. (Harding, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square. T.
Turney, J. Redgrave, Lincoln, and W. Bates, Halifax, York, merchants. (Stocker, New Boswell-court. C.

Sept. 3.—Hemcliffe, R. Thirk, York, butcher. (Highmore, 8, South-yard, Bush-lane, Cannon-street. C.
Low, H. A. Sunderland, Durham, merchant. (Makinson, Symond's-lane. C.
Pappe, G. North-street, Lambeth, horse-dent. (Richardson, Golden-square. T.
Smith, J. F. Regent-street, linen-draper. (Jones, St. Anne-lane. T.
Yates, W. Bristol, baker. (Edmonds, Exchange-office, Lincoln's-lane. C.

Sept. 7.—Browning, T. sen. Post Milling, Kent, farmer. (Clutton, High-street, Borough. T.
Davis, T. Mlaories, stationer. (Thomson, George-street, Minories. T.
Day, J. and R. Day, (Lamberwell) green, stone-masons. (Shuter, Millbank-street. T.
Gibbell, N. and M. Hellyer, East Stone-ham, Devon, builders. (Makinson, 8, Elm-court, Midland Temple. C.
Harris, J. Birmingham, nail factor. (Long, Holborn-square, Gray's-inn. C.
Harris, T. and T. and, Madmouth, cordwainer. (R. and S. Jones, 100, Fleet-street. C.
Huntley, C. (Lambert) street, linen-draper. (Jones, New-lane. C.
Jones, R. Newport, Monmouth, wine-merchant. (Huntley, Broad-street, Chapside. C.
Lucas, W. Liverpool, sugar, former. (Frumm, 47, Colman-street. C.
Peebles, J. Christchurch Turneham, Southampton, merchant. (Castellan, Winchester. C.
Smith, W. H. Exeter, Kent, linen-draper. (Jones, St. Anne-lane. T.
Tomlinson, W. Chester, wine-merchant. (Mighew, Chancery-lane. T.

Sept. 10.—Barrett, T. Dartford, Kent, paper-manufacturer. (Collins, Dartford. T.
Dipper, F. Worcester, silk-mercer. (Becke, 20, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. C.
Edwards, T. Tarris, Chester, corn-dealer. (Phillips, 8, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury. C.
Hedge, J. Little Compton-street, Soho, builder. (Bingham, Great St. Helens, Bishopsgate-street. T.

Sept. 14.—Bateman, A. Bristol, victualler. (Poole, Gray's-lane. C.
Bevil, C. P. Ipswich, Suffolk, jeweller. (Williams, 1, Gray's-lane-place, Gray's-lane. T.
Brails, Rev. T. Much Wenlock, Salop, earthenware-manufacturer. (Dax, Goldsmith-street. C.
Carter, H. Ratcliff-highway, linen-draper. (Jones, Six-lane. T.
Cripps, J. Wisbech, Cambridge, draper. (Jones, Six-lane. T.
Firman, J. Palmer, Essex, brewer. (Wigginworth, 8, Gray's-lane-square. C.
Fisk, E. D. Manchester, merchant. (Makinson, Temple. C.
Griffin, W. Hay-green, Worcester, victualler. (Smith, 31, Basinghall-street. C.
Hewson, J. and W. Robinson, Cayliffe, manufacturing. (Clenell, Staple-lane. C.
Higgin, R. Liverpool, Mar. ser. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
King, W. Cavendish, Suffolk, grocer. (Fawcett, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street. T.
Tomlinson, H. Bromyard, Hereford, innholder. (Beverley, 8, Garden-court, Temple. C.
Townsend, W. B. Little Chelson, brewer. (James, Uncklersbury, Chapside. T.
Wall, J. Birmingham, dealer. (Smith, 31, Basinghall. C.

Sept. 17.—Hawkins, J. and J. Hawkins, Nottingham, timber-merchants. (Knowles, New-lane. C.
Jackson, C. Manchester, drysalter. (Whitlow, Manchester. C.
Jones, G. Newport, Monmouth, coal-merchant. (Meredith, 8, Lincoln's-lane. C.
Mitchell, T. Bow, linen-draper. (Jones, Six-lane. T.
Percival, R. jun. Eps. Hereford, wharftight. (Bach, 2, Southampton-court, Holborn. C.
Thurvell, J. Bradwe, Suffolk, merchant. (Smith, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.
Westdale, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. (Taylor, Clement's-lane. C.
Wilkinson, R. London, merchant. (James, Bucklersbury, Chapside. T.

Sept. 21.—Baker, S. Liston, Esq., miller. [Wig-
loworth, Gray's Inn-square, C.
Dunham, C. R. Fetter-lane, ironmonger. [Tabb,
Lamb's Conduit-street T
Frost, J. Derby, saddler. [Barber, Fetter-lane, C.
Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield, (Cheshire, malt-
merchant. [Ella, Chancery-lane, C.
Sharp, M. Liverpool, master mariner. [Chapman,
Staple-lane, C.

Sept. 24.—Bankswale, W. Leeds, manufacturer.
[Makinson, Middle Temple, C.
Chapman, C. Old Bond-street, butcher. [Dwain,
Frederick's place, Old Jewry T.
Cull, J. Regent-street, Westminster, jeweller.
[Mayhew, Chancery-lane T
Fildes, P. C. Plymouth, timber-merchant.
[Wright, King's Bench-walk, C.
Wake, R. B. Morton, Calneborough, timber-mer-
chant. [Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho, G.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Aug. 24 to Sept. 17.

Gilles, J. and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
Watt, J. Jun. merchant, Edinburgh.
Gilles, J. merchant, to ask
Carmichael, D. draper, Island of Islay, Argyll.
Cochran, J. builder, Ricker's Bar, near Paisley.
Kerr, W. and Son, merchants, Leith.
Mackay, A. graiver, Lagran, Argyllshire.
McNeill, N. graiver, Argyllshire.
Mann, J. cattle dealer, Glacktown.
Love, J. haberdasher, Glasgow.
Menzies, W. distiller, Glasgow.
Rowale, J. merchant, Crail.
Finlayson, T. jeweller, Glasgow.
Hart, T. W. merchant, Greenock.
MacLawa, R. A. spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
Walker, K. tankkeeper, Dumbarton.
Love, A. haberdasher, Glasgow.
MacLellan, F. merchant, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

August 29.—At Hinton St. George, Countess Pon-
till, a son.
29. At Hampton, the lady of Captain Dallas, a
son.
29. At Duffield, Derbyshire, the lady of Mr.
Charles H. Colville, a daughter.
— At Springfield Lodge, Cranbrook, the lady of
John Watson, Esq., a daughter.
29. At Harrow, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Butler, a
daughter.
29. In Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of
the Right Hon. Donald Ogilvy, a son and heir.
— At Greenstead, the lady of Major Ord, K.H. of
the Royal Artillery, a daughter.
29. At Park-house, near Maidstone, the lady of
Sir Henry Calder, Bart. a son.
Sept. 2.—At Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, the lady
of the Hon. Capt. Rodney, R.N. a son.
— At Winstington-hill, Cheshire, the lady of
H. Ansell, Esq. a son.
4. At Holwood, Kent, the lady of W. Haygate, Esq.
MP. and Alderman, a son.—And on the same
day, the lady of James Haygate, Jun. Esq. a
daughter.
— At Exeter, the wife of Mr. Christopher Rowe,
linen-draper, of three fine boys, who are likely
to do well. They have been christened, Mat-
thew, Mark, and Luke.
5. The lady of the Hon. Captain Dawson, R.N. a
son.
6. At Holden-house, the lady of Sir Lawrence V.
Palk, Bart. MP. a son.
7. At Adlestrop-house, Gloucestershire, the lady
of Charles Leigh, Esq. a daughter.
— At Boyle Farm, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline
Ann Macdonald, a daughter.
9. At Elmton, the lady of Col. Payne, a daughter.
— At Hush-cottage, Devonshire, the lady of H.
Crew, Esq. a daughter.
11. In Portman-square, Countess Massey, a
daughter.
13. At Dr. Massey's, Bocking, Hants, the lady of
Alex. Massey, Esq. a son.
22. The lady of C. Richmond, Esq. of Doughty-
street, a son.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Countess Kinross, a son.
At Edinburgh, Lady Ann Wardlaw, a son.

IN IRELAND.

Dublin, the lady of Richard Bacon, Esq. after be-
ing married 15 years, two daughters.

ABROAD.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir
Richard Jones, KCB. a son.

MARRIAGES.

August 14.—At Lower Winchendon, Bucks, by the
Rev. T. Hayton, John Fletcher, to Tannah
Buckland, daughter of Edward Buckland, head
of a tribe of gypsies, who have long frequented

that part of Bucks. After the ceremony the
party retired to a lane adjoining the village,
where they partook of an excellent dinner,
served partly on solid plate, and partly on fine
oriental china. The novelty of such a banquet
attracted a great number of respectable specta-
tors.

29. At Mary-le-bone church, Sir Edward West,
Recorder of Bombay, to Lucretia Georgina,
youngest daughter of the late Martin Brown
Palkes, Bart. of Hillington-hall, Norfolk.
29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lord Vi-
scount Chetwynd, to Mary, only surviving daughter
of the late Robert Moss, Esq.
31. At Trinity church, Exeter, J. H. Reynolds,
Esq. solicitor, of Great Marlborough-street,
London, to Eliza Powell, eldest daughter of the
late W. Brown, Esq. of South street, Exeter.
— At St. John's, Hackney, T. N. Talford, Esq.
Barrister at Law, of the Middle Temple, to
Rachel, eldest daughter of J. T. Rutt, Esq. of
Clapton, Middlesex.
— At Wotton, Surrey, by the Rev. J. Evelyn Bon-
mwen, Charles, eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir
Charles Rowley, KCB and KMT, to Frances,
only daughter, of John Evelyn, Esq. of Wotton.
— At Riga, J. N. Shelley, Esq. to Julia Doreen,
only daughter of James Bell, Esq. of Hookey-
park.
Late, at Seven Oaks, the Rev. George Randolph,
youngest son of the late Bishop of London, to
Catherine Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev.
H. Drummond, of Fawley, Hants.

Sept. 1.—At Mary-le-bone church, Joseph Edward,
eldest son of Mr George Leeds, Bart. of Croxton-
park, to Maria, only daughter, of the late W. T.
Stratton, Esq.
— At Berkeley, Gloucestershire, John Y. Bod-
ford, Esq. of Birmingham, only son of J. Bod-
ford, Esq. of Abbey-house, Pershore, to Cath-
arine, only daughter of E. Jenner, MD. FRS.
2. At Mary-le-bone church, by the Rev. R. Baker,
the Rev. Richard Bathurst (Greenlaw, of Isle-
worth, to Harriet, eldest daughter of Sir Robert
Baker, of Berners street.
— By Special License, in Great George-street,
Westminster, Francis Bradley, Esq. of Gove-
ment, in the County of Kent, to Mary Jane,
youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Har-
rington, in the same county.
7. At Panel, near Harrogate, Francis Hag-
gitt, D.D. Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of
Nunham Courtenay, to Lucy, daughter of the
late W. Perry, Esq. of King-street, in the county
of Hereford, and niece of Archdeacon Fraser,
D.D. Prebendary of Durham.
10. John Leicester Adolphus, Esq. Barrister-at-
law, to Clara, eldest daughter of the late Row-
land Richardson, Esq. of Streatham.
— At Ham, J. Dawkins, Esq. MP. of Upper Nor-
ton, (Oxfordshire, to Maria, daughter of General
Gordon Forbes.
17. At the Bishop's Palace, Norwich, by the Right
Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Denis Mahan,

Esq. Captain of the 25th regt. nephew of the late Lord Harland, to Henrietta Bathurst, the Bishop's eldest daughter.

10. At Nuneaton, Warwickshire, the very Rev. James Henry Monk, D.D. Dean of Peterborough, and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, to Jane, daughter of the Rev. T. Hughes, of Nuneaton.

11. Mr. Parrot, of Mount-street, Barbican-square, to Amelia, youngest daughter of John Lindsay, Esq. of Harling, Norfolk.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Melville-house, Fife, by the Hon. Rev. Robert Leslie Melville, Abel Smith, Esq. M.P. of Woodhall-park, Herts, to Lady Mary Anne Leslie Melville, youngest sister to the Earl of Leven and Melville.

IN IRELAND.

At Mount Catherine, by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, B. C. Bishop of Killaloe James John Bagot, Esq. of Castle Bagot, in the County of Dublin, to Ellen Maria, daughter and co-heiress of the late Edmund O'Malley, Esq. of Kilgory, in the County of Clare.

At Dublin, James Wills, Esq. son of the late T. Wills, Esq. of Waterford, in the County of Wexford, to Catherine, daughter of the Rev. W. Loomes, of Kilmore, in the County of Meath, and niece to the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice.

At Dublin, Walter Blake, Esq. Captain of the late Royal Irish Artillery, to Catherine, daughter of Thos. Ely, Esq. of Killybeg, in the County of Tipperary.

ABROAD.

At Paris, William John Dalsell, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, second son of the late Frederick Dalsell, of Edinburgh, to Ellen Marguerite, only daughter of R. Ely, Esq. of London.

DEATHS.

August 8.—At Lambury, near Newport Pagnell, Bucks, Mansel Dering Mansel, Esq. who destroyed himself with a Pistol. He had served the office of High Sheriff of Bucks, and was for many years an active Magistrate of that county. —And, on the 24th, Mrs. Mansel, his widow, who died through grief at his melancholy fate. They have left a family of five children.

23. William Bowen, Esq. fourth son of the late G. Bowen, Esq. of Longwalk, Fenchurch-street. He was running, in Fenchurch, to overtake the school stage, which had just left the Coach-office, when he fell down opposite the Albany, and instantly expired.

24. At his seat, Plangwin, Angleson, aged 65, Paul Panton, Esq.

— At Shooter's-hill, Kent, in his 75th year, after an illness of only three days, General Sir Thos. Bismarck, Bart.

25. At Slough, Bucks, in his 64th year, the distinguished Astronomer, Sir Wm. Herschel, Knight Grand Cross, F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, President Astron. Soc. Lond. and a Member of nearly all the principal scientific bodies of Europe and America. This eminent man was born in Germany Nov. 15th. His father, who was a musician, intended his son was to be a musician, and placed William at the age of 14, in the band of the Hanoverian Foot Guards. Dissatisfied both of his position, his circumstances, and of rising to his profession, he came over to England in 1767. Having afterwards experienced many difficulties, he was engaged by the Earl of Dartington to instruct a military band which that Nobleman was then forming in the County of Durham. In consequence of the connection formed in that part of the country, he, on the expiration of this engagement, spent several years in the neighbourhood of Leeds, Pontefract, &c. where he distinguished himself in his profession, and obtained a number of pupils. In 1778, he was elected organist at Halifax, a situation which he shortly after relinquished for the more advantageous one of organist at the Octagon Chapel, at Bath. Notwithstanding his ardent attachment to his pro-

fession, he now devoted all his leisure to astronomical studies, to which he was led by having begun a course of mathematical reading while at Halifax. He applied himself to this new pursuit with all the ardour of genius, unable—fortunately for both himself and the world—to purchase a telescope capable of satisfying him, he determined upon constructing one with his own hands, and in 1774, first saw Saturn, in a five feet reflecting telescope of his own making. Stimulated by this success, he continued to form larger reflectors, until he produced one of twenty feet. In 1779 he began to examine the Heavens, star by star, and his zeal and labour were amply rewarded on the 13th of March, 1781, by the discovery of a new primary planet, to which he gave the name of *Ceres* (Jovian planet), although it is now more generally denominated *Uranus*. This great discovery fixed his reputation as one of the most eminent Astronomers of the age, and secured for him that Royal patronage, which enabled him to apply himself entirely to his new pursuit. He now removed to Slough, where he constructed that stupendous Telescope, which was a noble monument of his genius, science, and perseverance. His numerous subsequent discoveries are recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society. In 1800 his present Majesty conferred upon him the Order of Knighthood. Sir William was, like his nephew, the celebrated Orion, an admirable performer on the oboe. He has left one son the inheritor not only of his name but of his genius. His remains were interred in Upton Church, on the 7th of September.

26. At Cheltenham, Lieut.-Gen. John Hogen, of the East India Company's Service.

27. At Brighton, in her 80th year, Mrs. Dalrymple, relict of the Hon. Daniel Dalrymple, many years Secretary of the Province (now State) of Maryland.

— At Leamington, where he had been residing several months, Mr. James, Banker, of the firm of Jones and Lloyd, Leithway. He was sitting in the colonnade in front of the pump-room, when he suddenly fell back and expired without a groan. His death was occasioned by apoplexy.

31. At her house, in Park-lane, after a short illness, Lady Perth.

— At the Vicarage, Wandsworth, in his 75th year, the Rev. Rob. Holt Sticher, L.L.D. thirty-four years Vicar of that parish, and Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates for the Half-hundred of Britain.

— At St. Leon, a young lady aged about 24, the niece of the Rev. Mr. Morris, Dissenting Minister of that place. She was found suspended to a nail which she had driven for that purpose into the wall of her bed-chamber.

— In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, in her 61st year, Mrs. Mary Milnes, only surviving sister of the late Richard Milnes, Esq. of Northampton, Kent, and North Elmham, Norfolk.

Sept. 1. At Bodmin, John Waldron, M.D.

2. At Preston-house, near Alnwick, after a tedious illness, Barbara Christiana, sister to Edmund Croker, Esq. High Sheriff for the County of Northumberland.

7. At his residence, No. 2, York-place, Marylebone, in his 61st year, Mr. Thomson, an eminent builder. This unfortunate gentleman, who was a man of considerable property, destroyed himself with a knife, with which he inflicted a wound on the right side of the neck, expiring about three hours after the commission of the fatal act. The verdict was, "Died in a state of temporary derangement." After the departure of the Coroner, James Strong, who resided in the family of the deceased, and had been retained as a witness, requested that he might have the knife which Mr. T. had employed. This being given to him, he said, "Gentlemen, it is now all settled, I thank you for the verdict you have given, I am his natural son." On this strange confession, he was asked why he had not mentioned that circumstance before, and even of the Jurymen immediately drew up a request to the Coroner, that he would grant a fresh inquest, with this, however, he said that he could not comply, as there was nothing in

what Strong had said that could authorise such a proceeding.

8. At Exeter, Laura Edwyna, the lady of Wm. Edward Powell, Esq. M.P. Lord Lieutenant for the county of Cardigan.

9. At his house, in Hereford-street, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hildebrand Oakes, Bart. Lieut.-Gen. of the Ordnance, and Colonel 52d Regt. foot. He arrived in town the preceding Saturday from Ramsgate, where he had been for the benefit of his health. Lord Hill, it is said, will succeed him as Lieut.-Gen. of the Ordnance.

11. At her house, Chigwell-row, Essex, Mrs. Wilbraham, of Upper Seymour-street, relict of the late George Wilbraham, Esq. of Delamere-lodge, Cheshire. She was riding with her daughter in a low, four-wheeled carriage, when the horse taking fright, they were both thrown out, and Mrs. W. received such a violent contusion on her head that she continued in a state of complete insensibility until she expired, which was not till two days afterwards. Mrs. W. was second daughter of the late W. Harvey, Esq. M.P. for Essex, and sister to Sir Eliab Harvey, the present representative for that county.

— At Brighton, in her 38th year, Mrs. Cramer, wife of the celebrated composer, and performer on the pianoforte, J. B. Cramer, Esq. after a long and painful illness.

12. Of Cholera Morbus, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Gauntlett, Warden of New College, Oxford. This venerable individual was gifted with a strong intellect, and a benevolent heart: as a scholar he was distinguished for his classical attainments, as a divine, for his pure doctrine and exemplary conduct, and as a governor, by the regularity of his discipline.

13. At Aldenham-abbey, Herts, aged 19, Charlotte Jennima, third and youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Pole.

— At his father's, at Hemel Hempstead, the Rev. Samuel Grover, MA. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, aged 27.

15. At Eton, the Rev. Edwin Halhed, Tutor to Lord Craven's son. This gentleman is another on that melancholy list of suicides which seems of late to be extending to such an alarming degree, this being the fourth instance of self-destruction noticed by us this month.

18. At the Rectory, Woodstock, Ann, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Mavor.

19. At Hammersmith, the Countess of Dundonald, daughter of Francis Plowden, Esq. Barrister-at-law.

Lately, at Chiswick, in his 61st year, the Rev. Robert Lowth (only son of the late Bishop of London) Rector of Hinton, Hants, and one of the Prebendaries of St. Paul's Cathedral.

IN IRELAND.

At Ashford, near Newrath-bridge, John Magee, Esq. Proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post,

well known for his strong opposition to Government during an eventful period in the history of Ireland. In consequence of the freedom of his political animadversions he was once imprisoned two years and a half.

At Cork, in child-bed of twins, Mary, wife of Matthew Lamert, Esq. Surg. 1st Veterans.

At Dublin, aged 19, Miss Eastwood, daughter of the late Samuel Eastwood, Esq. of that city. Her clothes catching fire, as she was taking a tea-kettle off the fire, in the absence of a servant, she was so dreadfully burnt, that she expired after lingering two days in extreme agony.

Mrs. Whitley, of King's County. She was walking in her garden, when chancing to touch a spring-gun, both her legs were shot, and she was found quite dead by her servants about half an hour afterwards.

At Nymphsfield, Charles O'Hara, Esq. one of the Representatives in Parliament for the county of Sligo.

ABROAD.

At Barville-park, near Graham Town, Algoa Bay, Major-Gen. Charles Campbell.

At Valparaiso, Captain Thos. Graham, of the Doris Frigate, husband of Mrs. Maria Graham, the well-known authoress of several popular works, "A Journal of a Residence in India," &c.

At Paris, after a long and painful illness, Madame Condorcet, widow of the illustrious Condorcet, and niece to Marshal Grouchy.

At Tours, aged 42, Henry Bache Thornhill, Esq. of Montague-place, Montague-square, eldest son of Bache Thornhill, Esq. of Stanton, in the county of Derby.

At Lucca, in her 16th year, Ellen Grace, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Croft, of the 36th Regt.

At Rome, in his 70th year, Cardinal Rigante.

In the Island of St. Nevis, John Huggins, Esq. in consequence of a wound received in a duel with Walter Maynard, Esq. President of that Island. The ball entered the right hip, and passed through his body, and the unfortunate gentleman (who was a young man of most amiable character, and married about seven months before) expired within an hour and a half.

On Richmond Heights, in the Island of Grenada, West-Indies, Samuel Bougham, Esq. Ensign 9th Regt. eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. Bougham, of Great Warley-place, Essex.

The Duke D'Escans, Intendant to the Royal Household to his Majesty Louis XVIII.

At Dieppe, suddenly from a violent hæmorrhage, Don Jose Tiburcio Echevarria, a native of Maracaybo in Columbia, and one of the Members of the Mission from the Government of Columbia to Spain.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. Lord W. Somerset, appointed to the Prebendal Stall, in Bristol Cathedral, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. F. Blomberg.—The Rev. Samuel Henry Savory, MA. to the vicarage of Houghton juxta Harpley, Norfolk, on the presentation of the Marquis of Cholmondeley.—The Rev. Thos. Bissland, B.A. of Baliol College, Oxford, appointed Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord St. Helens.—The Rev. Dr. Watson of Acle, Norfolk, to the living of Denford-cum Ringstead, Northamptonshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Proby.—The Rev. W. Thusby, MA. of Oriel College, Oxford, to the vicarage of Hardingstone, Northamptonshire, on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.—The foundation stone of St. David's College was laid at Lampeter, Cardiganshire, Aug. 12, by the Bishop of St. David's. The

building is to be erected after a design by Mr. Cockerell, uniting taste with economy. J. S. Harford, Esq. and his two brothers, the Lords of the Manor of Lampeter, gave the ground on which the College is to be built, accompanied with a benefaction of 1000l. His Majesty has also very munificently subscribed the same sum, and both the Universities have contributed largely towards this meritorious undertaking, the object of which is to provide an adequate course of instruction in a district where the candidates for holy orders are uniformly too poor to incur the expence of entering the Universities. The plan was first formed in 1804.

OXFORD.—The Wardenship of New College is become vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Gauntlett.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 A.M.	At 2 P.M.	At 8 P.M.		Cirrus.	Cirrostratus.	Altostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.			Nimbus.
1		29.85	29.72	29.835	71	53	61.5	52	45	65	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.76	
2		30.05	29.85	29.950	70	53	58.5	50	44	54	NW to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
3		30.18	30.11	30.145	75	53	64.5	49	31	65	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.80	
4		30.00	29.92	29.960	71	52	64	48	40	46	S to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.00
5		30.04	29.98	30.010	74	55	64.5	52	40	51	N to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	30	
6		30.19	30.13	30.160	75	53	64	50	38	50	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
7		30.24	30.20	30.216	73	50	65.5	52	34	53	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		1.86
8		30.19	30.11	30.150	75	55	65	55	43	53	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	80	0.00
9		29.92	29.79	29.855	73	50	66.5	68	48	68	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.30
10		29.94	29.82	29.880	71	50	67	57	46	57	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
11		29.85	29.74	29.795	71	50	68	52	42	52	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.00
12		29.98	29.94	29.960	70	51	69.5	55	42	60	N to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	70	0.10
13		30.06	29.93	29.995	76	50	68	60	48	67	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
14		30.15	29.98	29.965	78	40	69	59	50	70	SW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	40	
15		30.10	29.85	29.975	74	50	69.5	53	40	49	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
16		30.25	30.22	30.235	72	50	64	54	44	70	NW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
17		30.38	30.34	30.360	70	56	67.5	58	40	58	NW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	90	
18		30.32	30.28	30.300	73	60	67.5	59	48	69	N to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
19		30.26	30.24	30.250	75	62	68.5	54	46	55	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	70	
20		30.22	30.16	30.190	82	65	73.5	52	44	52	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	45	
21		30.18	30.07	30.085	76	62	69	50	48	69	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	35	
22		30.04	30.03	30.035	82	58	70	60	45	57	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	30	
23		30.11	30.10	30.105	76	54	65	50	35	48	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	30	
24		30.00	29.80	29.900	79	54	68.5	51	40	74	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	30	1.80
25		29.87	29.85	29.860	70	55	62.5	55	42	62	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10	2.40
26		29.86	29.80	29.830	69	58	61	62	48	70	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		1.45
27		29.82	29.80	29.810	70	55	62.5	60	50	62	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.80
28		29.84	29.83	29.835	72	56	64	56	52	62	SE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.80
29		29.80	29.62	29.710	68	53	60.5	60	49	60	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.75
30		29.92	29.90	29.910	69	47	58	59	43	72	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		2.45
31		30.12	30.08	30.075	66	49	57.5	68	48	60	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	30	0.00
		30.38	29.62	3.015	82	47	64.80	55.6	44.4	69.7		29	27	30	1	20	23	15	7.40	1.65

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.38 Aug. 17th, Wind NW.
Minimum..... 29.62 Do. 29th, Do. W.

Range of the Mercury..... 0.76

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 30.615

..... for the lunar period, ending the 18th instant..... 29.917

..... for 16 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 29.970

..... for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.888

Spaces described by the rising and falling of the Mercury..... 4.230

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.760

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 22

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 82° Aug. 23d, Wind SW.
Minimum..... 47 Do. 30th, Do. NW.

Range..... 35

Mean temperature of the Air..... 64.40

..... for 31 days with the Sun in Leo..... 65.74

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 24.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 55.21

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 74° in the evening of the 24th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto..... 31 in the afternoon of the 3d.

Range of the Index..... 43

Mean at 3 o'clock PM..... 44.4

..... at 8 Do. .. AM..... 55.6

..... at 8 Do. .. PM..... 59.7

..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock .. 55.2

Evaporation for the month..... 7.400 inches.

Rain, with the gauge near the ground..... 1.615

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high..... 1.705

Prevailing Winds, SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 4; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 16½; an overcast sky without rain, 6½; foggy, ½; rain, 4—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.

28 22 80 1 25 25 15

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
2	2	1	2½	2	9½	5½	6½	31

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR AUGUST, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

Fair weather has prevailed for two-thirds of this month; the other part was showery, but mostly in the nights, which occasioned but little interruption in the completion of an abundant harvest, sooner by many days than has been experienced in this county, or perhaps in any other, for many years past. The pressure of the atmosphere is above the mean this month, the weather having been generally calm and hot, with a moist air; but the rain is less than 2 inches in depth. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the mean temperature of the air has been retrograde this summer—the mean of August is generally the highest of the year in this latitude, but that of the present month is an exception, and is actually less than either that of July or June! June afforded a mean temperature of 66.85° ,—July, 65.95° ,—and August, 64.89° . The uniformity of these results through the summer is also remarkable, and must have been beneficial to the fruits and vegetation. July, however, would have been the hottest month but for the heavy rains. The evaporation also was greatest in June. The daily rains at the latter part of August have again cooled down the earth's radiating power; and should it turn out a wet September, an

early winter may be expected. It was reported by several of the country people here, that a slight hoar frost was perceptible in the fields, &c. last Saturday morning a little before sun-rise, with a fresh breeze from NW.: however, our self-registering thermometer did not at that time recede below 47° , the *minimum* temperature of the month. The temperature of spring-water is already a little on the decrease. During the fair weather between the evenings of the 12th and 24th instant, both small and large meteors were prevalent and numerous: one of the largest, in the evening of the 15th, was of a light blue colour in its descent, till it burst at half-past 9 P.M. when the evolving matter changed to fiery-red sparks—it passed under the side of the Serpent, between the Northern Crown and the Scales. The atmospheric and meteoric *phænomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 2 *parhelias*, 2 *paraselenæ*, 2 solar and 2 lunar halos, 81 meteors (17 of which presented themselves in the evening of the 17th), lightning on four, and thunder on two different days, and 5 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from SE., 1 from S., 1 from SW., and 2 from the West.

DAILY REMARKS.

Aug. 1. A sunny day, and a brisk wind: overcast by night, mostly with thunder clouds, and a little rain.

2. As the preceding day: much dew and *Cirrostratus* by night, in which 2 faintly-coloured *paraselenæ* appeared at a quarter past 2 AM. just within the edge of a large lunar halo.

3. As the preceding day: the clouds of various colours in the evening, and the sunset with a large halo around it.

4. AM. fair: overcast, and a light shower in the afternoon: a moonlight night.

5. A fair day and night, with a brisk northerly wind.

6. An overcast sky, except an hour or two in the morning.

7. After a light shower, a fair and calm day: 2 bright meteors in the evening to the northward of this, followed by rain from the same quarter.

8. A fair day; and two winds crossing at right angles: a mixture of clouds at sunset, followed by lightning and rain.

9. Light showers and sunshine at intervals: overcast by night.

10. Calm and overcast with *Cumulostratus* nearly all day and night.

11. A fair day and two winds: overcast and calm, with lightning and light showers by night.

12. An overcast sky, except in the afternoon, and light rain in the night.

13. Fair, with a strong breeze from SW.: cloudy and fine by night, and one small meteor.

14. A fine sunny day, and a brisk gale from SE.: the night as the preceding, and 8 meteors, two of which had trains.

15. As the preceding day: a clear sky by night,

and 9 meteors, two of which left long red trains behind them, and one was of a very large size.

16. Fair and two winds, the upper one from NW.: 5 small meteors in the evening, and much dew by night.

17. As the preceding day and night, with the addition of 12 meteors.

18. A fair day and opposite winds, the upper one from the north: *Cirrostratus* in the evening, which chiefly descended in dew in the night: 15 small meteors appeared in various directions between 9 and 11 PM.

19. Fair with Cirri and a brisk wind from SE.: patches of *Cirrostratus* by night, and 5 small meteors.

20. A fair and hot day, and two winds, the upper one from SW.: beds of *Cirrostratus* by night, and 8 small meteors. During the last 24 hours the evaporation amounts to nine-tenths of an inch.

21. Fair, with a brisk wind from SE.: the night as the preceding, with the addition of lightning, and thunder to the eastward.

22. Foggy till 9 AM., afterwards fair and hot, with light airs.

23. Fair with a brisk wind from NW. and a transparent atmosphere: a few flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the night, and 5 meteors.

24. AM. mostly overcast with an inoculation of clouds: PM. heavy rain, and wind from SW.

25. A fine sunny day, with a brisk gale from SW.: showery at intervals, and 1 meteor in the night.

26. Sunshine and showers in the day, and repeated flashes of strong lightning, with thunder from a passing *Nimbus* at 10 minutes before 2 PM.:

1 very bright meteor passed under the star Alru-kabah at a quarter before 9: chiefly overcast by night.

27. A sunny day, with the exception of a smart shower in the morning: a cloudy night and some dew.

28. Overcast with *Cumulostratus* in the morning: PM. rain at intervals, and a gale from the south, then from the west.

29. A sunny day, and a continuation of the gale: a light shower after sunset, a clear night, and a rising barometer.

30. AM. fine: calm and showery in the afternoon; and the night as the preceding, but a cold wind from the NW.

31. A calm sunny day, and a little rain in the evening: a clear moonlight night, and much dew.

NEW PATENTS.

Jonas and John Hobson, Mythom Bridge, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturers; for new machinery for a more effectual and expeditious mode of shearing, cutting, and finishing woollen cloth, &c. which require the use of shears.—July 27.

J. Stanley, Manchester, smith; for machinery calculated for a more efficacious mode of supplying furnaces with fuel, whereby a considerable reduction in coals and labour is effected, as also in the appearance of smoke.—July 27.

J. Pearse, Tavistock, ironmonger; for

improvements in the construction and manufacture of spring-jacks, &c.—July 27.

Sir A. Perrier, City of Cork, Knt.; for improvements in the apparatus for distilling, boiling, and concentrating, by evaporation, various sorts of liquids.—July 27.

R. B. Roxby, Arbour-street, Stepney, Gent.; for certain improvements on the quadrant.—July 31.

W. Cleland, Glasgow, Gent.; for an improved apparatus for evaporating liquids.—Aug. 17.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 18 Sept.	Hamburg. 17 Sept.	Amsterdam 20 Sept.	Vienna. 7 Sept.	Nuremberg 12 Sept.	Berlin. 14 Sept.	Naples.	Leipsig. 18 Sept.	Bremen. 16 Sept.
London ...	25.45	37	40.3	10.7	fl. 10.13	7.1½	—	6.20½	617
Paris	—	26½	56	119	fr. 119½	83½	—	80½	17½
Hamburg .	182	—	34	145½	147	152	—	147½	132½
Amsterdam	57	105	—	139½	140½	145½	—	141½	126½
Vienna	249	147½	35 ⅞	—	40	103½	—	100½	—
Franckfort.	4½	148½	35 ⅞	99½	100	102½	—	100	—
Augsburg .	249	147½	—	99½	99½	103½	—	100½	—
Genoa	473	82½	89	—	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig	—	148	—	—	99½	103½	—	—	111½
Leghorn ...	512	89½	96	56½	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon	540	93½	43	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz	15.50	93	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples	432	—	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao	15.50	—	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid	15.55	93½	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	540	39½	42½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort.	Breslaw. 11 Sept.	Stockholm. 6 Sept.	Petersburg. 3 Sept.	Riga. 5 Sept.	Antwerp 18 Sept.	Madrid.	Lisbon.
London	—	7.2	11.44	10½	10	40.4	—	—
Paris	—	—	22	106	—	par.	—	—
Hamburg	—	152	123	9½	9½	34 ⅞	—	—
Amsterdam .	—	146	117	10½	10 ⅞	½	—	—
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Aug. 30 to Sept. 20.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-8	12-7
Ditto at sight	12-3	12-4
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-9	12-8
Antwerp	12-6	
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38	
Altona, 2½ U	38-1	
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-60	
Ditto..2 U	25-90	
Bourdeaux	25-90	
Frankfort on the Main	}158	
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us	9½	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-24	
Trieste, ditto	10-24	
Madrid, effective	36½	
Cadiz, effective	36	
Bilboa	36	36½
Barcelona	35½	35½
Seville	35½	35½
Gibraltar	30½	
Leghorn	47½	47½
Genoa	43½	
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27	50
Malta	45	
Naples	39½	
Palermo, per oz.	117	
Lisbon	53½	52½
Oporto	52½	
Rio Janeiro	47	48
Bahia	50	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	6	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 29s. 1d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 8½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Ware	£2	0	0	to	3	10	0
Middlings	1	6	0	to	2	6	0
Chats	1	6	0	to	0	0	0
Common. red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Aug. 24	Aug. 31	Sept. 7	Sept. 14
Wheat	41 11	38 9	38 8	39 4
Rye	20 0	19 11	19 8	18 1
Barley	18 7	19 8	21 2	22 11
Oats	18 0	17 4	17 8	18 0
Beans	24 5	23 9	23 2	23 2
Peas	24 7	25 5	24 3	25 7

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Aug. 26, to Sept. 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	26,903	270	—	27,173
Barley	6,418	—	—	6,418
Oats	30,308	3,284	—	33,592
Rye	26	—	—	26
Beans	6,123	—	—	6,123
Pease	3,240	—	—	3,240
Malt	15,276	Qrs.; Flour 29,134 Sacks.		
	Foreign Flour—40 barrels.			

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 70s.
Sussex, ditto	45s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	48s. to 60s.
Sussex, ditto	43s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 0 to 4	0..4	0 to 4	4..1 12 to 1 16
Whitechapel.			
3 8 to 4	0..3	10 to 4	10..1 14 to 1 18
St. James's.			
2 18 to 4	0..3	3 to 4	0..1 7 to 1 15

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	2s.	0d. to 2s.	6d.
Mutton	1s.	8d. to 2s.	4d.
Veal	2s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.
Pork	2s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.
Lamb	2s.	8d. to 3s.	4d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	1s.	10d. to 2s.	10d.
Mutton	2s.	0d. to 2s.	4d.
Veal	3s.	0d. to 4s.	6d.
Pork	2s.	0d. to 3s.	8d.
Lamb	2s.	8d. to 3s.	4d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Aug. 26, to Sept. 23, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,334	2,161	160,160	1,960

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Sept. 2 to Sept. 23.

	Sept. 2.	Sept. 9.	Sept. 16.	Sept. 23.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	35 6 to 43 0	37 0 to 42 3	35 6 to 42 6	35 0 to 44 3
Sunderland	35 0 to 44 0	38 3 to 42 6	35 6 to 43 0	36 6 to 44 0

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Sept. 19th, 1822.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
Andover	5	—	350	100	Southwark	23	—	7350	100
Ashby de-la-Zouch	10	—	1382	100	Do. New	67 10 7	—	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	100	4 10	1700	—	Vauxhall	20	—	2000	100
Basingstoke	5	—	1250	100	Do. Promissory Notes	102	5	54,000	—
Do Bonds	40	2	54,000	—	Waterloo	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided)	500	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 4%	84	—	5000	50
Bolton and Bury	120	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7%	10 6	—	2000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny	100	4	650	130	— Bonds	—	5	10,000	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	100	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	4	1500	100	Garking	30	—	300	100
Coventry	1070	44 8	500	100	Commercial	100	5	1000	100
Croydon	3 3	—	4546	100	— East India	—	—	—	—
Dechy	140	6	600	100	Tranch	100	5	—	100
Dudley	61	3	2000	100	Great Dover Street	37	1 10	400	100
Elle-mere and Chester	63	3	3575	133	Highgate Archway	5	—	2000	50
Ferriby	1000	50	200	100	Croydon Railway	—	1	1000	50
Forth and Clyde	470	20	1297	100	Surrey	—	1	1000	50
Gloucester and Berkeley, old share	—	—	1900	100	Severn and Wye Do.	31 10	1 10	3700	50
Do optional Loan	—	—	—	—	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	345	10	11,200	100	East London	97	2	3500	100
Grand Surrey	54	3	1521	100	Grand Junction	57 10	2 10	4500	50
Do Loan	102	10	90,000	—	Kent	70	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union	16	—	2000	100	London Bridge	50	2 10	1500	—
Do Loan	100	4	10,277	—	South London	30	—	500	100
Grand Western	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex	57	2 5	7500	—
Grantham	145	8	740	150	York Buildings	24	—	1300	100
Huddersfield	18 10	—	6812	100	Insurance.				
Kennet and Avon	18 10	17	25,838	100	Albion	50	2 10	2000	500
Lancaster	27	1	11,000	100	Atlas	5	—	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool	305	12	2,679	100	Bath	575	10	—	—
Leicester	300	13	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	71	—	1805	100	British	50	—	—	250
Loughborough	3600	170	70	—	County	40	2 10	4000	100
Merton Mowbray	221	11	250	100	Eagle	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—	European	20	—	10,000	20
Montmouthshire	160	8	2400	100	Global	135	0	1,000,000	100
Do Debentures	100	6	43,520	100	Guardian	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	700	100	Hope	4 5	—	40,000	50
Neath	410	25	247	—	Imperial	96	4 10	2400	500
North Wales	—	—	1770	25	London	24	1 4	3000	25
Nottingham	200	12	500	150	London Ship	20	—	31,000	25
Oxford	730	32	1750	100	Provident	18	—	2500	100
Peak Forest	70	3	2400	100	Royal Exchange	1 10	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel	40	—	2520	50	Sun Fire	—	8 10	—	—
Regent's	30 10	—	12,294	—	Sup Life	23 10	10	4000	100
Rochdale	56	2	5601	100	Union	40	1 8	1500	200
Shrewsbury	170	0 10	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Shropshire	125	7	500	140	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	71	4	8000	50
Somerset Coal	107 10	7	771	50	Do. New Shares	65 10	3 12	3000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire	700	40	700	100	City Gas Light Company	115	5 12	1000	100
Stourbridge	200	2	300	100	Do. New	10	2 16	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	17	—	3647	—	Bath Gas	16	16	2500	50
Stroudwater	495	22	—	—	Brighton Gas	20	—	1500	50
Swansea	180	10	538	100	Bristol	25 10	6 10	2500	20
Tavistock	50	—	850	100	Literary Institutions.				
Thames and Medway	20	—	2670	—	London	28	—	1000	200
Trent & Mersey, of Grand Trunk	1910	75	1300	200	Royal	11	—	700	200
Warwick and Birmingham	230	11	1000	100	Surrey	5	—	700	200
Warwick and Napton	210	10	1000	50	Miscellaneous.				
Wills and Berke	5 10	—	14,288	100	American Bank	22	1 5	1000	50
Wilsbech	60	—	125	100	British Copper Company	22	2 10	1000	100
Worcester and Birmingham	26 10	1	9000	—	Golden Lane Brewery	9	—	2221	50
Docks.					Do.	5	—	3447	50
Bristol	20	—	2200	140	London Commercial Sale	16	1	2600	150
Do. Notes	100	5	268,524	100	Road	12 10	4	—	—
Commercial	87	8 10	1132	100	Do	20	5	—	—
East India	168	8	450,000	100	City Bonds	100	5	—	—
East Country	41	—	1038	100					
London	111	4 10	3,114,000	100					
West-India	183	10	1,200,000	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th Aug. to 24th Sept.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 1/2 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	New 4 p. Cent.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Excheq. Small.	Consols for Acc.
Aug.															
26	252	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	—	—	—	48	91 1/2	5p	7p	80 1/2
27	252	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	—	—	250 1/2	49	—	6	7	80 1/2
28	252	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	80 1/2	—	—	50	—	7	7	81 1/2
29	252 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	80 1/2	—	251	53	—	7	8	81 1/2
30	252 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	80 1/2	—	251	53	—	6	7	81 1/2
31	—	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	—	—	251	48	—	4	7	80 1/2
Sept.															
2	Hol.														
3	252 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	21	—	—	250	49	90 1/2	3	4	80 1/2
4	shut.	80 1/2	80 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	20 1/2	80 1/2	—	250 1/2	49	90 1/2	4	7	80 1/2
5	—	shut.	80 1/2	92 1/2	100 1/2	99 1/2	—	—	—	250 1/2	49	—	4	5	81 1/2
6	—	—	80 1/2	92 1/2	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	49	—	4	6	81 1/2
7	—	—	80 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	49	—	4	7	81 1/2
8	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	252	49	91 1/2	5	8	81 1/2
9	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	253 1/2	49	—	4	8	81 1/2
10	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	49	91 1/2	3	8	81 1/2
11	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	49	—	4	9	81 1/2
12	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	49	—	4	9	81 1/2
13	—	—	81 1/2	—	101 1/2	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	49	—	4	9	81 1/2
14	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	253 1/2	—	—	5	8	81 1/2
15	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	—	—	4	9	81 1/2
16	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	252 1/2	47	—	4	9	81 1/2
17	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	253	47	—	3	9	81 1/2
18	—	—	80 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	252 1/2	49	—	4	8	81 1/2
19	—	—	80 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	49	—	4	8	81 1/2
20	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	81 1/2
21	Hol.	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	81 1/2
22	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	49	—	3	7	81 1/2
23	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	49	—	3	8	81 1/2
24	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	81 1/2

IRISH FUNDS.

Aug.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government Stock, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 5 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
Aug.											
26	—	92 1/2	91 1/2	—	100 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	—	—	59	—
27	—	92 1/2	91 1/2	—	100 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	—	—	—	—
28	251	92 1/2	91 1/2	—	100 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	102 1/2	—	—	23
29	250 1/2	92 1/2	91 1/2	—	100 1/2	105 1/2	105 1/2	—	—	—	22 1/2
30	—	93 1/2	92	—	100 1/2	105 1/2	—	103	—	—	—
Sept.											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

**Prices of the
FRENCH FUNDS,
From Aug. 26.
to Sept. 20.**

1822	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Aug.		
26	fr. 84	c. 20 1627 80
27	fr. 83	c. 70 1627 50
28	fr. 84	c. — 1630 —
Sept.		
3	fr. 94	c. 35 1632 50
6	fr. 94	c. 90 1636 25
9	fr. 92	c. 60 1641 25
11	fr. 92	c. 35 1650 —
14	fr. 92	c. 30 1650 —
17	fr. 92	c. 25 1645 —
20	fr. 92	c. 20 1630 —

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.					NEW YORK.	
	Aug. 27	Sept. 3	10	13	20	Aug. 1	14
Bank Shares.....	22	22	22	22	22-10	102 1/2	102 1/2
5 per cent. 1812....	93 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	—	103 1/2	103 1/2
1813....	—	—	93 1/2	93 1/2	—	104	104
1814....	—	—	95 1/2	95 1/2	—	105	105
1815....	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	106 1/2	106 1/2
5 per cent. 1821....	97	97	97	97	97	103	103

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXXV. NOVEMBER, 1822.

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

IMMEDIATELY after the publication of a just and excellent Essay upon FRENCH PRETENSIONS in our last number, we met with a passage in *Diodorus Siculus*, which would have made the aptest motto to the paper that Author could desire. We cannot resist still letting our readers see what a writer of the time of Julius Cæsar thought of the French, because it is really astonishing that the national character of France should have undergone so little alteration in the space of 2000 years. What an eternal dance of mind and body this volatile people seems to be involved in!

They (the Gauls) are high and hyperbolical in trumpeting out their own praises; but speak slightly and contemptibly of others. They are apt to menace others; self-opinionated; grievously provoking; of sharp wits, and apt to learn.—*Diodorus Siculus, Chap. ii. Booth's Translation.*

The following poem is melodiously written, and, with the exception of the fourth line of the first stanza, has more sweetness in it than generally marks our anonymous modern lyrics. We should, however, be glad to know the meaning of the said fourth line—it quite pozes us.

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

Written on leaving Genoa, May, 1822.

Farewell to the land of the south!
 Farewell to the lovely clime
 Where the sunny valleys smile in light,
And the pine mountains climb.
 Farewell to her bright blue seas!
 Farewell to her fervid skies!
 O! many and dear are the thoughts that crowd
 O'er the soften'd heart, while it sighs
Farewell to the land of the south!

As the look of a face beloved,
 Was that bright land to me—
 It enchanted my sense—it sunk on my heart
 Like music's witchery.
 Through every thrilling nerve
 I felt the genial air:
 For life is life in that glowing clime:
 'Tis death of life elsewhere!
Farewell to the land of the south!

The poet's splendid dreams
 Have hallow'd each grove and hill,
 And the beautiful forms of ancient faith
 Are lingering round us still.
 And the spirits of other days,
 Invoked by fancy's spell,
 Are roll'd before the kindling thought,
 While we breathe our last farewell
To the glorious land of the south!

A long—a last adieu,
 Romantic Italy!
 Thou land of beauty, and love, and song,
 As once of the brave and free!
 Alas! for thy golden fields!
 Alas! for thy classic shore!
 Alas! for thy myrtle and orange bowers!
 I shall never behold them more,—
Farewell to the land of the south!

A. B. M.

We have received a letter (directed "to be delivered *immediately*,") giving us a description of The Mermaid now exhibiting in St. James's Street, from the pen of "Dr. Rees Price, a gentleman distinguished for his scientific literary productions." Does the proprietor of this suspicious importation think that we never read Sheridan's Puff Collateral, or that we will artlessly stand a comma 'tween the amities of him and the Stamp Office! No—no.—Besides, who is this distinguished Dr. Rees Price? We really do not know him—nor can we meet with any one who does. Has he any interest in this herring-tailed lady?—The Mermaid, in fact, comes very suspiciously, *per* the Americans. Now, if Mermaids do really exist, we must say we are surprised that no fisherman ever netted a specimen since the year One!

The following is taken, as Nimrod assures us, from a real "Old Poem," upon hunting, and indeed it has the appearance of having never been young.

Now the loud Cry is up—and bark!
 The barky Trees give back a Bark.
 A Housewife hears the merrie route
 And runnes and lets the Beere run out
 Leading her Babes to weepe, for why?
 She likes to heare the Deer-Dogs crye
 And see the wild Stag how he stretches
 The natural Buckskin of his Breeches
 Running like one of Human kind
 Dogged by Fleet Bayliffs close behind
 As if he had not paid his Bill
 For Venison, or was owing still
 For his two Hornes and see did get
 Over his Head and Cares in Debt:
 Wherefore he strives to paie his Wape
 With his long Legs the while he mape
 But he is chased, like silver Dishe,
 As well as ane Hart can wishe
 Except that one whose Heart doth brate
 So faste it hasteneth his Feete
 And running soe he holdeth Deathe
 Four feete from him till his Breathe
 Failes, and slacking Pace at laste
 He runs not slow but standeth faste
 With horny Baponettes at Bape
 To baying Dogs around, and then
 Pushing him hard, he pusbeth sore,
 And goreth them that seek his Gore.
 Whatever Dog his Horne doth rive
 Is dead as sure as he's alive!
 So that Courageous Hart doth fighte
 With Fate,—and calleth up his mighte
 And standeth stout that he maye falle
 Bravely and be avenged of alle,
 Nor like a Coward yeld his breathe
 Under the Naws of Dogs and Deathe.

Tom Hood

We really have not room this month for particular replies to our numerous Unknowns. We only request they will not mistake our Silence for Consent.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1822.

VOL. VI.

THE COCKPIT ROYAL.

EDWARD HERBERT'S LETTERS TO THE FAMILY OF THE POWELLS.

No. V.

To Russell Powell, Esq.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That COCKING ———.

Lord Byron.

DEAR RUSSELL,—To write short and dispirited letters is one of the tokens of a distempered frame. I blush to find by the packet of anxious notes and tender enquiries, lately received from your family, that I have furnished them a messenger of alarm and disquiet, by my last brief but tedious epistle from the country. When women are ill, they bear their sufferings with silence and patience, but the moment we masters of the creation are nipped by ailments, we lose no time in hallooing to the world about our agony and magnanimity—and in writhing before visitors like giants in pain. I am sorry to say, my dear Russell, that experience daily proves to me, that in all great things we men are frightfully little—and that it is the weaker sex that rise with the difficulties of the time, and that display unaffected greatness and power, in the moments of anguish, disappointment, or despair. I gave to your sister the other day a melancholy report of myself—hinted at declining health and decaying

VOL. VI.

hopes—spoke of pain and its company of evil spirits—of sea-side solitude and melancholy readings:—I wish I had written no such foolery. Do you know, Russell, that a few morning rambles on the beach, and a few early excursions in the fishing boats, gave my feelings a new life on the instant, and made me better and blither than I ever in my life remember to have been. I arose with the sun (no common trick of mine); and while the sky was yet white, and the cold brisk waves came shuddering in with a green gloom upon the beach,—I scrambled into one of the old black fishing boats—and oh, how bravely did we spread the brown sail on the graceless pole of a mast, and dance off to our profitable sport! I assisted in putting out the nets—I assisted in managing the boat—I assisted in the pulling in. Such clapping and flashing in the light!—such tossing and breaking of waves! We would return before the day was warm—and I relished my breakfast with part of the spoils. Sometimes,

2 F

however, I have done nothing but saunter among the shingles as the tide was swelling in, and take note of the grand labour of the sea—the labour which *has been*—and which *will be*!—What sights! what noble music! The white spread of the foam,—eternal, yet momentary;—the sound of the curled wave—sounding with time!—I became learned, Russell, in the mysteries of an ocean and its shores. I studied the patient strife, and forgot the world in all I saw and heard. If you would, indeed, steep your mind in quiet and in power, take a seat on a rock or on the loose dry stones of the shore—and *read* the waves!—If you would truly wed your senses to serenity—“feast them upon the wideness of the sea!”—I only know this (to know something in these extremely wise times is not amiss) Yes, —I only know this,—that with all my love of merriment, bustle, and life—with all my passion for popular pleasures and exciting pastimes—I never was half so contented in any hour of my existence, as in that which found me overtaken by a ravenous wave that covered my feet with embossed foam, and set me tearing with might and main from a wave—that was dead and gone!—Well, Russell, the meaning of all this salt-water prose is, that I am now terribly well—and I must entreat you to break my sudden relapse into health to your distracted family with as much tenderness as possible,—to soften to your sister my unbecoming desertion of the romance of my letter;—to make them all, in short, think as favourably as they can of a gentleman, who gave promise of an approach towards the *interesting*, and who, at the very threshold of delicacy and youthful decay, has put the pale face in his pocket, turned round impudently on those who were sympathising with him, tripped up the heels of sensibility, and rushed back to life with the impudence and strength of an Irish giant. P—— will be good enough to let my last letter go for nothing:—It was,—as dear uncle Noll says, “too sentimental by half!”—

The sea air certainly has given the return-force to my frame, but I have much reason to believe that my men-

tal elasticity has taken its spring from the reflections which a maimed old sailor lately awoke in me during some conversations I held with him. I cannot resist the temptation to which *we tourists* are constantly subjected, of giving you a sketch of this amiable and suffering creature, poor, pained, contented, gentle Tom Barnes! He was about thirty-five years of age—apparently healthy—certainly patient and cheerful:—but the position which he invariably occupied too plainly told me that he was the victim of some dreadful malady. On all sunny days, he was wheeled out in a sort of plain wooden chaise, and placed opposite the cheering light and warmth—and long before you reached him you saw him surrounded with children,—a sure sign of worth! I was first attracted towards him by the mild smile of his sunburnt and placid countenance, and by the extreme urbanity of his manner as I passed him. He was nibbling a pen for a child. He sat in a sailor’s dress,—in his leathern hat, in his blue striped shirt,—habited as when he trod the deck or walked the shore. The costume of his once dear element was left to him, though he was divorced for ever from boat and billow. His upper frame was nobly robust and manly, and his face remarkably placid and handsome. I never saw softer or bluer eyes in woman. I stopped one morning and discoursed with him;—I stopped each succeeding day, and our discourse grew longer. He informed me briefly of his malady. About eighteen years ago, in some quay, on the Cornish coast (I forget its name, though he mentioned it) he fell from a high part of a vessel, and was stupified, bruised, and wet with his fall: his messmates took off his jacket and shirt, but left him in his wet trowsers for two days totally neglected. He was brought home, surgical aid was called in, but the lower part of his frame was thenceforth affected with paralysis beyond remedy. From that day, he has been thus helpless and afflicted. From that day, he has been downward-dead—useless—except to sit in the sun—to lighten the fireside,—to show the simple beauty of an ungrieving endurance,—to read through the long and cheerless night!

To hear him speak, was to hear true, pure, unaffected wisdom—the philosophy, not of the schools, but of nature. His face appeared to have received a softer expression from his long inaction and serenity. His humanity seemed to have gone into his features—to have taken steady and temperate watch in his calm blue eyes. I learned from his townspeople (who invariably knew and loved him) more of his history,—more of Tom Barnes;—and one or two anecdotes gave me a sensible delight—for they not only vouched for the endearing qualities of the sea-sufferer himself, but extended my respect for others of his species. He had been attached, in the heyday of his youth and spirit, to one ———, a young woman, who lived by assisting ladies in their *plain-work*, as it is termed, and a miserable living it is!—*She* must have been industrious, patient, and contented—for persons not possessed of such qualities would quickly want employ—*He* must have been merry, volatile, handsome. I should like to have seen them in this spring-time of their love! Eighteen years are now gone by, and more! Tom Barnes has lost relatives, acquaintance, and friends—but this young woman (she can never grow old) is near, dear, and constant to him still, and her family are the only creatures that attend him. She talks to him of an evening, sits with her needlework by his side, and loves him at this very moment. He has also once been taken to a hospital, some fifty miles from his residence, at the expense of the Misses P——, and there he has had the first medical aid,—but to him, alas! aid, it has been none!—At this day he is continually hearing of the deaths of those sailors who so cruelly deserted him when he met with his accident—and he seems to lament, by his manner of recounting their dooms, that they should be so marked by Providence! His own fate he never repines at,—and he even recalls certain mischances, by which his progress was baffled in the royal navy, the West-India, and the East-India trades, with an air of wonder rather than sorrow;—invariably concluding with the remark, that his was “a number lot,” and therefore not to be lamented or disputed. I am

quite sure, Russell, that I gained strength of mind from my colloquies with this patient wreck of a man—and my resolution not to moan and mutter over trifling ailments and temporary pains gained vigour from the contemplation of this smiling sufferer of eighteen years’ duration, who knew himself half perished,—the eternal prey to sloth and anguish,—yet could sit in the sun, gladden in the face of the sea, and look philosophy to the gay, the active, and the healthy of his kind.—Poor Tom Barnes! I would thou couldst read this honest description of thyself, and see how much good thou art able to do, even in thy lone and withering inactivity!

But to come to more serious matter. I turn from the sea and its wonders as abruptly as I bounded from sickness to health. Nor will you regret that I make so little ceremony in varying my subjects, for there is no one that surpasses Russell in an insatiable appetite for knowledge “with a difference.” I remember, in one of my early letters, I made a kind of half promise to induct you into the mysteries of this metropolis;—and since my return to the placid comforts of the Albany once more, I am strongly reminded of my duty to you, my poor country solitary,—and more particularly since I have been carried by volatile Tom Morton to a fresh scene of London’s singular drama. I shall, therefore, put on my habit of description—and retail to you, not only the particulars of what I witnessed, but my own impressions at the time. I can give you few of Tom’s—who certainly sinks a good deal of his humanity and moral feeling in the enthusiasm of the moment. He has a way of settling these things with his conscience in a very summary mode; for when he has a mind to be profuse, or when he has, in his sporting speculations, “made his money,” (to use his own expression) he sends off his initials and his guinea to some charitable subscription—and thus pays his toll for the liberty of passing through the turnpike of iniquity. He will hold five guineas in his hand, just received from some creature of folly like himself,—and calculate its application with the nicest mixture of

propriety and profligacy :—" Let me see :—aye—four guineas to make good the stake on the fighting oil-man—and one guinea for the Irish sufferers :"—or, " If I win on Neat I shall back Randall through thick and thin, and do something for poor Mrs. Emery's family."—Thus you see, Russell, this young lawyer argues " in violentest contrarieties." His charity walks hand in hand with the Fancy.

I was sitting, some evenings ago, in my room, at the first coming of the twilight, which in our Albany rooms is fond of paying early visits ;—my head was indolently hung back upon the red morocco top of my easy chair, and my hands were hung like two dangling bell-ropes over each arm of my seat—and in this position I was ruminating on many things of little moment. I had thus leaned back in my chair, and resigned myself to the most luxurious idleness,—a kind of reading made easy,—when a knuckle, knocking at my door, intimated the arrival of some impatient visitor—and before I could muster voice enough to give Tate Wilkinson's direction of " Come in ! " the tooth of my door-lock was wrenched, and Tom Morton, with a newspaper in his hand, dashed in—and at once stood astounded, with his white hat elevated on his forehead,—admiring my amazing stupor.

" Why Edward ! Edward Herbert ! Asleep, by all that's sublime !—There he sits, deaf to time !—Edward, I say !—Come, bolt up from the morocco ! I have news for your two *no-thoroughfare* ears, which ought to make you as lively as an eel with half his waistcoat off !—Here," said he, smacking a creased and dingy newspaper, with an air of vehement exultation—" here is that which will be life itself to *you* !"—I closed my book-mind quietly, or doubled it up, as Tom would say, and raising myself with difficulty into an erect posture—rubbed my eyes, uncrossed my tingling legs (which were just beginning to wake out of a nap), and begged, through the archway of a yawn, to know what this very sprightly piece of news consisted of. Tom pulled, or rather tossed off his hat, nodded to me a nod more eloquent than speech, and tipping an

acute wink out of the left corner of his little impudent grey eye—proceeded at once to read aloud from the first column of the newspaper. He pronounced one word with an emphasis the most pointed—*cocking* !—and then paused to let loose wink the second, which, if possible, was more charged with mystery than the former,—" *cocking* !—there Edward ! " continued he—" there ! *cocking*—at the Royal Cockpit, Tufton-street, Westminster !—there ;"—and then he went strictly through a formal advertisement,—touching—" 200 the main,"—and " byes," and " feeders"—and " gentlemen of Norwich," and " a deal of skimble-skamble stuff," which for the life of me I could not then retain, and therefore cannot now repeat.

When Tom had finished his formal information, he very readily and clearly, at my request, divested the announcement of its technicalities, and explained to me, that on such a day, being the morrow, a grand main of cocks was to be fought at the Royal Cockpit, at which, for *de* the head (certainly not the heart), a man might be present. It required little of my volatile friend's rhetoric to induce me to promise my attendance, as I had never been present at any thing of the kind, higher than a full-feathered blustering skirmish of a couple of huge-combed, red-ruffled, long-tailed dunghills, amid a wilderness of poultry, in a farm-yard. I had seen no clean fighting—no beautiful sparring in silver—no blood-match ! as Tom earnestly describes it. I was the more induced to accede to his request of accompanying him, from learning that he could introduce me to Mr. D——, one of the principal breeders of game cocks—a gentleman of the most winning manners—and one who could and would describe to me the characters present, and procure for me the sight of the coops and pens, where the birds were fed and kept previously to the day of battle.

I begged Tom Morton would by some means get me a sight of any book upon cocking, as I was extremely desirous of going to the scene of war with as much ready-made knowledge as I could, in the short time allowed me, acquire. He said,

he himself had a tidy little work upon the subject, which would let me into the whole art of breeding, trimming, matching, and betting,—but that he would apply to his friend Mr. D——, who would inform him if there were any more erudite and desirable books on the sport. I gladly availed myself of Tom's pamphlet, and to my pleasure (certainly not to my surprise) he pulled it from his coat-pocket, and laid it down quietly on my table. We arranged all things for our meeting the next day—and it was settled that he should call upon me, and that I should be ready for him by half past one o'clock. The candles were brought in; and Tom, vowing that he had “to finish Preston on Abstracts, and to sharpen up a pair of Malay cock-spurs for his friend, before he went to roost,”—scrambled into his hat, touched my man-servant Robert, (an old trick of his,) so smartly on his parsley figured waistcoat as to startle him into a “hey, Mr. Thomas!”—and then, finally bowing formally and solemnly to me, departed.

I moralized in a lack-a-daisical manner, for about half an hour, upon the vices and backslidings of this life, and then betook myself to “The Directions for breeding Game Cocks, with Calculations for Betting,” and passed the evening in cultivating an acquaintance with “moulting,”—“clutches of eggs,”—“stags,”—“long-law,”—“fighting in silver,” and the like:—and long before the clock of St. James's church had timed eleven to the drowsy hackney-coachmen and watchmen of Piccadilly, I was fit to sit “at the mat,” and risk my “guinea on Nash.”

I think I cannot do better than treat you, Russell, in the same manner that I treated myself—and I shall, therefore, pick my way daintily through the book which Tom lent me (a neat little olive-coloured pamphlet, and writ in a friendly *Waltonish* tone), and thus prepare you, in some measure, for the cock-pit itself, to which, by your favour, I mean to introduce you.

And first, as to the choice of a bird.—Observe, Russell, how many points must be attended to:—

As to the exterior qualifications, his head should be thin and long, or if short, very taper: with a large full eye, his beak

crooked and stout, his neck thick and long (for a cock with a long neck has a great advantage in his battle, particularly if his antagonist is one of those kind of cocks that will fight at no other place but the head): his body short and compact, with a round breast (as a sharp breasted cock carries a great deal of useless weight about him, and never has a *fine forehand*); his thighs firm and thick, and placed well up to the shoulder (for when a cock's thighs hang dangling behind him, be assured he never can maintain a long battle): his legs long and thick, and if they correspond with the colour of his beak, I think it a perfection; and his feet should be broad and thin, with very long claws.

With regard to his carriage, he should be upright, but not stiffly so; his walk should be stately, with his wings in some measure extended, and not plod along as I have seen some cocks do, with their wings upon their backs like geese.

As to the colour he is of, I think it immaterial, for there are good cocks of all colours; but he should be thin of feathers, short and very hard, which is another proof of his being healthy; as, on the contrary, if he has many, soft and long, it favours much of his having a bad constitution.

The parenthesis which I have underlined, appears to me to be as strongly put as it is possible to write it; and indeed there is a plain vigour in the style which takes one greatly. Remember, Russell, that a cock with all this stoutness of beak, length and thickness of leg, rotundity of breast, “fine forehand,” firmness of neck, and extent of wing, ought to weigh no more than 4lb. 8 or 10oz. If he happens to have an ounce or two more in his composition, he is out of the pale of uncivil society, and is excluded by all match-makers “from fighting within the articles.” A bird, to be a bird “fit for the white-bag, the trimmed wing, the mat, and the silver spur,”—must be “high upon leg, light-fleshed, and large boned;” but still no more than 4lb. 8 or 10oz. Do not forget this.

There is a very expressive picture of two cocks in this little book, and, miserable draftsman as I am, I here subjoin a small sketch I have made from it. You will not forget that the battle is nearly at an end, so that the spirit of the birds is not outrageous. I wish your cousin Theodore were here; he would make the cocks crow again! The author of the pamphlet gives the following explanation of the plate:—

The winner represented in the Plate, was an elegant ginger cock, bred by Mr. B—d—l, but having had his wing broke in a battle, he gave him to a friend, and the cock afterwards became the property of a Mr. T—yl—r, for whom he won several battles, particularly this his last, (which he won when almost worn out) with the loss of one spur (early in the contest), against a cock he was not matched to fight: the party taking the advantage of showing one cock and fighting another, which they had the modesty to own after the battle was over.



There is much admirable and scientific writing about the education of the young and warlike game-fowl, in which I seem to detect something smacking of the Lancastrian method. The art is to teach in classes, and to reconcile as many at a time, as is practicable, to their growing duties. It is surely pleasant to be safely instructed how to bring up a chicken in the way it should go. The Amateur writes—

I have heard many persons declare, who could have had no experience in breeding fowls, that they did not think it necessary that a hen should be confined while her chickens were young, and had just sense enough to say, that nature never designed it; but let me tell those naturalists (*naturals I may call them*), if a hen should lay a clutch of eggs secretly in January, as it is not uncommon for young hens to lay in that month and sit upon them, consequently, if there are any chickens hatched, it must be in February, when if she is not taken in doors, but left to range where she pleases, I am confident that the cold northerly winds and wet weather, which are usual at that season of the year, will destroy every one of them.

The little playfulness in the parenthesis, which is like the flirt of

the cock's wing, gratifies me much. The shrewdness at the end of the next direction is, however, of a higher order—it is the cut of the spur. It is curious to observe how man's wit is fashioned and coloured by the subject of which it treats. The very style is cock-like! It is indeed well concocted!

Be sure also that they do not drink any soap suds, or get to any filthy place, for if they do, it engenders distempers in them which very often turns to that fatal one the roup, a disease for which *I have heard many remedies, but never found any so effectual as breaking their necks.*

I cannot in any way avoid giving you the very ingenious mode of quelling the intestine wars of this feathered and pugnacious race. It strikes me that a useful lesson might be learned from it applicable to states and kingdoms, as well as game-cocks. The "holding the weakest in your hand, and buffeting him," is, to be sure, an old trick, from school upwards: and perhaps there is not much of novelty in the imitative submission which is afterwards treated of; but the science is laid down in a masterly style.

Now to prevent their fighting from being attended with such disagreeable consequences after they have begun, divide them into as many parties as you can find separate apartments, leaving the strongest upon the ground, and when these have fully established their authority over each other (which you make them do in the course of two days, *by holding which you find the weakest in your hand, and buffetting him with your handkerchief while the other strikes him*, and if this wont do, *confine him without victuals for a few hours until he is cold, when being stiff and sore, and the other fresh, after a blow or two he will not attack him again*), you may put down the strongest from one of the parties that are shut up, who by being kept short of food, will submit directly to run under all those that are down; and when they are so far reconciled as to permit him to run amongst them, *put down the strongest from another party, which will submit in the same manner*, and by pursuing this method, in the course of a few days, *you will be able to get them all down*. When once settled, they will go very peaceably together, except by accident one of them should get disfigured, which if such a thing should happen, and they do not seem to be perfectly reconciled, send him to another walk for fear of a general quarrel.

The author is very particular in recommending you cautiously to try your *stags* (which are young cocks "and such small deer!"); and his language is so gentlemanly, that the most *hard-hearted* of humane people could not resist indulging in a few secret trial battles, after reading such persuasive advice. He begins one passage thus—

Now permit me to recommend you to transact the business relative to trying your *stags*, without mentioning it even to the person that feeds them.

One more quotation, and I lay aside the book. It is an anecdote, Russell,—or such the author calls it. He is reasoning, "beak and heel," against relying upon cocks in a second battle, however courageous and victorious they may have proved themselves in their first fight. He says, a bird is almost sure to receive some hurt, which neither time, training, nor feeding, can make him for-

get, when he comes "to be touched" a second time. A slight *hurry* (or hurt) is often remembered.

I recollect a circumstance (says this circumstantial artist) of this kind happening to a neighbouring gentleman, who having entered into an agreement to fight a week's play, at a very short notice, and not being able to get a sufficient number of cocks he could depend upon, had the temerity to weigh in some of his own stags, of about ten or eleven months old, and it so happened that one of them had to fight against the cock the other party depended most upon winning; but after a doubtful and bloody contest for near half an hour, contrary to the opinion of every one present, the stag came off victorious, which so elated his master, that he sent him to one of his best walks to run till the next season; but what was very extraordinary, he *moulted from a dark red to a very light ginger pile*. This strange metamorphose we were totally at a loss to account for, when we were informed by a person who *spoke pertinently upon the subject*, that it was owing to his having been so severely handled in his battle, that he had seen two or three instances of the same kind; and at the same time advised my friend never to fight him again, for it was almost reduced to a certainty that he would be beat if he happened to *fall in weight with a good cock*. But this piece of advice my friend did not attend to, having him weighed in the very next match he made, and in which he was killed, making hardly any defence, although as well to fight with regard to the feeding part, as it was possible for a cock to be.

In fighting a match, the author recommends a carefulness in the choice of a feeder (the person who is to give the bird his last training, food, and care), and of a setter-to (the second, in fact, of the cock in battle).—There are good and bad feeders—and good and bad setters-to.—"I have seen," says the writer, "many of the latter, who do not know when a cock wants rest, and when he should be made to fight."*

So much for the little learned tract which Tom put into my hands! The moment he left me, I turned to my book-shelves, and among several old and curious volumes, I fortunately dropped upon *The Court and*

* There are betting tables and calculations of odds annexed to this little pamphlet, which put the Tutor's Assistant quite out of countenance. The subject, and the ability that marks the execution, lead me to think that *Cocher* had some hand in them.

City Gamester, a rare little storehouse of knowledge for those who would become masters in the arts of Whist, Racing, Tick-Tack, Ombre, Archery, Brag, Bankafalet, Put, and Cocking. The style "eats short," as old ladies say of Threadneedle-street biscuits; and to show you how differently the same subject may be treated by different writers, I shall copy out this ancient artist's picture of a game-cock, "as he ought to be,—not as he is!" You will at once detect the hand of a gentleman, a cocker, and a scholar, in the work.

His head ought to be small, with a quick, large eye, and a strong back, and (as master Markham observes) must be crockt and big at the setting on, and in colour suitable to the plume of his feathers, whether black, yellow, or reddish, &c. The beam of his leg must be very strong, and, according to his plume, blue, grey, or yellow; his spurs rough, long, and sharp, a little bending and looking inward.

His colour ought to be either grey, yellow, or red, with a black breast; not but that there are many other coloured piles very excellent good, which you must find

out by practice and observation, but the three former, by the experience of most, found ever the best; the pyed pile may serve indifferently, but the white and dun are rarely found good for any thing.

Note, that if your cock's neck be invested with a scarlet complexion, it is a sign he is strong, lusty, and courageous; but on the contrary, if pale and wan, it denotes the cock to be faint, and in health defective.

You may know his courage by his proud upright standing, and stately tread in walking; and if he croweth very frequently in the pen, it is a courageous demonstration.

His narrow heel, or sharpness of heel, is known no other-ways than by observation in fighting, and that is when upon every rising he so hits that he extracts blood from his opponent, gilding his spurs continually, and every blow threatening immediate death to his adversary.

The whole essay is admirable, and certainly surpasses the Pamphleteer in its treatment of the Pip and Roup; but I cannot spare room for a critical comparison. I therefore shut the book of science, contenting myself and you with extracting only the following

EXCELLENT AND ELEGANT COPY OF VERSES UPON TWO COCKS FIGHTING,
BY DR. R. WILD.*

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had bet;
But strait the skilful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linnen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they dy'd, to have their winding-sheet.
Into the pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a challenger began to crow,
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colours, which were black and grey.
Mean time the wary Wisbich walks and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes
His comely crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground.
This done they meet, not like that coward breed
Of Æsop; these can better fight than feed;

* Dr. Robert Wild, the author of the above poem, claims by our extract to be better known and remembered. He was a non-conformist *divine* and poet; and was born in 1609. In 1648 he was appointed rector of Aynho, in Northamptonshire, and was looked upon as a wit of his time. It is told of him that he and another preached probationary sermons for the living, and that on his being asked whether he had obtained it, he replied—"We have divided it; I have got the AY, and he the NO." Wood speaks of him as a "Fat, jolly, and boon Presbyterian." Some of his poems were printed with the poems of Rochester, (no very creditable distinction,) and (apparently as an atonement) a few of his sermons survived him. He appears by his poem to have been a resolute cocker and a tolerable poet.

They scorn the dunghil, 'tis thér only prize,
 To dig for pearls within each other's eyes.
 They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
 To th' skilful, whether they did fight, or no;
 If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
 Had not bore witness of't. Yet fought they more;
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick
 Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick,
 Or red, than were their eyes: 'Twas hard to know,
 Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so.
 I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood,
 More safe, by being fenced in with blood.
 Thus they vy'd blows; but yet (alas) at length,
 Altho' their courage were full try'd, their strength,
 And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
 A watry combat on the sea, between
 Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
 They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;
 Swelling like graves, as tho' they did intend
 T'intomb each other e'er the quarrel end;
 But when the wind is down, and blust'ring weather,
 They are made friends, and sweetly run together;
 May think these champions such; their blood grows low,
 And they, which leap'd before, now scarce can go:
 Their wings, which lately, at each blow they clapp'd,
 (As if they did applaud themselves) now flapp'd.
 And having lost th' advantage of the heel,
 Drunk with each other's blood, they only reel:
 From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
 As if they wept them for their funeral.
 And yet they fain would fight; they came so near,
 Methought they meant into each other's ear
 To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise,
 They lay and look'd blows int' each other's eyes.
 But now the tragick part! After this fit,
 When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,
 And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
 Tho' sober, but might venture sev'n to one;
 Contracting, like a dying taper, all
 His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
 He struggles up, and having taken wind,
 Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
 And now poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,
 Fights only guided by antipathies:
 With him (alas!) the proverb holds not true,
 The blows his eyes ne'er saw, his heart must rue.
 At length, by chance, he stumbled on his foe,
 Not having any pow'r to strike a blow.
 He falls upon him with his wounded head,
 And makes his conqu'ror's wings his feather-bed.

You now, Russell, know nearly as much as I knew before I visited the pit:—that is, you are a good theoretical cock-fancier. Yet I shall not let you rest here, but immediately proceed to the battle itself. Read on—or cast aside my letter, as your curiosity or disgust may prompt you. I must finish the work I have begun.

Tom Morton called punctually on the day, and at the appointed hour; dressed up dutifully for the sport, and well fitted to rival a horse-dealer or a groom—yet with a loose-hung

gentility about him, that just left it a matter of doubt, whether you ought to ask him into your drawing-room or your stable. We took our way across the Park with hasty, eager feet, and were with very little difficulty soon conducted to the door of a dull old-fashioned building in Tufton-street, Westminster, around which were sauntering a sprinkle of old gentlemen, old hackney-masters, old sportsmen, old leathern-breeches, old top-boots, old canes, old non-descripts: all that was strange, and

vitiated, and extravagant in age seemed collected about this spot; and I could not but remark how few I saw of the young, the rakish, and the depraved, present at a sport which was cruel enough for excitement, and uncertain enough for the purposes of gambling. One or two solitaires of a youthful appearance dangled about as half in shame and half in curiosity; but I detected none of the enthusiastic bustle, none of the wildness, spirit, and pleasure which light up "young bloods" at other of the ancient and rude sports of this country. One very respectable and aged gentleman on crutches struggled his way on the unmolested pavement to the door, as though the fires of his youth would not go out, and accident, or disease, could not warn him to subside into the proprieties of his years. The doors were at length opened, and we paid our entrance money, and received the check for admission. This check was cast in pewter, and had the figure of a fighting cock embossed upon it. But we entered the pit!

The cockpit is a large, lofty, and circular building, with seats rising as in an amphitheatre. In the middle of it is a round matted stage, of about eighteen or twenty feet diameter, as nearly as my eye can measure it, and rimmed with an edge eight or ten inches in height, to keep the cocks from falling over in their combats. There is a chalk ring in the centre of the matted stage, of, perhaps, a yard diameter, and another chalk mark within it much smaller, which is intended for the setting to, when the shattered birds are so enfeebled as to have no power of making hostile advances towards each other. This inner mark admits of their being placed beak to beak. A large and rude branched candlestick is suspended low down, immediately over the mat, which is used at the night battles.

When we entered there were very few persons in the pit; for as the gentlemen of the match were not seated, the principal followers of the sport were beguiling the time at a public-house opposite the cockpit. A tall, shambling, ill-dressed fellow was damping the mat with a mop, which he constantly dipped in a pail

of water, and sparingly and most carefully sprinkled around him. This was to make it soft for the birds, and to prevent their slipping. We took our seats at the foot of a flight of stairs, that went up into one of the coops,—judging that that would be the best spot for seeing as much as was to be seen. There are two "tiring rooms"—of course, for the separate sides.—One room, or more properly, coop, is up the flight of stairs I have mentioned; the other is beneath it, and has an entrance without the pit.

At this time my friend Tom's friend, Mr. D——, arrived, and I was introduced to him at once. He was a young man (I was almost sorry for this, because it untied a theory of mine, respecting the sport being a propensity of age only, owing, as I had settled it, to its being easy of enjoyment, a sedentary amusement, not troublesome to the beholders, cruel enough to stir the blood, and open to money-stakes like a game at cards; played in fact at a table, and under shelter. However my theory is foolish). Mr. D——, as I said, was young, he was also lusty—fresh-coloured—cheerful;—open as day in his manners and in his conversation;—and free from that slang slyness which generally characterizes the sporting man. Tom told him that I was anxious to see and know all I could; and he immediately opened to me the curiosities of the place, with a lively liberty, and a power of description, which I wish in my heart I could have caught from him. Seeing that he was thus so pleasantly minded, I began boldly at the beginning, and begged to know something of the rules and regulations of cocking. He turned to at them, in high feather, on the instant.

The birds, Russell (I am saying after him), are weighed and matched—and then marked and numbered. The descriptions are carefully set down, in order that the cock may not be changed; and the lightest cocks fight first in order. The key of the pens, in which the cocks are set and numbered, is left on the weighing-table on the day of weighing; or the opposite party may, if he pleases, put a lock on the door. The utmost possible care, in short, is

taken, that the matched birds shall fight, and no substitutes be intruded.

Mr. D—— next gave me a very particular description of the modes of setting-to—of terminating difficult battles—of betting—and of parting the entangled birds; but as I really could not very clearly follow his rapid and spirited explanation, and as I am about to relate to you a battle as I myself saw it, I will not detain you here with my imperfect detail of his very perfect description.

But before the birds are pitted, Mr. D——'s account of a few of the characters must not be omitted. I cannot at all give you them in *colours*, as my new friend dashed them off; but I will follow him in a respectful *Indian-ink*, and at a distance; and you must make the most you can of what I am able to afford you.

There was a tall, sallow-faced, powdered man standing below us. He took snuff industriously, wore very yellow leathern breeches,—very brown aged top-boots,—and a black coat of the *same* colour. He was sixty years of age if he was a month—and I never saw a dull man so enlivened as he was with this his *betting hour*, and the approaching warfare. He had a word for every one near him, and a restlessness which would not allow him to wait for answers. I found that he was a hackney-coach proprietor, and that cockfighting was his only amusement. He thought playing at cards a waste of time,—a disgraceful kind of gambling,—and he could not endure the barbarities of a man-fight, which he called “seeing two human creatures knock each other to pieces for other people's sport.” Cockfighting was the only game! He was steady in his business, when no cockfight was on the carpet, and idle and tacit in a public-house parlour at nights.—But in the pit he was at home! Sovereigns were golden dust, which blew about in the breath of his opinion; and he rose into perfect life only in the presence of “a Shropshire Red,” or “a Ginger Pile!”

Nearly opposite to this person was a very orderly, quiet, respectably dressed man, with a formal, low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat,—a black suit of clothes,—and a dark

silk umbrella. He was trying to look demure and unmoved; but I was told that he was a clergyman, and that he would be “quite up in the stirrups” when the cocks were brought in. He forced himself to be at ease; but I saw his small, hungry, hazel eyes quite in a fever,—and his hot, thin, vein-embossed hand, rubbing the unconscious nob of his umbrella in a way to awaken it from the dead:—and yet all the time he was affecting the uninterested incurious man! The *cloth* was half in his mind!—He would fain still be a clergyman—but he had “no *spur* to prick the sides of his intent!”

Another person,—very small,—very dapper,—powdered like a gentleman of the old school,—with glossy grey silk stockings, high ankle shoes, and buckles,—perked up against the pit,—affecting nothing,—caring for no one,—but living, reveling in the ancient sport. He bowed smartly around him, looked about with a couple of nimble bird-like eyes,—crowned one or two offered bets,—and sent the little white tip of his extremely thin pig-tail from shoulder to shoulder, with an alacrity which showed that he was “a hearty old cock” still; and had neither of his little silken legs in the grave!

The lame old gentleman was seated close to the mat, and sat pillowed in fatness on a truss of straw, which one of the feeders had procured for him, to make his position less painful. He closed a bet quietly, with the end of his crutch touching the ferule of the umbrella of a tall, gaunt, white-faced man in bright blue (a tailor, as I learned); and thus forcibly reminded me of the conjunction of the two horse-whip butts, in Hogarth's admirable picture of the Cockpit in *his* day:—except that this extended crutch gave to me a more poignant moral—a more sorrowful and acute truth!

In one part of the place I saw shabby old men, apparently wanting a meal, yet showing by their presence that they had mustered *5s.* for an hour's sport here. In another spot I beheld blunt, sly, coarse Yorkshiremen, with brownish-red cheeks, short uneven features, thick bristly whiskers, and cold moist bleak-blue eyes—looking

as though they were constantly out upon prey. I saw one gentlemanly, quiet, unaffected man of middle age, genteelly dressed, and begged to know who he could be in such a place—and I found that he was the celebrated Mr. ———, who killed ——— in a duel. In short, there was no uninteresting personage present, and I was almost driven into myself to ascertain *my own* peculiarities,—to know what strange creature of whim, vice, and caprice inhabited Edward Herbert, since he was rooted in this garden of very singular human weeds!

I was continuing my enquiries into the characters around me, when a young man, of very slang, slight, but extremely prepossessing appearance, passed me, dressed in tight kersymeres, with a handkerchief round his knee, neat white cotton stockings,—small shoes,—a blue check waiter-looking jacket, short about the waist,—and a gay 'kerchief knowingly tied on his neck. He was really a clean handsome-faced young fellow,—with thin but acute and regular features,—small light whiskers,—and with his hair closely cut, and neatly and 'cutely combed down upon his forehead. He had scarcely passed me before I felt something rustle and chuckle by my elbow; and turning round, saw a stout plump old ostler-looking man carry a white bag past me, which by the struggle and vehement motion inside, I guessed to be one of the brave birds for the battle. The two men stepped upon the mat,—and the hubbub was huge and instantaneous.—“Two to one on Nash!”—“A guinea on Nash!”—“Nash a crown!”—only sounds like these were heard (for the bets are laid on the setters-to),—till the noise aroused a low *muscular*-brooding chuckle in the bag, which seemed to show that the inmate was rousing into anger even at the voice of man!

From the opposite door a similar procession entered. The setter-to (Fleming by name) was dressed much in the same manner, but he appeared less attractive than young Nash (the name of the young man I have just mentioned). He certainly was not so smart a fellow,—but there was an honesty and a neatness in his manner and look, which pleased me

much. The chuckle of the cock in the one bag was answered deeply and savagely from the other—and the straw seemed spurned in the narrow cell, as though the spirit that struck it would not be contained.

Nash's bag was carefully untied, and Nash himself took out one of the handsomest birds I think I ever beheld. I must have leave to try *my* hand at a description of a game cock!

He was a red and black bird—slim,—masculine,—trimmed—yet with feathers glossy, as though the sun shone only upon his nervous wings. His neck arose out of the bag, snake-like,—terrible,—as if it would stretch upward to the ceiling;—his body followed compact—strong and beautiful—and his long dark-blue sinewy legs came forth,—clean,—handsome,—shapely,—determined,—iron-like! The silver spur was on each heel, of an inch and a half in length—tied on in the most delicate and neat manner. His large vigorous beak showed aquiline,—eagle-like; and his black dilating eyes took in all around him, and shone so intensely brilliant, that they looked like jewels. Their light was that of thoughtful, sedate, and savage courage! His comb was cut close—his neck trimmed—his wings clipped, pointed, and strong. The feathers on his back were of the very glossiest red, and appeared to be the only ones which were left untouched;—for the tail was docked triangular-wise like a hunter's. The gallant bird clucked defiance—and looked as if he “had in him something dangerous!” Nash gave him to Fleming, who held him up above his head,—examined his beak—his wings—his legs—while a person read to him the description of the bird from paper—and upon finding all correct, he delivered the rich feathered warrior back to Nash, and proceeded to produce his own bird for a similar examination.

But I must speak of the senior Nash,—the old man,—the feeder. When again may I have an opportunity of describing him? and what ought a paper upon “cocking” to be accounted worth,—if it fail to contain some sketch, however slight, of old Nash? He wore a smock-frock, and was clumsily though potently

built;—his shoulders being ample, and of a rotundity resembling a wool-pack. His legs were not equal to his bulk. He was unconvivial almost to a fault—and never made any the slightest remark that did not appertain to cocks and cocking. His narrow, damp, colourless eye, twinkled a cold satisfaction when a bird of promise made good work on the mat; and sometimes, though seldom, he was elevated into the proffer of a moderate bet—but generally he leaned over the rails of a small gallery, running parallel with his coop, and, stooping attentively toward the pit, watched the progress of the battle. I made a remark to Tom and Mr. D—— that I thought him extremely like a cock.—Tom was intent upon Fleming, and could not hear me; but Mr. D. was delighted at the observation, which seemed to him one of some aptitude. Old Nash's beaked nose drawn close down over his mouth,—his red forehead and gills,—his round body,—and blue thin legs;—and his silver-grey, scanty, feathery hair lying like a plumage over his head—all proved him cock-like! This man, thought I, has been cooped up in pens, or penned up in coops, until he has become shaped, coloured, mannered like the bird he has been feeding. I should scarcely have been surprised, if Mr. D—— had told me that old Nash crowed when the light first dawned over the ancient houses of Tufton-street, in a summer morning! I warrant me, he pecked bread and milk to some tune;—and perchance slept upon a perch!

But Fleming lifted his bird from the bag, and my whole mind was directed his way. This was a yellow bodied, black winged, handsome cock,—seemingly rather slight, but elastic and muscular. He was restless at the sight of his antagonist, but quite silent—and old Nash examined him most carefully by the paper, delivering him up to Fleming upon finding him answer to his description. The setters-to then smoothed their birds, handled them—wetted their fingers, and moistened their bandaged ankles where the spurs were fastened—held them up opposite to each other—and thus pampered their courage, and prepared them for the combat.

The mat was cleared of all persons except Fleming and young Nash. The betting went on vociferously. The setters-to taunted the birds with each other's presence—allowed them to strike at each other at a distance—put them on the mat facing each other—encouraged and fed their crowing and mantling until they were nearly dangerous to hold—and then loosed them against each other, for the fatal flight.

The first terrific dart into attitude was indeed strikingly grand and beautiful—and the wary sparring, watching, dodging, for the first cut, was extremely curious. They were beak-point to beak-point,—until they dashed up in one tremendous flit—mingling their powerful rustling wings and nervous heels in one furious confused mass.—The leap,—the fire,—the passion of strength—the *certaminis gaudia*,—were fierce and loud!—The parting was another kind of thing every way. I can compare the sound of the first flight to nothing less than that of a wet umbrella forced suddenly open. The separation was death-like. The yellow or rather the *ginger* bird staggered out of the close—drooping—dismantled—bleeding!—He was *struck*! Fleming and Nash severally took their birds, examined them for a moment, and then set them again opposite to each other. The handling of the cocks was as delicate as if they had been made of foam, froth, or any other most perishable matter. Fleming's bird staggered towards his opponent, but he was hit dreadfully—and ran like a drunken man, tottering on his breast,—sinking back on his tail!—while Nash's, full of fire and irritated courage, gave the finishing stroke that clove every particle of life in twain. The brave bird,—thus killed,—dropped at once from the “gallant bearing and proud mien,” to the relaxed, draggled, motionless object that lay in bleeding ruin on the mat. My heart sickened within me! Can this be sport? thought I!—Is satisfaction to be reaped from this pampered and profligate butchery? I sighed and looked thoughtful—when the tumult of the betters startled me into a consciousness of the scene at which I was present, and made me feel how poorly timed was

thought amid the characters around me.

The victor cock was carried by me in all his pride—slightly scarred,—but evidently made doubly fierce and muscular by the short encounter he had been engaged in. He seemed to have grown to double the size! His eyes were larger.

The paying backward and forward of money won and lost occupied the time until the two Nashes again descended with a new victim;—and then the usual noise—betting—clucking—and murder followed. I will not shock you with any further recital of battles, which varied in cruelty and duration, but invariably terminated in death to one side. Sometimes the first blow was fatal—at another time the contest was long and doubtful—and the cocks showed all the obstinate courage, weariness, distress, and breathlessness, which mark the struggles of experienced pugilists. I saw the beak open, the tongue palpitate—the wing drag on the mat. I noticed the legs tremble, and the body topple over upon the breast,—the eye grow dim,—and even a perspiration break out upon the feathers of the back. When a battle lasted long, and the cocks lay helpless near or upon each other, one of the feeders counted ten,—and then the birds were separated and set-to at the chalk. If the beaten bird does not fight while forty is counted, and the other pecks or shows sign of battle, the former is declared conquered.

Such is cockfighting. I began like the bird, in bravery and spirit, but I have drooped in the contest, and find myself struck down and helpless at the last. In vain would I try to sustain its character, to hold it up as an ancient and noble sport; my pen refuses the office,—its feather drags,—and my very gorge rises at the cold-blooded cruelty of its abettors and lovers. To see the rich and beautiful bird towering in his strength, mantling in his comeliness,—and in a moment to see him *bodkined*, and gnawed to death, in the presence of those who have pampered him up to

an obstinate heroism and a stubborn savageness,—is more than heart can bear!—I saw the cocks go by me one minute, all life, and power, and beauty—I saw them pass the next—languid,—discoloured,—bleeding from the beak,—dead. The Gladiator scenes of Rome seemed to be wretchedly mocked here—and when all was over, what remained in the mind, but the dirty dregs of brutality and vice?

Tom vowed I looked pale:—it might be that I did. I grieved really to see *him* gratified. Mr. D—— discerned my feeling,—owned that “the sport was cruel,—perhaps too much!”—This was something—indeed, a great morality in a regular cock-fighter. To relieve me, he proposed showing me the coops; and I instantly accepted his proposal, and followed him up the stairs.

I entered the place with unpleasant feelings. A covering was hung before each pen; so that I *heard*, rather than saw, the cocks. But it was feeding time; and I beheld innumerable rocky beaks and sparkling eyes at work in the troughs—and the stroke of the beak in taking up the barley was like the knock of a manly knuckle on a table. Old Nash was mixing bread and milk for his fatal-feathered family. But I have done!

I have seen the *sport*! I have described it!—and I shall certainly never again do either the one or the other. You know I am not by any means a squeamish person;—but when I have come to reflect on the fighting and its consequences, all the glory of the contest has faded from me. I will not, however, add to the length of this letter, by indulging in a vain and common fit of moralizing.

Commend me to all my dear friends—and if you dare to say that you have heard from me, read to them my letter as far as the character of dear Tom Barnes, and then desist. I am glad to conclude with recurring to that kindly piece of humanity.

Yours, dear Russell, for ever,
Albany. EDWARD HERBERT.

THE LAST OF AUTUMN.

1.

Come, bleak November, in thy wildness come :
Thy mornings clothed in rime, thy evenings chill ;
E'en these have power to tempt me from my home,
E'en these have beauty to delight me still.
Though Nature lingers in her mourning weeds,
And wails the dying year in gusty blast,
Still added beauty to the last proceeds,
And wildness triumphs when her bloom is past.

2.

Though long grass all the day is drench'd in dew,
And splashy pathways lead me o'er the greens ;
Though naked fields hang lonely on the view,
Long lost to harvest and its busy scenes ;
Yet in the distance shines the painted bough,
Leaves changed to every colour ere they die,
And through the valley rivers widen now,
Once little brooks which summer dribbled dry.

3.

Here ragged boys, pleased with the change of scene,
Try new inventions of their infant skill,
Leaving their leap-frog races on the green,
To watch the waves and build the dashing mill ;
Or where the mole-hill island lifts its head,
There form the castle with its guarding moat,
And o'er the jumping waves, with little dread,
Turn nut-shell boats and paper ships afloat.

4.

On bridge-wall sitting, by such scenes as these,
I meet with pleasures that can please for hours ;
Mix'd in the uproar of those little seas,
That roll their floods where summer left her flowers.
A wild confusion hangs upon the ear,
And something half romantic meets the view ;
Arches half fill'd with wither'd leaves appear,
Where white foam stills the billow boiling through.

5.

Those yellow leaves that litter on the grass,
'Mong dry brown stalks that lately blossom'd there,
Instil a mournful pleasure as they pass :
For melancholy has its joy to spare,—
A joy that dwells in autumn's lonely walks,
And whispers, like a vision, what shall be,
How flowers shall blossom by those wither'd stalks,
And green leaves clothe each nearly naked tree.

6.

Oft in the woods I hear the thund'ring gun ;
And, through the brambles as I cautious creep,
A bustling hare, the threatening sound to shun,
Oft skips the pathway in a fearful leap ;
And spangled pheasant, scared from stumpy bush,
Oft blunders rustling through the yellow boughs ;
While farther off, from beds of reed and rush,
The startled woodcock leaves its silent sloughs.

7.

Here Echo oft her autumn ditty sings,
 Mocking the cracking whip and yelping hounds,
 While through the woods the wild disorder rings,
 Chorus'd with hunters' horns of mellow sounds,
 And bawling halloos of the sporting train,
 Who dash through woodlands, in their gay parade,
 And leap the ditch, and sweep the level plain,
 Fresh wildness adding to the chequer'd shade.

8.

The timid sheep that huddled from the wind
 'Neath the broad oaks, beside the spinney rails,
 Half mad with fear such hue and cry to find,
 In rattling motion chase adown the vales:
 And, falsely startled by unheeding dogs,
 From where the acorns patter bright and brown,
 Through the thorn hedges burst the random hogs,
 Who grunt and scamper till they reach the town.

9.

The playing boys, to eke the rude uproar,
 Turn hunters some, some mock the yelping hounds,
 Whose real barkings urge their noise the more,
 And keck-made bugles spout their twanging sounds:
 But soon foot-founder'd, youngster hunters lag,
 By mounted sportsmen distanced far away,
 Yet still they chase the fancied fox or stag,
 And feel as happy in the cheat as they.

10.

Ah! sweet is boyish joy in Memory's eye;—
 An artless tale with no attending pains,
 Save the sad thought,—to feel such pleasures fly;
 And the vain hope,—to wish them back again.
 How many autumns brought the woods their guest,
 With mimic horns, in hunting sports to join!
 How many autumns since that time have past,
 Stretching the distance when such joys were mine!

11.

Still joys are mine:—uncertain paths to take
 Through the wild woods, to hide and walk at will,
 Rustling aside the brown and wither'd brake;
 To rest on roots, and think, and linger still;
 Though trumpet-kecks are pass'd unheeded by,
 Whose hollow stalks inspired such eager joy,
 Still other trifles other sports supply,
 Which manhood seeks as eager as the boy.

12.

To meanest trifles Pleasure's hold will cling:
 'Tis even felt to view that greenening moss,
 These simple wrecks of summer and of spring:—
 Like other children I regret their loss.
 But there is something in that wind that mourns,
 And those black clouds that hide the heav'n as well,
 And in that sun, that gilds and glooms by turns,
 Which leaves a pleasure that's unspeakable.

13.

Though nuts have long been glean'd by many crews
 Of shatter'd poor, who daily rambled there;
 And squirrels claim'd the remnant as their dues;
 Still to the woods the hungry boys repair;

Brushing the long dead grass with anxious feet,
 While round their heads the stirr'd boughs patter down,
 To seek the bramble's jet-fruit, lushy sweet,—
 Or climbing service-berries ripe and brown.

14.

Amidst the wreck of perishable leaves,
 How fresh and fine appears the evergreen !
 How box or holly garden-walks relieves !
 How bright the ivy round the oak is seen !
 And on old thorns the long-leaved mistletoe
 Regains fresh beauties as its parent dies ;
 While dark spurge-laurel, on the banks below,
 In stubborn bloom the autumn blight defies.

15.

But garden shades have long been doom'd to fall,
 Where naked fruit-trees drop their constant showers :
 All blooms are fled, save on the wet moss'd wall
 As yet may peep some faded gilliflowers.
 The mist and smoke, in shadows mingling deep,
 Around each cottage hover all the day ;
 Through the dim panes the prison'd children peep,
 And look in vain for summer and for play.

JOHN CLARE.

FONTHILL ABBEY.

THE old sarcasm—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*—cannot be justly applied here. FONTHILL ABBEY, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though, perhaps, its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense Museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony and precious stones, painted windows “shedding a gaudy, crimson light,” satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Persian tapestry—all the miniature splendour of Solomon's Temple is displayed to the view—whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art,

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one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination !

The difficult, the unattainable, the exclusive, are to be found here in profusion, in perfection ; all else is wanting, or is brought in merely as a foil or as a stop-gap. In this respect the collection is as satisfactory as it is *unique*. The specimens exhibited are the best, the most highly finished, the most costly and curious, of that kind of ostentatious magnificence which is calculated to gratify the sense of property in the owner, and to excite the wondering curiosity of the stranger, who is permitted to see or (as a choice privilege and favour) even to touch baubles so dazzling and of such exquisite nicety of execution ; and which, if broken or defaced, it would be next to impossible to replace. The same character extends to the pictures, which are mere furniture-pictures, remarkable chiefly for their antiquity or painful finishing, without beauty, without interest, and with about the same pretensions to attract the eye or delight the fancy as a well-polished mahogany table or a waxed oak-floor. Not one great work by one great name, scarce one or two of the worst specimens of the first masters, Leonardo's Laughing

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Boy, or a copy from Raphael or Correggio, as if to make the thing remote and finical—but heaps of the most elaborate pieces of the worst of the Dutch masters, Breughel's Seahorses with coats of mother-of-pearl, and Rottenhammer's Elements turned into a Flower-piece. The Catalogue, in short, is guiltless of the names of any of those works of art

Which like a trumpet make the spirits dance;

and is sacred to those which rank no higher than veneering, and where the painter is on a precise par with the carver and gilder. Such is not our taste in art; and we confess we should have been a little disappointed in viewing Fonthill, had not our expectations been disabused beforehand. Oh! for a glimpse of the Escorial! where the piles of Titians lie; where nymphs, fairer than lilies, repose in green, airy, pastoral landscapes, and Cupids with curled locks pluck the wanton vine; at whose beauty, whose splendour, whose truth and freshness, Mengs could not contain his astonishment, nor Cumberland his raptures;

While groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;

the very thought of which, in that monastic seclusion and low dell, surrounded by craggy precipices, gives the mind a calenture, a longing desire to plunge through wastes and wilds, to visit at the shrine of such beauty, and be buried in the bosom of such verdant sweetness.—Get thee behind us, temptation; or not all China and Japan will detain us, and this article will be left unfinished, or found (as a volume of Keats's poems was carried out by Mr. Ritchie to be dropped in the Great Desert) in the sorriest inn in the farthest part of Spain, or in the marble baths of the Moorish Alhambra, or amidst the ruins of Tadmor, or in barbaric palaces, where Bruce encountered Abyssinian queens! Any thing to get all this frippery, and finery, and tinsel, and glitter, and embossing, and system of tantalization, and fret-work of the imagination out of our heads, and take one deep, long, oblivious draught of the romantic and marvellous, the thirst of which the fame of Fonthill Abbey has raised in us, but not satisfied!—

Mr. Beckford has undoubtedly shown himself an industrious *bijoutier*, a prodigious virtuoso, an accomplished patron of unproductive labour, an enthusiastic collector of expensive trifles—the only proof of taste (to our thinking) he has shown in this collection is *his getting rid of it*. What splendour, what grace, what grandeur might he substitute in lieu of it! What a hand-writing might he spread out upon the walls! What a spirit of poetry and philosophy might breathe there! What a solemn gloom, what gay vistas of the fancy, like chequered light and shade, might genius, guided by art, shed around! The author of *Vathek* is a scholar; the proprietor of Fonthill has travelled abroad, and has seen all the finest remains of antiquity and boasted specimens of modern art. Why not lay his hands on some of these? He had power to carry them away. One might have expected to see, at least, a few fine old pictures, marble copies of the celebrated statues, the Apollo, the Venus, the Dying Gladiator, the Antinous, antique vases with their elegant sculptures, or casts from them, coins, medals, bas-reliefs, something connected with the beautiful forms of external nature, or with what is great in the mind or memorable in the history of man,—Egyptian hieroglyphics, or Chaldean manuscripts, or paper made of the reeds of Nile, or mummies from the Pyramids! Not so; not a trace (or scarcely so) of any of these;—as little as may be of what is classical or imposing to the imagination from association or well-founded prejudice; hardly an article of any consequence that does not seem to be labelled to the following effect—*“This is mine, and there is no one else in the whole world in whom it can inspire the least interest, or any feeling beyond a momentary surprise!”* To show another *your* property is an act in itself ungracious, or null and void. It excites no pleasure from sympathy. Every one must have remarked the difference in his feelings on entering a venerable old cathedral, for instance, and a modern-built private mansion. The one seems to fill the mind and expand the form, while the other only produces a sense of listless vacuity, and disposes us to shrink into our own littleness.

Whence is this, but that in the first case our associations of power, of interest, are general, and tend to aggrandize the species; and that in the latter (viz. the case of private property) they are exclusive, and tend to aggrandize none but the individual? This must be the effect, unless there is something grand or beautiful in the objects themselves that makes us forget the distinction of mere property, as from the noble architecture or great antiquity of a building; or unless they remind us of common and universal nature, as pictures, statues do, like so many mirrors, reflecting the external landscape, and carrying us out of the magic circle of self-love. But all works of art come under the head of property or showy furniture, which are neither distinguished by sublimity nor beauty, and are estimated only by the labour required to produce what is trifling or worthless, and are consequently nothing more than obtrusive proofs of the wealth of the immediate possessor. The motive for the production of such toys is mercenary, and the admiration of them childish or servile. That which pleases merely from its novelty, or because it was never seen before, cannot be expected to please twice: that which is remarkable for the difficulty or costliness of the execution can be interesting to no one but the maker or owner. A shell, however rarely to be met with, however highly wrought or quaintly embellished, can only flatter the sense of curiosity for a moment in a number of persons, or the feeling of vanity for a greater length of time in a single person. There are better things than this (we will be bold to say) in the world both of nature and art—things of universal and lasting interest, things that appeal to the imagination and the affections. The village-bell that rings out its sad or merry tidings to old men and maidens, to children and matrons, goes to the heart, because it is a sound significant of weal or woe to all, and has borne no uninteresting intelligence to you, to me, and to thousands more who have heard it perhaps for centuries. There is a sentiment in it. The face of a Madonna (if equal to the subject) has also a sentiment in it, “whose price is above rubies.”

It is a shrine, a consecrated source of high and pure feeling, a well-head of lovely expression, at which the soul drinks and is refreshed, age after age. The mind converses with the mind, or with that nature which, from long and daily intimacy, has become a sort of second self to it: but what sentiment lies hid in a piece of porcelain? What soul can you look for in a gilded cabinet or a marble slab? Is it possible there can be any thing like a feeling of littleness or jealousy in this proneness to a merely ornamental taste, that, from not sympathising with the higher and more expansive emanations of thought, shrinks from their display with conscious weakness and inferiority? If it were an apprehension of an invidious comparison between the proprietor and the author of any signal work of genius, which the former did not covet, one would think he must be at least equally mortified at sinking to a level in taste and pursuits with the maker of a Dutch toy. Mr. Beckford, however, has always had the credit of the highest taste in works of art as well as in *virtù*. As the showman in Goldsmith's comedy declares that “his bear dances to none but the genteelst of tunes—*Water parted from the Sea*, or *The Minuet in Ariadne* ;”—so it was supposed that this celebrated collector's money went for none but the finest Claudes and the choicest specimens of some rare Italian master. The two Claudes are gone. It is as well—they must have felt a little out of their place here—they are kept in countenance, where they are, by the very best company!

We once happened to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Beckford in the Great Gallery of the Louvre—he was very plainly dressed in a loose great coat, and looked somewhat pale and thin—but what brought the circumstance to our minds, was that we were told on this occasion one of those thumping matter-of-fact lies, which are pretty common to other Frenchmen besides Gascons—viz. *That he had offered the First Consul no less a sum than two hundred thousand guineas for the purchase of the St. Peter Martyr*. Would that he had! and that Napoleon had taken him at his word!—which we think not unlikely. With two hundred thousand

guineas he might have taken some almost impregnable fortress. "Magdeburg," said Buonaparte, "is worth a hundred queens:" and he would have thought such another stronghold worth at least one Saint. As it is, what an opportunity have we lost of giving the public an account of this picture! Yet why not describe it, as we see it still "in our mind's eye," standing on the floor of the Thuilleries, with none of its brightness impaired, through the long perspective of waning years? There it stands, and will for ever stand in our imagination, with the dark, scowling, terrific face of the murdered monk looking up to his assassin, the horror-struck features of the flying priest, and the skirts of his vest waving in the wind, the shattered branches of the autumnal trees that feel the coming gale, with that cold convent spire rising in the distance amidst the sapphire hills and golden sky—and overhead are seen the cherubim bringing the crown of martyrdom with rosy fingers; and (such is the feeling of truth, the soul of faith in the picture) you hear floating near, in dim harmonies, the pealing anthem, and the heavenly choir! Surely, the St. Peter Martyr surpasses all Titian's other works, as he himself did all other painters. Had this picture been transferred to the present collection (or any picture like it) what a trail of glory would it have left behind it! for what a length of way would it have haunted the imagination! how often should we have wished to revisit it, and how fondly would the eye have turned back to the stately tower of Fonthill Abbey, that from the western horizon gives the setting sun to other climes, as the beacon and guide to the knowledge and the love of high Art!

The Duke of Wellington, it is said, has declared Fonthill to be "the finest thing in Europe." If so, it is since the dispersion of the Louvre. It is also said, that the King is to visit it. We do not mean to say that it is not a fit place for the King to visit, or for the Duke to praise: but we know this, that it is a very bad one for us to describe. The father of Mr. Christie was supposed to be "equally great on a ribbon or a Raphael." This is unfortunately not our case. We are not "great" at

all, but least of all in little things. We have tried in various ways: we can make nothing of it. Look here—this is the Catalogue. Now what can we say (who are not auctioneers, but critics) to

Six Japan heron-pattern embossed dishes; or,
Twelve burnt-in dishes in compartments; or,
Sixteen ditto, enamelled with insects and birds; or,
Seven embossed soup-plates, with plants and rich borders; or,
Nine chocolate cups and saucers of egg-shell China, blue lotus pattern; or,
Two butter pots on feet, and a basin, cover, and stand, of Japan; or,
Two basins and covers, sea-green mandarin; or,
A very rare specimen of the basket-work Japan, ornamented with flowers in relief, of the finest kind, the inside gilt, from the Ragland Museum; or,
Two fine enamelled dishes scalloped; or,
Two blue bottles and two red and gold cups—extra fine; or,
A very curious egg-shell lantern; or,
Two very rare Japan cups mounted as milk buckets, with silver rims, gilt and chased; or,
Two matchless Japan dishes; or,
A very singular tray, the ground of a curious wood artificially waved, with storks in various attitudes on the shore, mosaic border, and aventurine back; or,
Two extremely rare bottles with chimæras and plants, mounted in silver gilt; or,
Twenty-four fine OLD SEVE dessert plates; or,
Two precious enamelled bowl dishes, with silver handles;—

Or, to stick to the capital letters in this Paradise of Dainty Devices, lest we should be suspected of singling out the meanest articles, we will just transcribe a few of them, for the satisfaction of the curious reader:—

A RICH and HIGHLY ORNAMENTED CASKET of the very rare gold JAPAN, completely covered with figures.
AN ORIENTAL SCULPTURED TASSA OF LAPIS LAZULI, mounted in silver gilt, and set with lapis lazuli intaglios. From the Grande Meuble of the late King of France.
A PERSIAN JAD VASE and COVER, inlaid with flowers and ornaments, composed of oriental rubies, and emeralds on stems of fine gold.
A LARGE OVAL ENGRAVED ROCK CRYSTAL CUP, with the figure of a Syren, carved from the block, and embracing a part of the vessel with her wings, so as

to form a handle; from the ROYAL COLLECTION OF FRANCE.

AN OVAL CUP and COVER OF ORIENTAL MAMILLATED AGATE, richly marked in arborescent mocha, elaborately chased and engraved in a very superior manner. *An unique article.*

Shall we go on with this fooling? We cannot. The reader must be tired of such an uninteresting account of empty jars and caskets—it reads so like Della Cruscan poetry. They are not even *Nugæ Canoræ*. The pictures are much in the same *mim-mine-pimmine* taste. For instance, in the first and second days' sale we meet with the following:—

A high-finished miniature drawing of a Holy Family, and a portrait: one of those with which the patents of the Venetian nobility were usually embellished.

A small landscape, by Breughel.

A small miniature painting after Titian, by Stella.

A curious painting, by Peter Peters Breughel, the conflagration of Troy—a choice specimen of this scarce master.

A picture by Franks, representing the temptation of St. Antony.

A picture by old Breughel, representing a fête—a singular specimen of his first manner.

Lucas Cranach.—The Madonna and Child—highly finished.

A crucifixion, painted upon a gold ground, by Andrea Orcagna, a rare and early specimen of Italian art. From the Campo Santo di Pisa.

A lady's portrait, by Cosway.

Netcher—a lady seated, playing on the harpsichord, &c.

Who cares any thing about such frippery, time out of mind the stale ornaments of a pawn-broker's shop; or about old Breughel, or Stella, or Franks, or Lucas Cranach, or Netcher, or Cosway?—But at that last name we pause, and must be excused if we consecrate to him a *petit souvenir* in our best manner: for he was Fancy's child. All other collectors are fools to him: they go about with painful anxiety to find out the realities:—he *said* he had them—and in a moment made them of the breath of his nostrils and the fumes of a lively imagination. His was the crucifix that Abelard prayed to—the original manuscript of the Rape of the Lock—the dagger with which Felton stabbed the Duke of Buckingham—the first finished sketch of the Jocunda—Titian's large colossal portrait of

Peter Aretine—a mummy of an Egyptian king—an alligator stuffed. Were the articles authentic?—no matter—his faith in them was true. What a fairy palace was his of specimens of art, antiquarianism, and *virtù*, jumbled all together in the richest disorder, dusty, shadowy, obscure, with much left to the imagination (how different from the finical, polished, petty, perfect, modernised air of Fonthill!) and with copies of the old masters, cracked and damaged, which he touched and retouched with his own hand, and yet swore they were the genuine, the pure originals. He was gifted with a *second-sight* in such matters: he believed whatever was incredible. Happy mortal! Fancy bore sway in him, and so vivid were his impressions, that they included the reality in them. The agreeable and the true with him were one. He believed in Swedenborgianism—he believed in animal magnetism—he had conversed with more than one person of the Trinity—he could talk with his lady at Mantua through some fine vehicle of sense, as we speak to a servant down stairs through an ear-pipe.—Richard Cosway was not the man to flinch from an *ideal* proposition. Once, at an Academy dinner, when some question was made, whether the story of Lambert's leap was true, he started up, and said it was, for he was the man that performed it;—he once assured us, that the knee-pan of king James I. at Whitehall was nine feet across (he had measured it in concert with Mr. Cipriani); he could read in the book of Revelations without spectacles, and foretold the return of Buonaparte from Elba and from St. Helena. His wife, the most lady-like of English-women, being asked, in Paris, what sort of a man her husband was, answered, *Toujours riant, toujours gai*. This was true. He must have been of French extraction. His soul had the life of a bird; and such was the jauntiness of his air and manner, that to see him sit to have his half-boots laced on, you would fancy (with the help of a figure) that, instead of a little withered elderly gentleman, it was Venus attired by the Graces. His miniatures were not fashionable—they were fashion itself. When more than

ninety, he retired from his profession, and used to hold up the palsied right hand that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years, and smiled, with unabated good humour, at the vanity of human wishes. Take him with all his faults or follies, "we scarce shall look upon his like again!"

After speaking of him, we are ashamed to go back to Fonthill, lest one drop of gall should fall from our pen. No, for the rest of our way, we will dip it in the milk of human kindness, and deliver all with charity. There are four or five very curious cabinets—a triple jewel cabinet of opaque, with panels of transparent amber, dazzles the eye like a temple of the New Jerusalem—the Nautilus's shell, with the triumph of Neptune and Amphitrite, is elegant, and the table on which it stands superb—the cups, vases, and sculptures, by Cellini, Berg, and John of Bologna, are as admirable as they are rare—the

Berghem (a sea-port) is a fair specimen of that master—the Poulterer's Shop, by G. Douw, is passable—there are some middling Bassans—the Sibylla Libyca, of L. Caracci, is in the grand style of composition—there is a good copy of a head by Parmegiano—the painted windows in the centre of the Abbey have a surprising effect—the form of the building (which was raised by torch-light) is fantastical, to say the least—and the grounds, which are extensive and fine from situation, are laid out with the hand of a master. A quantity of coots, teal, and wild fowl sport in a crystal stream that winds along the park; and their dark brown coats, seen in the green shadows of the water, have a most picturesque effect. Upon the whole, if we were not much pleased by our excursion to Fonthill, we were very little disappointed; and the place altogether is consistent and characteristic.

W. H.

WALKING STEWART.

THERE are several kinds of pedestrians, all celebrated and interesting in their way.—There is the man who does his match against Time, and generally sacrifices that which he walks against;—there are ghosts, who are proverbial for *walking*, when they have something on their own minds, or are bent on having something upon the minds of those they choose to visit;—there is the mighty *Eidouranion* lecturer, as great a *Walker* as any we have recorded;—and there are the postmen, two-penny and upwards (as they say of the pencil-cases in the windows);—insolvents;—placard-bearers in the city;—hackney-coach horses;—Scotch tourists;—and many many others,—all intense walkers! The Walkers, indeed, like the lichens, are a vast *genus*, with an endless variety of *species*; but alas! the best and most singular of the tribe is gone! We are almost sure that the name of our loss is already anticipated in the minds of our readers—for who, that ever weathered his way over Westminster bridge, has not seen *Walking Stewart* (his invariable cognomen) sitting in the recess on the brow of the bridge, spen-

cered up to his throat and down to his hips, with a sort of garment, planned, it should seem, to stand *powder*, as became the habit of a military man; his dingy dusty inexpressibles—(really inexpressibles),—his boots, travel-stained, black up to his knees,—and yet not black neither—but arrant walkers both of them, or their complexions belied them; his aged, but strongly marked, manly, and air-ripened face, steady as truth; and his large irregular dusty hat, that seemed to be of one mind with the boots? We say, who does not thus remember *Walking Stewart*, sitting, and leaning on his stick, as though he had never walked in his life, but had taken his seat on the bridge at his birth, and had grown old in his sedentary habit? To be sure this view of him is rather negatived, by as strong a remembrance of him, in the same spencer and accompaniments of hair-powder and dust, resting on a bench in the Park, with as perfectly an eternal air:—nor will the memory let him keep a quiet, constant seat here for ever; recalling him, as she is wont, in his shuffling slow perambulation of the Strand, or

Charing-cross, or Cockspur-street. Where really was he?—You saw him on Westminster bridge, acting his own monument.—You went into the Park: he was there! fixed, as the gentleman at Charing-cross.—You met him, however, at Charing-cross, creeping on like the hour-hand upon a dial, getting rid of his rounds and his time at once! Indeed his ubiquity appeared enormous—and yet not so enormous as the profundity of his sitting habits. He was a profound sitter! Could the Pythagorean system be entertained, what a hen would now be tenanted by Walking Stewart! Truly, he seemed always going, like a lot at an auction;—and yet always at a stand, like a hackney-coach! Oh! what a walk was his, to christen a man by!—a slow, lazy, scraping, creeping, gazing pace!—a shuffle!—a walk in its dotage!—a walk at a stand-still!—yet was he a pleasant man to meet. We remember his face distinctly, and, allowing a little for its northern hardness, it was certainly as wise, as kindly, and as handsome a face, as ever crowned the shoulders of a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman.

Well!—Walking Stewart is dead!—He will no more be seen enriched in Westminster bridge;—or keeping his terms as one of the Benchers of St. James's Park;—or haunting the pavement with moving but unlifted feet. In vain we look for him “at the hour when he was wont to walk.” The niche in the bridge is empty of its amiable statue—and as he is gone from this spot, he is gone from all—for he was ever all in all!—Three persons seem departed in him.—In him, there seems to have been a triple death!—He was Mrs. Malaprop's “Cerberus—three gentlemen at once!”—As it was the custom in other times to have several leaders dressed alike in a battle,—“Six Richmonds in the field,”—so does it appear to have been the case, that there were three Walking Stewarts in the strife of London. We wish one could have been spared!—But the trio ceased its music of humanity at once. There was a glee of three parts,—and it was stopped!—Walking Stewart is dead!

We have been tempted “to consecrate a passage” to him, as John Bunce expresses it, from our regard

for the man, and from the opportunity which a whimsical little book,—a tiny pamphlet,—allows us of giving a few particulars of his life and travels. We cannot spare much room, but we will take care that he rests as comfortably in a nook of our Magazine, as ever he sat in the stone arbour of Westminster bridge.

The pamphlet we have alluded to professes to be ‘The Life and Adventures of the celebrated Walking Stewart, including his Travels in the East Indies, Turkey, Germany, and America:—and the author, who states himself to be “a Relative,” has contrived to outdo his Subject in getting over the ground, for he manages to close his work at the end of the sixteenth page!—This is a famous lesson of condensation—and we will attend to it rigidly.

John Stewart, or Walking Stewart, was born of two Scotch parents, in 1749, in London, and was in due time sent to Harrow, and thence to the Charter House,—where he established himself as a dunce—no bad promise in a boy we think!—He left school, and was sent to India, as a few others of his father's countrymen were about the same time. Here his character and energies unfolded themselves, as his biographer tells us, for his mind was unshackled by education.

He resolved to amass 3,000*l.* and then to return to England. No bad resolve! To attain this sum he quitted the Company's service and entered Hyder Ally's. He now turned soldier, and became a general. Hyder's generals were easily made and unmade. Stewart behaved well and bravely, and paid his regiment without draw-backs, which made him popular. Becoming wounded somehow, and having no great faith in Hyder's surgeons (a sensible misgiving), he begged leave to join the English for medical advice. Hyder gave a Polonius kind of permission, quietly determining to cut the traveller and his journey as short as possible,—for his own sake, and that of the invalid. Stewart sniffed the intention of Ally (he knew, as we know, that all *Allies* are suspicious)—and taking an early opportunity of cutting his company before they could cut him, he popped into a river, literally swam for his life, reach-

bank, ran before his hunters like an antelope, and arrived safely at the European forts. He got in breathless, and lived;—an English surgeon cured him.

Hitherto he had saved little money. He now entered the Nabob of Arcot's service, and became Prime Minister. The sixteen pages of "the Relative's" letter-press do not say how. They treat only of effects—causes are out of their sphere.

At length he took leave of India, and travelled over Persia and Turkey *on foot* (in search of a name it should seem, or, as he was wont to say, "*in search of the Polarity of Moral Truth*;") and after many adventures (why are not one or two of them related?) arrived in England. He brought home some money, and some "doctrines," as his biographer calls them—but what these "doctrines" were, we are left to surmise. He commenced his London life in an Armenian dress, "to attract attention;" but finding the people not very hungry after his philosophy, he resolved on enlightening the Americans, who refused his mental gas as perversely.

The Relative here drops the narrative, and tries his hand at the philosophical—but we do not get a very clear notion of his meaning.

Stewart, on his return from America, "made the tour of Scotland, Germany, Italy and France, on foot, and ultimately settled in Paris," where he made friends. He intended to live there; but, after investing his money in French property, he smelt the sulphurcloud of the Revolution, and retreated as fast as possible, losing considerable property in his flight. He returned to London,—and suddenly and unexpectedly received 10,000*l.* from the India Company on the liquidation of the debts of the Nabob of Arcot. He bought annuities, and fattened his yearly income. The Relative, in speaking of these annuities, says, oddly enough,

One of his annuities was purchased from the County Fire Office, at a rate, which, in the end, was proved to have been paid three, and nearly four times over. The calculation of the life gentry was here completely at fault: every quarter brought Mr. Stewart regularly at the cashier's, whom he accosted with, "Well, man alive! I am come for my money." This

matter formed one of Mr. Stewart's pleasures, for he well knew how his longevity disagreed with these "speculators of death."

Mr. Stewart now gave entertainments—had musical parties—conversations—dinners. The writer is a little more distinct here.

This sudden and large increase of wealth enabled Mr. Stewart to commence a series of entertainments, calculated to afford the highest treat to those friends and acquaintances by whom he was surrounded. Every evening a conversation was held at his house, enlivened by music; and on Sundays, he gave dinners to a select few, who were likewise gratified, in addition, by a discourse from the philosopher; and in the evening, a concert of vocal music was added for the guests' pleasure. This generally consisted of sacred music selected from Handel's compositions, to which the philosopher was highly partial. He often turned to the person seated nearest him, and would descant on the wonderful merit of this great master, whose music combined melody with harmony, making the latter subservient, a rule in the present day totally neglected by professors, who sacrifice all for science, betraying little or no melody in their subjects. These concerts always concluded with the dead march in Saul, another favourite of the philosopher, who gave it the most serious attention.

Stewart was attached to the King—and lived peaceably, until the late Queen's arrival,—when the deputations of Operative Sawyers, and other mechanical movements, alarmed Stewart, and awakened his walking propensities again. His friends had great difficulty to prevent him from going to America. He smoked another revolution. He wrote a letter in the Sun, and became easier.

"The Relative" says that "the declination of Mr. Stewart's health was apparent to his friends in 1821," that is, he began to get ill. He went to Margate—returned—became worse—and, on the Ash Wednesday of that year, gave up the ghost. Perhaps he is ~~Walking~~ Stewart still!

Stewart ~~was~~, in youth, remarkably strong and handsome;—indeed his name bespeaks the first, and his face vouched, even in its age, for the latter. To all entreaties from friends that he would write his travels, he replied, no;—that his were the travels of the mind. He, however, wrote essays, and gave lectures on the phi-

losophy of the mind. It is very odd that men will *not* tell what they know, and *will* attempt to talk of what they do not know. He never married.

"The Relative" ends his book with the following odd passage. He reasons in so original a style, that we sincerely hope the Edinburgh Reviewers will not strangle his sixteen little pages.

Thus, gentle reader, I have, I trust, *imparted every known occurrence* connected with the life of so singular a man; and as I can assert with a safe conscience, no one possessed Mr. Stewart's confidence but myself, any future publication of his life, in whatever shape it may appear, *I pronounce a forgery* upon the public. As *most probably* whatever profit may accrue from the sale of this pamphlet will be devoted to some charitable purpose, and as my bookseller (*vide* the title page), *who sells all English and foreign books remarkably cheap, which is owing to his importing the French and Italian books from Paris direct*, has generously volunteered to bring this work out free of remuneration, I am in hope it will not be construed into presumption to solicit the clemency of those merciless rogues the Edinburgh Reviewers, who with that acrimony so pecu-

liar to critics who have the false idea that their profession necessarily compels them, butcher-like, to cut up: however, they do at times some good to us poor authors, as my readers are aware the comparison well suits, *viz.* that sheep when cut up sell quicker than when left to themselves: but I think that my brother author (for all authors are brethren) Byron has pretty well dusted their jackets, and however they may receive this "gift horse," I certainly (whether they attack me or no) shall not fatigue myself by giving to them any practical lesson of the "Polarity of the Gluteis;" reserving for a future day my refutation of their incongruous remarks on "Brande's Inflammable Gases," *vide* Edin. Rev. vol. 34.

"The Relative," considering his professed means, is no very eminent biographer. He is evidently attached to the House of Stewart, and is an amiable, eccentric man; but he overrates what he knows, or keeps his knowledge sadly to himself. We should advise him, if he really remembers much of his relation, to put the materials into the hands of a clever man, and suffer the Life and Adventures of Walking Stewart to be written by some one who will do him justice.

The Early French Poets.

MAURICE SCEVE AND GUILLAUME DES AUTELS.

MAURICE SCEVE.

PASQUIER, in his *Researches on France* (*Recherches de la France*, l. 6. ch. 7.) speaks of Maurice Scève as the leader of that poetic troop, in the reign of Henry the Second, who, deserting the vulgar and beaten track, struck out into a more retired and lofty path. "In his younger days," says Pasquier, "he had trod in the steps of the rest; but, when advanced in life, chose to enter on another course, proposing, to himself for his object, in imitation of the Italians, a mistress ~~where~~ he celebrated under the name of Delia, not in sonnets (for that form of composition had not yet been introduced), but in continued stanzas of ten (dixains), yet with such darkness of meaning, that in reading him I ~~own~~ myself satisfied not to understand him; since he was not willing to be understood.

Du Bellay, acknowledging his priority in his own style of writing, has addressed to him a sonnet, in which he says,

Gentil esprit, ornement de la France,
Qui, d'Apollon saintement inspiré,
T'es le premier du peuple retiré,
Loin du chemin tracé par ignorance.

O gentle spirit, ornament of France,
Who, by Apollo sacredly inspired,
Hast from the people, first of all, retired,
Far from the path mark'd out by ignorance.

And in the fiftieth sonnet of his *Olive*, the same poet calls him 'new swan;' implying, that by a new method he had banished ignorance from our poetry. The consequence has been, that his book has perished with him." Thus far Pasquier. It can scarcely be hoped, that a modern reader should pierce through

That double night of darkness and of shade
 with which Maurice has invested his Delia, since one who was so much nearer to her orb professed himself unable to penetrate it. Yet sometimes methinks she

Stoops her pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherits Chaos;
 and it is during a few of these occasional gleams that I could wish to exhibit her.

Amour perdit les traits qu'il me tira,
 Et de douleur se print fort à complaindre;
 Venus en eut pitié, et soupira,
 Tant que par pleurs son brandon feist esteindre:
 Dont aigrement furent contrainctz de plaindre,
 Car l'Archer fut sans traict, Cypris sans flamme.
 Ne pleure pas Venus: mais bien enflamme
 Ta torche en moy, mon cœur l'allumera:
 Et toy, enfant, cesse, va vers ma dame,
 Qui de ses yeux tes fleches referra.—(xxxix. p. 44.)

Love lost the weapons that he aim'd at me,
 And wail'd for woe that had his soul unmann'd;
 Venus with pity did that sadness see,
 And sigh'd and wept till she put out her brand;
 So did they both in grievous sorrow stand,
 Her torch extinct, his arrows spent in air.
 Cease, goddess, cease thy mourning; and repair
 Thy torch in me, whose heart the flame supplies;
 And thou, child, cease; unto my lady fare,
 And make again thy weapons at her eyes.

A l'embrunir des heures tenebreuses,
 Que Somnus lent pacifie la terre,
 Ensevely soubz cortines umbreuses,
 Songe à moy vient, qui mon esprit deserre,
 Et tout aupres de celle là le serre,
 Qu'il reveroit pour son royal maintien.
 Mais par son doux, et prive' entretien
 L'attrait tant sien, que puis sans crainte valcune
 Il m'est advis, certes, que je la tien,
 Mais ainsi, comme Endimion la Lune.—(cxxxv. p. 60.)

When darksome hours the welkin have embrown'd,
 And sluggish Somnus lulls the world to peace,
 Buried in curtains shadowing around,
 Cometh a dream that doth my spirit release,
 And in her presence bids its wandering cease,
 Whom it hath revered for her royal guise.
 But with so soft and intimate surprise
 Hers draws it on, that I, unfearing soon,
 Methinks am folding her; yet in such wise
 As once the Latmian shepherd did the Moon.

In another of these dixains, he refers to the death of Sir Thomas More, whose fate had then recently filled Europe with consternation.

Le doux sommeil de ses tacites euz
 D'oblivion m'arousa tellement,
 Que de la mere et du filz les flambes
 Je me sentois estaintz totalement,
 Ou le croyois: et spécialement,
 Que la nuit est a repos inclinée.
 Mais le jour vint, et l'heure despitée,
 Ou, revirant, mille foyz je mouruz;
 Lors que vertu en son zels obstinée
 Perdit au monde Anglaterra, et More.—(cxi. p. 70.)

Soft sleep with silent waters had bedew'd
 My temples in oblivion, that I felt
 The torch of son and mother both subdued,
 And their wan fires in dark suffusion melt,
 Or so believed : for by the night is dealt
 Repose to mortals, stealing cares away.

But morn stept forth ; and with that morn the day
 Tack'd round, and did a thousand deaths restore ;
 For virtue, whose proud zeal no let can stay,
 Had to the world lost England and her More.

Quand quelquesfoys d'elle a elle me plaigna,
 Et que son tort je luy fais reconnoistre,
 De ses yeulx clers d'honneste courroux plains
 Sortant rosée en pluye vient a croistre.

Mais comme on voit le soleil apparoistre
 Sur le printemps parmy l'air pluvieux
 Le rossignol a chanter curieux,
 S'esgaye lors ses plumes arousant ;

Ainsi Amour aux larmes des ses yeulx
 Ses ailes baigne, a gré se reposant.—(ccclii. p. 156.)

When to herself I of herself complain,
 Making her rue the wrong that she hath done,
 Her bright eyes, swelling with a self-disdain,
 Oft melt in dew that into showers doth run.

But, as when sometimes we do see the sun
 In spring-time peering through a showery sky,
 The nightingale is blythe, and curiously

'Gins warble, dewing his meek feathers still ;
 Thus in the tears that drop from either eye
 Love bathes his wings, reposing him at will.

La lune au plein par sa clarté puissante
 Rompt l'espaisseur de l'obscurité trouble,
 Qui de la nuit, et l'horreur herissante,
 Et la paour passe ensemble nous redouble ;
 Les desvoyez alors met hors de trouble,
 Ou l'incertain des tenebres les guide.

De celle ainsi, qui sur mon cœur preside,
 Le doux regard, a mon mal souverain,
 De mes douleurs resout la nue humide,
 Me conduisant en son joyeux serain.—(ccclxxv. p. 166.)

The moon at full, by clearness of her light,
 Breaks through the thickness of the troublous shade,
 Whose bristling horror, leagued with the night,
 Has the wayfaring wanderer dismay'd ;
 Then doth he onward go, no more afraid
 Lest doubtful darkness lead his feet astray.

Thus she, whose motion doth my spirit sway,
 With sweet looks, sovereign cure for my distress,
 Dissolves my humid cloud of grief away,
 Leading me forth in shining steadfastness.

This poem, entitled *Delie*, Object de plus haulte Vertu, and printed at Lyons, chez Sulpice Sabon, pour Antoine Constantin, 1544, 8vo. consists of 458 dixains, reckoning by the number at the end ; but of these, nine (between 90 and 100,) are omitted. Every second leaf is ornamented with some curious emblem ; and the portrait of the author is prefixed. I am the more particular in describing this book, because I am doubtful whether it has ever been reprinted, and because, amidst much obscurity, there are really some fine things in it, somewhat in the way of our own Donne. Besides those which I have attempted to

translate, I would direct the attention of my reader, if it should chance to come in his way, to dixains clii. cxv. cccxxvii. ccccv. and cccxxiii. In the two hundred and sixty second, and that following it, he celebrates Francis the First; and in the next two, Margaret, probably the daughter of that king, and Duchess of Savoy. After the quaint fashion of the times, his Delia is often accosted as the Moon. She appears to have been a married woman:

In Francis' time,
Such courtship was not held a crime.
He frequently speaks of the Rhone, on the banks of which she resided, probably at Lyons. Maurice Scève himself was an advocate, and afterwards chief magistrate (echevin) in that city; and died, an old man, about 1564. Another of his works, called the Microcosme, written in Alexandrine verse, and divided into three books, I have not seen.

GUILLAUME DES AUTELS.

The only book which I have seen by Guillaume des Autels consists of but sixteen small leaves in the Gothic letter. It has no name of printer, nor date of time or place: its title, *Le Moys de May, de Guilelme Deshautelz de Montcenis en Boturgoignes Deus scit* (with two rude figures of a man and woman conversing together). On the back of the title-page, the reason why it is so called is given in the following quatrain:—

Lecteur desprit despes et gay,
Si tu veux la raison comprendre
De ce tiltre il te fault entendre
Que ce jay faict au moys de May.

Guillelme.—Icy me respondes doneques
Et sans peinet dypocrisie
Si vous sçavez qui fust oncques
La source de jalousie.

Jeanne.—Fust selon ma fantaisie
Qui en ce cels pas ne ment,
La cause de jalousie
Premiere [amour vehement.

William.—An if thou weetest, tell me this,
And tell me sooth I praye
Whence jealousy in human heart
Did first begin to sway.

Jane.—According to my fantasy,
Which is not false herein,
The cause of jealousy did first
In love o'er-strong begin.

Then follow some epigrams, in which, though he addresses the first of them to his sister and friend, the *Damoiselle Jeanne de la Bruyere*, and the second to his father, there is nevertheless a licentiousness in which I suppose the writer conceived that the "sprightly month" would warrant him.

Next comes *Cōplaincte sur la Mort de Clemēt Marot p Calliope muse q' se peust chanter sur Laisses la verde couleur faict p ledict Deshautelz.*—Complaint on the Death of Clement Marot, by the Muse Calliope, which may be sung to the tune of 'Leave the Green Colour,' by the said Des Autels.

Sur lhault mont de pnausus
Se faisoit une assemblee
Des neufz muses et lassus
La terre esmeue a tremblee.

Le quran a voyant
Vers les astres sest tournee
Puis soudain en larmoyant
Cette chanson a sonnee.

Laisses ceste grand douceur
Et liesse accoustumee
Calliope chiere seur
Nouvelle avez non aymee.

Plores le filz de Phebus
Et sa mort infortunee
Car en * se moyr sans abuz
Sa vie est ja terminee.

Celluy qui apres Virgile
Avoit la plume doree
Qui faisoit en sens agille
Ritme et chanson mesuree.

A ces propôs seulement
Calliope desolee
Congneust lame de Clement
Estre de corps despoillee.

Et a pour si grand douleur
Sa liesse desturbee
Et prenant peale couleur
Est comme morte tumbee.

Mais ses seurs belles et gentes
La voyant ainsi grevee
Par leurs cures diligentes
De la terre lont levee.

Et quant elle a peult reprendre
Ung peu sa voix absente
Elle a bien donne entendre
Comme elle estoit tourmentee.

O diat elle dure mort
Malheures et insensee
Ton tard sur moy point ne mord
Mays je men sens offence.

Helas jo te desdaignoy
Mays tu ten es bien vengee
Au lieu que tant cher tenoy
Pour cella tu tes rengée.

Or ta grande ingratitude
A toutes gens scet monstree
Orest ta main lasche et rude
Congneue en toute contree.

Cil qui avoit ton offence
A son pouvoir coloree
A pour toute recompence
Souffert ta main malheuree.

Maret au Sermon du bon et mauvais pas-
teur loue ainsi la mort.

Il tavoit nommer benigne
Clef de la vie estimee
Voyre comme Heleyne digne
Destre elegante formee.

Chascun peinctre qui paint bien
En sa figure atornee
Tavoit ja par son moyen
De face plaisante ornee.

Ainsi ton tard tu portoy
Teinct en couleur azures
Comme Cupido courtoys
Porte sa fleiche doree.

Upon the top of high Parnass
The Muses nine did sit,
When sudden on that mount the earth
Shook with a fearful fit.
Thereat the quadrant toward the stars
Did turn itself around,
And forth there issued, mix'd with sobs,
A song of doleful sound.
Oh break ye off this chearful strain,
Oh break ye off your gladness:
Calliope, dear sister, we
Have tidings of strange sadness.
Weep for the son of Phœbus, weep,
And for his hapless doom:
This month, erewhile a happy month,
Hath seen him to his tomb;
Him, who had next to Virgil learnt
His golden pen to move;
Who made the measures nimbly trip
His song and lay of love.
It ceased; but only at those words
Calliope despair'd,
For well she knew that Clement's soul
Had from its body fared;

* This seems to be an error of the press for "ce moyr."

And at so mighty woe disturb'd,
 Away her gladness fled ;
 And, changing colour, down to earth
 She fell as she were dead.

Her sisters beautiful and kind,
 That saw her in that swoond,
 With gentle care enfolded her,
 And lifted from the ground :

And when her voice, that fail'd her quite,
 A little was restored,
 She thus, in accents faint and low,
 That luckless chance deplored :

Ah me ! she cried, O cruel death,
 Insensate and ill-starr'd,
 Thy dart on me no wound can work,
 Yet hath it prest me hard.

Alas ! how well art thou avenged
 On me for my disdain,
 Who in the place I held so dear
 Hast thy proud station ta'en.

Now is thy great ingratitude
 To all men clearly shown ;
 Now is thy rude and felon hand
 Through every nation known.

He, who to utmost of his might
 Had colour'd o'er thy wrong,
 Has suffer'd from thy luckless hand
 In guerdon of his song.

Marot, in the discourse of the good and evil shepherd, thus praises death.

He call'd thee bountiful and good,
 He named thee key to bliss ;
 And if they've learnt to paint thee fair,
 The lesson hath been his.

Each limner hence that limneth best,
 Who doth thy likeness trace,
 Describeth thee with beauty such
 As beam'd in Helen's face ;

And thou wert made thy dart to bear
 With heaven's own azure bright,
 As courteously as Cupid his,
 In golden quiver pight.

In the second of these stanzas there appears to be intended a play on the words *quadrant*, the instrument, and *quadrain* or *quatrain*, a stanza of four lines. After continuing her complaint through several more of these, Calliope at last, like Gray's *Ward*, plunges in the Cabal-line stream ; but not, like him, to endless night—for her immortality does not suffer any harm in the mighty waters. Another impression of the same figures that are in the title-page, and which seem designed

to represent Guilleme and Jeanne, concludes this little volume.

I regret much that I can do no more for this writer than point out the names of some of his other works from De Bure's *Bibliographie*:—3055. *Repos de plus grand travail, ou Poësies diverses ; composées par Guill. des Autels*. Lyon, de Tournes, 1550, in 8vo.—3056. *Replique du même Guill. des Autels aux furieuses défenses de Louis Megret, en prose ; avec la suite du Repos de l'Auteur, en rime Française*. Lyon,

de Tournes, 1551, in 8vo.—3057. *Les Amoureux Repos de Guill. des Autels*, avec les façons lyriques, et quelques epigrammes. Lyon, Temporal, 1553, in 8vo.—3091. *Mythistoire Baragouyne de Faufreluche et Gaudichon*, trouvée depuis naguere,

d'un exemplaire écrit à la main [par Guill. des Autels.] Lyon, 1574, in 16mo.

Guillaume, son of Syacre des Autels, was born at Charolles, in 1529, and died about 1580.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RICHARD JAGO;

IN CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

RICHARD, the third son of Richard Jago, Rector of Beaudesert, in Warwickshire, was born on the 1st of October, 1715. His mother was Margaret, daughter of Wm. Parker, a gentleman of Henley in Arden, a neighbouring town in the same county. He received the earlier part of his education at Solihull, under Mr. Crumpton, whom Johnson, in his *Life of Shenstone*, calls an eminent schoolmaster. Here Shenstone, who was scarcely one year older, and who, according to Johnson, distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress, imparted to Jago his love of letters. As the one, in his *Schoolmistress*, has delivered to posterity the old dame who taught him to read; the other has done the same for their common preceptor, but with less ability and less kindness, in his *Edge-hill*, where he terms him "Pedagogue morose."

At the usual time he was admitted a servitor of University College, Oxford. His humble station in the University, though it did not break off his intimacy with Shenstone, must have hindered them from associating openly together.

In 1738, he took the degree of Master of Arts, having been first ordained to the curacy of Snitterfield, a village near the benefice of his father, who died two years after. Soon after that event, he married Dorothea, Susannah, daughter of John Fancourt, Rector of Kilmcote, in Leicestershire. In 1746, he was instituted to Harbury, where he resided; and about the same time was presented, by Lord Willoughby de Broke, to Chesterton, which lay at a short distance; both livings together amounting to about 100*l.* a year. In 1754, Lord Clare, after-

wards Earl Nugent, obtained for him, from Dr. Madox, Bishop of Worcester, the vicarage of Snitterfield, worth about 140*l.* After having inserted some small poems in Dodsley's Collection, he published (in 1767) *Edge-hill*, for which he obtained a large subscription; and in the following year, the fable of *Labour and Genius*. In 1771, his kind patron, Lord Willoughby de Broke, added to his other preferment the rectory of Kilmcote, worth nearly 300*l.* in consequence of which he resigned Harbury.

His first wife died in 1751, leaving him seven children. He had known her from childhood. The attention paid her by Shenstone shows her to have been an amiable woman. In eight years after, he married Margaret, daughter of James Underwood, Esq. of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, who survived him. During the latter part of his life, his infirmities confined him to the house. He died, after a short illness, on the 8th of May, 1781, and was buried in the church of Snitterfield. In his person he was above the middle stature. His manner was reserved before strangers, but easy even to sprightliness in the society of his friends. He is said to have discharged faithfully all the duties of his profession and of domestic life. As a poet, he is not entitled to very high estimation. The distinguishing feature of his poetry is the ease of its diction. Johnson has observed, that if blank verse be not terse and gorgeous, it is crippled prose. To disprove this, it would be sufficient to quote the greater part of that story from the *Tatler** of the Young Man restored to Sight, which Jago has introduced into his *Edge-hill*. Nothing can be

described more naturally, than his feelings and behaviour on his first recovery.

The friendly wound was given; th' obstructing film

Drawn artfully aside; and on his sight
Burst the full tide of day. Surprised he stood,

Not knowing where he was, nor what he saw.

The skilful artist first, as first in place,
He view'd, then seized his hand, then felt his own,

Then mark'd their near resemblance, much perplex'd,

And still the more perplex'd the more he saw.

Now silence first th' impatient mother broke,

And, as her eager looks on him she bent,
"My son (she cried), my son!" On her he gazed

With fresh surprise. "And what!" he cried, "art thou

My mother? for thy voice bespeaks thee such,

Though to my sight unknown."—"Thy mother I

(She quick replied); thy sister, brother, these."

"O! 'tis too much (he said); too soon to part,

Ere well we meet! But this new flood of day

O'erpowers me, and I feel a death-like damp

Chill all my frame, and stop my faltering tongue."

Now Lydia, so they call'd his gentle friend,

Who, with averted eye, but in her soul
Had felt the lancing steel, her aid applied,

"And stay, dear youth (she said), or with thee take

Thy Lydia, thine alike in life or death!"

At Lydia's name, at Lydia's well-known voice,

He strove again to raise his drooping head
And ope his closing eye, but strove in vain,

And on her trembling bosom sunk away.

But when their grief! for soon his life re-
turn'd.

And, with return'd life, return'd their
peace. — (B.)

The country which he has undertaken to describe in this poem is fertile and tame. There was little left for him, except to enlarge on its antiquities, to speak of the habitations that were scattered over it, and to compliment the most distinguished among their possessors. Every day

must detract something from the interest, such as it is, that arises from these sources. A poet should take care not to make the fund of his reputation liable to be affected by dilapidations, or to be passed away by the hands of a conveyancer.

It would seem as if he had never visited a tract of land much wilder than that in which he was bred and born. In speaking of "embattled walls, raised on the mountain precipice," he particularises "Beaudestert; Old Montfort's seat;"—a place, which, though it is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, has no pretensions of so lofty a kind. This, he tells us, was "the haunt of his youthful steps;" and here he met with Somerville, the poet of the Chase, to whom both the subject and the title of his poem might have been suggested by that extensive common, known by the name of Cannock Chase, on the borders of which Beaudestert is situated.

The digressions, with which he has endeavoured to enliven the monotony of his subject, are sometimes very far-fetched. He has scarcely finished his exordium, when he goes back to the third day of the creation, and then passes on to the deluge. This reminds one of the Mock Advocate in the Plaideurs of Racine, who, having to defend the cause of a dog that had robbed the pantry, begins,

Avant la naissance du monde—

on which the judge yawns and interrupts him,

Avocat, ah! passons au déluge.

Of his shorter pieces, the three Elegies on Birds are well deserving of notice. That entitled the Black-birds is so prettily imagined, and so neatly expressed, that it is worth a long poem. Thrice has Shenstone mentioned it in his Letters, in such a manner as to show how much it had pleased him. The Goldfinches is only less excellent. He has spoiled the Swallows by the seriousness of the moral.

Nunc non erat his locus.

The first half of Peytoe's Ghost has enough in it to raise a curiosity, which is disappointed by the remainder.

THE TALE OF ALLAN LORBURNE, MARINER.

I stood upon my shallop's prow, and saw
 A wild sea sweep a wilder isle, where dwelt
 Men gentle as the ocean when the moon
 Moves in her summer mist. Beside the rock,
 Oft moist with bitter sea-spray, close they build
 Their sheals with layers of azure stones and moss :
 The shatter'd ribs of some storm-stranded bark
 Form pan and rafter ; o'er the whole they cast
 A coat of odorous heath, pluck'd while the bee
 Sucks the sweet blossom, and his song is heard
 Through all the lonesome isle. A simple race—
 They plough not, neither do they reap, nor shear
 The fair fleece of the flock, but venturous seek,
 With boat and fish net, and the three-prong'd spear,
 Their sustenance from the rough unstable flood.

Three brethren—a mariner, a soldier, and a husbandman, sons of Adam Lorburne, were met together on their paternal hearth after many years' silence and separation. They parted, striplings, in quest of their good or their evil fortune ; and they met, men stricken in years, with infirm frames and sobered fancies. The house which had sheltered their name for many generations had no fair nor attractive exterior, nor did romantic beauty of situation compensate for the sordid looks of this humble abode. It was a shepherd's house, built on a wild hill top, with a roof of heather, a ceiling of turf, and a floor of clay. An acre or two of corn and garden ground, redeemed after a long and hard contest from the brown and sterile moor, surrounded the house. Nor plough, nor scythe, nor spade, except for the cultivation of that little patch, had ever approached their dwelling ; and the heath-cock, the curlew, the hooded crow, and the hawk, were their natural and nearest neighbours. They lived by their flocks alone, and by the produce of their numerous hives of bees, which collected from an immense extent of moorland an annual supply of that delicious dew—the sweetest of all gathered sweets—heather-honey.

The three brethren met—it matters not for the interest of this narrative how—and they found, on approaching their native place, that it wore the same fixed and unchanged look with which their boyish remembrances in-

vested it. The rocks, the hills, the streams, and the glens, are things not liable to change ; and the curlew and the plover announced their visit with a cry which seemed the same that hailed them on their native hill some thirty years before. But the welcome and joyous bark of the sheep-dog was changed into the snappish and churlish opposition of two moorland curs, who refused to acknowledge the pastoral names of Tweed or Yarrow, and who, planting themselves in the path, seemed willing to dispute the passage to the house. The pleased and motherly smile too with which their return from the stormy hill was formerly welcomed, was exchanged for the eager and startled gaze of two faded maidens, who, with hands held over their eyes, to aid the sharp examination with which dwellers in a lonesome place regard the approach of strangers, stood ready to shut the door should the objects of their scrutiny have a suspicious look.

Before the door stood a long bench of stone, where on the summer Sunday mornings their father usually sat, with his children gathered around him, to expound the Scripture and read them lessons from devotional books. The eldest brother advanced, and said to his eldest sister, "Who sits, I pray thee, on that bench now, to read the Gospel and hail the return of his children ?" He paused and stepped aside, covering his face with his hands ; while the younger brother came forward, and said,—“Why wear ye

that snood of black silk in your hair? and wherefore do ye sigh while we question ye about him who sat on that old seat of stone?" And the second brother, who had been a soldier from his youth, and endured many hardships, and braved many perils in breach and battle, threw himself across the bench of stone, and said, "Alas! alas! he who loved his sons and his daughters, and guided their youthful footsteps, will never sit on that ancient seat more." And tears came into his eyes, and he looked along the way which winded down the hill side to the parish burial-ground.

The two maiden sisters looked wistfully upon them—but foreign climates, the vicissitudes of fortune, and the hand of time, had so changed their looks, that they knew not their brethren. Now there lay beneath that bench of stone, nestled warm on a lair of soft hay and long wool, an old sheep-dog—toothless, and nearly footless, gray and almost bald with age,—which was but a whelp of a half-year old at their departure. While those words passed, he uttered something between a cry of pleasure and pain; and coming slowly out from his resting place, looked wistfully on the faces of the strangers; he smelt them, and considered them awhile, and moved his tail swifter and swifter, and then, setting up a long and melancholy howl, endeavoured to leap upon the knees of the elder brother, who had seated himself on the bench. "Ah, Yarrow, my lad," said his old master, "I have heard the cry of a man smitten in a sea fight, the weeping of a woman over her love, and the wailing of an orphan babe—but I never heard a cry so mournful and so pathetic as thine;" and he caught up his old companion and caressed him. "You are my brother—my elder brother!" said the youngest of his sisters, throwing her arms around his neck. "And we also are your brothers," said the other two,— "come from a far land to witness the desolation of our father's house." There was silence for a small space—then there was weeping and embracing, and interchange of loving looks and kindly hands. Few words passed till they all entered the house, and, seating themselves, learned what had

become of their father and their mother—gone to the kirkyard in the fulness of years. And they were refreshed with food, and had change of apparel given unto them.

"Now kilt your kirtle, Rebecca," said the elder sister, "and run over the moor, and tell James Macgee and his wife, and his daughter, that our three brethren are returned. Tell Edom Macgowan also, that the sons of his ancient friend have been spared to his prayers, and wish to see him in their father's house. And tell Barbara Baillie," she added in a whisper not meant to be audible, "that her old lover is come back from the wars, straight and hale, and weel-looking, with a tassel of gold upon his left shoulder—unharmd by sword or bayonet, save a touch of a bullet on his left cheek—and I think," said she, stealing a look at her brother while she spoke, "he looks all the more manly for it. And now," she added, "run, lass, and forget not as ye come through the village, that we entertain three beloved brethren, and that something delicate and nice will be wanted to improve our rude moorland cheer." And the younger sister hastened away with a light foot and a lighter heart, and the elder busied herself in comforting and conversing with her brethren. "I have sailed to many a far land," said the elder brother, "and when my industry made me rich, the wind and the whirlwind, the quicksand and the sunken rock, made me poor; I had ships and bold scamen—some have sunk, some have perished, and some have come to port: but I am here myself, my sister, with gold, and with a warm heart which is better than gold, and the afternoon of our life will be calm and pleasant." "And I," said the second brother, "have fought with sword and with gun against the enemies of my country in many a strange land. In battle and in camp have I ever thought of my native home—when I saw a brown hill I thought on Cosincon—when I saw a fair promontory I thought on Caerlaverock—and when I saw a little cottage in a wild place I thought on my father and my sisters; and now am I returned, not undistinguished, to spend my days in peace, and make the hearth-fire of our old house shine to the roof-tree in the winter even-

ings." "And here am I, thy younger brother," said the third; "nor tales of perils by land or sea have I to tell, but the humble and curious adventures of one who sought to find out the superstitions, beliefs, and ways and manners of man, and who returns to his native hill with an affectionate heart also, and some of the precious things of this life which gladden and comfort man." "And I receive you, my brethren," answered the elder sister, "with a heart which absence had not rendered cold:—I also have my tale to tell; the history of your father's house is not un instructive. Dissensions among our rulers, and civil wars, have turned Scotland into a fighting field since your departure;—and even down that green brae-side, where the brackens grow so long, have I seen the war horses spurred to battle and their riders bathed in gore. Famine too followed the steps of war, and a pest came among us, and many died—the flocks perished on the hill, the lover on his way to his bride, and the mother even as she gave suck to her fatherless child. Much, my brethren, have I to tell you—you will find the summer day too short for the story of our joys and our sorrows."

It was a pleasant thing, and also a sad, to look on these reliques of their early friendship, summoned to welcome the return of the three brethren, and seated with them at the evening fire. Grey hairs and wrinkled cheeks were there—the mirth of youth and the gravity of years, and the mingled joy and sedateness of both. There was frequent interchange of looks and scrutiny of persons; brief histories were told of the fate of old parochial acquaintances—tragical ends, and sudden deaths, and slow and lingering disorders, had made the churchyard the dwelling-place of many an early friend. "And now, Allan Lorburne," said an old friend of his father's, "listen to me—Thou art a mariner—a seafaring man—one of those who venture in ships and go down to see the wonders of the great deep. Many perils hast thou doubtless braved; for lee-shores and deep quicksands, sudden squalls and midnight tempests, the wind and the whirlwind, the thunder and the fire, work sore mischiefs among ships—those frail creations of man's wit and

hand. Strong is the faith of him who trusts in the hollow wood and the hempen string when the fierce tempest comes on. Woe, and alas, I had once a son—an only son, who disobeyed his father and went to sea; and whenever the wind sang in our chimney-top I looked sad and my wife wept—and many a tear she shed, but we never heard more of our poor sea-boy. Tell me, therefore, some of your adventures on the waves, I pray you; and when you describe some wild and stormy region with a rough sea and a wild people, I shall think I hear the tongue of my own begotten son telling of the perils he had braved."

"You may remember, brethren," said Allan Lorburne, "that on the morning we left our home, and the mother we were never more to see, our father accompanied us to the foot of the little hill where three roads separate. 'My three fair sons,' he said, 'it is fore-ordained that we must part—that you must yourselves part, each to pursue his fortune in the world—and something tells me we shall never meet again. Our native land is bare and sterile; the land of the stranger is rich and fertile, flowing with honey and waving with corn, and the women wear as much gold and precious stones in their locks as would buy Glenesling glen, and all the flocks of Fardenrush. Be wise, therefore, and be prudent—the stranger needs your strength—he gets even richer by your understanding—his ships waft home the gold and the spices of foreign parts—he is an ocean-prince, and you would do well to trim your shallop and sail under the protection of his banner. Go, therefore, my sons; and when you have raised a name, and gathered riches together, return to your native hill and spend the remainder of your days in peace, and go quietly to the grave, and have a Scottish sod laid on your bosom. And so my blessing go with you."

"For you, my eldest-born, it is written on your brow that you are to be a sojourner on the sea—an implorer of the western wind for a steady and a propitious breeze, and an entreater of Heaven for a full sea and a prosperous voyage. It is a life of peril; but it is also, to an adventurous and enthusiastic mind, a life of much joy:—joy to him who

loves to visit ancient and renowned lands, and see cities signalized in song and story:—joy to one who wishes to mark the ways and the characters of strange and savage nations, and who desires to drop anchor on coasts of pearl and of gold. Mark my words: thou wilt have to mingle on the sea with fierce and savage spirits, who delight in fraud and violence—in outrage and in plunder—with men who buy and sell human flesh and blood—who tear the babe from the mother's breast, and scourge her with a scourge—men who fear not Him in heaven; but, trusting to their winged waggons, go traversing the deep, working woe to the inhabitants of the lonesome isle and the unprotected coast. Restrain when thou canst these base spirits—mingle not in their counsel, partake not in their deeds—they shall surely be punished.—I have known such a life myself; and I ever found that the winds and the waves, the sunken rock and the false quicksand, the arrow and the sword, were ministers of vengeance for outrage and deeds of blood. Go, my child, and may Fortune find thee, and Honour adopt thee for her son.—and parting from my father, I took the left-hand road, which conducted me to a fair city and fine haven, where ships of many nations rode at anchor.

“I had never looked on such a scene before—and though I had often heard of the ocean, and of the ships which wandered upon its waves, and imaged to myself, as the maritime tale went round, a curious structure for wafting man and his luxuries, fancy I found had presented me with nothing so beautiful as the vessels which floated before me. Their swelling and painted sides—their tall, and smooth, and tapering masts—their milk-white canvas expanded to the wind, streamers of all colours floating from topmast and prow, and the song of the busy sailors, as they ascended and descended, and trimmed the sails, and prepared for the voyage—formed altogether a sight which threw an enchantment over my youthful mind. I stood with parted lips and wide-opened eyes, devouring the scene spread out in maritime glory before me—and I stood not unobserved. ‘Come, my *bonnie* youth,’ said a captain, whose

visage was darkened by many a West Indian sun, ‘Come, my *bonnie* youth, and I will teach thee how to win thy fortune on the waters: I will teach thee to steer with the compass by day and the stars by night, and show thee the way to gain gold among islands of sugar-canes, and frankincense, and spice. So come with me, my pretty landsman, and we will sail to the shore where the maidens are frank and free, with cheeks like a China orange, and clothes which you might hide in the case of a ridding-comb.’—‘Come with me rather, young man,’ said another captain, whose cheeks still bore tokens of a maritime battle,—‘scorn stowage and pilotage, and brokerage, and barter, and all those petty shifts of inferior spirits which tame down a pretty lad like you; and come where the cannons roar and the cutlasses flash in boarding our enemies’ ships on the sunny shore of Barbary. Come, and I will teach you to point the cannon and level the boarding pike, and humble those enemies of old Scotland, the Frenchman and the Spaniard.’ ‘Or rather come with me, my *cannie* landsman,’ said a third captain, ‘and I will teach thee how to steer, and traffic, and fight—to sell silks and spice, and brave thy enemy with pistol and cutlass. Come and join the merry crew of the good ship *Rover*, where every man can count you out as much Spanish gold as would buy half a dozen of these heathy and rocky hills to which you look back with a sigh. There’s mickle mirth on the deep—and there’s no Sunday on five-fathom of water. And if ye love music, and maidens, and red wine, we find these commodities on every shore—ah, merry may the maid be who lays her love on a sailor.’ While he continued speaking, a couple of his comrades half conducted and half carried me into a little boat, and I soon found myself on the deck of the good ship *Rover*, Captain Cutawa commander.

“As the morn rose the tide flowed into the bay—not with that slow and almost imperceptible swell which belongs to the ocean on the more southern parts of the coast—but it came on in long ranks of waves in swift and undulating succession, running three feet abreast, and bearing with it a multitude of pellocks,

which came shooting forward, and plunging and lifting their coal-black heads above the moon-light waves. The captain gave a shrill whistle—in a moment the sail was spread to the wind, the vessel moved away, and the hills, and shore, and city, began to lessen and subside as we sought our path through the waters. I stood and gazed on the foaming furrow at the stern—on the quivering masts and the bellying sail—and then looked on the moon and on the stars, and thought of my native hill and my father's house, over which for many an evening they shone so brightly to me. A blow from a rope's end, laid on with no gentle hand, startled me from this reverie. 'Come, you gaping and glowering land-louper,' said a squat personage, with a neck brawny and short, an eye savage and overbearing, and brandishing over me a piece of rope, curiously twisted and wrought into a weapon equal to the felling of an ox; 'Come, come, my handy lad—lay your soft palms to a pitchy rope; you came not here to muse and meditate—stir, man, stir—else I will order thee a sousing in salt water, and make thee find thy fins among the foam at the vessel's wake. May the admiralty seek the passage to the pole between my fifth and sixth ribs, if this stripling from the furrow and the furze-bush looks not as if he would strike again. Here, Sam Splicer and Tom Spankem, noose a rope round this chap's waist, and give him a drink out of the Dutchman's pickling-tub;—and he laid his rope again on my shoulders, and bequeathed me to his two companions. I could never endure insult and blows in the manner of many poor mariners, and I never inflicted them myself. I made a leap almost to the extremity of the vessel, snatched up a short boarding-pike, and with a burning brow, and lips quivering in anger, vowed death to the first man who touched me. 'The boatswain (for such he was, and his name was Borthwick,) laid his hand on his cutlass, made a step as if resolved to cut me down, and stood and menaced me with a frowning brow, and eyes which grew dark as death. 'Come, my determined chap,' said he, taking his hand from his cutlass' hilt—'I like thee all the better for this flash of native spirit—so drop thy half-pike, and make thyself useful, and

don't run to cold steel for a tickle on the shoulder with the boatswain's tawse. Here, Dick Grogson, bring us a pair of cupfulls of the neat Dutch article—a friendship that's not soldered with strong drink is like a castle wall cemented with sawdust. By the divinity of six fathoms of sea-water, many's the small quarrel I make for the sake of the reconciliation cup.' As he concluded, he seized a large goblet of silver, brimful of smuggled gin, and emptied it off at a draught. Unaccustomed to the use of liquor, I stood with the scarce tasted cup in my hand, and with strong aversion in my looks to take more.—Borthwick laughed and took the cup from me. 'A true sailor, my sackless lad,' said he, 'should have a throat sheathed with brass, that could swallow melted brimstone, and a stomach fit to digest a fathom of five-inch cable and the left fluke of of the best bower anchor. Come, my hearty lad, example surpasses precept—did you never see one swallow a mutchkin of Nantz, nor let the cup or the liquor touch his lips? Then, behold, I drink,' and gaping as he spoke, he threw the liquid into his mouth as one casts a bucket of water on a raging fire; and such was his dexterity, that neither liquor nor cup touched his lips. 'There,' said he, 'Allan Lorburne, of Cosincon—a name as highland as heather—the man who can do *that* may beat the Dutch, beard the devil, and dread nought that swims on salt water. I mind once, when I was but a raw callant—not much higher than that half coil of cable—I commanded a small smuggling shallop—the size of a cockle-shell or the seven corporations' Punch Bowl. Jock Macgrub, Tam Grunson, and a handy lad or two more, were with me. The sea calm—the air hazy—the hour twelve at night, and the coast of old Kirkcudbright distant a bare pistol shot. I sat like a sleeping gull above an anker of brandy, when who should drop down upon us but black Jock Gripeam, and the fiend's first-born, Davie Elshender, and five other unhallowed limbs of that foul monster, the Customs. Down they came, armed and double armed—in a well-going cutter with a full sail. Shall we fight or flee? said 'Tam Grunson, looking at the flints of his pistols. — Fight first, we can flee after, &

I—what! shall we run from a rascally gauger while we have a keg of brandy to brawl for—but first, let us have a mouthful each of the quickening spirit, which priests call consecrated water, and matrons cooling cordial;—and they gaped about me in a round robin. I threw a cupful into each, and may Providence forgive the havoc we soon made among some of his most imperfect works. I shall never describe the mischief we did—if a shot or a stab to a gauger be a thing in itself sinful, I have something to answer for—and if turning a pretty revenue cutter into a smuggling brig be a matter worthy of repentance, even let me to my knees. But why should I think injuriously of the dispensations respecting future rewards and punishments? There's hope for all, and consolation for every thing—to some bare thought is joy, and to me this cup is comfort—So here's to a speedy and a profitable lading, and then, hey! for the land of sugar-cane and spice, with a merry heart and a snoring breeze.' And setting the replenished cup to his lips, he drained it with slow and deliberate delight.

"Much I mused and thought on the step I had thus so rashly taken; and the more I saw of my new comrades the less I felt disposed to like them. The vessel seemed fitted alike for war or merchandize, and the crew appeared a band of maritime desperadoes, long inured to the ocean, and acquainted with scenes of fraud and violence. My father's parting words came strongly upon me—I had oftentimes heard of the fierce piracies of West India ships on the islands and even mainland of Scotland, and how they carried away virgins and boys, and sold them to concubinage or slavery. While these thoughts passed, the vessel with a fair wind and a full sail went sweeping along the western coast of Scotland. The lights, as we flew along, glimmered thick in the distant castles and towns; while here and there a fisherman's hut threw a long faint stream of light on the green and moving waters. At length we drew near to a small green island, which, sloping down to the sea on the south side, towered up towards the north into vast and magnificent rocks where the eagle brought forth her young. Long before we approached, we heard the unceasing

chafing of the waves on the rocky margin of this wild and beautiful isle. The sea-mew and the water-cormorant hailed our approach with their unceasing clang, and presently we could observe among the cliffs and caves the islanders following their dangerous and nocturnal trade of fowling—for they draw daily life from fish and feathers. A dozen boats lay moored in the mouth of an immense cavern, with a roof like a vaulted cathedral, and side walls sparkling in a thousand lights which its crystals reflected from the fowlers' torches. Further on, amid the flash of torches, we saw where they had deposited their evening prey; all the birds of the mainland and isles were there—some valuable from the richness and luxuriance of their plumage—others desirable from the sustenance they afforded to the inhabitants.

" ' Shall I go,' said Borthwick to Captain Cutawa, ' and take the sailor's tithe from the fowler's gains?—I should like to carry out a cushion of sea-gulls' feathers to my bonnie Nancie Gunn—she is a native of the Isle of Mull, and might like to lay her head among the down of her native birds;' and, accustomed to share in the captain's command, he proceeded to lower down one of the boats. ' Stay, stay,' said the captain, ' I have a nest of fowls with far fairer feathers than these to herrie—and I shall not forget thy pretty Nan neither. Old Donald Durk of Capel Courach, the first man that ever taught me to calculate a ship's course, or point a gun, wants a spanking quean with blue eyes or black, and with as many other charms as men may see who make choice in the dark—I should like to please the old man now, since he has laid himself up, and wishes to smell salt water and gunpowder no more. Now I know there are some fine dames among these wild islands—so let us see what fortune will find for us.' ' With all my heart,' said Borthwick; ' dames! by my faith, Captain, where will ye find handsome dames, if ye don't find them in Arran, in Mull, or Colonsay—there was Peg Maclean of the mainland, and Florence Frazer of Mull—the two fairest dames that ever made a sailor sigh: many a necklace of pearl and gold old Heaver Macclaver gave to bonnie Peg, but she married

an inland laird—a maker of matches among cattle, a drainer of mosses, and a parer and burner of moors,—and slighted the jovial sailor. There are handsome lasses among the islands if a man can get at them—but there are so many Donalds with dirks, and so many Duncans with claymores, that a man's best blood's in some small jeopardy who lays a tarry hand upon them.'

“ While this conversation passed,

the vessel kept on her course with a slow and steady motion, and the island, with all its line of picturesque coast, gradually lessened on our view. A mariner, who sat on the stern listening to the subsiding, foaming, and frying of the waters in the wake, chaunted, with abundance of rough energy, the song of the *Sailor's Lady*—a common chaunt among the western islands, and now sung wherever the English pennon floats.

THE SAILOR'S LADY.

1.

Come busk you gallantlie,
Busk and make you ready,
Maiden, busk and come,
And be a sailor's lady.
The foamy ocean's ours,
From Hebride to Havannah,
And thou shalt be my queen,
And reign upon it, Anna.

2.

See my bonnie ship,
So stately and so steady ;
Thou shalt be my queen,
And she maun be my lady :
The west wind in her wings,
The deep sea all in motion,
Away she glorious goes,
And crowns me king of ocean.

3.

Gladsome is the time
When all our cups are foam—
Sweet to weary hinds
The dewy hour of gloamin—
But sweeter still to go
With thee, sweet winsome woman,
Where wills the wind and thou
Amid the ocean roamin.

4.

The merry lads are mine,
From 'Thames, and 'Tweed, and Shannon;
The Bourbon flowers grow pale
When I hang out my pennon ;
I'll win thee gold and gems,
With pike and cutlass clashing,
With all my broad sails set,
And all my cannon flashing.

5.

Come with me and see
The golden islands glowing,
Come with me and hear
The flocks of India lowing ;
Thy fire shall be of spice,
The dews of eve drop manna,
Thy chamber floor of gold,
And men adore thee, Anna.

“ While the neighbouring shores rang to this maritime ditty, the course of the vessel was suddenly altered, and we presently found ourselves abreast of the island we had lately passed, and let slip our anchor in a small and sheltered bay. The shore, rough and savage on the other side of the isle, was smooth and beautiful on this, and a short coat of tufted grass covered the land from the water edge till it sloped upwards to the peaks of the distant rocks. The sea was calm, the wind was still, and the moon from the summit of the lofty cliffs shot down the green sward, and far over the sea, a thin broad stream of pure and wavering light. The sailors crowded upon deck, and a short and whispered consultation passed among them—a shrill whistle was given, a couple of boats were lowered, and ten armed men leaped into each. As I stood looking earnestly on this sudden movement, a sailor seized me, and pitching me over the ship’s side among the crew of the nearest boat, exclaimed amid the suppressed mirth of his companions, ‘ Learn young, learn fair—the earlier in sin the sooner in repentance;’ and, ere I gained my feet, the boat knocked upon the land, and I went on shore with my companions.

“ ‘ Now, my lads,’ said Captain Cutawa, ‘ remember that a quiet tongue, a ready hand, and a quick thought, maun be your leaders to-night. Ye all know what I want—and I need not repeat, that a bonnie lass and a fine knave bairn are main matters in request. Bring me not a sucking brat from the mother’s knee, like daft Captain Jinker, and have to nurse it for your pains—nor a withered beldame halting on a crutch, like the prize of Will Buntling, but bring me a boy to hand the sails and climb aloft in a squall; and a girl to bake our bread and ballast our hammocks, my hearty lads. A white brow and a blue eye, a swan long neck and a gentle tongue, and a lightsome heart, and a head of nut-brown hair, will bring the gold among the sugar-cane and spice isles. There’s old Captain Kidnapper, many a mother has he left wailing o’er an empty cradle among the western isles of old Scotland. I have known him give down two hundred golden Georges for a silly slip of a girl who wept the

whole way from Mull to Bernuda, and all that she had to do was to smooth the old man’s bed in the morning, and make him a cordial cosie and warm when he went to sleep. But ware hawks! if we are not handy, we shall have these night owls of fowlers about our ears. So sheer off, my lads, sheer off, and I will remain here with a couple of men to guard the boats and receive the prizes.’ And away we marched, conducted by the boatswain.

“ The scene before us, lying amid the silent splendour of the moon, was inexpressibly lonesome and grand. The island was small—stood, in a clear day, within sight of the mainland, and rose at the northern extremity high and beautiful amid the wilderness of waters. As far as sight could reach, the sea waves rolled and heaved in multitudes, flashing at every undulation beneath the moon’s uninterrupted light. I could perceive no trace of cultivation, nor any thing that indicated the presence of man as we proceeded; till, turning round the base of a line of rocks which shut out a little green vale from the sweep of the sea-breeze, I beheld a circle of immense unhewn stones occupying the valley like the columns of a temple. Above them lay a line of horizontal rocks, round which processions of men with arms and instruments of music had been rudely sculptured. Time, which strips the most exquisite labours of the sculptor’s hand of half their delicacy of execution and expressive grace, had committed no such ravages here: the sweep of the tempest (and here it comes in all its strength) had only softened down the rude and rugged resemblances of human forms and human actions; the stamp of free original thought, which ever belongs to a people whose impulses are immediately from nature, remained unobliterated.

“ The boatswain summoned his comrades to the shaded side of one of those huge columns—laying a human scale of measurement to their gigantic dimensions. The crew of a pirate ship, armed for outrage and wrong, and acquainted with scenes of rapine and blood, and even then plotting atrocities, (at that time, and long after, too common among the unprotected isles) dwindled into insignificance in the contemplation. In

the centre, as a throne or altar, stood a stone more gigantic than its fellows, hewn into an immense chair, with an earth-fast footstool of solid rock, bearing the impression of two large feet sunk deeply into its face. Here, tradition affirms, the old barbarian monarchs of the isles were crowned, seated on the throne, and their feet placed in the corresponding holes below. I stood imagining a covering for this ancient palace or temple—but the risen moon, with her assembled stars, and the blue vault of heaven, presented a roof too grand and appropriate to admit one of meaner materials. I was hastily summoned from this reverie to attend my companions.

“I found them pursuing their way with silence and caution towards what seemed an irregular line of rocks or hillocks—but lights gleaming from the little wickets or windows, and a thin long line of smoke curling seaward from the summit of each, distinguished them as the abodes of the rude and simple islanders. They were the most uncomfortable-looking dwellings imaginable—built of rough stones, with layers of moss, and covered with heather, over which ropes were intertwined, like the chequers of a clansman’s plaid, to secure them against the storm. There were twelve or fourteen houses in all; sea fowls’ feathers were scattered about in all directions, and the smell of fish issued strong from each door and window. As we approached, we heard a woman singing one of her wild native ballads, and I was ordered up to the window to reconnoitre the inmates of her house. I pushed a small board aside, suspended on a couple of leather hinges, and a dull and smoky light diffused from a lamp showed me a young fair-haired girl twining coloured wool, while her

mother, with a child in her lap, sat trimming a scanty fire, where a pipkin simmered with food for her boy. As I gazed on the scene before me, I thought, ‘Cursed be the hand that offers ye wrong, and may sorrow and sadness follow those who would part such a mother from her children.’ The maiden seemed some fifteen years old—with a blithe glance, and a cheek glowing in health, a neck long and round, and tanned, from the influence of the sun, where it was unsheltered by the moving (as she walked) of her long and curling ringlets. I looked around the chamber, which, with its scanty and humble furniture, showed nothing to indicate that a man was the owner—nor gun, nor net, nor fish-spear, were there. The mother hung her head over her two children with a look of mournful contemplation, and I could perceive her glances occasionally wandering to a bonnet and chequered plaid which hung suspended over a small couch of heather covered with some coarse blankets and rugs, and from beneath which appeared a bed of sea fowls’ feathers, gathered by her daughter’s hands among the island rocks and caverns. The girl laid aside her spindle, proceeded to wind her thread into quantities, and ever as she moved the reel about, she chaunted with a low, and a gentle, and a melancholy voice one of her island songs. Long afterwards, when I met her on her native land—lady of an isle—wife of one of the bravest island chiefs, and mother of four fair daughters and two stately sons—she sang the song to me—but prosperity, and domestic happiness, and change of circumstance, had taken away its wild and melting influence—and it excited less emotion than it did in the enthusiastic days of my youth.

LOW GERMANIE.

1.

As I sail’d past green Jura’s isle,
Among the waters lone,
I heard a voice—a sweet low voice,
Atween a sigh and moan:
With ae babe at her bosom, and
Another at her knee,
A woman wail’d the bloody wars
In Low Germanie.

2.

Oh woe unto these cruel wars
That ever they began,
For they have swept my native isle
Of many a pretty man:
For first they took my brethren twain,
Then wiled my love frae me.
Woe, woe unto the cruel wars
In Low Germanie!

3.

I saw him when he sail'd away,
And furrow'd far the brine,
And down his foes came to the shore,
In many a glittering line;
The war-steeds rush'd amang the waves,
The guns came flashing free,
But could nae keep my gallant love
From Low Germanie.

4.

Oh say, ye maidens, have ye seen,
When swells the battle cry,
A stately youth with bonnet blue
And feather floating high,—
An eye that flashes fierce for all,
But ever mild to me?—
Oh that's the lad who loves me best
In Low Germanie.

5.

Where'er the cymbal's sound is heard,
And cittern sweeter far,—
Where'er the trumpet blast is blown,
And horses rush to war;
The blythest at the banquet board,
And first in war is he,
The bonnie lad whom I love best
In Low Germanie.

6.

I sit upon the high green land,
When mute the waters lie,
And think I see my true-love's sail
Atween the sea and sky.
With ae bairn at my bosom, and
Another at my knee,
I sorrow for my soldier lad
In Low Germanie.

“While I stood hearkening to the melody of this young and beautiful creature, Borthwick came suddenly to my side, and withdrawing me from the aperture in the window, gazed for some minutes, then turned to me, and whispered:—‘She is the sweetest maiden I ever beheld—and the mother too has lost little of her bloom—some people now like that sorrowful cast of face, and would lay down more gold for it than for merrier looks.’ We were now joined by our companions, who were in-

dulged in their turns with a brief look; an Irish sailor happened to be the last, and such was his impatience to see this young island beauty, that, during the scrutiny of his comrades, he ran whispering from side to side, ‘Oh! for the love of the saints, let me get but one peep at her.’ In a moment the work of outrage and violence commenced; the doors were flung to the walls, and, standing idly and aghast in the midst of the village, I heard the voice of expostulation—the shrieks of surprise—the cry of

anger and of agony—the wailing of mothers—and the weeping of children. Two boys and a girl—the former the sons of a fisherman, and the latter the fair-haired songstress whose melody had moved me so much—were borne down to the boats; while behind followed a long line of women, the aged and the young, filling the air with sorrowing and intercessions. My heart died within me when I saw with what a crew of wretches my evil fortune had associated me; and boy as I was, and alone, I had my hands more than once on my pistols to sacrifice some of the ruffians who were leaders in this signal act of wrong. But such a deed I soon saw would only be to throw my life foolishly away, and I resolved to conceal my feelings, and keep vengeance for a fitter time and place.

“We had hardly pushed the boats an oar’s length from land, when I beheld the unhappy mother of the maiden breaking from all the restraints of her neighbours, and rushing after us into the water. She stretched her hands towards us, while her eyes gleamed through her tears—her hair streamed unbound behind her—and, uttering a loud shriek, she cried, ‘Give me my child—give me my child: are ye men, and have ye milked a woman’s bosom, and will ye carry away the darling of her heart? Give me my child—my fair-haired child—my only child, who has no father to guard or to save her—for he is in a far foreign land fighting for his chief and his country: will ye carry away the daughter of a brave and an honest sodger?’ The boats held on their course, and the maiden shrieked and struggled, and endeavoured to cast herself into the water. The voice of her mother was again heard: ‘Oh! she is gone, she is gone—the delight of her mother’s heart, and the light of day to her father’s ee. Oh! monsters, not men—and more devils than monsters—may the waters open and swallow ye up—may Heaven rain fire upon your heads—and may the tempest which spares many, find you soon, and pity your cry, as you now pity mine! But a mother’s curse and a mother’s cry shall pursue you—and sudden judgment, and the avengement of worse than spilt blood, shall

be upon you.’ The maiden renewed again her struggles as her mother’s voice became faint; but she was borne upon deck, carried speedily below, and all that I could hear of her was a bitter sob and moan. When she disappeared, her mother uttered a low faint shriek, dropt helpless in the water, and was borne homewards—her long hair trailing on the ground.

“We lay a little while within sight of the island, and heard the continued cry and lamentation of the women, and saw lights hurrying from cabin to cabin—their husbands returning from the cliffs, and preparing their arms: but pursuit or attack was not to be dreaded by a ship so swift, and by mariners so expert, as ours. We spread our sails, and stood quietly away among the moon-light waters, till we reached another little isle, where, standing into a small bay, we dropt anchor and went ashore. We pitched our tent, placed ourselves on the ground, spread out our provisions, and two kegs of liquor were brought from the ship, and drinking cups placed beside them. Two sailors were despatched with me in quest of a spring; and we found a little fountain, or rather basin, full of cold pure water, which trickled from the face of a neighbouring rock. As I stooped to fill my vessel, I observed a human figure muffled up in a Highland plaid, a staff in his hand, and a small bag of provisions at his side, in the manner of a pilgrim or wanderer from place to place; a dusty-foot, as they are expressively called in the north. We spoke, but he made no reply—we shouted—he answered with a writhe or a groan, as if our notice of him was painful. I looked in his face; it was as wan as clay—his hands were clenched and trembling on the head of his staff, and he seemed struggling for utterance. He began to wave his hands for us to depart; and his lips had the motion of speech, but no words came—and a foam was upon them. At once he started wildly to his feet—uttered groan after groan—crossed his breast and brow incessantly—his grey hair seemed to stiffen and erect itself; and then he broke out in the following wild and incoherent manner—his hands waving and his eyes rolling:—

“ ‘I looked and beheld the deep green sea, and amid the waters was a lonely isle. There I saw a fair woman and her only daughter—and the maiden sang of dool and sorrow, and the woman nursed a fair-haired child, and thought on her husband and a far foreign land. And as she looked to the sea for her husband there came a bonnie ship, with her pennons spread, and her white sails bent, and she cast anchor by the lonesome isle. And I looked and saw evil men go ashore, and carry away the woman’s fair-haired daughter, and the mother wept and wailed—followed them with intercessions and prayers—but she asked pity from unpitying men, and they sailed away and left her sorrowing. And I looked again, and I saw the ship with her crew of evil doers—and they waxed merry with wine, and went sweeping along with gladness and joy of heart. And I saw a silver mist arise, and it spread and darkened; and amid the mist I heard voices more awful than the voices of men, crying, ‘Woe, woe, to the workers of wickedness’—and then I heard a din like the shock of armed men, and a sound arose like the groans of the dying—and the mist melted away—and there lay on the decks the bodies of many mariners, pierced with shot and with sword; and I saw the woman with her fair-haired daughter standing exulting, and singing a loud song of deliverance.’ Concluding his prophesy, he sank down again on his seat, hid his face in the folds of his mantle, and groaned and shuddered in the mental agony which ever precedes and follows the disclosures of a Seer.

“ On returning to our companions we found the wine-cup in rapid march, the brandy goblet making its rounds, while a keg of choice Hollands followed, and completed in a little space the triumph of liquor over the understanding. One sang a long maritime battle-ballad, in a loud equal tone of voice, which rivalled, in hoarseness and melody, the clamour of a storm in the shrouds. Another shouted out the names of all the naval heroes of plunder and piracy with whom his calling had made him familiar; and toasted them all in quick succession, distinguishing each by some rude descriptive

epithet taken from the story of their lives. A third hallooed, with a goblet in one hand and the remains of a tarry hat in the other, the names and dwelling-places of a long succession of mistresses, who had triumphed over his heart at home and abroad; but his chief favourite was Bell Sheal, daughter to the Skipper of Courach. A fourth gave a history of the famous sea-fight between the Rover and the Rainbow—dipped his fingers without scruple in his own or his comrades’ liquor, to draw a chart of the coast where the battle happened; and imagining himself at last in the hottest of the action, started on his feet, and shouted out, ‘Board, ye babes of darkness, board!’ and overturned the naval ballad-singer in the fury of his enthusiasm. In the midst of this scene of brawl and drunkenness, Borthwick sat and enjoyed in their turns the varied characters which his crew exhibited.—He sang with the songster, toasted pirates and drabs with Splicer and Spankem, threw a passing descriptive word or two into the narrative of the sea-fight of the Rover and the Rainbow, and shouted and swore with all, till the whole isle murmured with the din.—‘Ah, my gallant soul,’ exclaimed a sailor from Carrickfergus to the boatswain, ‘you have a bright sketch of swearing, and you damn most delightfully.’

“ It was about two o’clock on a summer morning, when the captain, the boatswain, and their companions, returned on board the ship—some we hauled up the side—they all got aboard with difficulty, and reeled to rest. I was desired to keep watch on deck, and an old experienced sailor was my companion. By degrees the brawling and deep swearing subsided; and all that could be heard was the plash of the seal on the shore, the low chafing of the surge against the prow of the ship, and the frequent sob and sigh from the unhappy island maid, whose sorrow knew no sleep. My comrade and I paced the deck with our cutlasses drawn; but the dewy air was cold: we placed them in their sheaths, and with folded arms, and eyes which now wandered seaward, then shoreward, and finally were turned upon each other in sharp and suspicious scrutiny, we maintained our silent

watch. We had not moved in this way long till we heard the captive girl, low and scarce audible at first, interceding with Heaven for protection; her prayer was interrupted by sobs, and other expressions of misery, and her voice, though sweet, was inexpressibly mournful. 'I wish,' said my comrade, 'that the lassie would have the sense to be silent—she'll waken Captain Cutawa, and he'll waken in drink—and wakening in drink he'll waken angry, and when he's angry out comes his cutlass, and right and left, from stem to stern, strikes he—as if a thousand fiends were boarding his ship—and wha kens but ye may get a slap or sae with his cutlass, just by way of a mark of special regard—a friendly token, belike, just to show how high you stand in a gallant man's regard?' 'These are tokens we must sometimes take from our enemies,' I observed—'but a cut from a friend's cutlass is long in healing, and I should be tempted to snap my pistol in his face if he struck hard.' 'I like your spirit, my lad,' said the old pirate, measuring his steps in confidence, side by side with me; 'and were my feet on the beather-top instead of shaven deal, I would burn powder under the best man's nose in the mainland who bestowed such dubious benediction on me. But conscience! ye see, lad, the land has ae law, and the waves have another; and ye'll never rise to command till ye have learned to obey. And it's just no sae bad as ye imagine to get a small wipe from the captain's hanger—it is a mark of respect, though something of a queer ane, and which a hot-headed chield would be apt to misunderstand.—If he strikes ance he never strikes again, and ye are ever after the captain's marked man—to bouse and carouse, to plot and to board, and to share in the glory and the spoil, and be ever at his right hand. I bear a gentle token of his affection myself—won on the coast of Surinam; I could go to the spot yet where I received it—and it mended, as ye see, in a month,' displaying, as he spoke, the rough ridge of a large flesh-wound, 'and ever since we have been sworn brothers—among the billows I mean; for I think, if we were fairly ashore, I would let the law of the land take

its course, and ask him to take his stance with the marking-irons, among the morning dew.'

"I could not help smiling at this singular speech; and ventured to inquire, what he thought concerning those deeds of outrage—the plundering of a peaceable coast, and carrying away children to dispose of among the plantations. He seemed surprised at my speech. 'I vow,' said he, 'by the might of a nine-inch cable, that thou art the greatest simpleton that ever bore pistols. I will make this knotty matter as straight to thee as a handspike; and I cannot but say, that I had some of these qualms myself, the first voyage I made with the old half Highland, half Dutch captain—what's his name, who was gibbeted off the Paps of Jura?—old Jansen Vandergelt—but he weighed down my scruples with some pieces of Spanish gold, and I became a quiet seaman, and a sworn servant of the ship, ever after. That's but a small answer to a large question, though many would think it good enough, but I will make it plain. Here's the good ship Rover, a free-trader with an English pennon floating—she wants a hand, and a hand wants employment; sae down comes a seaman to the quay, the gowd is offered, the bargain is struck, and ye are a bounden servant to the bonnie ship till she hath made her voyage. Now what is it to you, I would wish to learn, whether she carry sugar-candy or slaves—the law bound ye, and ye cannot loose yourself; else a loose plank, or the yard arm, or, what is worse than all, a West India dungeon, would be your instant fee and reward, the moment ye were taken. But ye are, maybe, somewhat devout, and afraid of doing a thing which may be heinous, and apt to bring ye into trouble in another state: and be it sae—scruples should be satisfied.—Ah, my lad, there's nothing sooner soothed than a scruple of that kind—if ye happen to have a tenderish heart and a soft eye ye'll find these much more in your way.—There was Captain Kipper; he aye consulted his chaplain before he ventured on an expedition; and while he had one party ashore marauding and reaving, he had another gang on board praying and singing anthems—and sae he

balanced matters atween a peevish conscience and a love of gain. I have answered ye now, I trow.' And he regarded me with triumph in his eye, and we continued our pacing and watching.

"My companion laid his hand on my arm to stay me, and he stood looking shoreward, with his lips apart and his matted locks raised from his ear—like one who sought to catch a flitting sound from a distant place. 'It is but the moving of the seals among the waters after all, I believe;' said he, 'and yet I thought I heard something like the shrill twang of a woman's tongue—it's a sound can never be mistaken, and rings in one's ear like hammered steel.—But I'll warrant it's that foolish woman's screams, that have left their echo in my lug;—I should like now to have a bit of a brush with our cutlasses and cannon, to get rid of such an unsonsie clamour.' I expressed some suspicion, that much wrong was offered to individual feeling, in thus tearing their victims violently from their native place, and the society of their relatives. He rubbed his chin, which was black and ripe for the razor; shrugged up his trowsers, and answered: 'Wrong! why ye see there seems to be small wrong in't—every body does with the poor and the helpless as they like—one turns a fisher town into a furrowed field, and burns the sheds above the people's heads by way of ejection, and away they sail to rot on a foreign shore:—another, more merciful, turns his farmers' sons into fusileers, and hounds them away abroad with fife and drum, to be shot and stabbed for seveupence a day and a new sark once in the year. Now ye see these brown and barren isles, where the crow cannot find a worm—where nought green will grow—where all the music ye can hear is the sough of the storm and the clang of the sea-mew—yet to these, and to their wretched shealings, the inhabitants cling like the weed to the rock, and the heather to the hill. I winna say, we are their benefactors, seeing we work for our own gain—but if they winna forsake these unfruitful places, they ought to be thankful and resigned when they get people wise enough to judge for them, and carry them with

a scraigh and a scream to a land of milk and honey. There was wee Duncan Davison—away from his mother's knee we bore him, and muckle she pled, and sore she screamed, and took on as sadly as that daft dame did this blessed night. But mark the upshot, man—Davie's lord of half an island—has slaves to fan him and to cool his feet—a handsome quean or twa to wait on him, and dance and sing, and what not—and had he not fortunately fallen in with us, he would have been nought better than a long-legged islander, with a pennyless pouch, a naked knee—his dinner swimming in seven fathoms of sea-brine, and he mending his net to take it: so ye see, my lad, there's muckle gude redounds from this traffic.' And having concluded his justification, he renewed his watching, and seemed disinclined to engage further in conversation.

"It was now drawing towards the morning dawn—the moon sank on the western wave—the stars began to fade, and that faint flush of silvery light, which precedes the sun, began to shoot upwards from the dark-brown summit of an eastern hill. The air was sharp and cold; and those chill breezes, which usher in the dawn, carried so much moisture with them as rendered rapid motion needful to keep up animal heat. My comrade, accustomed much to the balmy and warm evenings of a milder climate, shrunk from my side, and sheltering himself within a mass of cable which lay on deck, coiled himself up within the folds like a snake, and desired me to look sharply out on sea and shore; and soon the murmur of profound sleep told me, that watching was over with him.

"As I paced to and fro I heard a sound of oars dipping gently in the water, on the shaded side of the isle—I heard once or twice a faint low whistle, resembling a sea-bird's scream, and I thought I could distinguish too the tone of a female voice—probably the same which had disturbed my companion. We were anchored under the shelter of a headland rock, distant from land a short pistol shot. All at once twelve or fifteen boats came past the headland—four rowers were in each, and nets and mantles lay in the bottom.

I imagined they were a fishing party, and stood on the ship's side surveying them as they came swiftly onwards. When they were opposite us, a figure rose from the bottom of the rearward boat, drew a bow, and at the moment I heard the shaft sing, I felt it strike deep into my thigh. I cried aloud with the pain; and as I leaned against the rail, I saw eight or ten armed men start up from the bottom of each boat, and shouting out, 'Macleod! Macleod!' they made for the vessel side. Our captain and men were instantly in motion, and with pistol and cutlass crowded the deck, and endeavoured to repel the attack which commenced on all sides at once. I never before or after beheld an attack so fiercely made. The islanders, inured to arms, and accustomed to the dangers of sea and rock, forced their way once or twice upon deck, but were instantly repulsed, and for a while I imagined the pirates would prevail. The islanders lashed several of their boats together, and six men abreast sought to scale the side—shots and stabs were eagerly given from above and from below; and the mariners, armed with long boarding pikes, fought desperately and well.

"As I lay wounded and bleeding, and looking on this fierce contest, I beheld the mother of the maiden we had carried away, with a pistol in her girdle, and a spear in her hand. She flew to her kinsmen, who had that moment recoiled from the attack; and, stamping her foot, exclaimed, 'Are ye men, and dread the spear and the pistol of wretches such as these?—I have suffered wrongs might make heroes of ordinary men—yet you are less than men—if you were women, you would follow me—but alone I will go, and eternal shame befall you!'—and with gleaming eyes, and streaming hair, and a cry of indescribable agony, she flew to the ship, and in a moment mounted the deck. The mariners seemed overawed by her presence and by her wrongs, and recoiled a step or two:—I never beheld a figure so grandly heroic. Her dilated and flashing eyes, her form, which appeared to expand as she confronted her enemies, and her voice, losing at once its soft and maternal tones, and resound-

ing like the trumpet call, as she exclaimed, 'Wretches, I am her mother,'—seemed to wither their hearts and chain their hands.

"At the sound of her voice Borthwick flew from the other side of the ship, where he had with difficulty repelled another attack, and muttering a deep imprecation, rushed towards her with his cutlass waving about his head, till it whistled like the falcon's wing. I hope an act of virtue will redeem the sin I unwillingly committed in keeping company with those wretches:—another moment—and before her kinsmen, who now ascended the deck on all sides, could have come to her assistance, her head had been cleft:—just as the blade was in its fatal descent, a ball from my pistol arrested his career for ever, and stretched him lifeless on the deck at her feet. I could not help uttering a shout of joy, and giving an ineffectual tug at the arrow, which stood fixed in my thigh, turned my face from them, and said, 'Now I die contented.' The contest was soon over; the pirates were cut down on all sides. The Highland wrath was kindled, and nothing but blood could appease it. As they walked among the slain, one of them observed me, and drawing his sword, surveyed me for the death-stroke. The mother and her daughter came at that instant from below—the former interposed with a scream, and said, as she laid her arms softly about me, 'Harm him not, harm him not,—this sweet and blessed boy has saved my life this morn—he has been borne away from a mother's bosom, and can feel for a mother's wrongs. But bless thee, my child, thou art sore wounded—the arrow of the avenger is in thy flesh: here, kinsmen, hold his hands and his feet, till I withdraw the weapon and redeem him from death.' Having cut away the cloth, she touched the weapon with a gentle and a skilful hand, and, after a sharp pang or two, removed it from the wound. 'Here,' she said, 'Flora, my daughter, lay thy young lips to this deep wound, and suck forth the venom of the rusty dart, which hath harmed thy deliverer.' And the maiden knelt down, applied two soft red lips to the wound, and then bound it up, and I felt greatly relieved.

“ ‘ We have slain a crew of marauders,’ said one islander, ‘ and have taken the vessel which has wrought so much woe among the western isles—let us hoist the pennon of the Macleod top-mast high, and bear the ship home as a trophy.—The spoil of silver and of gold we also will divide among us.’ ‘ Who talks of their ship for a trophy, and their riches for a spoil?’ said another islander, in whom I recognised the Seer of the island-spring—‘ Cursed be the hand that felled the timber, the hand that framed it into a ship, and the hand that launched it upon the ocean: accursed are its deeds, accursed are its gains, and accursed are they who shall man again her bloody and slip-

pery deck.—Let her riches be sunk in the deep sea, and her timbers consumed with fire—or the wrath of Heaven may find us—and I, Donald Macmurrach, have spoken it.’ ‘ Let us consume it then with fire,’ shouted the islanders, ‘ since our Seer has said it;’ and as they spoke, fire was thrown upon deck, and applied to the dry timber in the cabin: the flame, seizing the sides, flew upwards to the sails, and a long broad stream of glowing and pitchy light followed us far on our homeward way through the ocean. Such was my first maritime adventure—and such the end of the pirates and their vessel.”

NALLA.

BRACEBRIDGE-HALL, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.*

WE have too long neglected to notice Bracebridge-hall, which, as the work of one of the agreeable and popular writers of the age, claims to be regarded in a journal, which professes to record all that is interesting or remarkable in English literature. There is no one, perhaps, of the present day, who is so little indebted for his success to a daring mannerism, or an affected originality, as Mr. Geoffrey Crayon; and this choice and elevation of a writer who aims at nothing beyond uttering what he thinks and feels in the clearest and most unaffected style, seems to us to be an assertion of a better taste and feeling in the public. The success of many of our present popular writers is easily to be accounted for. It is not strange that Sir Walter Scott should have realized his fame, his fortune, and his baronetcy:—for he wrote directly at the romantic and the picturesque, and singled out from the times of chivalry all that would dazzle and captivate the modern reader, and gave it an existence as of this day. The hero of old romance was brightened up and placed in the most enchanting scenery and situations; and his chivalrous and attractive habits were ingeniously blended with modern grace and the polish of

a later age. Then the sudden leap from this gorgeous poetry to the rapid and delightful prose narratives which have lately crowded forth, has done much for the author: and, perhaps, the very stifling of his name has gone far towards securing him his title. The secret has been admirably *unkept*. It has not been proclaimed, but diffused as mysteriously as could be desired. Tales have been told of the author's self-denial, of the King's curiosity and surmises, of the profound secrecy of the writing and printing, of the publisher preserving one of the writer's pens in a glass case! Nothing, in short, has so much conduced to the fame and name of the Baronet as the certainty with which the public regards him as the *Great Unknown*.... It is not to be disputed, that Sir Walter is a man of vast genius and various talent; but it is, we think, undeniable, that his popularity has been excited by arts, which are not strictly essential to the true dignity of the literary character. Lord Byron's popularity is certainly as easily explicable. His title, his youth, his classic riches, culled in a classic land, his apparent hopes and mysterious sorrow, his return-blow to the Reviewers—these first took poetical readers captive. He has maintained his

* Bracebridge-hall, or the Humourists, by Geoffrey Crayon, Esq. author of the Sketch-book, 2 vols. 8vo. Murray. 1822.

place by his reckless disregard of the world and its old proprieties. Moore was at first read, because he was proclaimed to be one whom no one should read. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, rang their own peal of popularity, and humanely explained each other to the world. It would be no difficult thing to go through the list of modern writers, and point out some glaring affectation, or studied singularity, by which they severally rose into distinction.

The author of the Sketch-book owes his popularity to no unworthy arts. He has become known only by the force, simplicity, and truth of his works.—And if he be not led aside by the common temptations of his present elevation, he may rest contented, that the world will not easily forget one whom it has so slowly and disinterestedly noticed and regarded. He may be proud of his honestly-earned popularity. He made no offerings of old armour and costly apparel at the shrine of Fame. His muse had no coronet mark in the corner of her kerchief. He wrote no forbidden books—professed not to be wiser or more humane than the world, or to build up a system of universal love and harmony. He laid two quiet unassuming volumes before the public, and left them to live or die as they should deserve. They are not yet dead.

The Sketch-book,—of all the books written in the present writing age,—is the freest from those little book-making arts, which betray the author's attempts to spin out his pages to the advantage of his purse. The essays which it contains are all, what they profess to be, brief and natural sketches of customs, manners, and characters. They are, perhaps; a little too favourable towards the English and their country; but this amiable flattery may be attributed to the fair anxiety in a young, intelligent, and ardent American to escape from national prejudices, and to do all in his power to foster amity and deaden old animosities. The good likely to result from the exertions of this individual is, in our opinion, incalculable: and one of the noblest compliments to the power of the human mind is the amazing influence which it has over the feuds and attachments of neighbouring and even distant nations. An

humble man, living perhaps in an obscure lodging, may sway with his pen the destinies of a country!—The author of the Sketch-book has certainly done very much towards cementing the friendship of his own nation and ours. England respects American talent and modesty—and America kindly regards English honour and hospitality.

We have (as which of us has not) our favourite papers in the Sketch-book, and we cannot resist hastily recurring to them; although we by no means insist upon their superiority over their interesting companions; for we have heard too many differing opinions on the subject, and from persons of feeling and taste too, to be obstinate in our own choice. The volumes have been very generally read, and very generally admired—and we have no doubt, that there is scarcely a paper that has not its champion, ready to stand or fall in its cause. The *Tales of Rip Van Winkle*, and *Sleepy Hollow*, are rich extravagances of character and humour—but their wonders and marvels are rather unmanageable in the author's hands, and jostle unpleasantly with the dry and stiff vigour of the characters. The *Pride of the Village* is a most affecting and natural story; the account of the Girl's parting with her young Soldier is full of tenderness and pathos. The opening description of the funeral, which calls for the explanation, and then the gradual recital of the events leading finally to the funeral again, is extremely touching. The tale seems bounded by death!—You cannot lose sight of the grave throughout, but see it in all the little endearments and hopes of the young girl—in her fair virtues—her hapless separation. The whole beauty of the tale is softened by Fate—and you seem to read it to the tolling of a funeral bell. The *Broken Heart* is more generally admired, but we own it appears to us less natural—less simple—less unaffected. It is the record of an unfortunate attachment between two young persons in Ireland, whose names are too well known to require their repetition here. There is something of the Irish style in the manner of relating the story. The *excessive* prevails.—We say this, with great submission, because the title and the sub-

ject have long since secured all female readers as admirers—and we know that an unfortunate expression of distaste often embitters a drawing-room for life. The present Lord Chancellor, from having hazarded some fatal opinion concerning Madame Catalani and her music, has never been able to hold up his head since.—The Royal Poet is a romantic picture of James.—The papers upon Stratford-on-Avon—the Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap—and Christmas, are inimitable: they have a fine Shakspearian spirit about them, and are more like realities than essays.—The observations on Shallow, Falstaff, and Silence,—are your only commentaries worth reading, or worthy of the subject. The Lucy Family, and the Mansion, are unveiled as by a magic hand—and you look fairly into antlered halls and formal picture galleries. Westminster Abbey is a little too sentimental: such a subject should suggest its own orderly style—and yet how seldom we find a writer treat it quietly and with a staid solemnity—leaving it to assert its own awfulness. Little Britain is, indeed, an admirable paper: the Lambs and the Trotters stand pre-eminent in civic glory. What a contest of city bravery!—What a struggle for splendour! The banishment of the butcher's pipe is nearly as portentous as that of Coriolanus! The mounting of the plumes in the bonnets of the Trotters is winged-triumph complete! The Country Church is also admirably written, allowing something for its aristocratic feeling. The flashing through the gravel of the coachwheels of the vain family—and the pulling up of the horses suddenly upon their haunches at the church door—are facts. We have written without having the books before us to recur to, but we rather think we have spoken of the major part of the essays contained in them. We should not forget the Spectre Bridegroom, which is quite dramatic!—There are a few inferior papers, which we will not particularize,—but these are to be expected. A pack of cards does not consist of fifty-two aces of spades.

Having thus spoken of the Sketch-book, we shall be excused, even by the author himself, we think, if we do not profess ourselves to be such

warm friends of Bracebridge-hall. The difficulties of keeping a long story alive seem to trouble the author; and although there are many sprightly and natural sketches, and several diverting characters,—we think we detect, with regret, that Mr. Murray and Mr. Davison have had their influence over Mr. Crayon;—and each page of his work now seems to have a value set upon it by the author and the bookseller, quite distinct from that which it gains from the world's love. The printing is wide and magnificent;—the humour is spun out, as though it were intended to be more than its own exceeding great reward. The quotations and mottoes pay their way. In short, the temptations to which, at the opening of these short and hasty remarks, we cautiously alluded, have had a certain triumph—and Bracebridge-hall is in consequence not so ingenuous and unaffected a work as the Sketch-book.

But though the present production, in comparison with one of its predecessors, suffers a fall, let it not be supposed that it has not much in it to delight and pleasure the reader. The plan of it is simple; perhaps, for a story, too sketchy. The Bracebridge family, to whom the reader was introduced in the former work, are here led through two volumes; and the whole of their lives is carefully unfolded. The chapters, or essays, are entitled and mottoed as in the Sketch-book; and as they severally treat of some particular subject, we shall not regularly unthread them, but notice only such as have particularly interested us. The attempt to continue a narrative through a series of essays, is, perhaps, the main fault of this book:—the characters seem to dawdle and hang about without a purpose, while the title of the chapter is being fulfilled.

Family Servants are well described. The housekeeper is fit to take her place in the hall of Sir Roger De Coverley. Her niece, Phoebe Wilkins, is too much of the novel breed. The widow, Lady Lillycraft, is written with infinite pains, and is worthy the patience and care of the workmanship. Her inveterate regard of the King “as an elegant young man,” and her attachment to Sir Charles Grandison, are very charac-

teristic. Julia Templeton ("an ill phrase,—a vile phrase that!") is unworthy the author. Christy the Huntsman, and Master Simon, are fellows of some mark and likelihood, and do well for the parts they are called upon to act. An Old Soldier introduces the character of General Harbottle, but not successfully. In the chapter entitled the Widow's Retinue, we have the two best and pleasantest characters in the whole work—the pet-dogs, Zephyr and Beauty. Zephyr is "fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty." Zephyr is familiar to us—but who does not know Beauty? "He is a little, old, grey-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him; his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. *When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground.*" This is Beauty! The story of the Stout Gentleman is in excellent spirit and humour, and is in itself equal to anything in the former productions of the author. It is the account of a fat important personage at a traveller's inn, never seen but in his effect upon others. Eggs, and ham, and toast, go up to the stout gentleman's room:—the chambermaid comes out all of a flutter, complaining of the rudeness of the stout gentleman in No. 13. The landlady goes up to him like a fury—and returns in smiles. The stout gentleman is walking over-head—two huge boots are standing near the door of No. 13. Visions of stout gentlemen haunt the author all night—and by the day, noises are heard—and a voice calls for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13. The horn blows—the stout gentleman is going for ever—a rush to the window is the result—and all that is seen is the skirt of

a brown coat parted behind, and the full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches!—What a creation out of nothing!—The chapter on Forest Trees is interesting. But the long story of the Student of Salamanca is unaccountably dull for a Spanish tale.

We have slightly gone through the first volume; we must more slightly pass through the second. The chapter on May-Day Customs is agreeably and lightly written. Slingsby, the Schoolmaster, is a capital fellow. He reminds us a little of long Ichabod Crane in the legend of Sleepy Hollow, but Tom Slingsby is "a man of his own." His "School" is sufficiently didactic. The story of Annette Delarbre is much in the style of the Pride of the Village, but it is more laboured, and less purely pathetic. The conclusion is not death, but it is madness, arising from grief, subdued by the return of a lover. This was a dangerous incident to manage, but the author has shown great skill in the work. There are several sketchy succeeding chapters, not remarkable for any peculiar spirit or interest; and then follows a long unwieldy narrative, called Dolph Heyliger, which carries us to the Wedding, and the end of the book. The author, in his farewell (we know what literary farewells are), speaks in a warm and kindly tone of our country, and seems to have in his heart that great object which we considered him as so well calculated to advance—the friendships of the Old and New England.

In our account of Bracebridge-hall, we have referred to its contents in a way that must show we consider our readers to be familiar with them. If we had never read the Sketch-book, we should have thought twice as highly of the present work;—which, with all its faults of haste, and sketchiness, and repetition, is an agreeable and interesting production, and may well be put on the shelves of those who patronize pleasantly-written and well-printed books.

STORY OF AMPELUS.

FROM THE DIONYSIACS OF NONNUS.

(Concluded.)

THE FOOT-RACE.

Nor though the palm of vigorous limbs had thus been lost and won,
 Did his companion god relax, or deem their sports were done :
 The breezy foot-race strife he fix'd, and many wooers brought,
 Who in this rivalry of love the palmy conquest sought.
 He Rhea's brazen cymbals hung aloft, the chiefest prize ;
 And skins which fallow deer had worn of ruddy-mottled dies ;
 Then Pan's inseparable pipe, sweet-uttering vocal sound,
 And bull-hide timbrel roaring deep, with brassy circlet bound :
 Then did the sportful god a free and open space divide
 Upon the tawny fallow soil along the river side :
 The signal of the finish'd course hewn from the wood—a pole
 Ten spans in height, he fix'd in earth, and opposite the goal,
 The emblem of a starting-post, he planted on the strand
 His ivied spear, and beckoning urged the satyrs with his hand.
 The leap-exulting god's shrill cheer inspired their motions fleet,
 And Leneus starting-foremost sprang, the winds upon his feet ;
 Cissus with airy-lifted foot, and Ampelus all grace,
 Each in degree with leaning form plied bold his onward pace ;
 Pressing with vaulting steps the soil, indented as they bound,
 The whirlwind rush of Cissus' feet still bore him from the ground ;
 Mate to the skley breezes close came Leneus, and the wind
 Of his hot breath on Cissus' back came panting from behind ;
 And with his following foot-sole's step he beat the step before
 That track'd the sliding mould with marks, thus dappled o'er and o'er ;
 And such a midmost space was left as parts the damsel's breasts,
 When leaning on the spindle's staff her steady bosom rests.
 Third from behind came Ampelus, so distanced and the last :
 Bacchus a jealous eye askance upon the foremost cast ;
 Lest then the rivals of the race should bear away the prize,
 And Ampelus with flagging pace be humbled in his eyes,
 A present succour strait he gave, and breathed a supple force,
 And with the speed of hurricanes he wing'd him through the course :
 Along the dank shore plying fast his knees he cut the wind,
 And the prize-aiming runners left at distance far behind ;
 Cissus fell prostrate on the mould ; the nerve of Leneus' knee
 Wax'd slack and check'd his feet : the youth thus snatch'd the victory.
 Then did the hoar Sileni loud the Bacchic outcry raise,
 The stripling's triumph stunn'd them so with rapture of amaze :
 The chief prize graced the fair-hair'd youth ; the second Leneus took,
 And wary of that fond deceit bore envy in his look ;
 Upon his rivals lowering dark was Cissus seen to stand,
 And held abash'd the lowest prize within his humbled hand.

THE SWIMMING-MATCH.

This contest o'er, the lovely youth, the comrade of the god,
 Glorifying in sportful victory, a round exulting trod :
 A foot-revolving circle track'd with sole that shifting glanced,
 And stretch'd his hand all lily-white to Bacchus as he danced ;
 And Bacchus looking on him thus, with double conquest proud,
 Soothed down his spirit as he leap'd, and friendly call'd aloud :
 " Away, dear boy ! once more away—another strife of speed,
 Beside this second prize, invites to win another meed :
 Swim with the young coeval god who mocks the grasping hand ;
 Be lighter on the river wave as late upon the strand.

Leave now my Satyrs in the dance to sport them as they may ;
 Come forth again, come forth alone, and tempt a third essay ;
 If on the waters, as on land, thou make the conquest thine,
 I'll braid thy beauty-curling locks with berried ivy-twine :
 Th' unvanquishable Bacchus twice has vanquish'd been by thee ;
 Thus well beseems this river fair thy double victory ;
 While there are glass'd thy comely limbs a double Ampelus I see.
 Cleave with thy golden-tinted hand the golden-gleaming wave ;
 Thy naked victory-striving limbs Pactolus well may lave ;
 Give to the river-streams a gift like that from heaven bestow'd,
 When the clear sea with rosy rays of the risen sun has glow'd ;
 Immerge thy splendour in the stream, that Ampelus may rise
 Like Hesper when he gems with light the forehead of the skies,
 The tide with ruddy metal gleams, thy limbs are lustrous too—
 Receive the youth whose form is tinged with harmonizing hue !
 Let beauty mix with beauty there ; that I may shout aloud
 When rose is blended into rose, and Satyrs round me crowd
 To see that splendor one ; the stream fresh-sparkling gild the shore,
 And limbs with rosier lustre blush that blush'd with rose before.
 Would that Eridanus, O boy ! his current near us roll'd,
 Where poplar-changed the sun-born maids have dropp'd their tears of old,
 That I might bathe thy limbs alike in liquid amber and in gold !”

He spake, and strait was borne away upon the wafting tide,
 And Ampelus sprang off from shore, and track'd the god his guide :
 And sweet to both their buoy'd career, as on the river's face
 Through gold-tinged whirlpools tossingly they float into the race ;
 The god bore off the watery prize, and flung his bosom bare
 To rippling waves, and trod the depths up-bounding here and there ;
 And still with nimble-stirring feet and oaring outspread palm,
 He graved a troubling foamy track along the level calm.
 Now the coeval boy he kept companion of his side,
 Now springing left him thrown behind upon the distant tide ;
 Till now his circle-forming hands seem'd toiling with the wave ;
 The knee-swift god an easy prize to that stream-faring traveller gave.
 And Ampelus with bridling neck uprising from the flood,
 Proud of his river trophy, now in woodland covert stood ;
 And wreathed his ringlets round and round with ivy's serpent sprays,
 And like to Bacchus, snaky-lock'd, shot terror on the gaze.

PASTIMES OF AMPELUS.

Oft he beheld, as Bacchus turn'd, the skin that swept behind,
 Waving its starry-circled folds, whose colours kiss'd the wind ;
 And then the foreign speckled hide around his limbs he threw ;
 And on his light foot gaudily the purple buskin drew :
 And thus, with mimic glory clad in this his streak'd cymar,
 He saw the panther-chasing god winding his mountain car :
 And show'd him sport with cave-fond beasts, whose green eyes glit-
 ter'd from afar.

For now he climb'd the grisly neck of some clift-haunting bear,
 And spurr'd him on, or curb'd him strong with his own shaggy hair ;
 And lash'd the bristling lion now, uprouzing from his lair.
 And now the chafing tyger's back immovable bestrode,
 And press'd the velvet mottled flanks, triumphing as he rode.
 Then looking on with threatenings mild would Bacchus interpose,
 And warn'd with friendly pitying voice prophetic of woes.
 “ Whither away, dear boy ? and why affect the forest wide ?
 Remain with me, where'er I hunt, a hunter at my side ;
 And feast with me when to the board thou seest thy god draw nigh,
 When midst my satyrs banquetting I lift the revels high.
 The panther moves me not : I scorn the shagg'd bear's savageness ;
 Nor fear for thee th' impetuous fangs of mountain lioness ;

Fear thou the wild and horned bull:" he said, in melting ruth,
 Brooding upon the destiny of that too venturous youth.
 The boy too lent his ear, but seem'd as listening to the wind,
 And careless wanton thoughts play'd light in his capricious mind.
 When suddenly before the god with love fraternal warm'd,
 An awful sign of shorten'd days its moving presage form'd.
 For from a rock all sheath'd in scales one horn'd of serpent race
 Uprose, and bore a youngling fawn to a near altar's base:
 Here gored him with its ghastly horns,* and left him stretch'd along;
 The hill-fed hind's stray spirit fled as with shrill note of song.
 Herald of blood-shedding to come, the stony altar's hue,
 Like wine outpour'd in sacrifice, blush'd red with sanguine dew:
 And Bacchus view'd the murderous snake, and in the ravish'd hind
 Beheld that reckless youth, and, moved with fluctuating mind,
 Groans from him burst as nigh to death he saw the fated youth,
 Yet laughter at the thought of wine would mingle with his ruth.
 And still his feet the lovely boy in all his haunts would trace,
 Across the mountain, by the shore, and through the woodland chase:
 To look upon him was his joy; and when beheld no more,
 His eyes with drops of tenderness were ever running o'er:
 And oft with Bacchus at the board reclining side by side,
 The boy upon the pipe his strain uncouth and broken tried;
 And though he marr'd the notes, the god, as though to piping sweet,
 Would strike his hands, and smite the floor with breezy-bounding feet;
 And place his palm upon the lips that were the source of joy,
 And fondling chain the stammering tones of that unskilful boy;
 And swear that never Pan had breathed a carol so renown'd,
 Nor e'er Apollo warbled forth such luxury of sound.

DEATH OF AMPELUS.

But Ate, she who beareth death, look'd on the daring boy,
 And like a youth of kindred age, with mien that breathed of joy,
 Approach'd him in the mountain chase, from Bacchus far away,
 And thus enticed with words of fraud that flatter'd to betray.
 "Undaunted boy! we hear in vain this Bacchus call'd thy friend,
 To grace of his companionship thou dost in vain pretend:
 Not thou the panthers curb'st, that whirl the chariot of thy god,
 But Maron holds the jewel'd reins, and shakes the ruling rod.
 What gifts are thine from him who wields the spear with ivy bound?
 The Fauns and Satyrs have their pipes and timbrels deep of sound;
 The very priestesses on manes of mountain lions ride;
 What favours can'st thou boast from him whose friendship is thy pride?
 Oft seated on Apollo's car Atymnius soar'd on high,
 And cut the air, a shadowy speck, careering up the sky;
 And thou hast heard how Abaris a flying shaft bestrode,
 And sent by Phœbus through the heavens on buoyant ether rode;
 And Ganymede could rein and turn an eagle through the sky,
 Which hid the shape of him who nursed thy Bacchus in his thigh:
 But when did Bacchus gripe thy flank, or bear thee up with wings on high?
 The fortune of the Phrygian boy was higher far than thine,
 A cup-bearer in Jove's own house he pours the ruby wine.
 But now, dear youth, who longest still the harness'd team to guide,
 Beware the steed's unstable course, nor yet his back bestride:
 With troubled motion of his hoofs, with whirlwinds round his feet,
 The steed is like a storm, and hurls the rider from his seat.

* Cuneus finds out that this is a thing "beyond belief," and refers us to our natural history for the fact, that the horns of the cerastes partake of the soft nature of those of the snail. What would this cautious critic have said, if the poet had introduced griffin?

Thus did the phrenzy-smitten mares the prostrate Glaucus trampling
tear,
And thus the horse of winged hoofs cast down Bellerophon from air :
But herds are mine, when shepherds pipe in leafy green retreat,
Thou shalt bestride a lovely bull with gallant lofty seat ;
Thy king be sure will praise thee more, thy king of horned brow,
When on the god-resembling bull he sees thee mounted now.
Safe such a courser ; fear him not ; which e'en a virgin rides,
Grasping the horn instead of rein, she prances through the tides."
Persuasion gilds the speech ; in air the spectral stripling glides.
And sudden from a neighbouring cliff a bull loose-roaming burst,
With open mouth and lolling tongue he stoop'd and slaked his thirst ;
Then stood, as rational, before the youth who nearer drew,
Nor toss'd his horn, but placid gazed, as he his herdsman knew.
The boy adventurous climb'd, and sate upon the curly head,
Stroking with fearless touch the horns that in a crescent spread ;
The forest-pastured bull inflamed his ardour to command
And rein the mountain-ranging beast unyoked by mortal hand.
He pluck'd the stems of bulrushes deep-waving in the wind,
And woven with twigs and lighter shoots a mimic scourge entwined :
He gather'd ivy's flexile sprays, and wreathed them for a rein ;
And roses cull'd and dewy leaves to deck and to restrain ;
And o'er the forehead daffodils and twisted lilies hung,
And round the neck anemones of purple blossom strung.
With hollow'd hands he scoop'd the slime, where nigh the river roll'd,
And smear'd the horns that yellow'd shone with glistening grains of gold ;
Then cast a furry skin athwart the bull's broad loins, and rose
Into his seat, and on the hide let fall the lightsome blows
From his mock scourge ; as though in sooth he back'd a maned steed ;
And lash'd his murderer on with rash and inconsiderate speed.
Then lifting to the bull-faced moon a look of daring glee—
" Horn'd moon !" he cried, " thy team of bulls and thou must yield to me !
I too can curb a bull, and horns surmount my satyr's brow."
Thus to the silver-orbing moon he spoke, high-glorying now :
But the moon's eye, with jealous light, through fields of boundless air
Saw Ampelus on that sad bull transported soft and fair ;
She sent a gad-fly forth that bears the herd-provoking sting ;
The goading insect, round the bull still flitting on the wing,
Drove him with restless pace along, even like a vaulting steed,
O'er mountainous ridges ; and the youth, deserted at his need,
Beheld him thus o'er peaked hills bound headlong far and wide,
And toil-aghast with plaintive voice thus supplicantly cried :—
" Stop, oh, my bull, to-day, and thou shalt on the morrow run ;
Slay me not here on lonesome rocks, lest, when the deed is done,
Bacchus should hear ; nor yet resent that I have gilt thy horn ;
Nor let the friendship of the god now move thy envious scorn.
If thou wilt slay, and heedest not the love that Bacchus bears,
Nor pitiest him who holds thy rein, who weeps, and who despairs ;
If nor his flower of opening years, nor Bacchus' friendship, moves,
Convey me where the satyrs haunt, and crush me in their groves,
That they at least may mourn my dust : my adjuration hear,
Oh friendly bull ! and he who warn'd may drop a pitying tear.
If thou must quell thy rider thus, who bears the satyr's sign,
The rounding horns upon the brow, and aspect like to thine,
With vocal organs tell my death, ungrateful as thou art,
To Ceres ; she in Bacchus' grief be sure will bear a part."
So said the rose-cheek boy, as now he hover'd o'er his grave,
O'er trackless ridges of the hills the bull high-bounding drave,
And from his back shook down the boy : the jointed neck was broke
With crushing sound ; roll'd o'er and o'er beneath the pointed stroke
Of goring horns he lay, and all his body blush'd with gore :
A satyr saw him stretch'd in dust ; the heavy tidings bore ;

And Bacchus hasten'd like the winds : ev'n Hercules was slow,
 Who ran when nymphs drew Hylas down in envious waves below,
 And the fair ravisher of streams refused to let her bridegroom go.
 So Bacchus printed with his feet the soil that smoked beneath,
 And look'd upon the youth, who seem'd in pulseless death to breathe ;
 And in his mantle wrapp'd the dead, and velvet deer-skins threw
 O'er the cold limbs ; and on the feet, though lifeless, buskins drew ;
 And cropp'd the brief anemone to wreath his hair with fading hue ;
 Placed in his hand the ivied spear ; the purple robe o'erspread,
 And tore a tress from unclipp'd locks to grace the martyr'd dead ;
 And from his mother Rhea's hand he took th' ambrosial shower
 To bathe his wounds, anon to yield the fragrance of their flower,
 And springing into vine-shoots breathe their own ambrosial power.
 No longer paleness overspread the rosy body's hue,
 As graceful at his length he lay, and breezes fitful blew,
 Lifting the hair and sighing soft the wavy ringlets through.
 Lovely he lay upon the soil, though all with dust defiled,
 And beauty had not left the dead, for still, though dead, he smiled ;
 And honied utterance seem'd to hang on the mute lips of that fair child ;
 And Bacchus cried with plaintive voice, whilst looking on the dead,
 And his calm brow's serenity with lowering wrath was overspread :
 " Dear boy ! thy lifeless lips retain Persuasion's rosy breath,
 It blooms upon thy glistening cheek, and those fair eyes yet laugh in
 death.

The palms of those so gentle hands are delicate as snows,
 And through thy lifted lovesome locks the breeze shrill sighing blows ;
 Death's chilling blast has touch'd thy limbs, but has not quench'd the
 rose.

Oh dearest ! wherefore wouldst thou rule th' ungovernable steer ?
 Why didst thou never breathe thy wish into this friendly ear,
 And say that on storm-footed steeds thou wouldst career afar ?
 Then had I brought from Ida's tops the courser and the car.
 Hadst thou but said ' I need the car,' the chariot should have run,
 Thy seat secure, and solid wheels in ringing circles spun.
 'Then Rhea's reins had fill'd thy hold, though grasp'd by none but me ;
 And thou hadst lash'd the dragon yoke, tame sliding on with thee.
 Alas ! no more with Satyr guests thou sing'st the lyral song,
 No more with cymbal-clashing nymphs thou lead'st the dancing throng,
 No more with Bacchus in the hunt thou ridest a youthful hunter strong.
 Oh grave ! oh grave unmerciful ! that wilt not for the dead
 Accept the price of treasures dug from earth's rich-veined bed !
 All would I give to see again my Ampelus alive ;
 Ah, unpersuadable and stern ! with one that cannot hear I strive :
 Wouldst thou but listen, I would strip the river-trees that grow,
 Dropping their amber jewels down, upon the banks of Po :
 I'd cull Ind's ruby stone that glows with red transparent ray,
 And all the gold of Alyba to bring him back to day.
 Yes—for my boy, my lifeless boy, I'd give the grains of gold
 In deep Pactolus' eddy tides immeasurable roll'd !"
 Then looking on him as he lay upon the dust below,
 Exclaiming pitiful, his voice broke forth again in cries of woe :
 " Ah ! if thou lovest me, Jupiter ! and know'st that love was mine,
 Let Ampelus but speak ; its prey the grave for one short hour resign ;
 That one, but one last speech may breathe its music on mine ear ;
 ' Why mournst thou, oh my Bacchus ! him who yet revives not at thy
 tear ?

Though ears are mine, yet they are deaf to thy bewailing cry ;
 Though eyes are mine, I see thee not in this thy heart-broke agony ;
 Give o'er thy grief ; in vain beside her banks the Naiad weeps ;
 Narcissus' ear is dull and cold ; in deathly waters calm he sleeps !"

VIDA.

THE ACADEMY OF TASTE FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN, OR THE INFANT CONNOISSEUR'S GO-CART.

BY JANUS WEATHERCOCK, ESQ.

No. I, not to be continued.

My dear friend and companion! if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting-out—bear with me,—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way: or, if I should seem now or then to trifle upon the road,—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap, with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along,—don't fly off, but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;—and, as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or, in short, do any thing,—only keep your temper.

Tristram Shandy.

——— Now every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me. I wish, said Yorick, 'twas so to half the world.

Tristram Shandy again.

I BELIEVE that theory and practice are the two great original warring elements. Fire and water have sympathetic particles, and lie open to a sort of reconciliation, but theory and practice—practice and theory—turn them, and twist them, and beat them, and pound them, as much as you please, and when all's done, away they roll asunder in their unsocial, unadulterate completeness, like those confounded globules of quicksilver which get out of your weather-glasses, and worry little boys, whose combinative impulses begin to be objective. There is Mr. *****, who knows more about painting and paintings than all the Academy together (make three exceptions)—well Sir! his whole life has been employed in weighing these two things, one against the other, and strenuously endeavouring to achieve a horizontal—“a hair will do it!” in goes the hair and up goes one scale to the heavens! “Whew! There's something wrong about the scales!” and he rectifies and rectifies them as if they were spirits of wine. “Now we have it!”—Lackadaisy! “How?—Great Genius of metaphysics! but I spy an adventitious flaw in the wall, it's the wind that comes through that crack which turns my ——” and the putty is applied instantaneously!—He turns (a voluntary Sisyphus) with fresh hope to his dear torment, his cherished Nessus's shirt—still it singeth its old tune

Here we go up, up, up,

And here we go down, down, down a,

fickle and wavering as “Giralda, that famous giantess of Seville.”* But still he perseveres! and though I firmly believe he never will bring about this match, I am equally satisfied that, if it is to be accomplished during this generation, he is the man.

This last paragraph, that is, this *first* paragraph, has more utility in it than any thing I ever penned—if you apprehend it, and pull it, and stretch it,—and put your hand into it,—and don't be afraid of hurting it—I warrant it tough as—as—India rubber, or—let this comparison be—lest we go farther and fare worse. O it is a seed, which set in good moist soil would sprout up into whole royal quartos!—a philosophical Fortunatus's purse!

Yet I could give it an unmendable slit. Shall I? No! for, whatever rotten planks compose my flooring, ingratitude, if I know myself (O ridiculous ‘if’!) hath not place there; and—that paragraph hath served me for a tolerably decent opening. I amend my epithet; 'tis an *excellent* opening,—excellent because appropriate, as I shall demonstrate in a minute after, just insisting that the power of grasping and penetrating propriety, in its high original sense, is the absolute key-stone of genuine criticism. I dare say, gentlemen and ladies, this seems to you like a self-evident proposition; but if you will just take the trouble to scrutinize some of our Reviews, I trust the remark will not be deemed impertinent:

* Vide Don Quixote's colloquy with the knight of the looking-glasses.

—have you looked Sir? Ah! you quite agree with me I see! your perceptions are extremely delicate and acute. Now for the appropriateness, which you must be told arises out of its perfect reverse—pray Sir! don't jump off the chair and run to the door, I am not mad—

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep
time,
And makes as healthful music.

(By the bye, the present *I am not* must be changed into the imperfect *I was not*, what time you shall wield the ivory liberator of our close shut wisdom.) “Arises out of its perfect reverse,” I think I said—then comes your “*quomodo?*” Thus, sweet Sir! You are aware, doubtless, that every overture to an opera (I don't mean English ones) contains, or is believed to contain, (which is just the same to me in this sentence) certain forebodings, prophecies, warnings of the musical events, the harmonious main action: which indications, and prognostic notes, stand in the same relation and likeness to their after development, as do the lightly-fleeting bloom-flowers to the red-gold harvest of plumpy fruit.

This theory of the mutual dependences of the opera and its overture is the same with my theory of the *subject of an article* (supposing, just for the sake of argument, an article to have a subject, which is not always the case; though that's neither here nor there:)—would you, dear Dr. examine my cranium? and perhaps we may light on the confounded Jack-o'-the lantern *bump*, whence spirt and squirt all these impedimental excrescences, these parentheses? But I can't stop now, because I have a sentence getting cold, therefore I write, “*and its proemium*,” which three words make it warm and airtight,

This theory is my delight and my night-mare. Its beauty begets my love, and my incapacity to obey its commands drives me crazy—my practice is like Mr. M.'s mouth, “all on the other side.” In vain I resolve and resolve—*this* shall be on Mr. Angerstein's collection—*this* on Raffaello!—*this* on modern embellished books!—and so on. No sooner is my

pen filled with ink, but my conceit (I have not the vanity to affect a fancy, much less an imagination) goes round like a whirligig, and then shoots away in the very direction it should not. Our dear Editor is quite accustomed to this chance-medley *method* (that's a superlatively wrong word! I wish you'd blot it, and insert a fitter) and dreams not of investigating nicely my intentions, or rather my *probabilities*, but blandly enquires “if there will be *any thing* for the *next?*”—What this present may produce it is quite impossible to say. I had made up for the Dulwich Gallery, *therefore* I rather suspect the *crack-club*, traveller's room, at the White-horse Cellar, may be drawn from their cosey box in the corner for the amusement of the London's Contractors.* But it is absolutely necessary for my character as a logical reasoner that I make out my proposition; and how it is to be done I know not—except I cut off all sympathetic connection betwixt the *foregoing* and the *hereafter* of my agreeable paper, in which case the *ins* and the *aps* coalesce, and shine out as clear as the stars in the constellation Ariaphlistron!

We have been repeatedly told that many worthy folks would collect and patronize genuine engravings and etchings if they did but know how to begin; therefore, for the joint advantage of the said well-disposed persons, *ourselves*—the LONDON MAGAZINE ESTABLISHMENT, and Messrs. Colnaghi, Hurst, Molteno, Smith, Woodburne, &c. we pronounce the collectaneal fundaments to be, first, a pair of shears, thirteen inches long: secondly, a ream of tinted paper (there is great variety at Heath's): and thirdly, a few loose hundreds. (We'll not say *thousands*, lest beginners be daunted.)

Next it will be well to determine on the nature of your design, whether the collection shall be *artistical* or *collectorial*! If the latter, have a coat constructed with pockets, enough strong and spacious, to hold the sixteen volumes of Bartsch!—rise at six in the morning, couch not till twelve; and at the end of forty years and as many thousand pounds, you shall have some eight tomes of said

* To contract is to take in, whence the substantive *Contractors*, people who take in any thing or body, such as magazines, boxes, single gentlemen, and the like.

Peintre-Graveur tolerably illustrated!!!—But if, thrice happy! the fairies sung at your birth, and the former is your aspiration, listen to the advice of Horam, the son of Ammar, —I beg pardon—listen to the advice of him yclept by the gods—(my little girl is reading the Tales of the Genii close by my side, and my eye caught the ——) yclept by the gods Janus Weathercock, and by men Thomas Rugg!*

Youth of promise! be it your first study to clear your mind out thoroughly, so that it may be a pure apartment wherein the giants of old shall have due honours. Beware of dreaming of errors in those mighty beings for, at the least, two years; and esteem it much, if in so short a probation you view the shadow of their glory afar off. The great planets of modern art, under whose aspects we may always walk in safety, are these; —Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raffaëlo, Tiziano, Correggio, Poussin, Rubens, and Rembrandt. And they have their attendant stars, their moons; Luino, Gio. di Bologna, Giulio, Tibaldi, Perino, Polidoro, Primaticcio, Tintoretto, Paolo, Parmigianino, Gaspar, La Sueur, Bourdon, Vandyke, Diepenbeke, Watteau, Elsheimer, &c. (How their names relish in the mouth!) All these are components of one grand harmonious system.

The lights of Germany and the low countries seem to belong to another hemisphere, or if mysteriously connected,—with links too fine for such *poco curante* eyes as mine. Their designations are hard and cramped as their emanations;—Franz von Bockholt, Zingel, Israel van Mecken, Martin Schöngauer, Albrecht Durer, Lucas Cranach, Lucas van Leyden, Burgmair, Altorfer;—or, strange and preposterous;—Karl Van Mander, Bloemart, Heynz, Hans Abach, Goltzius, and Bartholomew Spranger. There were other great masters, whose inventions (truly so termed) lie for the most part buried in heavy German Biblical epitomes and translations from Livy and Josephus. Switzerland claims them, and envies Italia her Raffaëlo and Giulio the less, when possessing the

simplicity, the science, the truth of Holbein, and the always vigorous, often sublime fertility of Tobias Stimmer.

This bare enumeration, brief as it is, may perhaps cause some alarm to the Student, and distrust of the possibility of annexing characteristic ideas to such a Babylonish entanglement of unwonted sounds: but be of good cheer, and turn diligently the leaves of Fuseli's Pilkington (*second edition*, 1810), regarding as apocryphal all articles, having neither initial asterisks, nor conclusive F's. The six Discourses of the learned Keeper, (4to. 1820) will warm and elevate your fancy, and stimulate your exertions;—and therein the second lecture is to be perpetually consulted as the most correct chart of your exhilarating voyage yet laid down.

Let me also place on your study table the works of Sir Joshua—and trouble not your head about the futile cavillings, and the commixture of involuntary and wilful misrepresentations against that judicious and acute writer, which have been much disseminated by hasty, half-dipped, and avowedly prejudiced persons, doubtless, with a sordid view to pull down Art from her lofty Quadriga to crawl on her belly and eat the *dust of the earth* all the days of her life. Blind owls and cuckoos! but we lose ourselves somewhat in making mention of their barbarous noise.

The first movement of an ardent and sincere mind on perusing the above books, will be to pant after (both metaphorically and literally) engravings from the pictures selected as most marked with the features of their respective parents,—against which consummation several obstacles are arrayed. One grows from the slight touch that rather hints at, than describes and defines, the picture in question;—as where for instance a "Christ's Agony," by Durer, is mentioned in Fuseli (*Lectures*, page 87), without any token to discriminate it among four or five representations of the same scene by the same artist. Another originates in the print-vender; who is (generally speaking) rather acquainted

* N. B. No connection with any person of the same name formerly at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

with engravers than their prototypes.

During my noviciate I used to wander about in great distress, seeking every where for what I could not find—Giulio Romanos. At last my good (nay! but bad) angel—or—Bartsch, thrust me against portfolios of Bonasoni, Ghisi, *Æneæ Vici*, overpassed by me at least twice a day for the previous six months! Thence did they pour beyond control of my purse.—The third and most insuperable let, is the depressing fact,—that from many pictures (and those highly desirable) *no prints whatever have been made!* or so inadequately as to illustrate with the light of a dark lantern, as our friend Malowny wittily conceiteth. Perhaps the mention of these difficulties was unnecessary, as their existence possesses credibility from the witness of this present paper—for truly were the pursuit open “to the meanest capacities,” the herein proffered assistance would be officiously needless.

Dear reader! I assume the fact that you are a man of observation and reflection; and having ventured to lay down that proposition, I deem it not fool hardy also to assume that it has not 'scaped you, how shamefully disproportioned is the facility of rolling down hill, to the toil of straining up! Don't laugh, if you please! but apply this incontrovertible circumstance to beauty and deformity in the plastic and graphic arts. Hard to climb, and slippery, is the high-heaven-piercing tower of the former,—but easy—easy—Oh! how easy to dive into the murky dungeons of the latter. In plain English, imbue and saturate your mind with the ever-varying, endless loveliness of the antique statues. Submit yourself to their influence as a child to its parents—let them again be divinities to you—brush away every pitiful doubt of their transcendent excellence,—tremble to blaspheme their celestial radiance, lest thou be thrown into the hell of Egbert Hemskerch where nought is, save the moppes and mowes, and chatterings of apes. If we would reach any worthy degree either of perception or execution in any noble art—(and what art is not noble, if understood and followed in its height?) that wretched vice of a profligate age—that *carping!*—not

mirth—that *scuffling!*—must be eschewed utterly. That invention—that device—all epithets are too honourable—that *raick* of imbecile and indurated grovellers to drag down and belute in their miry pool, all that is exalted in moral principle, deep in feeling, and generously devoted in action!—Cast it out—loath and spit upon it—believing that your trusting love shall at the end work out its own reward.

Is this the chosen room dedicated to carved and painted poetry?—Very good!—Its height I take it is about fourteen feet, six inches—pity it had not three more—but we must darken your windows for the space of nine feet upwards from the floor at *least!* Would we had a sky-light!—Your carpet is too spotty and dazzling—be contented with a sober ash-grey drugget. We shall do now I fancy—so let the men bring in the pedestals. Hollo! without there! (*a mighty scraping and shuffling, stamping, puffing, bumping, wheezing and grunting, is heard in the hall—the door opens and various ponderosities are borne in and set down, as wrongly as usual. Janus and Collector bestir themselves with shoulder and voice, and the things are at length arranged. C. orders the men something to drink, and they retire uncouthly grateful.*)

Come, Sir! the work warms, much is done, but more remains to do! (This is a clever contrivance, isn't it? Look! these larger pedestals open, and are shelved to hold all the portfolios—you *will* have.) The altars are ready, but where are the gods? at Mazzoni's and Papera's, I trow! “Ah! dear W. now your taste and judgment are indispensable! direct my choice, thou male mundane muse!”—Hither for such purpose am I come!—First the Deity of the Belvedere shall from this loftiest state overlook the apartment; his own consecrated temple—Royal Apollo! The unshorn Phœbus! King of the fiery arrow and tough string!

Whom e'en the gods themselves fear when
he goes

Through Jove's high house: and when his
goodly bows

He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise
And cluster near t' admire his faculties.

Homeric Hymn to Apollo.

On this low oaken couch let us
spread the leopard skin whereon

Hermaphroditus is wont to recline the inexplicable, bewildering attraction of his delicate limbs;—though perhaps, his twin brother, surnamed of the *mattress*, may better please the visual ray. But no!

Sweet flowers of equal bloom,
Invidious praise or blame
Shall never sunder ye!

Far be it from me to disturb those fair popped lids with paltry technical bickerings:—sleep on in your innocent nakedness,—unconscious of gazing admiration! Sleep on in the shrine of your coy grace! God-like conjunctions, sleep on!*

And do thou! Saturnian Aphrodite! or whatever name may more delight thine ear,—Cyprides, Venus, or Astarte,—Cytherea with the violet crown,—do thou, O genial queen, pour round thy son the sanctuary of thy benumbing beauty!—For here, over his rest, will we erect the bending statue that enchants the world! (Where breathes the wretched man that can resist ‘the force of Venus swimming all in gold?’) Do the raptures of Byron seem exaggerated?

There too the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale

The ambrosial aspect, which beheld instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature’s self
would fail;

And to the fond idolators of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul
could mould.

We gaze and turn away,—and know not
where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the
heart

Reels with its fulness; there—for ever
there—

Chain’d to the chariot of triumphant art,
We stand as captives, and would not de-
part.

Away!—there need no words, nor terms
precise,

The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly,—we have
eyes:

Blood, pulse, and breast, confirm the Dar-
dan shepherd’s prize!

For my own humble part—I can truly describe her intense power over me, as that of the moon on the restless tides;—a Syrenic song—a fascinating agony—an extacy sharper than scourges—a most blighting loveliness!—and—thou! gentle girl! (I reckon not of men, “the daily world’s true worldlings!” *woman* alone hath

* The following lines, by the lamented Keats, illustrate the precious Florentine gem representing this “mixture of wonderful mood.”

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber myrtle wall’d, embower’d high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside:
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty;
* * * * *
* * * * * Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbry pout; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp’d rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammel’d fresh:
* * * * *
* * * * * Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touch’d the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth’s slumber; while another took
A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain’d violets upon his sleeping eyes.—*Endymion*.

the sensitive touch, the thrilling apprehension!) who now bendest over this shallow page the rich curls of thy amaranthine hair, do thou! believe me for the honour of true natural feeling!—A poet worthy of thee soon shall sing, how once of old a Grecian maid died for the love of Pythius:—unseen his image, save in the mirror of great Phidias.*

I leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous
swell:

Let these describe the undescribable.

Byron.

But we have not time to dwell on these jewels now. I have five or six visits to make *before dinner* (a very common case with authors), and can but just manage to run over the contents of this list, and see if they are all right.—First, the grand bust of Zeus, with deathless brow bent forward under the shade of black ambrosial curls, awfully beautiful—likeliest to some huge hill, wood-covered!—A capital cast—not at all dear at five guineas!—I see but one of the crouching nymphs (or Venuses)! We must have the other, who wards off the foliage-piercing sun-beams from her antelope eyes with the right hand, while the left compresses the water from her crinite veil!—With regard to the Antinous, I cannot bring my judgment to allow its indispensibility. Suppose, then, we exchange him for the Two Decii, as they are vulgarly called. They are more poetical, richer in suggestions. Yon bracket must be lowered a foot, to show properly that noble helmeted head of Pelides, the terriblest of men!—the loved seducer of Deidamia!

Where shall we find a light sufficiently pervading for my exquisite coquette, my alluring bashfulness, who with such ravishing affectation gathers sidelong the thin robes high

from her blooming limbs, long stepping.—

Thou beauteous ankled nameless one, what
country gave thee birth?

Who was the god, or god-like youth, made
blessed with thy love?

What thrilling fingers

Drew o'er the rounded wrist the elastic ring
of gold? †

Is nature now worn out?—or wert thou always, as now, a vision of desire, the flower of a mind burning with the idea of beauty (never to be realised, but by its own faint reflection) *et præterea nihil*.—Frequent in my dreams of day and night do those braided locks, “so simply elegant,” ‡ arise as from a warm gloom, an odorous shroud. That retorted neck,—those plump shoulders,—that bosom indevirginate!

In Fouqué's pure romance, *The Minstrel Love*, the forms of the Greek divinities (as raised up by the magician Ultramonte) interweave themselves so thoroughly with the brain-fibres of a young visionary, as to become essential to his sanity:—their momentary disappearance induces frightful convulsions!—I am not quite so far gone—yet I protest I know not how to pass them by even with so desirable an end as brevity.—Let us try again.—The Torso of Eros, usually designated the Genius of the Capitol (at least, it is so in Volpato's *Arte del Disegno*). The bust of the Monte Cavallo Colossus.—Ditto of Juno, or Roma with the Diadem (engraved by Morghen and Volpato). The little Capitoline Apollo, without drapery, leaning on a stump, the right-hand raised and pressed behind the head.—*Item*. Pallas Athenæ in the helmet with a fixed visor, impressed with a ram's head: *Bust*, size of life.—*Item*. The noted group of Cupid and Psyche.—*Item*. The famous Borghese Vase, rough with the holy madness of the vintage.—*Item*. The Boy extracting the

* Another instance in our time. A young German (Müller) undertook to engrave the noble Madonna del Sisto, of Raffaello. Like a true disciple, he wedded his soul to the object of his choice so completely, that all faculties of mind were absorbed, and finally exhausted. He finished his labour and—died! His heart fractured and corroborated through hopeless love!—The guiltless murderess has a conspicuous place in Colnaghi's room;—but I rarely look at it:—the desolate fate of the enthusiast is too depressing for my crazy nerves!

† No one who knows any thing of any thing, can apply the above imperfect pinch of character to any statue but the misnamed Grecian Shepherdess, or Venus Kallipyga.

‡ The *simplex Munditiis* of Flaccus, is thus feelingly rendered by Elton.

Thorn from his Foot.—*Item.* Phocion. *Bust.*—*Item.* The tremendous warrior of Agasias, nick-named the "Fighting Gladiator."—*Item.* The Little Venus, Mus. Brittan. *Torso*, of the highest period of art.—*Item.* The youngest daughter of Niobe, *Bust.*—"And finally, lastly, to conclude."—*Item.* The Huntress of the Ortygian groves! to whose glory and memory we will, so please you, chaunt the following Homeric hymn, venerable Chapman's version.—My work always goes on better after a song! Does not your's?

Diana praise, muse!—that in darts delights—

Lives still a maid,—and had nutritial rites
With her born-brother, the far shooting sun,
That doth her all-of-gold-made chariot run
In chase of game, from Meles, that abounds
In black-brow'd bulrushes, (and where her hounds

She first uncouples, joining there her horse),
Through Smyrna, carried in most fiery course
To grape-rich Claros:—where (in his rich home

And constant expectation she will come)
Sits Phœbus that the silver bow doth bear,
To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer

As far as he his shafts—as far then be
Thy chaste fame shot, O Queen of Archery!

You are now provided with a noble band of tutelaries, and I heartily envy you the virgin delight of contemplating them by lamp light, from the case of your morocco fauteuil. But pleasures require intermission and variation, therefore it is necessary to convert that chiffoniere into a little store closet for Tassie's cameos and intaglios (or rather a selection out of his immense catalogue). Suppose you put in the following as nest eggs—they are among the finest, both in scientific drawing, harmony of composition, grace of outline (in which they stand unrivalled from the restoration of art in Italy, downwards), and masterly workmanship. To appreciate these qualities, attention must be directed to throwing them into a forcible and appropriate chiaroscuro, and the general rule is, that the light should stream over the

surface obliquely from the top: the gentlest projections are thus brought up, while the back-ground remains in a tender demi-tint.

The enumeration below hath no allurements, but pardon it for utility's sake. I will begin, *more Hesiodi*, with far-heard Jove!—the sublime head of Jupiter *Ægiochus*, in which I almost regard as supernatural the quality of intense observation, comparison, and technic grasp, evidenced by the junction and harmonization of opposing essences, activity and repose, the unbroken bloom of youth, and deep council of age.* Next in worth, but not in size, I rank the fragment (but a nose, mouth, and chin) of Apollo (2773). The large high breasted Minerva (1647), or rather Aspasia flattered with her attributes, a gem of unsurpassable refinement. The exquisite Diomedes with the Palladium (*to be studied with a magnifier*). Hercules (*Theseus*) with the Marathonian Bull. The Hercules and Iole of the Palais Pitti. Female crouching, with a laver (6266). The grand Front of Serapis, or Pluto. *The dancing Bacchus* (4290), justly deemed, by Mr. Cumberland, the *no plus ultra* of Greek art.† The portentous Sphinx (31), still and minacious as a growing storm-cloud. Heracles destroying the blood-feasting cranes of Stymphalus—he kneels by the haunted lake, and looses the thrilling string on the obscene fowl, vainly beating with loud wings the air. Near the Theban hero we will place his latest friend, Philoctetes, left lonely in rude sea-girt Lemnos, wasted with lean disease, and tortured with the poison of the serpent's tooth! Squalid, naked, the miserable creature lies drooping over the putrid wound, cooling its fever with a bird's wing,—a situation of desolate wretchedness too heavy for pity. Turn to one whose name has brighter associations,—dark-haired Sappho,—she that felt the stings of Cupid's either arrow! the twi-flamed torch,—therefore so soon, alas, burnt out! The Lesbian is placed on an

* In the history of the fine arts among the Greeks, their development was subjected to an invariable law of separating, in the most rigid manner, every thing dissimilar, and afterwards combining and elevating the similar, by internal excellence, to one independent and harmonious whole. Hence the various departments, with them, are all confined within their natural boundaries, and the different styles distinctly marked.

A. W. Schlegel.

† Thoughts on Outline, 4to. 26 plates. 1790.

elevated seat, and supported partly by one slender arm, while the other glowing palm is held forth reproachfully to the deceitful Phaon. No drapery hides her smooth shoulders and body; but over her knees a gauzy peplon spreads in folds transparent as a stream, and sinuous as its waves:—so in sweet Spenser the fair witch, Acrasia, lies in her delicious bower

————— Arayd, or rather disarayd
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might
bee :

More subtle web Arachne cannot spin ;
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more
lightly flee.—

Let Mr. Tassie also receive your instructions to cast the following beauties.—The fragmental sitting Venus and Cupid, with two cornucopiæ. The voluptuous kneeling Leda (1199). The same subject (1232). The misnamed naked Psyche, her back nearly turned to us, looking up at a rock (engraved by Moses, as Diana and Acteon). Greek warrior completely armed cowering behind his shield (7471). “The Nymph of beauteous ankles, Amphitrite, Daughter of Doris many-tressed,”

————— Whose haunt
Is midat the waters of the sterile main.—

Next, the Nereid (2600) skimming the briny green with buoyant limbs.—Another Nymph of deep-flowing ocean (2599). The Moon, Jove's daughter, in her chariot, drawn by two ramping horses, with manes of curled flames. Gracefully reaching forward, she moderates their snorting speed; and, from her far-off-seen silver robes, exhales unspeakable splendour round about the sky star-powdered. The sitting Clio, examining a scroll, her lyre near her on a pedestal;—most delicate workmanship. The Egyptian Lioness (36), a terrific idea. The Sleeping Hermaphrodite, fanned by Cupids, mentioned above (2516). A rich fragment (Love reining in two Tigers yoked to a car, of which only the fore wheel remains) (6731). A bearded warrior and two high-bred horses: a matchless gem. Venus putting off

her sandal (6230.) The bust of Adrian's favourite, the Boy Antinous; the massy hair arranged with the utmost science and feeling (11701). The noted Minerva of the Florence Gallery (1536), wearing the Ægis as a breast-plate; her neck is circled with a splendid chain composed of pearls and golden acorns; large drops of the same are in her ears, and her high head is crowned with an elaborately ornamented casque, triple crested (τρονιάλεια). The finely shaped but singular *Amor drawing his bow*, engraved by Millin (6625). The precious cameo of Achilles beguiling the wearisome hours of his voluntary idleness with the sounds of his phorminx, agreeable to the description of Homer,

Τὸν δ' εὖρον φρένα τερόμενον φόρμιγγι
λεγεῖν,
Καλῇ, δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δ' ἀργύρεος ζυγός
ἦεν, &c. Ιλιάδ. ι. 186.

thus expounded by Mr. Lamb's fine old favourite, Chapman (Cowper is flat and wrong, in my opinion):

————— They found him set
Delighted with his solemn harp, which
curiously was fret
With works conceited, through the verge.
—The bawdrick that embrac'd
His lofty neck was silver twist:—this (when
his hand laid waste
Etion's city) he did chuse, as his especial
prize,
And loving sacred music well, made it his
exercise.
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great
Heroës dead,
And his true mind, that practice fail'd,*
with contemplation fed.

I shall not trouble you, Sir, with any more items of this catalogue; at least, for the duration of thirty days; the which time is sufficiently filled up for the most ravenous of Hot-tips-on'ts. However, as a sort of supplement to the casts, I recommend Sir W. Hamilton's second collection of vases, edited by Tischbein; the letter-press from the learned pen of Itallusky. It was put forth at different times, in four volumes folio; each containing about 62 plates, chastely engraved in outline, illustrative of the Bacchic and Eleusinian mysteries, and the noble traditions of Thebes and windy Ilium. Though far superior

in fidelity to the costly tomes of D'Hancarville, and equal, quite equal in interest of subject and captivating grace of design: it has never met with its due regard in this country, and, I dare say, may be picked up under its original price (twelve guineas), though that was extremely moderate, considering its handsome appearance. Should many of the compositions strike you at the first opening as quaint and uncouth, be not discouraged from the purchase, but modestly yield the palm of taste to the old artists—and pique yourself rather on extracting gold dust from the concealing mud, than in possessing the microscopic vision of the fly for filth and deformity.*

I have thus commenced a plan of study, calculated, I sincerely believe, to inspire a true, because well principled, love for the fine arts, a plan which, if strenuously supported and

acted on, would speedily abolish the pernicious, the senseless method of collecting, not by painters, but by their translators (rather traducers) the engravers, a class of craftsmen whose highest aim *must* be implicit servility (hard as the phrase may seem), and who necessarily bear the same relation to the inventor, as the mere builder to the architect.

Dear readers, who have had the politeness to go so far with me—good night—God bless you all—and keep you free from such a vile fever and inflamed wind-pipe as I have now! If any of you are good-natured and idle, you cannot employ a few minutes more charitably, than by writing a civil line or two to our amiable Editors (*signed Constant Readers!!*) requesting them by all means “to continue the agreeable and popular lectures” of

JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

* The characteristic of this odiously squeamish, canting, profligate age!

MODERN GALLANTRY.

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, as upon a thing altogether unknown to the old classic ages. This has been defined to consist in a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, paid to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era, from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

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I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle, influ-

encing our conduct, when more than one half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite a sneer:—when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such a one has “overstaid her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile, if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her

in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley’s daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped, she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him

by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune,—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one, (*naming the milliner*)—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things, that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or dependant—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character, as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments, and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *revere her sex*.

ELIA.

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

1.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
 Throws off night's weed of pilgrim grey;
 Ere yet the hare cower'd close from view
 Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
 Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
 By hunters roused from secret springs;
 Or birds upon the boughs awake,
 Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.

2.

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
 Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,
 And from her home by Preston burn
 Came forth, the rival light of morn.
 The lark's song dropt, now loud, now hush—
 The gold-spink answered from the bush—
 The plover, fed on heather crop,
 Call'd from the misty mountain top.

2 K 2

3.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

4.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

C.

ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF ETIQUETTE AND PARADE.

SOME philosophers and declaimers, disgusted with the vanities of polite society, have concluded that happiness and true dignity can exist only in the savage state. Herein, I think, they are manifestly wrong. There is an intermediate state, surely, between the opposite extremes of barbarism and extravagant refinement, better suited than either of them to the free and right exercise of man's intellectual endowments and natural affections. Man was right, it appears to me, when he betook himself to soap and water; neither is he without a respectable plea for his use of combs; nor can I, in my heart, think much the worse of him, for declining to eat his meat either raw or alive. In his moral conditions too, as well as in his external circumstances, I can make many allowances for his departure from some of the simplicities of Otaheiti. His emancipation from thievish propensities, for instance, may be borne with; and his neglect of the "good old practice" of knocking young children or old persons on the head, when considered troublesome or unnecessary, is, in my opinion, absolutely commendable. These modest improvements are within the verge of the intermediate state that I have mentioned; and no man, perhaps, in clothes and his senses, would deliberately condemn them. If there were no such state, however, and the question of preference lay between a condition

purely natural or savage, and the highest degree of what we call refinement—between a wigwam and a palace, the Boshies-men and the *beau monde*—a man might hesitate in his decision, yet not be mad; or might finally turn from kings and their courts, and give his choice to his kindred in the woods, yet not be indifferent to the glories of human intellect, and the charms of human love and kindness.

Coarseness is the besetting sin of uncivilized life—while civilization in its excess degenerates into effeminacy, frivolity, and all the timid vices, headed by their chief, hypocrisy. Now coarseness is by no means incompatible with the highest attributes of mind, and often enters even into the gentlest charities of our nature—not indeed without violence to the softness of their exterior forms, but without injury to their vital pith and substance. We certainly cannot say this of that combination of feebleness, coldness, and affectation, however set off by polish, which is the peculiar produce of "the best society." The noblest creations of mind in poetry have abounded with extreme coarseness; and it has been questioned, whether this quality, the result of an irresponsible boldness and freedom, be not in some degree inseparable from the highest order of genius. The rules, which govern taste, it has been said, frighten invention; they make a man at once

decent and dull; lead to a smooth and unerring mediocrity, secure only of not giving offence, and at the same time subdue all that has most power to yield delight. Be this as it may in poetry, it is certain that, in the conduct of life, a studious and exclusive attention to refinement, with its small delicacies and critical punctilios, invariably tends to reduce substance and vigour, to cripple all freedom of action, and stifle all warmth and alacrity of feeling. Asperities are removed—coarseness is softened down; but with the same kind of consequences as attend the labours of certain renovators of old pictures, who, offended by here and there a speck of dirt, set themselves to scrubbing and scraping with such resolution, that dirt, and colour, and form, yield before them, and a picture finally comes forth from their hands, smooth and clean—and nothing else.

Man, to shelter himself from the cold, put on clothing; and, without stopping to inquire at present how much he may have lost by this measure in power and freedom of bodily action, as he gained something in point of comfort and enjoyment, we will admit that he did well. Having thus satisfied a plain necessity, he begins, under new influences of laziness and leisure, to improve and refine; makes a sort of plaything of his dress; converts it, without the least regard to its original purposes, into a simple subject of experimental decoration; pursues a continual round of unmeaning changes, only because they are changes, not adapting his finery to his body, but forcing his body to be the servant of his finery, turning it into a mere clothes-peg,—a convenient kind of thing made to show off the beauty of red cloth and shining satin. We admire all this, it is true; though it would be difficult to justify ourselves for so doing to good taste—if taste has any connection with plain sense and common propriety. In the matter of dress, taste would certainly admit nothing tending to disguise the “fair proportions” of the body, or to obstruct the ease, and grace, and dignity, of its natural movements. We admire fine clothes wherever we see them; but purely on their own account. We look with delight on a

procession of the nobility in their state dresses—a mere doating on rich stuffs and gaudy colours—an idle adoration of irrelevant velvet and impertinent feathers. We should admire them in the same spirit were they hung with variegated lamps; or could come to the grace, I have no doubt, with a little discipline, of regarding with a pleasing wonder Knights Grand Crosses, and Commanders, rolling and ducking along in the guise of “*Jack in the Green*.” I have heard of a tribe of people in America, or somewhere, who, being rather ill-provided with the ordinary manufactures that supply the magnificence of dress, help out their poverty by borrowing from the more costly and portable part of their household furniture. Among them you shall see a dignitary, on state occasions, covered, under pretence of shirt and coat, with a miscellaneous load of crockery and hardware—glittering and jingling in a musical attire of tea-pots, spoons, warming-pan, and fire-irons. Very pretty all this, I am ready to grant, in a bare view of ornament. I am maintaining only, that such adventurous niceties are apt to do violence to qualities of far more importance than ornament. We sneer at the naked savage, besmeared with tallow and ochre; and his embellishments are certainly coarse enough, ill-applied, and none of the sweetest: but be it remembered that, simple and greasy as he stands, he can run down a fox at a moment's notice, or swim a river, or scale a precipice; while a Knight Grand Cross, in the full glory of his wardrobe, shall scarcely perchance be able to walk without help.—After all, simplicity is the prime element of all that is truly great and lastingly pleasing. Whatever the proprietors of silk breeches and cocked hats may think of the matter, the naked figure exhibits man in his most striking form of beauty and power. I am not contending that every man out of his clothes is an Apollo: it is enough for my argument if it be admitted, that Apollo in a coat and breeches would at once lose all his dignity and grace.

A scheme of torture, analogous to that applied to dress, is extended by “the first circles” to all their concerns. Their passions and af-

sections, their loves and friendships, are so encumbered with dull rites and irrelevant forms, that they can scarcely live under the load. They accumulate drapery and figure-work, till substance is quite buried under show, and nothing remains but hollow signs and heartless appearances; till dropping a card at his door is a visit to an acquaintance, and sending an empty coach to his funeral is mourning for a friend. Etiquette is the sovereign controller of conduct,—the sole representative of nature, among certain classes. They cast out the unruly souls that were born with them, banish rebellious reason and pragmatical conscience, and fill themselves with an entirely new order of machinery, quiet, precise, passive—and as true to the Court Calendar as the needle to the pole. The vulgar, or the mass of mankind, have heads and hearts, and will be thrusting themselves forward into all the serious duties and illustrious cares of life; so that nothing connected with the highest aims of reason and invention, or with the noblest or the kindest affections, is left untouched by their vile participation. How then are “the great” to distinguish themselves? What sacred peculiarities can they assume, except certain small modes, superadded to the ordinary ways of doing ordinary things, which the multitude are too full of business and enjoyment to notice or imitate? Shut out from the animating bustle of common life—its anxious wants and earnest interests, they have no resource against time, and no provision for glory, except that of investing little things with great names; dignifying trifles by magnificent devices, and helping out their shortness and insipidity with circuitous ceremony and intricate parade. Think of the popular process of despatching a pound or two of food into the stomach, to relieve hunger and emptiness, and then turn your attention to the multiplied entanglements—the plot and stratagem, of a grand dinner-party in high life. You and I “jump into” our clothes—“just swallow a mouthful,”—“toss off” a draught—put on our hats and “are off,”—and still find enough to do before we take another jump—into bed: but such brevities of conduct would absolutely

annihilate the great for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. We talk of the twinkling of an eye—and half a minute—divisions of time which a man of quality has no conception of. His business is delay; his enjoyment, not to be lively in every thing, but to be long.

The worst effect of these forms and superfluities is, that they break down the energies of the mind, and thoroughly incapacitate a man from acting, in any circumstances, with directness and promptitude. They are not to be cast aside, as an artisan puts off his Sunday clothes, when they might distract his attention and obstruct his labour. Once become endeared and habitual, they cling to a man for ever. Though adapted only to the service of a morning levee or an evening ball, he will be faithful to them under every aspect of fortune. If called upon for dispatch by any untried emergency, however critical and perilous, he is called in vain: he must still refer to his little system of regulated movements, and prescribed delays; he has no notion of sudden impulses, and sudden action; he must have his appointed signals, and due *permits*; and, though death should stare him in the face, will provide for his safety only according to law. He loves forms for their own sake: they have been capable, he has found, of giving interest to the smallest occasions, and the greatest occasions cannot induce him to dispense with them. The fatal capture of Louis XVI. at Varennes, was caused, Madame de Staël declares, “by some delays of form and ceremony, without which it was impossible for the King to get into his coach.” As for bundling him in at once, and scampering off with him for his life, as though he had been nothing but a man in his senses, it was not to be thought of. True, the danger was pressing and nothing less than death—but the *Gold Stick*! and the *Silver Stick*! and all the other sticks, bearing or borne, would you think of neglecting them for a moment, or in any moment?

Cardinal de Retz gives us an account of a charming little interlude of court politics happening in his time, which is strikingly illustrative of the absorbing influence of forms, and the kind of serious and impas-

sioned frivolity that they fix in the mind—a frivolity not to be daunted by the threats and frowns of the most momentous occasions. At a period when the nation was in arms for its best and dearest rights, and the monarchy trembled to its base, the Prince of Condé interceded, with his high authority, to have a stool at court granted to the Countess of Foix, a privilege hitherto enjoyed only by duchesses. Mazarin opposes the measure with his whole soul, and incites all the young noblemen at court to resist, with their lives, all orders of stools that were not granted upon special warrant. The Prince seeing this formidable array, headed by the Mareschal de L'Hôpital, thought it prudent to recede; though still not without trying some means of gratifying the pride and jealousy of his friend the Countess. As he could not raise her to a stool, the next best mode of establishing an equality, he thought, would be to pull the duchesses down; and accordingly, he proposed that all stools of all privileged houses should be suppressed. The Family of Rohan was the first of the number, and would as soon have given up their lives. De Retz now took the alarm, and resolved upon a counter-assembly “for maintaining the stool of the house of Rohan.” He used, at the same time, all his personal influence with the Prince of Condé, and prevailed. “I promise you,” said that great man, “not to oppose the privilege of the stool, in the house of Rohan.” This point established, people could then proceed to consider, whether some measures might not be adopted for saving Paris from massacre and pillage.—De Retz relates his story with the most perfect gravity, being himself not a little infected with the great epidemic of courts, the disease of frivolity and forms. Hurrying one day to mediate between the soldiers and the people, in the heat and peril of a bloody scuffle, he had one of his pages wounded, he informs us, “*who held up his cassock behind.*” Conceive a man so attended in such a moment! Cardinals, it may be said, always have their train-bearers: and this is precisely what I have been contending for. The great must have their forms, cost what it may; fashion go-

vern them like a fatality, bending to neither time nor circumstance. In their blind obedience, they remind me of a little animal I have read of, called the Lapland Marmot, whose instinct it is, when in motion, to advance invariably straight forwards. Whatever impediments may oppose it, fire or water, this instinct prevails: it can indulge in neither circuit nor “short cut;” if it encounters a well, it plunges into it, and is seen crawling up on the other side; if it is stopped by a hay-stack, it gnaws its way through it; if it meets a boat on the water, it passes over it—in short, it gives way to nothing, and goes round nothing, but keeps boring on in its inflexible line, “through dense and rare,” though its life should be the sacrifice of its constancy.

Age and approaching death, one would imagine, might sober even a courtier; force him at last to be in earnest; to put away all solemn trifling and imposture, and prepare for his change in simplicity and truth. The case, however, is otherwise. Decrepitude, with its rigid back, may have its little tricks; and something in the way of juggle and show may be got up even on a death-bed. As long as there is breath, there may be etiquette—nay, when a man has ceremoniously ceased to exist, his cold and corrupting remains may still go through their course of mummery; under the direction of his surviving and sympathetic friends: he may “lie in state” till he is quite rotten, and then be carried to the grave in the face of day, amidst the palpable woe of a thousand coaches, all respectfully empty, a state horse, and a lid of feathers. Madame du Defand, on her death-bed, though without an atom of religious feeling in her heart, would on no account go out of the world without the polite custom of a clergyman—making, however, an especial provision against being disturbed by any seriousness of meaning on the occasion. “Monsieur le Curé,” said the dying penitent to the priest who attended her, “you will be perfectly satisfied with me, as I shall be with you, if you perplex me with no reasons, questions, or sermons.” Montaigne cites a very remarkable instance of death-bed foolery. Speaking of the insignificance

of death in certain minds, he mentions a great man, who spent his last hours in arranging the honours of his own funeral. Having earnestly solicited the attendance of his friends of rank and wealth, and settled with minute exactness the whole method and order of this his final show, he seemed quite at ease, and died content. "I have seldom heard," adds Montaigne, "of so long-lived a vanity."

On such a system of refinement as this, the great, that is, the very great, found their claims to superiority over the bulk of mankind—the vulgar, the people, the rabble, or any other contemptuous collective you please, that shall designate the active, thinking, feeling crowd, whose pitiful lot it is, to fill up their time with useful industry, or natural enjoyments. He is the first in rank who is least independent of rules and ceremonies. The Court Calendar, that unanswerable distributor of degrees, so determines, and there can be no doubt of it. A peer is greater than a baronet, a duke is greater than a peer, and a king takes precedence of all. Greater than a King!—Inconceivable! A Welsh bishop made an apology to James I, for preferring God—to his Majesty. The question of precedence was delicate, but the Deity, it was believed, in the phrase of the court, had the *pas*.

Contemplating enormities like these, one is disposed almost to justify Rousseau, or any man, in abhorring the very name of civilization, and, in a paroxysm of overpowering disgust,

might exclaim,—“Send us to our caves again—strip us to the wind, and rain, and sun; give us our gross loves—our fierce hatred—our bloody revenge;—any thing, if it be but nature.” Such a hurst over, we soon take heart again, and perceive that there is no pressing necessity for adopting so tremendous a remedy. Etiquette, in its mawkish mixture of stateliness and imbecility, though the exclusive currency of the “first society,” does not certainly represent human nature in an attractive dress. But civilization is not responsible for its abominations, and she can point to millions upon millions of useful, intelligent, and happy creatures of her work, to refute such a scandal.

We may remember too for our comfort, that even in the class which, by right of station, is most chargeable with the sins of vanity and affectation, there are numberless illustrious examples, with whom high rank is but subsidiary to all that can exalt and adorn human nature. The mere puppets of etiquette are, in this country at least, in a minority, even at court. The capability of folly is pretty equally distributed among all classes: we can only say, that it is most likely to meet with dangerous encouragement among those who are farthest removed from the restraints of wholesome labour, and the sobering cares of common life. A man who has his bread to get, has no time to make himself very ridiculous.

R. A.

SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL, &c. BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.*

THE Dramatic Poem, which occupies the chief bulk of this agreeable volume, has been so highly spoken of by the first literary authority in this country that it is almost needless, not to say impertinent, to add our mite of approbation to it. The Author of *Waverley* thus expresses his cordial opinion of it in his Preface to the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

Author. There is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write

myself, in a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent-pens. I cannot make neat work without such appurtenances.

Captain Clutterbuck. Do you mean Allan Ramsay?

Author. No, nor Barbara Allan either. I mean Allan Cunningham, who has just published his tragedy of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, full of merry-making and murdering, kissing and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not

* *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a Dramatic Poem; *The Mermaid of Galloway*; *The Legend of Richard Faulder*; and *Twenty Scottish Songs*. By Allan Cunningham. Second Edition. Taylor and Hessey, 1822.

a glimpse of probability is there about the plot, but so much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole, as I dearly wish I could infuse into my Culinary Remains, should I ever be tempted to publish them. With a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may, perhaps, only note his defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan; you are a credit to Caledonia for all that.—There are some lyrical effusions of his too, which you would do well to read, Captain. “It’s hame and it’s hame,” is equal to Burns.

We ourselves agree to this unequivocal and enviable testimony in its favour; and we are the more glad to avail ourselves of it, as (besides private reasons which would lead us to avoid any thing that might be construed into a *puff*) it enables us to speak our minds more freely with respect to a few faults which strike us (like specks on the sun’s disk) in this very interesting performance.—We think (though we do not know that this is a fault) that the effect of this Dramatic Poem is more that which arises from the perusal of a romance than of a tragedy. The interest of the story prevails over the force of the dialogue, though the last is spirited and natural: the characters serve more as vehicles to convey a series of extraordinary incidents, than to display the extreme workings of the passions or the hidden springs of action. We read on, without being violently stimulated or much startled, with an unabated and personal anxiety about the event of the fable and the fate of the different characters—with a love of the good, and a hatred of the vicious agents in the plot—as we should read the narrative of any striking occurrence in actual life, put into pleasing and fanciful verse. Perhaps Mr. Cunningham too often lays aside the tragic buskin to assume the Minstrel’s harp, or to rehearse the affecting passages of Traditional Literature. We can attribute this not more to a want of confirmed practice than to an amiable modesty. Scarce conscious of universally-acknowledged merit in his favourite pursuits, it is no wonder that he touches the strings with a trembling and uncertain hand in a new department of art. Increased experience would give greater boldness; and greater boldness would be

crowned with more triumphant success, for our author does not want resources in feeling or nature. In case Mr. Cunningham gives us another Scottish tragedy, we would advise him (as far as he may think our opinion worth attending to) to get rid of the mixture of quaint proverbial phrases and northern dialect. A pastoral drama (like Allan Ramsay’s GENTLE SHEPHERD) may be written entirely in the Scottish idiom: a tragedy, or even a dramatic poem, with stately and heroic characters in it, should (we conceive) be written entirely in English: the jumbling the two languages together is decidedly bad in either case, and is only proper to the narrative or ballad style, where the dignity of no individual is committed, and where the author is privileged (as a remote spectator of the scene) to speak either in his own person or to throw in occasional sprinklings of local and national expression, with a view to produce a more lively sense of reality and to give it a dramatic air. But where the *form* itself is dramatic, the same licence (to our feelings) is neither necessary nor allowable. In a romantic description of an invincible knight of old, it may be a peasant that speaks, or from whom we have learnt the story—we may avail ourselves therefore of all the bye-resources, the quaint or casual varieties of the language, to touch, to identify, to surprise. But where the knight himself speaks in his own character, his language should be one, and it should be (according to the prevailing prejudice) dignified. Otherwise, “the blank verse halts for it.” Such words as *shealing*, and *cushat*, and *cummer*, and *dool*, come in very well among the rude rhymes of a ballad-strain, which (for any thing that appears to the contrary) might have been said or sung by an old Highland bagpipe-player five hundred years ago—they assist the illusion, which is favourable to the poet, and flattering to the reader—and we can turn at leisure to the *glossary* to know the meaning, as an improvement of the mind and an enlargement of our knowledge. But it is not so well, when a noble and accomplished person is speaking in good set lines of ten syllables, to have to stop him repeatedly with “What

was that you said, Sir?' A tragedy is known to be a modern production—it has not the smack of antiquity in it—and though it places us immediately in contact with the *Dramatis Personæ*, it is not by carrying us back to them, but by bringing them down to us. The poet, who introduces them to the modern public, like a Gentleman-usher of the Black-Rod, must see to it that they have their proper cue and costume. We would, in a word, make the same remonstrance to Mr. Cunningham that a late Scotch peer did (we think somewhat prematurely) to Mr. Mathews on a parallel occasion. The noble person we allude to had been to see one of Mr. Mathews's *AT HOMES*, and afterwards went into his dressing-room to congratulate him on his success. "I admire your performance much—it is quite charming. Your Frenchman is excellent, not that I'm a judge myself, for I have never been in France; but J—— says it's excellent; so it must be so. There is, however, one thing, my dear friend, that I would advise you to—leave out your old Scotchwoman. Depend upon it, it won't do. It's bad. The Scotch dialect is a thing that is at present quite obsolete, nobody understands it. *In foc, mon, we in Edinburgh now speak pure St. James's!*" The serious Scottish Muse may, at least, aspire to be upon a par with the good people of Edinburgh.

The only important drawback on the effect of the poem before us is what strikes us as the improbability of the main incident on which the story hinges. Halbert Comyne and his comrades enter Caerlaverock Castle as old friends and acquaintances, and in the middle of his hall murder Lord Maxwell, and carry off by force his wife and son, without its being once suspected by the servants and neighbours that the deed was done by these unhallowed inmates. What adds to the singularity is, that they are not murdered or seized upon in their beds, or in some obscure corner of the forest, but in the midst of their own castle, the menials being sent out of the way to a merry-making for that express purpose. The discovery of this strange secret forms the chief business of the plot; and as it is continually recurred to,

the inherent incongruity of the thing hangs an air of mystery over the whole narrative, much greater than that which arises from the preternatural agency either of witches or spirits. That Halbert Comyne, the next heir to the title and estate of the old lord, should come to Caerlaverock Castle with a crew of desperados—that, on the third night after, the owner and his family should disappear—that Halbert Comyne should wake up the servants in the middle of the night to tell them what has happened—and that not a shadow of suspicion should light upon him or his accomplices, except from the circumstance of Simon Graeme and Mark Macgee being clandestinely stationed so as to see two of the villains depositing the body of Lord Maxwell under a tree, and through the incantations and preternatural forebodings of Mabel Moran, seems to us quite out of the question.

As to the introduction of spiritual machinery into the tragedy of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, we do not, nor are we disposed to object to it generally, nor could we, if we would. Mr. Cunningham has too many, and too great authorities on his side. But we think he has brought real and fantastic apparitions into contact, on one or two occasions, in a way to distract the attention, and consequently to stagger belief. Thus Halbert Comyne, when he visits Mabel Moran in the cave, is terrified first by the real ghost of Lord Maxwell, deceased, and next by the pretended apparition of Lady Maxwell, who is still *in the body*. A real ghost, we certainly think, to challenge our faith, should have the field to himself, and not enter the lists with the living. The contrast annihilates the continuity of our ideas—the substantial spirit overlays the shadowy one, and one or other is infallibly rendered ridiculous. We are frequently reminded, in the marshalling of these dreadful appearances, of Richard and Macbeth.

But enough, and indeed too much of captious criticism. We will now proceed to lay before our readers one or two passages, which will enable them to judge of the beauty and felicity of execution to be found in this attractive performance.

We give the following scene be-

tween Lord and Lady Maxwell, as a mild and interesting effusion of patriotic and pastoral feelings.

Lady Maxwell. Thou must not stand on earth, like a carved saint
Which men do bow to, but which ne'er returns
Their gratulation.

Lord Maxwell. Love, there is a voice
Still whispering, that all we love or hate—
All we admire, exalt, or hope to compass,
Till the stars wax dim amid our meditation,
Is but as words graved on the ocean sands,
Which the returning tide blots out for ever.
For I'm grown sick of the world's companionship,
Of camp and city, and life's pomp—the song
Of bards impassion'd, who rank earth's gross dust
With things immortal—of the gladsome sound
Of dulcimer and flute—the corrupt tongue
O' the shrewd politician. O! for a rude den
In some vast desert—there I'd deem each star,
That lumined me in loneliness, was framed
To coronet my brows—that the bloom'd bough
On which the wild bees cluster'd, when its scent
Fill'd all the summer air, graced my hand more
Than a dread sceptre: and the little birds
Would know us, love; the gray and pleasant wren
Would hang her mansion for her golden young
Even in our woodland porch.

Lady Maxwell. Thy country's woes
Have robb'd thee of thy peace—have pluck'd thy spirit
Down from its heaven, and made sweet sleep to thee
The bitterest bliss of life.

Lord Maxwell. Is there a bosom
Full of a loyal heart?—Is there a knee
That seeks the dust at eve?—a holy tongue,
Whose orisons find heaven? a noble mind,
Whose pure blood has flow'd down through the pure veins
Of a thousand noble bosoms?—a brave man
Who loves his country's ancient name and law,
And the famed line of her anointed kings?
Oh heaven! give him swift wings: the sword, the rack,
The halter, and whet axe hold him in chace,
And make a den of Scotland, for the fiends
To howl and revel in.

Lady Maxwell. But shall we sit,
Even as the dove does on the doom'd tree-top,
Until the axe strews to the weazel's tooth
Her young ones in their down?—shall we go east

Life's heavenly jewel to the pit? and page,
With cap and cringing knee, him, match'd
with whom

A murderer's hand is milkwhite, and the brow

Of a gross peasant, smutch'd with hovel soot,

The brow of an archangel?

Lord Maxwell. Say no more:—

My Scotland, whilst one stone of thine is left

Unturn'd by ruin's plowshare—while one tree

Grows green, untouch'd by the destroyer's axe—

While one foundation stone of palace or church,

Or shepherd's hovel, stands unmoved by
The rocking of artillery—while one stream,

Though curdling with warm life's blood,
can frequent

Its natural track—while thou hold'st holy dust

Of princes, heroes, sages, though their graves
Flood ankle-deep in gore—O, I will love thee,

And weep for thee;—and fight for thee,
while heaven

Lends life, and thy worst foes are but of flesh,

And can feel temper'd steel.

Lady Maxwell. Oh! had we here
Him thou so lovest, thy fiery cousin, he
Who would have heir'd thee had I not been blest

Above all hope in winning thee!—he was
One bold in thought, and sudden in resolve;
In execution swifter:—Halbert Comyne,
Of thee our peasants love to talk, and draw
Thy martial aspect, and thy merry glance
Among the maids at milking time. Yet
they

Pause mid their rustic charactering, and cough,

And with a piece of proverb or old song
They close the tale, look grave, and shake the head,

And hope thou may'st be blest and bide abroad.— (P. 31, &c.)

The following soliloquy of Halbert Comyne, in the beginning of the second act, may challenge comparison with some of Shakspeare's delineations of moody, blood-thirsty misanthropy.

'Tis said there is an hour in the darkness,
when

Man's brain is wondrous fertile, if nought holy

Mix with his musings. Now, whilst seeking this,

I've worn some hours away; yet my brain's dull,

As if a thing call'd grace stuck to my heart,
And sickn'd resolution. Is my soul tamed

And baby-rid with the thought that flood
or field
Can render back, to scare men and the
moon,
The airy shapes of the corpses they en-
womb?—

And what if it is so? Shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope, because its circle
Is haunted by a shadow? Shall I go wear
Five summers of fair looks,—sigh shreds
of psalms,—

Pray in the desert till I fright the fox,—
Gaze on the cold moon and the cluster'd
stars,

And quote some old man's saws 'bout
crowns above,—

Watch with wet eyes at death-beds, dandle
the child,

And cut out elder whistles for him who
knocks

Red earth from clouted shoon? Thus may
I buy

Scant praise from tardy lips; and when I
die,

Some ancient hind will scratch, to scare the
owl,

A death's head on my grave-stone. If I
live so,

May the spectres dog my heels of those I
slew

I' the gulph of battle; wise men cease
their faith

In the sun's rising; soldiers no more trust
The truth of temper'd steel. I never loved
him.—

He topt me as a tree that kept the dew
And balmy south wind from me: fair
maids smiled;

Glad minstrels sang; and he went lauded
forth,

Like a thing dropt from the stars. At every
step

Stoop'd hoary heads unbonneted; white
caps

Hung in the air; there was clapping of
hard palms,

And shouting of the dames. All this to him
Was as the dropping honey; but to me

'Twas as the bitter gourd. Thus did I
hang,

As his robe's tassel, kissing the dust, and
flung

Behind him for boys' shouts,—for cotman's
dogs

To bay and bark at. Now from a far land,
From fields of blood, and extreme peril I
come,

Like an eagle to his rock, who finds his nest
Fill'd with an owlet's young.—For he had
seen

One summer's eve a milkmaid with her pail,
And, 'cause her foot was white, and her
green gown

Was spun by her white hand, he fell in
love:

Then did he sit and pen an amorous ballad;
Then did he carve her name in plum-tree
bark;

And, with a heart e'en soft as new press'd
curd,

Away he walk'd to wooe. He swore he
loved her:

She said, cream curds were sweeter than
lord's love:

He vow'd 'twas pretty wit, and he would
wed her:

She laid her white arm round the fond
lord's neck,

And said his pet sheep ate her cottage kale,
And they were naughty beasts. And so

they talk'd;

And then they made their bridal bed i' the
grass,

No witness but the moon. So this must
pluck

Things from my heart I've hugg'd since I
could count

What horns the moon had. There has
been with me

A time of tenderer heart, when soft love
hung

Around this beadsman's neck such a fair
string

Of what the world calls virtues, that I stood
Even as the wilder'd man who dropp'd his

staff,

And walk'd the way it fell to. I am now
More fiery of resolve. This night I've

wiped

The milk of kindred mercy from my lips;
I shall be kin to nought but my good blade,
And that when the blood gilds it that flows

between
Me and my cousin's land.—Who's there?
(P. 40, &c.)

The following speech of the en-
amoured Sir Marmaduke is tender
and beautiful.

How sweet is this night's stillness:—soft
and bright

Heaven casts its radiance on the streams,
and they

Lie all asleep, and tell the vaulted heaven
The number of her stars. I see the doves

Roosting in pairs on the green pine tree tops;
The distant ocean 'mid the moonlight

heaves,

All cluster'd white with sleeping water
fowl—

Now where the moon her light spills on yon
towers,

I turn my sight, but not that I may try
If her chaste circle holds a world more worth

Man's worshipping than this. See—see—
oh see

Lights at her window!—blessed is the air
Her blooming cheek that kisses:—looks she

forth,

To see if earth hold aught that's worth her
love?

O let me steal one look at her sweet face—
For she doth still turn her dark eyes from

me;
And she is silent as yon silver star
That shows her dwelling place. (P. 44.)

Of Mr. Cunningham's talents for terrific description an adequate judgment may be formed from the dialogue between the outlawed Royalists and Mabel Moran, Act 3, Scene 1.

Mabel. Hast thou look'd seaward? hast thou landward look'd?
And look'd to heaven? then say what thou hast seen.

First Royalist. There is a strange commotion on the carth,
And trouble on the waters; heaven's whole stars
Stream seven-fold bright; a ruddy red one dropt
Down on Caerlaverock castle; lo! it changed
From its bright starry shape to a flaming shroud:

I heard a loud sob, and a funeral wail—
Flights of blood-ravens darken'd all the pines,
And clapt their wings, and seem'd to smell out prey:

*I read the hour upon the chapel clock,
And I dared look no longer.*

Mabel. Thou hast done Wisely and well. Now, William Seaton, say
Didst thou sit on Barnhourie cliff, and watch
Sea-shore and heaven? Then say what didst thou note.

Second Royalist. A fearful cry came from the flood, a cry,
Between Caerlaverock and Barnhourie rock,
(Of an unearthly utterance; every wave—
And they roll'd in heaped multitudes and vast—

Seem'd summited with fire. Along the beach

There ran a rushing wind; and with the wind

There came a voice more shrill than human tongue,

Crying, "Woe! woe!" I look'd again, and saw

Four figures sailing in a bonnie boat,
Two rude and strong, the third one slighter seem'd,

A pale and martial form; the fourth one was
A mourning dame—even like Caerlaverock's lady,

With eyes upturn'd and white hands held to heaven.—

A strong wind came, the green waves mounted high,

And while the waters and the wild fire flash'd,

The peasants twain were daunted sore and bow'd

Their heads in terror—up then leap'd the youth,

His bared sword like devouring lightning fell—

I heard a groan, and then another groan,
And something plunging mid the midnight wave,

And so I came to tell thee.

Mabel. Heaven, I thank thee,
The green ear's spared yet,—but the ripe is cut,

And by a villain's sickle. Brief's thy time,
Thou ruthless spiller of thy kinsman's blood:
A hand shall rise against thee, and a sword
Shall smite thee mid thy glory. For the sun
Shall walk but once from Burnswark's bonnie top

To lonely Criffel, till we hear a sound
Of one smote down in battle. Now, my friends,

There is a bright day coming for poor Scotland:

'T will brighten first in Nithsdale, at the hour

Foretold by our prophetic martyr, when
The slayers' swords were on him. Now be men:

Gird to your sides your swords; rush to the flood;

To the good work of redemption. (P. 63.)

There is great spirit and force of painting in the following:

Sir John. Now, noble general,
I crave small thanks for telling a strange tale.

As I spurr'd past where yon rough oak-wood climbs

The river-margin, I met something there—
A form so old, so wretched, and so wither'd,
I scarce may call it woman; loose her dress
As the wind had been her handmaid, and she lean'd

Upon a crooked crutch. When she saw me,
She yell'd, and strode into my path; my steed

Shook, and stood still, and gazed with me upon her:

She smiled on me, as the devil does on the damn'd;

A smile that would turn the stern stroke of my sword

Into a feather's touch. I smoothed my speech

Down from the martial to the shepherd's tone,

And stoop'd my basnet to my saddle bow,
And ask'd for the castle of my good Lord Comyne;

Her eye glanced ghastly on me—and I saw
Beneath its sooty fringe the glimmering fire:

"Go seek thou Halbert Comyne one day hence,

Thou'lt find him even as the dust which thou
Dost carry on thy shoes. His days and hours

Are number'd. Can the might and pride of man

O'ercome the doom of God?" I ask'd her blessing:

She smiled in devilish joy, and gave me
quick
To feed Caerlaverock ravens.

Comyne. So that's all :
For one poor plack she'd dream thee a rare
dream ;

And crown thee Lord Protector, for the
half

Of a crook'd sixpence. These are old wild
dames,

Who sell the sweet winds of the south to
sailors ;

Who milk the cows in Araby, and suck
The swans' eggs of the Tigris : they can
turn

Their wooden slipper to a gilded barge :
Their pikestaff to a winged steed, that flies
As far as earth grows grass. They cast
their spells

On green hot youths, and make the fond
brides mourn.

I give them garments which the moths have
bored,

And mouldy cheese—and so keep my good
name,

And my hens on my hen-roosts.

(P. 97, &c.)

The tone of sentiment in this drama is throughout amiable and moral, and the conclusion happy and skilfully brought about. We wish all our readers to read it!—The Mermaid of Galloway is as beautiful as the Legend of Richard Faulder is overpowering. Is there not a resemblance in the conception of the last to the RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER by Mr. Coleridge?

Of the SONGS, we do not well know which to select as the most delightfully natural. Perhaps the following is as striking for its touching and characteristic simplicity as any :

BONNIE LADY ANN.

There's kames o' honey 'tween my luv's
lips,

An' gold amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a hodie veil,
Nae mortal een look there.

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare
touch,

Or what arm o' luv dare span,
The honey lips, the creamy palm,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann !

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew ;

But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her Lady mou.

But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gold,
Her jimpey waist maun span—

O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Ladie Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' silver thread,

An' comely sits she in the midst,
Men's longing een to feed.

She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han',

An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger
o' God,

My bonnie Ladie Ann.

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gold,
Like my luv's broider'd cap,

An' on the mantle which my luv wears
Is monie a golden drap.

Her bonnie eebrow's a hodie arch
Cast by no earthly han' ;

An' the breath o' Ilcaven's atween the lips
O' my bonnie Ladie Ann !

I am her father's gardener lad,
An' poor, poor is my fa' ;

My auld mither gets my sair-won fee,
Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.

My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
Where I darena mint my han',

But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

WITHIN the last month, Drury Lane Theatre has, under the ingenious directions and active superintendence of Mr. Beazley, been altered for the better, and brightened by the goldbeater's aid into a house of no ordinary splendour. Such a putting forth of *golden leaves* few autumns have witnessed ; and as the conversion from cold and comfortless inconvenience to bright and captivating beauty has not been wrought at a trifling expence, we sincerely hope (though we do not expect) that

the public will astonish the Drury Lane coffers with cash, and plentifully repay the cost of the costliness. We are no great hands at description, we critics being accustomed rather to cavil at ~~evil~~ authorship and erring players, than to describe the beauties of architecture, and the industrious skill of the artist. But such a description as our poor carping and critical brains may afford, we cheerfully offer to our readers. It must be remembered, that we write from the testimony of our

own eyes, unaided by the architect's circular, or the newspapers' authorized eulogy. We must be supposed to be sitting midway in the pit—and, so sitting, thus to describe what surrounds us.

The pit appears to be considerably elevated, almost inconveniently so for these days of expansive bonnets and rolling feathers. The seats are comfortably contrived for the public, being alternately placed with *backs*, so as to afford a front resting hold for those persons who sit on the plain benches, without making the passages inconveniently narrow. The effect of the boxes reminds us of that which Covent Garden had in its first bloom—the fronts being white and gold, and the backs a dark salmon colour, to throw out the ornamental with the utmost force. The private boxes are as they were in the old theatre. On the stage, the alterations appear the most remarkable—the stage doors are removed—and the pit and orchestra are advanced nearer to the proscenium, reducing that terrible waste which used to stretch between the lamps and the green curtain. There are three magnificent boxes on each side, in the place of the old stage doors, rising from the stage itself to the ceiling, and *edged* with two huge glittering pillars, very magnificent, and very much out of taste. We remember the four old green pillars in *Old New Drury's* childhood; and we remember their beautiful *unfitness*; these pillars breed Lilliput actors, and make even Elliston himself look little.

The elevation, or whatever it is called, of the stage, strikes us as being too lofty—and the drop curtain representing a gigantic drapery, half folded up, and half falling down about the heels of some figures and pillars, is the greatest mass of comfortless confusion the eye was ever troubled with. It is like some vast clouded marble, and yields nothing of that repose which a drop curtain should afford in those pauses which relieve the active bustle of the drama. The ceiling is neat and beautiful; and the chandelier brilliant in the extreme. The effect of the house is certainly rich and imposing; and the defects upon which we have remarked are not of such a nature as to offend those who will nightly crowd

to be astonished and delighted. Mr. Elliston and Mr. Beazley are, after all, very surprising gentlemen; the former for having dared such an alteration, and the latter for having accomplished it.

We have done with the building, but we have not done with the manager and his company—and of these, or some of these, if we do not mistake ourselves, we must speak in terms which will not rebound very greatly to their reputations. A great stir has been made in the theatrical world—the newspapers have babbled innumerable lies about managerial liberality and managerial zeal; and many favourite and celebrated performers have changed masters and houses. To those who are deeply interested in the Drama's welfare, these agitations and alterations have been awful, as the throes of nations and the strife of armies to political enthusiasts. We have been anxious, from our suspicion of the total correctness of certain parties, to get at the rights of things; and as we have taken great pains on the subject, we trust we shall be able to utter a few truths, which we firmly believe will go a fair way towards honestly informing the public on the subject. We should state that we are urged to the utterance of these facts, from an anxiety only to possess the public of the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; for we are disinterested persons in ourselves, and have no dramatic favours to ask at the hands of either manager.

It will not be out of our readers' minds, that Mr. Elliston, during last season, and the previous one, sailed in his dramatic bark with as wretched a crew as ever trod the Thespian deck; while Mr. Harris, at the other house (as it is called), went gaily on in his prosperous vessel, bravely manned and womanned, with "youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm." The contrast was great and melancholy. While Mr. Elliston huffed about in distress with his doleful company, Mr. Harris rode in Cleopatra's galley, and revelled in burnished gold. The end of this managerial venture on the part of Mr. Elliston was what even an inexperienced person could have foretold—Drury Lane was almost driven

to its *pumps*. The winter houses at length closed, and Mr. Elliston did not get upon a rock and die; no, he, with his wonted ardour, set about planning some new scheme to better his fortunes. By a previous agreement with the committee, he had, we believe, bound himself to lay out a considerable sum in contracting and beautifying the theatre; but he now rushed, beyond his promise, into the arms of painters, carpenters, and bricklayers; and nothing but a complete amendment would satisfy him: in the way of radical reform, Elliston was a Thespian Waddington!—Drury Lane, in a few months, has become what we have described it!—and to make a splendid dash at once, the manager determined on having a profusion of first-rate actors and actresses. How he has conducted himself in securing them, and how they have met his advances, we shall as concisely, and as fairly as possible, detail to our readers.

Covent Garden, however, we should say, appears in the meantime to have had its internal changes and disarrangements. Mr. Harris, by some ordering, has been displaced from all authority, or, to speak perhaps more properly, has been induced to secede from the dictatorship; and Mr. C. Kemble and two other gentlemen have commenced their reign. It seems to have unfortunately happened, that, with Mr. Harris's retirement, many of the performers appear to have had the power of retiring also, or of making new terms with the new government—at a time too when Drury Lane was holding out lures for every tassel that chose "to rake" (to use a falconry and expressive term). Mr. Kemble came therefore to power, with little or no power at all. The enemy was at his gates. He found a concern of infinite magnitude, in difficulty and debt, and had to conciliate a set of ambitious, extravagant, and unruly persons, at the very moment when their ambition and extravagance were most pampered into disobedience. We know little, of course, about the resources of Covent Garden, but we cannot help thinking that the managers should have hazarded some adornments to meet the fascinations of its now elegant and beautiful rival. It is opened, however, with its old

dark red complexion, and meets its present difficulties with rather a gloomy and dispirited visage.

We wish to write dispassionately, for we know that only by temperate language can any *history* be usefully and intelligibly narrated. The darker paint of the one house, and the brighter paint of the other, are things of no peculiar concern beyond the moment; and we are quite sure that good plays well acted would draw,—as well as the drama will in these days draw,—in the most plain and unadorned house in England. A bad company,—such a company as Mr. Elliston once *selected*, would "sink a navy:" Kean, and C. Kemble, and Macready, in one play, would carry the town!

In the original patents of the theatres it was provided, that the one establishment should never engage the performers from the other; a provision which, though for one purpose salutary, was certainly, in its general effect, violently oppressive and unjust. The managers found that this restriction was excessive, and in a short time they came to an understanding (which in Mr. John Kemble's and Mr. Sheridan's time was reduced to a written agreement), that the one house should not engage, or negotiate an engagement with, an actor from the other, until such actor had quitted his former engagement for one year. This agreement was more reasonable, inasmuch as it guarded against the invasion of managerial interests, which certainly ought fairly to be protected; but we think that towards the actor such a restriction was hard, since it went to impose upon him a manager's terms, or a year's profitless and (in his profession) dangerous retirement. We question much how far this agreement would be maintainable in a court of law or equity; tending, as it does, to affect the interests of different persons. Nevertheless, this understanding has never been violated since the time the patents were granted until the present. But we learn that it has now been suddenly abandoned and broken by one establishment and under circumstances not very creditable to its character.

We are led to believe, that the managers of Covent-garden, finding some extravagance of demand in

some of their principal performers, and hearing certain reports on the subject of the long-standing agreement, waited upon the proprietor of Drury-lane, and had an interview with him. At that interview they requested to know, whether he had heard of the agreement, and whether as a Manager he recognised it. They showed to him the written agreement, signed by Sheridan and Kemble, and others, which he had never before seen. His reply, we understand, was, that he had known of such an arrangement between the theatres—and that he fully recognised it. The managers left him with content. In a few weeks several of their performers of the last season (of these we shall immediately have to speak more plainly) seceded from the managers of Covent-garden, and entered into articles with Drury-lane!—"Within a month, a little month," the Proprietor forgot "the understanding." *Covent-garden* could scarcely believe its eyes or credit its ears. THE LESSER had *promised* to be faithful, but then he had signed away his promise. The managers lost a Singer, and she was netted by the other angler; they were astounded! They lost a Tragedian, he was dragged in by the expert opposition troller! They began to look to their tackle. A Comedian broke away, and was taken by the abominable *Isaac Walton* of the drama.—*Covent-garden* could bear it no longer! The Managers wrote to the Proprietor on the subject—and he gave them no answer. The fish were in the basket! They wrote to the Drury-lane Committee—but we all know what sort of relief is to be obtained from public bodies:—the committee deliberated, and the secretary replied, that they "had the honour," and so forth—"and regretted," and so on—"and begged to state, that they could not interfere," &c.—and "had the honour to be." Here the matter rests between the houses. One establishment has maintained its honour, and lost part of its company:—the other has dashed at riches with no great nicety about the means of obtaining them. This is, we believe, a true account of this part of the case—and although we hold it most fair that there should be no agreement at all, still,

if there be any, let it be mutually cancelled, and not artfully broken. An open stage for both or neither. Had Drury-lane said, "This is an oppressive understanding, and we give you notice that we will not hold to it," the truth would have been uttered, and no sacrifice of honourable conduct would have been made. But when it violated its pledge secretly, it certainly committed an act at once oppressive and discreditable.

But this infringement of a long-standing and recognised arrangement is not to be viewed only as affecting the character of those immediately concerned;—it has tried, and we fear severely and fatally, that of several persons,—eminent Performers,—who have been hitherto looked upon by the public as grateful and ready servants, and unaffected and contented individuals. It is certainly a lamentable fact, that a defection in what are termed *the higher powers* is generally the key to the failures of innumerable minor defaulters, who, if it were not for the temptation held out above them, would have passed as unblemished and admirable personages. Had Drury-Lane resisted the desire of extreme superiority, and consequently been contented with such a company as it could, without any violation of understandings and promises, have fairly collected,—there would have been no extravagant Singer, rising in the notes of her salary, as in the notes of her voice, the moment she was at liberty to stipulate for new terms,—there would have been no exorbitant Tragedian setting a price upon his talents, after the fashion of the auctioneer, who puts the lot up at a sum which he well knows no one will nod to:—the madness of Performers is consequent upon the folly or misconduct of Managers; and we really think, that in the end the public will not be a whit the better for "the great union of talent" which is said to have been brought together at Drury-Lane. We will let our readers a little into the secret of the expectations and determinations of Actors and Actresses—and then we rather imagine our said readers will coincide with us in our opinions.

Miss Stephens (we commence with

this lady because gallantry gives her the preference) has long been known to the public as the first female singer on the boards of Covent-Garden Theatre:—indeed, she originally appeared on those boards, and on them acquired her fair and merited celebrity. Miss Stephens (we are about to utter what we believe to be a correct statement, and therefore use her name unreservedly) was latterly engaged at Covent-Garden at a salary equal to that of any performer in the house, and her agreement with the establishment terminated the last season. Before the conclusion of the season, as we understand, one of the new Managers requested the lady to say whether she was disposed to continue the aid of her great talents to the House, and if so, to name the terms upon which she would be willing to afford them. She expressed herself anxious to remain at Covent-Garden, offered to ratify her consent to so remaining, and left the Manager under the full assurance of her friendly determination. Almost immediately upon this, some one on her behalf (One of her family we believe) wrote to intimate that she would expect a higher salary—with the usual privileges which she had enjoyed under the previous management. Amongst these privileges was one of a very extraordinary nature, which was, that Miss Stephens should be permitted to read every Opera in manuscript before its characters were cast, and be allowed to choose whichever part she should conceive best suited to her. Now Miss Stephens is an excellent singer and a very pleasing actress; but if we were dramatic authors, we should think it a great hardship if the Manager were to say to us,—“ You have taken great pains with that character which you designed for Miss M. Tree—but, being bound to submit the MS. to Miss Stephens, she has fixed upon the part for herself, and we have not the power to order it otherwise.” To return however,—Miss Stephens required—we will not mince the matter,—Miss Stephens, who had enjoyed a

salary of 20*l.* a week for playing thrice in each week,—required now an advance of 5*l.* a week, in justice to her own abilities and views. The Proprietors of the Theatre were surprised, as well they might be, at this expectation (*we* indeed were surprised to hear of 20*l.* being the weekly salary of any actress); but after several interviews, rather than lose so great and pleasant a performer and singer, they resolved upon meeting her expectations, although they determined upon meeting them in a different manner to that which she required. By the terms of several of the first actors' articles in the theatre, we understand it to be stipulated, that if any other performer's weekly salary is raised,—the same benefit shall be extended to them. Thus, it will be seen, honour and profit go together. As the increase of Miss Stephens's allowance would, therefore, necessarily cause a similar and needless increase to others,—the Proprietors determined upon making up the amount to her by way of present or *bonus*—and this they intimated to her. This mode, however, would not do;—Miss Stephens was not to be satisfied. She must have the Salary. A remonstrance followed;—and then, on matters appearing likely to be settled, the lady's expectations take another flight—and lo! Miss Stephens requires 10*l.* a night! for three nights in the week, and to be paid at the same rate for any greater number of nights upon which her talents would be called into action. In case, therefore, of the *run* of an Opera, she might very probably receive 60*l.* a week!—We only wish Critics could turn round upon their Editors, and be paid thus for *their* acting at the theatres!—This offer on the part of Miss Stephens was of course declined,—and Mr. Elliston immediately engaged her. He does not seem very nice about terms. We are really sorry that a lady whom we so much admire in her profession should subject herself to the opinions which this her line of conduct must naturally provoke.*

* Our musical reporter in the number for September has written that “ a great change will take place in the vocal arrangements at Covent Garden. Miss Stephens, in consequence, first, of a *proposed reduction of salary*; and secondly, of an *endeavour to sti-*

Mr. Liston, who has been long on the stage of Covent-Garden, had the power at the end of last season of *renewing*, as Lessees have it, and he demanded an increase—an extravagant increase—which, as we conclude, the proprietors could not or would not accede to. He has long held out a threat of retiring—and he continued this threat, we believe, and grounded his exorbitant notions upon it. The managers thought 20*l.* a week, his regular salary, sufficient. He declared they had promised Miss Stephens more, and therefore *he* was entitled to an advance. We own we do not know how the Managers could resist *that face!*—*We* would pay him almost any salary, monthly, if he could at all let loose his features over the pages of our Magazine. What a Paper he would be! How our readers would turn to the Drama! Indeed, if he would really *countenance* our work, we might defy all our periodical rivals, and carry off our capricious mistress, the Public, by the mere dint of *expression!*—He was, assuredly, extravagant in his demand upon the house—for he should have remembered that the Comedian cannot bear up a play upon his own shoulders as the Tragedian often can, and that a Comedian is not such a *star* (in the theatrical phrase) as a Tragedian is always held to be! Still we do think Mr. Liston should not have been lost. If Miss Stephens was worth bowing to, Mr. Liston was worth absolute prostration. We think one rich farce, with one new Lubin Log, would have paid the surplusage over and over again. Mr. Liston, cannot, we apprehend, take *Love, Law, and Physic*, with him to Drury Lane—though we really think an Act of Parliament ought to be passed (since the removal of the man is remediless) to allow of the accompaniment, and avert from the public the serious consequences of a separation.

A few words upon Mr. Young,—and we have done. This gentleman has out-heroded Herod: he has, undoubtedly, *out-heroded* Miss Stephens and Mr. Liston! Our readers will be disposed to smile, we think, when they hear the facts of the case, as they relate to this dull though respectable tragedian. Mr. Young, among others, stood at liberty to stay or go as he should determine; and the Managers of Covent Garden wrote to him on the subject, requesting to know his pleasure. The season before his two years' absence, he had been allowed, in some odd way or other, a weekly salary of 25*l.*; but not being satisfied with a proposed diminution to 20*l.* (the theatre being unable to fee his attractions at such a rate as 25*l.*) he absented himself for a time. But at length he returned, during the last year, to a 20*l.* engagement. On the late application of the Managers, however, Mr. Young relapsed into his former opinions of himself, and not only asked for 25*l.* again, but declared that he could not remain with even this salary at Covent Garden, except upon the express understanding that he was to be the CHIEF TRAGEDIAN. No one must jostle with him! His fame must be left alone, on the summit! He must sit under his laurels, quite alone, like Sir Thomas Erpingham!—A list was sent to him of such characters as would be conceded to him—and by performers of talent, very far superior to that of Mr. Young, the self-proposed *Chief Tragedian* of this metropolis. With the exception of *Richard the Third*, (which was most properly assigned to Mr. Macready) Mr. Young stood first in the cast, Mr. Macready second, and Mr. C. Kemble third! Mr. Young's justice to himself, as the phrase goes, would not allow him to allow others to approach the throne! He must "be king!"—and Cousin of Buckingham must, with the rest,

pulate for secrecy as to its amount, both of which the young lady considered as derogatory to her celebrity, is said to have entered into an engagement with Drury Lane." This paragraph, on the two main points is totally incorrect; and, indeed, the particulars we have detailed, for the truth of which we can answer, utterly contradict it. We notice this passage from an anxiety to correct any error into which we may have been led; and to show the nature of the reports which have been circulated respecting the late theatrical changes—for our musical reporter professes in this paragraph merely "to say the tale, as 'twas said to him."

“stand all apart!” Mr. Young clung to this resolve—and abandoned Covent-garden. He is now at Drury-lane, playing the *Chief Tragedian* in Mr. Kean’s absence, and dividing the town with the new gilt pillars. We should be glad to know whether any one else, besides Mr. Young, thinks Mr. Young is half so good a performer as Mr. C. Kemble, or Mr. Macready. Has he any of the natural grace of the one, or the poetical enthusiasm of the other? Is his cold, calculating declamation worth 5*l.* a week more than the spirit and power of either of those gentlemen? Or ought he, because he himself arranges it, to be raised to the throne of Tragedy above the reach of others? The truth is, Mr. Young is a very useful respectable actor—but as for the Genius of Tragedy, he has it not, and knows it not. We understand he rated himself with John Kemble—and cited *him* as an authority for exterminating all that had trod too closely upon the robe of his greatness,—John Kemble! Well! “An Eagle towering in his pride of place”—but the proverb is somewhat musty.—If Mr. Kean return soon to Drury-Lane, will Mr. Young play with *him*, or will he then take the opportunity of completing his provincial engagements? Let him not play Iago to Kean’s Othello! We saw Booth (another self-opinionated *Chief Tragedian*!) try a fall (to use a wrestling term) with Kean!—If Mr. Young should contest the ground with that ardent creature, he will learn a lesson which will be useful to him as long as he remains on the stage.

We have written a fair history of the contest between the two Theatres, and of the conduct of certain of the Actors;—and we are quite sure that our readers will see, that so long as the expectations of Performers are thus extravagant, and the struggles of Managers thus inveterate, no plays can or will be represented with that “union of talent,” which is now falsely promised and groundlessly expected. It has been the common cry against the theatres—Why is not a play filled with the strength of the house?—Is not our narrative a pretty clear explanation of the cause?—a complete answer! The actors will

not combine!—There are too many chief Tragedians, and chief Comedians. Drury-lane has commenced its boasted career of greatness—and with all its vaunting, what is the fact? We have Mr. Young in Hamlet; that is the *chief*! “The rest are nothing!” Perhaps it may be as well if the ladies and gentlemen of the stage will leave it to the public to decide who is the first Tragedian, or first Singer, and not settle the point for themselves in their own letters.

We had a few words to say upon the rashness and folly of Drury-lane, in pampering the extravagance of performers beyond all former example. The rate of salary appears a minor consideration. Mr. Liston, we believe, was desired to name his own terms, and they would be allowed him. This is the way to put a player beside himself, or we know not the mode. We had also intended to enter into the merits of Mr. Elliston’s play bills; but we have nearly consumed all our space, and must leave the bills, which are drawn in the style of promisory notes, to speak for themselves.

We have scarcely any room to notice the novelties of the month. A Mrs. Hughes, from the Exeter theatre, has played Sophia, in that vivid comedy the Road to Ruin;—and although her figure is not very girlish, she played with great spirit, and evinced considerable talent. Her voice is remarkably clear, and her enunciation distinct. She does not talk *Devonshire*, which is, perhaps, on the stage no demerit!—The full house made Elliston brilliant in Harry Dornton: and Munden in Old Dornton was all truth, eccentricity, and feeling. Mr. Barnard acted Mr. Barnard as usual. We wonder he is not tired of playing that character.

At Covent-garden a Miss Chester has appeared in genteel comedy,—and a Miss Lacy in tragedy. The first is a tall elegant woman, with a good knowledge of the stage.—The latter has, we almost trust, abandoned the profession! Miss Chester does not manage her voice very well. She appears to speak continually in the *falsetto*. If she adhered to her natural tones she would please the ear better. Then her dress is over-

done! Her plume of feathers, in Mrs. Belmour, was like the ornament at a child's funeral. Her head seemed enveloped in a huge white cloud. Fine feathers may make fine birds—but they do not make fine women.

The new after-piece of Ali Pacha, at Covent-garden, is splendid in scenery and dresses; but its interest does not keep pace with its magnificence. Mr. Farren, as the old tyrant and murderer, looked the part well; but the huskiness of his voice seemed to thicken with the cruelties it had to deal with. Mr. T. P. Cooke, a very clever and intelligent man, uttered

his patriotic sentences about Greece and Liberty with good effect, and Mr. Farley gave spirit to Hassan, a friend to the mysterious. Of the scenery we preferred the ramparts of Ali's Citadel, a beautiful view certainly. But the *blowing up* at the conclusion, with its awful red light, was fire itself!—Such an explosion must, we think, make the Sweeper at the corner of Bridge-street take to his *crossing*, and bless himself,—dumb-founder the link-boys at the Colonnade,—and shake the very apples in their baskets in the silent avenues of Covent-garden market.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE festivals at Derby and Norwich, with a minor concert at Yarmouth, are the principal features in the public music of the month.

Mr. Greatorex was the conductor at Derby, and his party (for singers and instrumentalists class into genera and species) constituted the orchestra, with the addition of *Camporese*. Mr. Greatorex is the well-known manager of the Ancient Concerts, and the head of the English school, of which Harrison and Bartleman were (and of which Vaughan now is) the almost only remaining pupils. The meeting was upon the Birmingham model, and for the benefit of the County Hospital. This example will spread, and we heartily wish that it may; for, independent of the ease with which the finances of public charities are thus recruited, such concentrations of art and of fashion create a circulation of money and a diffusion of science most beneficial to the places where they take place. Thus they are political and social, as well as technical benefits.

At Norwich the scale promised selection rather than inclusive grandeur. Madame Camporese, Mrs. Salmon, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Beale, were the principal singers. Mr. Smart led, Mr. Peile was the violoncello, Mr. Williams the clarionet, Mr. Denman the bassoon, and Mr.

Card the flute. Some of these names, if not quite new to the public, at least, have never formed objects for our description. Committing, therefore, to the musical reader's judgment to fill out the morning performances with so much of the sacred works of Handel and Haydn, Graun and Pergolesi, and Mozart, as experience may suggest; and to complete the evening bills of fare by the help of airs with variations, *Il Don Giovanni* and *Rossini*, by wholesale, with something of Callcott, a French romance, and an English ballad or two *sec. art.* we shall proceed to the merits of our first novelty, Mr. Beale, who takes the part of the bass.

One of the most striking circumstances attending late English vocalists is, that there are few or none who possess original manner. Purcell, Handel, and Haydn (in his *Creation*), and Callcott, afford the grand sources of display for a voice of this kind. The style of the two first composers is allowed to be traditional; and it has been handed down to this age by Bartleman, of whom we have before spoken so much at large. Haydn and Callcott afford greater scope for variety of expression, and for elegance of manner. When we allude to the want of originality, we do not speak in reference to those essential particu-

lars which appertain to an entire school, but to direct personal imitation. Bartleman has been the model of the basses, Braham and Vaughan of the tenors; and, we are bold to say, general science has been stayed, if not corrupted, by this want of enterprize in their successors, however admirable these examples in their own persons; for direct imitation, it is self-evident, at once extinguishes all hope of exceeding the original, and consequently all endeavour at improvement. Mr. Beale has a very light voice; it possesses indeed so little volume that it can scarcely be called a barytone, and is, of course, still further removed in power and compass from a bass. It is completely a voice for the chamber, and makes no way in a theatre. We have seldom heard so absolute an imitation in every particular as Mr. Beale's singing conveys of Bartleman, except in the quantity of tone. As to quality, production, the manner of taking and leaving notes, the ornamental parts of his singing, and the peculiar energy, they are all portrayed "in little." There is, therefore, much finish; and moreover Mr. Beale has a great deal of the science with the manner of his school. But all fails for want of force.

Mr. Peile is the well-known second violoncello of the Opera band, a delicate and elegant player, but wanting the fire, imagination, and execution of Lindley. Mr. Williams, the clarionet player, is an extraordinary man. His tone is the sweetest, the most finished, and the most nearly assimilated to the human voice, of any performer we ever remember to have heard. In the celebrated airs *Gratias agimus*, and *Parto nu tu ben mio*, in which he accompanied Mrs. Salmon and Madame Camporese, particularly in the former, nothing could well be more perfect than the conversation between the voice and the instrument. His taste is as fine as his mechanical command is complete. He appears to have a strong understanding of the beauties of his art, and there can be no doubt that he will rise to the highest rank. Mr. Denman is a bassoon player, possessing nearly the same requisites with Mr. Williams, except, perhaps, that he is neither so airy nor so imagina-

tive; but his tone is not less imposing and finished, and his manner is sound and steady. Mr. Card's instrument is the flute; he has great execution, and very sweet tone. He is almost new to the metropolis, having come to town only at the end of last season; but the rapid improvement he has made indicates what time and industry will do for his natural talent. He is already as good a player as the French artist Tulon, the idol of Paris, and who was really better than the English allowed him to be; quite as delicate, when delicacy is necessary; and more forceful, when energy is requisite.

These Concerts afforded a curious illustration of our general sketch of the vocalists in our last report. The contest lay between Madame Camporese and Mrs. Salmon; and though neither Italian music nor the Italian language are at all generally understood in the city where the performances took place, yet Madame Camporese carried off the honours in spite of the superior beauty of Mrs. Salmon's voice, and the exquisite facility of her execution. Intellect and the heart for once overcame mere organic delight. Something perhaps is owing to the extraordinary grace with which Madame Camporese performs even the most trivial action. Person and manner are vast additions, or vast drawbacks. Catalani sings with her face quite as much as with her voice. Camporese, in an orchestra, presents a noble and elegant example of the "*simplex munditiis*." She enters, and takes her station, and retires from her place, with the polished ease of a person whose mind is informed with the purifying flame. She moves,

Like light all piercing, but not loud;

and, from the first to the concluding note of the song, her whole soul is in her part. Every feature speaks its working; every fibre is aiding the design. Even the dullest of her hearers participates in the sensibility that identifies all her thoughts and feelings with the expression of the work in which she is engaged. Not so our English singer. The increasing bulk of her person, and the lack of animation that attends a ruddy complexion, light hair, light eyes,

and light eye-brows, are drawbacks not to be overcome. Besides which the dear creature will, in the midst of the tenderest, most melting, or most distressful passage, occasionally direct an idle glance towards the ends of her upturned and moving fingers, as if to assure the audience that the mind has no concern in what is going forward.—“*Vox et preterea nihil*” is not, however, a fair description of Mrs. Salmon’s pretensions. She has certainly struck out a style for herself. Her peculiarity of tone and of ornament, and particularly her cadences appended to Handel’s songs, in which she is as various and perfect as any singer we ever heard, bespeak qualities of intellect, which, if better cultivated, might have produced grander results. But when Mrs. Salmon received her musical education, the necessity for mental acquirement was by no means so universally acknowledged as at present; and her master (Mr. John Ashley) was not perhaps so supreme a judge in matters of literary attainment as in the arrangements of an orchestra. As it is, she is the first of English singers, and, in her way, the first woman in Europe. Singing is an art not merely technical, as mere lawyers, mere mathematicians, and others who are devoted to one particular faculty or science, would have the world believe. The lady in question, we are told, meditates a trip to Paris, after the close of next season. We hope she will be more successful than poor Miss Corri, who visited the French metropolis last year. That girl was not appreciated in her own country, for she had very superior vocal ability. Her style was a beautiful miniature of Catalani’s. The musical public will regret to hear that her father, Natali Corri, late teacher, music-seller, and lastly, the entrepreneur of music in Edinburgh, died in his bed in Italy, while conducting his two daughters, Frances and Angelina, through that country of art and feeling. Poor Corri was a very honest and industrious man, and was doomed, we lament to say, in the last hours of a long life, to severe misfortune, occasioned by speculating in the erection of buildings for public entertainment in the Scotch metropolis. He has

told us of a narrow escape he had from the guillotine in the most terrific part of the French Revolution. Having been to Italy for the purpose of engaging singers, he was returning from that country through France with Signora Jolivetti (the lady whom he afterwards married), when the municipality of one of the towns through which he passed took it into their heads to imagine that Corri and his party were noblesse in disguise. It happened that the authorities of the town were assembled at the time; and in order to put the matter to the test, they suspended their graver business, and desired the lady to give them a song, in order to discover whether the travellers were or were not professors. While she was singing, poor Natali, who was himself but a moderate performer, stood in desperate apprehension. He trembled for his fate, if it was to be decided by the superiority of his voice—but luckily Mr. Prefect and his coadjutors were satisfied by the talents of the lady; and the party were allowed to proceed on their journey. To the honour of Madame Catalani, be it told, that on her visit to this country last year, hearing of Corri’s misfortune, and finding one of his daughters not engaged at the Opera, and the other wanting the advantages of good instruction, she generously volunteered to furnish him with the means of taking them both to the Continent.

The visit of this queen of singers to Dublin, where Mr. Harris contemplated the performance of Operas, is, it seems, prevented by an inflammation of the lungs, which it is stated will compel her to pass the winter in a milder climate. A great many consider this indisposition as a mere *ruse*, which is but the prelude to some deep-laid plan for her appearance in England during the coming season. It may be so; for when the habit of enjoying such homage as this wonderful artiste has so long received is fixed, common life must be but insipid without it; and from what we have seen of both Monsieur Vallebrequé and Madame, they delight principally in one topic; namely, the vocal enthrallments of Catalani. And, moreover, *il faut de l’argent* is an inevitable consequence

of such establishments as situation, or inclination, or both, engraft upon their domestic arrangements. Monsieur, however, assures his English visitants, that the money (ten thousand pounds) which is said to have been the reward of her last exhibitions in England, was not worth Madame Catalani's consideration. If so, she is a very high-minded woman indeed.

Garcia is engaged for the King's Theatre next season.

Miss Paton rises daily in the public estimation, and really promises to become a first-rate ornament to the English stage. She has played *Polly* in the Beggar's Opera, with great success. Mr. Davis, a pupil of M. Pio Cianchettini, came out as *Macheath*; his style is the *Mexzo Carattere*; and he sings ballads and simple airs of feeling with good effect. But *Macheath* requires force, and a knowledge of stage effects. Incledon used to say, that to play the part, a man must be a man of understanding, (here an oath) a man of education—(a more vehement oath), a gentleman, (an oath still more tremendous) in short, he must be (the climax of blasphemy) Charles Incledon. He dressed it like a country squire of the last age—a blue coat, buckskins, and boots; Mr. Braham gives it a more modern acceptation, and appears in white trowsers—the very **HARDY VAUX** of highwaymen. But we are straying beyond our limits; these matters are dramatic, not musical. They, however, serve to illustrate our vocalists, as portraits do our county histories.

The publications of the month are few, but with them we must conclude our discursive article.

Mr. Harris has published an introduction and rondo for the pianoforte. It is easy, but lively and melodious.

Mr. Cramer has arranged the French romance *Portrait Charmant* as a rondo for the pianoforte. In its original shape, the air is both sweet and expressive; and its great popularity has, we imagine, recommended it to Mr. C. as a subject. He has

treated it with elegance; but there is so much sameness and languor in many of the passages, that it can hardly be called more than an agreeable lesson.

A *Fantasia*, by M. Cianchettini, in which are introduced three favorite Scotch airs, is imaginative and brilliant; but the incessant changes of time are injurious to the effect, by destroying the rhythm.

When Love was a Child, arranged as a rondo. Mr. Ries has added many beauties, and given additional grace, to Mr. Moore's elegant air.

Mr. Turnbull has composed some ingenious and agreeable variations to the celebrated air, *Turn again, Whittington*.

Mr. Hummel's French air, with variations, is lively, but rather common-place.

Mr. Chipp has arranged *We're a' Noddin*, for the harp. The variations differ but little from the usual style of such things; they are, however, animated and showy. An ad libitum flute accompaniment adds to its effect.

Martini's overture to Henry the Fourth has been newly arranged by Mr. Little, with flute and violoncello accompaniment. Mr. Burrowes has published the sixth number of Handel's chorusses, arranged for the harp and pianoforte, with accompaniments for flute and violoncello. The subject is, *Welcome, Mighty King*, from Saul.

From the vocal list, we can select only three ballads. *'Tis Sweet to hear*, by Mr. Barnett, is a canzonet of some pretension. Mr. B. always puts his imagination forth; and if the traits are not very powerful, they still prove an activity of fancy, which, if fed with healthy aliment, may make him a composer of originality and strength. This song promises better things in future. *Constancy*, a canzonet by G. F. Duval, Esq. is a pleasing and rather elegant air; and M. Kiallmark's *When the Days of the Summer were brightening* is just a pretty song.

October 22, 1822.

THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemn'd to fade and flee;

I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

I would not choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and wither'd face,
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

No,—on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not, and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky!

Or, cast upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end I'd float.

Who, that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet like heaven's fire
It is not quench'd, but gone.

Sheffield, Oct. 24, 1822.

J. M.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Now that the Congress of Verona is about to assemble, the Spanish Constitutionalists seem determined to show that no anticipated foreign interference shall intimidate them from perfecting the great work which they have commenced. The Extraordinary Cortes have been convoked by the new administration, and their session was opened by a speech from Ferdinand, in person. In the preparatory sittings, the deputy Salvato was elected president, and the deputy Dominech vice-president; both have been distinguished liberals, as are also the four new secretaries chosen on the same occasion. The King was accompanied by the

Queen and two Princesses; and, indeed, her Majesty's appearance is not a little remarkable, when we recollect that some of the French Ultra journals not very long ago announced her as reduced to the point of death, in consequence of the disturbances in the capital. Ferdinand's speech is very constitutional. He commences by expressing his heartfelt satisfaction at beholding the chiefs of the nation assembled to apply some immediate remedy to the urgent necessities of the country. He then goes on to brand distinctly as "rebels," all who are enemies to the constitutional system; and while he acknowledges the heavy calamities

which their obstinacy has brought upon Arragon, Catalonia, and the frontier provinces, he says, "the country demands the assistance of numerous and vigorous arms to restrain at once the audacity of her factious sons; and the brave and loyal soldiers, who are serving her in the field of honour, call for vigorous and effectual measures to ensure the happy success of the enterprises in which they are employed." The speech then touches upon the eminent local advantages and national pretensions of Spain, recommends the establishment of new military ordinances and regulations, the further improvement of the system of jurisprudence, and the formation of new relations with such states as "know how to estimate the riches and resources of Spain." The speech concludes with, from Ferdinand, the following rather novel language: "The extension of the bonds of union among all the *friends of liberty*, will shed an additional lustre on those eminent qualities which to Spain and myself are the surest pledges of your prudence. All good men will rejoice to behold you once more occupied in providing for their happiness, and the evil-disposed will find in the national Congress a barrier impenetrable to their criminal projects." The newly-chosen president replied drily, that the Cortes rejoiced to receive the testimony of his Majesty's confidence, and that the sentiments just expressed by him were indicative of virtue and firmness; he added also, with significant emphasis, that the national representatives were determined to make the *public voice* of Spain respected both *at home* and abroad. Ferdinand, after this, departed in great state to his palace, without having any reason to be dissatisfied with his public reception. On the next day, the Secretary of State for the war department, General Lopes Banos, read a report to the Cortes, developing not only their local situation, but also that which they occupy with respect to other countries. This document, being official, is at least so far interesting as exhibiting from authority the views of the constitutional Spanish government. The report describes under five heads the state of Spain, with respect to her external and internal

enemies. The state of the army forms the first consideration; and this, comprising the clothing, equipment, materiel, and fortresses, the minister describes as being very defective, paying, at the same time, a compliment to the patriotism of the troops, which has sustained them under every disadvantage. The important topic of the feelings entertained by the nations bordering upon Spain, is next boldly and explicitly touched upon. Portugal is relied upon by the Spanish government as likely to lend her aid "in case of extremity." As to France, the report directly accuses the government of that country of holding out professions of goodwill and friendship, while, nevertheless, the chiefs of all the Spanish conspiracies arranged in France their plans of aggression and hostility; that in France, the defeated factious found refuge from the pursuit of the national troops, and had also made preparations which could not have been effected without the permission of the administration, and which required sums of money too vast to have been derived solely from their resources in Spain. The Cordon Sanitaire is also noticed; and the secretary says, that the French government has given orders for assembling in Bayonne, Toulouse, Perpignan, and other parts of the frontier, a considerable force of artillery and infantry, and a vast store of provisions, greatly exceeding what could for a length of time be required for the supply of the present number of troops and fortresses. "Considering, therefore, (says the report,) the alarming progress the insurrection at first made, and the suspicions which must be entertained, not only of our neighbour France, but of all that confederation of potentates known by the name of the Holy Alliance, it becomes necessary to demand of the Cortes an augmentation of the military strength." The proposal which the minister makes, is, to raise by a *new* levy, 30,000 infantry, and 8000 cavalry, and to make up the present force to the number decreed by the ordinary Cortes; namely, 62,000 men, it being at present deficient by 10,000. In addition to this, he proposed also the recruiting and organization of the active militia. After this, another report was made by th

finance minister, Don Mariano Egoa, equally remarkable for the candour of its admissions: he states an annual deficit in the collection of the taxes from various causes, but particularly from the want of zeal, and the absolute corruption in the officers of the revenue; this deficit, in the year from July 1821 to July 1822, amounted to no less a sum than 3,200,000*l.*! however, after unfolding the various causes of the decrease, the Minister expresses his firm confidence, that, under the vigilant system which he has adopted, the revenue will gradually recover and increase. In order to meet the deficiencies thus occasioned, he proposes a loan of nearly seven millions sterling, and urges immediate decision in the Cortes, in order, he says, "to prevent Spain from being menaced *externally* under any motive or pretext whatever." The report was referred to the finance committee. As to the military progress of the constitutionalists, or of their opponents, it is quite impossible to speak with any certainty. The only accounts we have are through the French papers; and these are so tinctured with the spirit of their respective parties, that implicit credit cannot be placed upon any of them. We may see, however, by the preceding documents, that the constitutional party in Spain fully and frankly admit the dangers they have to encounter. This is a candid proceeding, and may perhaps, in the end, prove the most prudent. The principle was long ago laid down by an Irish legislator in the Irish House of Commons, in what was called a *bull*, but which had much wisdom and knowledge of the world blended with its eccentricity: "The surest way, (said Sir Boyle Roche,) for either a man or a nation to *avoid* danger, is to *meet* it at once."

The accounts which have arrived from Lisbon are of a late date, and seem fully to confirm the reliance which the constitutional administration of Spain places on the assistance of Portugal in time of need. In the sitting of the 30th of September, the president and members of the Cortes took the oaths to the new constitution, and afterwards signed it. The form was as follows: the person about to take the oath laid his hand

on the holy gospel, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "I swear to preserve the political constitution of the Portuguese monarchy which has just been decreed by the constitutional Cortes of the same nation." On the following day, October 1, his Majesty proceeded in state to the Cortes, also to take the oath, which he signed according to the prescribed formula: "John 6th, King, *Com. Guarda.*" The King, after having taken the oath, is reported to have said with much earnestness, "I take this oath, not merely in words, but with all my heart." After the ceremony, his Majesty visited the theatre, where he was received with the greatest possible enthusiasm. The entire city of Lisbon exhibited nothing but rejoicings; and the feeling of the citizens was, perhaps, not a little excited by a motion previously made in the Cortes, and referred to the committee of commerce, the object of which was, to declare Lisbon a free port. The rupture, however, between the Brazils and Portugal, appears now to be quite as complete as that between Spain and her South American dominions. In the sitting of the Cortes on the 28th of September, a communication was made to that body by the King, of a manifesto and decree issued by the Prince Regent, declaring the independence of the Brazils. M. Freire, on moving that the document should be read, styled it "an open declaration of war against the Cortes." Authentic copies of these papers were ordered to be taken, and the originals were returned to his Majesty. The documents presented by the King to the Portuguese Cortes speak certainly in language not to be misunderstood. The Prince Regent reproaches the Cortes of Portugal for having made laws for Brazil before its deputies could arrive at Lisbon, for having denied the Brazilians a resident executive, and, in many other instances, treated them after the fashion of an arbitrary and degrading colonial system. He says also, that the Cortes of Portugal, "arrogating to itself the tyrannical right of imposing upon Brazil a new compact—an article of faith, signed under a partial and prospective oath, and which could in no way involve the approval of self-destruction—has compelled us to

examine the pretended titles which are set up, and to investigate the injustice of such unreasonable pretensions. This examination, which insulted reason counselled and required, has proved to the Brazilians that Portugal, in overthrowing all established forms—in changing all the ancient and respectable institutions of the monarchy—in passing the sponge of moral oblivion over all her relations, and in re-constituting herself anew, cannot compel us to accept a dishonourable and degrading system, without violating those very principles on which she has founded her revolution, and the right of changing her political institutions.” After much declamation similar to the preceding, he declares himself ready to accede to the expressed voice of the southern provinces of Brazil—declares himself their king, but still the delegate of his august father, and congratulates the country that in this way, “avoiding the *fascinating example* of neighbouring states, *royalty* may be preserved in the great American continent, and the rights of the august house of Braganza acknowledged.” The Prince then draws a flattering, and we hope it may for their sakes turn out a true, picture of the blessings which await the Brazilians under their new form of government; the language in which it concludes is so eloquent, that we will not do it the injustice of abridging it. “Your representatives (he says,) will give you a code of laws adequate to the nature of your local circumstances, of your population, interests, and relations, the execution of which will be confided to upright judges; they will administer gratuitous justice, and will cause to disappear all the pettifogging cavils of your forum, founded on ancient, ridiculous, complicated, and contradictory laws. They will give you a penal code, dictated by reason and humanity, in place of those sanguinary and absurd laws of which you have hitherto been the suffering victims. You will have a system of imposts which will respect the labours of agriculture, the works of industry, the dangers of navigation, and the freedom of trade. Cultivators of literature and science, almost always abhorred or despised by despotism, you will now find the

road to honour and glory open and disembarrassed. Virtue and merit will be seen in conjunction to adorn the sanctuary of the country, *while intrigue will no longer close the avenues to the throne, hitherto open only to hypocrisy and deceit!!* Citizens of every class—Brazilian youth, you shall have a national code of public instruction, which shall cultivate and cherish the talents of this blessed climate, and will place our constitution under the safeguard of future generations, transmitting to the whole nation a liberal education which will communicate to each member the instruction necessary for promoting the happiness of the great Brazilian whole.” This manifesto appears to have been received with the utmost enthusiasm, and certainly with justice, if its promises are likely to be realized; at the same time, we cannot avoid noticing some strange admissions with respect to the avenues of access to the throne hitherto, particularly as coming from a prince of the Blood Royal. If the present posture of affairs lasts, however, Brazil, although lost to Portugal, is still possessed by the house of Braganza—with this only difference, that the old king waves a new flag at Lisbon, and the young king brandishes the old flag at Rio—still the *fee simple* of both countries happily remains in the family. This manifesto was followed up next day by a decree of a very decided character, in which the prince declares that, “considering the necessity of prompt measures, and considering also that his Majesty Don John VI. our Lord, whose name and authority the Cortes at Lisbon, for their own sinister ends, pretend to employ, is a prisoner in the kingdom of Portugal, deprived of his own free will, and without that liberty of action which belongs to the executive power in constitutional monarchies,” all Portuguese troops landing in Brazil shall be considered as enemies. The only alarm felt at Rio, was on account of the negroes, who began to be infected with the prevailing spirit of independence, and who, it was feared, were not likely much longer to believe that a difference of colour should properly exclude them from the benefits of a system which professed to be universal in its philan-

thropy. These people are principally employed in the mines; and it was apprehended that, when the troops which watch over them were withdrawn, they would rise and seize upon some part of the country for themselves; the fear was naturally the greater from the recollection that they had always been treated with the greatest severity.

With respect to the state of the Greek cause, we wish sincerely we had any thing sufficiently authentic of a favourable nature to communicate. In saying this, however, we are glad to add, that almost all the reports are favourable to the cause of liberty, humanity, and literature. In an article, even from Constantinople itself, we find that the possession of the key of the Morea has not by any means secured the peaceable or permanent possession of the Isthmus. On the contrary, 20,000 Turks are said to have fallen in battles and ambuscades, and Corinth alone remained in their possession destitute of every means of defence. They say also, that now that the plunder of the Greeks is at an end, the Porte began to feel the want of money, and had issued a very arbitrary firman, ordering every thing made of gold and silver to be instantly deposited in the royal treasury for an indemnity named by the government. In addition to this, it is stated, that after a great Turkish Fleet had been dispatched to Patras, a second expedition, consisting of 40 transports, three frigates, and one line of battle ship, with 8,000 troops on board, was fitted out at Constantinople for the purpose of ravaging the Archipelago, while the Greek squadron should be gone round the Morea after the Turkish fleet of Patras. The Greek Admiralty had, however, a squadron of reserve, which it caused to lurk about Negropont, and which attacked this second Ottoman expedition in the dangerous channel called Bocca-Silota, between Negropont and Andros. The Turks, not expecting this, were panic struck, and the result was, that between battle and shipwreck they lost three-fourths of their squadron, and at least two-thirds of their troops. Whatever may be the result of this contest, the Turks seem to be singularly unfortunate in their naval enterprises. An extraordinary battle is

said to have taken place at Souli; extraordinary on account of some of the combatants. The Turks suddenly appeared at the foot of the Souli mountains with a force of 15,000 men; and the Greeks, knowing the cruelties which would be exercised towards the helpless in case of defeat, resolved at once to sacrifice their wives and children, and sell their own lives as dearly as possible. The females, however, had sufficient influence to counteract this determination, and insisted upon arming and sharing at least the chances of the combat. They actually fell into the ranks to the number of 800, and after a desperate action, the Ottoman forces were obliged to retreat, leaving, besides the killed, 1,350 prisoners, and four pieces of cannon. The Greeks lost 17 females and 167 men. These are some of the rumours as they have reached us through the foreign press; but, though rumours, they are so generally credited, that there can be but little doubt that the affairs of Greece have not fallen off during the last month. Lord Strangford has departed from Constantinople for Congress, and is, it is said, charged with an important declaration from the Porte. It is a sort of anticipatory protest against every interference of the foreign powers with the internal concerns of the Ottoman empire, to the arrangement of which the Porte declares itself fully adequate without any assistance. It is a pity that a monarch so determined has not a more just cause.

In France, the situation of affairs seems any thing but satisfactory to the ruling powers. Arrests, trials, and executions, follow one another in rapid succession, varied only by a whimsical alternation of propitiatory atonements for the sins of the past, and religious ceremonies to mark the piety of the present generation. The conduct of the Ultra government fully countenances the suspicions entertained of it by the Madrid administration. The Cordon Sanitaire is daily increasing; and by accounts from Bayonne, it appears, that transports have arrived at that place, laden with ammunition and provisions, and a still greater number is expected. The materials for sieges alone would, they say, fill 500 waggons, and are sufficient for an army of 200,000 men. The store-

houses are insufficient for the hay, forage, and ammunition. Surely there must be some hidden meaning in this "note of preparation;"—it seems much too extended and too ample for a mere precautionary measure. In its internal administration the government proceeds in the same steady and determined system of severity. The four conspirators, condemned at Rochelle, have perished on the scaffold, and Berton and his associates, their appeal having been disallowed, have shared the same fate. The papers are filled with very interesting details as to the bravery with which these men met their death. They are, however, much too minute for our transcription; but as Berton excited so much notice, the manner in which he conducted himself through the last great trial may not be unacceptable to our readers, particularly as the truth of the account is vouched for by his confessor. At half past nine, on the morning of the day of the execution, Cafe, one of the condemned, who had been lying on his bed apparently listening to his confessor, contrived to open the femoral artery with some instrument which he had concealed under the bed clothes; his death was so sudden, that he had only time to say to his confessor, "Give me your blessing and embrace me." In consequence of this event, Berton was more closely watched, and his arms tied. When led to execution, he was dressed in a blue great coat, and had a helmet on his head; on the way to the scaffold he behaved with every courtesy to the priest who attended him, and died, after having received the sacraments. He was much altered in his appearance after his condemnation, but died with great firmness. His last words, pronounced in a firm voice, and twice repeated, were, "*Vive la France!*"—" *Vive la Liberté!*"

The intelligence from Ireland occupies, and we fear is long likely to occupy, the leading feature in our domestic abstract. Now that the new harvest has been gathered, and has fully equalled, in its produce, the hopes of the most sanguine, the disposition to commit every kind of outrage seems rather to have increased than diminished. In the south, particularly, the possession of property, or a good house, constitutes the un-

failing excitement to every kind of depredation. The tithe system seems to be the ostensible pretence, but we fear the evil is much deeper seated. The great land-holders and gentry of the country have, however, met, and endeavoured, as far as in them lay, to obviate this pretence, by entering into a resolution to recommend the commutation of tithes to the legislature. Such a recommendation will, we hope, have its weight, although we are disposed to doubt very much the ultimate success of the experiment. In Dublin, indeed, the troubles of Ireland seem to have been by some ascribed to another, and a very different source, namely, the Union. A motion was lately made in the Guild of Merchants, and unanimously agreed to, to present a petition for a repeal of that measure. It would be premature to offer any observations now upon the policy of this attempt; as to its fate, however, we may venture to predict, without the danger of bringing our repute as prophets into question. Even Mr. Fox, when asked for his support of such a petition, is reported to have said, that "it was a very different thing to oppose a measure in the first instance, and afterwards to vote for its repeal, if carried." We saw little in the last days of the Irish parliament to call in question Swift's double sarcasm against both it and the Irish university, where, in his "Legion Club," speaking of the situation of the building, he describes it as

Not a bowshot from the college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge.

Another motion was made in the same Guild, to admit catholics to its freedom; and, with singular consistency, almost unanimously rejected. The same men who loudly called for the emancipation of themselves, were just as loud in denying it, even partially, to others.

A great reduction is taking place in the military department of Scotland. Many persons have already been dismissed; and it is now said, that Lord Robert Kerr, with the assistance of one clerk, with a salary of *half a crown a day*, will be able to manage the Adjutant-general's department.

The appointment of Lord Amherst as Governor-general of India, in the

room of the Marquis of Hastings, has at last taken place, and been confirmed by the Board of Directors.

Parliament will not, it is rumoured, be called upon to meet till February, unless something important in the meantime should occur to render their convocation necessary. One of the first measures to be proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer will, if report speak true, be the reduction of the old four per cents. to three and a half. This idea has originated in the success of the experiment made last year upon the five per cents.

The Chief Justice has been sitting at *Nisi prius*, during the latter half of October. Few trials of any interest took place, if we except some for blasphemous and political libels, instituted by the Bridge-street and the Suppression of Vice Societies. All the defendants were convicted. Little Waddington, the bill-sticker, of radical notoriety, was among the sufferers. He defended himself, and in such a manner, that the Chief Justice expressed considerable doubts as to his sanity.

We do not know that we ought not to have mentioned, under our foreign head, the arrest of Mr. Bowring, an English merchant, at Calais,

on some serious political charge. Some private letters with which this gentleman was entrusted, and a manuscript copy of verses, are reported to have compromised him. He has protested loudly against his detention, and also against the seizure of a sealed dispatch, of which he was the bearer from the Portuguese ambassador at Paris to the Portuguese ambassador in London. The French government, however, have taken but little notice of his complaints, as he was confined *au secret*; and the report, that he was to be tried on a charge of treason, was in extensive circulation. Mr. Bowring lately published in this country a work entitled, "Specimens of the Russian Poets." A measure equally decisive, though not equally severe, has been adopted towards Sir Robert Wilson. He was ordered to quit Paris within 24 hours, and the French territory as fast as he could travel.

His Majesty has, we are happy to say, quite recovered his health and spirits during his sojournment at his cottage in Windsor-park. He has signified his intention of passing some time at the Pavilion.

Oct. 24, 1822.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Illustrations of Italian Architecture.—A work now publishing by Leske, of Darmstadt, contains an interesting selection of outline engravings of some of the various and numerous specimens of architecture abounding in Italy; its title is *Kirchen, Paläste, und Klöster in Italien nach Monumenten gezeichnet von J. L. Ruhl*, folio, 1, 2, 3 Heft. The subjects are not only very judiciously chosen, but such as have not often been delineated. The admirers of the *Gothic-Teutonic* style will here meet with several curious specimens of the ecclesiastical architecture of the middle ages: for instance, the Cathedral at Spoleto, San Feliciano at Fuligno, San Giacomo at Vicovaro. One or two very beautiful and picturesque *Cortilli* are introduced, particularly that of San Apostolo at Rome, and one belonging to a palace in the Via Sacra in the same city. An interior of the Sacristy of San Martino a Monte at Rome proves from what apparently slight and inadequate materials an interesting architectural subject may be formed: the effect is most pleasing; and the ensemble presents an architectural composition that might be very usefully

studied by many of our scene-painters and decorators.

Sculpture.—Hermann and Pettrich, two young Danes, and pupils of Thorvaldsen, bid fair to become illustrious ornaments of the school of that great master. The former of these has lately executed a bas-relief in marble, the subject of which is Bacchus and Ariadne; its execution is particularly excellent. Pettrich has also executed a relief, representing our Saviour inviting Little Children to approach him. The young artist has treated the subject with a feeling that discovers real genius, and addresses itself immediately to the soul of the spectator. In manual execution it indicates much ability, and partakes considerably of the character of Thorvaldsen's style. Ferdinand Pettrich, the only son of Professor Pettrich, the sculptor, was born at Dresden, Dec. 17th, 1798. From his earliest years he discovered an innate predilection for the art practised by his father, who first initiated him into its mysteries. At the beginning of 1819 he was sent to Rome to complete his studies, where he was so fortunate as to become the pupil, and gain the

personal attachment, of Thorvaldsen. One of his first attempts was an Infant Christ sleeping on the Cross. He is at present employed upon a large composition—the Entombing of Christ, in the model of which he at length succeeded to his wish, after repeated alterations.

Musco Borgia.—This valuable collection of Egyptian monuments has been united to the Borboni Museum, and arranged by Arditì, the director of the royal museum at Naples, and superintendent of the excavations and antiquities. They are placed in one of the lower porticos, and amount to upwards of 600 different subjects, among which are, an obelisk of red granite, an altar with 22 mummy-looking figures in bas-relief, several Harpocrates tablets, a basaltic torso covered with hieroglyphics of such extreme elegance, that they resemble cameos, and a statue of Ptolemæus Epiphanes. Among the Cufic antiquities is a celestial globe, formed of metal, with its meridian; this truly unique monument of its kind was executed by Kaissar, an Arabian astronomer and mechanist, at the command of Muhammed Alkamel, sixth king of Egypt, in the year 1225 of our æra, &c. &c.

Duc D'Enghien.—The monument erected to the memory of this unfortunate prince will ere long be completed. The cenotaph is surrounded by four figures of white marble. One of these represents the prince, who is proceeding tranquilly to his execution; the second figure is Fortitude, who supports him in this trying moment; the third Malice, who is lurking for him; and the fourth France in fetters. These statues are about 7 feet 6 inches high, and the entire height of the mausoleum is 22 feet. The sculptor is M. Deseine, first sculptor to the Bourbon-Conde family, and member of the academies of Bourdeaux and Copenhagen.

Life-Preserver.—The newly invented life-preserver is most valuable on account of its extreme simplicity. Its advantages are, that it is air-tight, and impenetrable to water; that it does not occasion the least pressure on the chest; that it can be inflated and adjusted to the body in a moment, and is then capable of sustaining the weight of an additional person in case of emergency; that it can be worn by females over their clothes; and, lastly, that it is light and portable. The inventor exhibited it on the Thames, Aug. 20th, in the presence of numerous spectators, who expressed their unqualified approbation.—M. Scheerbaum made an experiment on Aug. 15, with an artificial horse, a machine with which he rode into the sea at Scheveningen while breakers rose to the height of 12 feet, and advanced 400 yards into that element with perfect safety.

Munich.—This city is now adorned by two very fine pieces of architecture, both of which will long remain monuments of the

taste and abilities of their architect, M. Klenze. The former of these fine structures is the *glyptotheca*, or gallery, erected by the crown-prince of Bavaria for the reception of his valuable collection of ancient statues and marbles. It consists of thirteen noble halls (one is not less than 140 feet in length), each of which accords in its architecture and decorations with the class of statues to which it is destined. The building is a square, with a cortile in the centre. The façade, which is of the Ionic order, is constructed entirely of whitish Salzburgh marble, a material worthy of the beautiful decoration which this front displays. A majestic octastyle portico constitutes its principal feature, and gives the whole a very temple-like appearance; and the tympanum of the pediment contains a profusion of sculpture in relief. Extensive as this building is, it forms but the part of a design for a magnificent *place*, among whose embellishments a catholic church and a triumphal arch will be important features. The second edifice is the New Riding-House. Here the architect had many difficulties to contend with; for the stables having been already erected, he was quite limited, both as to situation and extent, in this additional building. It is a parallelogram of 320 feet by 85, of which the façade occupies the longest side. A somewhat lofty basement gives an air of majesty to this front. Above this basement rises a Roman-Doric order of colossal proportions, consisting of pilasters at the extremities, and insulated columns in the centre. Over the large arched windows, of the centre division, are circular bronze shields, 8 or 9 feet in diameter, adorned with colossal horses' heads; and the attic is decorated with an inscription in bronze. The interior is still more imposing; resting on a lofty stylobate, are pilasters supporting a richly decorated entablature; and, at the ends, are open tribunes or galleries with Ionic columns. The ceiling is decorated with square caissons and pannels. Of this edifice the construction and details are alike admirable; nor is there in all Germany any building more characteristic of the purpose for which it was erected. Wagner's bas-reliefs of the Centaurs and Lapithæ are particularly fine: he has executed besides for this building two groups of extraordinary beauty, each consisting of three figures, larger than life. The first of these groups consist of a Centaur combating with two Lapithæ, one of whom is almost vanquished, while the other is still endeavouring to defend himself. In the second group, the Centaur is raising a large fragment of rock to crush one of his adversaries; the other has leaped aside. For beauty of form, energy of expression, and strong poetical feeling, these productions deserve to rank very high indeed among the noblest efforts of modern art.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

NOVEMBER 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

AMONG the paralyzing effects of distress, we must first notice the decreased spirit of improvement which is manifested by the paucity of technical discussion at this season. The prevention of smut by preparations of the seed wheat, and the augmentation of the produce, as well as of employment, by the substitution of spade husbandry, have no longer the same charms for speculative Agriculturists.

The fact is, they have no spirit to engage in experiments, though this seems to us an erroneous method of procedure, for difficulties require increased energy. Complaint resounds from one end of the kingdom to the other; and it can but be observed, that the local reports are written with far more bitterness than ever. No wonder! the innumerable sales which have taken place, the depression of stock as well as of the price of produce, make the farmer's condition really deplorable. Nor is he alone in ruin. We positively know that more than one, two, or three large farms have been let upon the express condition of paying NO RENT AT ALL, but merely under covenant to keep them in tilth, and to discharge the tithes and the rates. In many instances, the tithe is the most valuable property in the soil; yet such is the infinite variety of causes affecting the Agricultural question, that we really believe it is still very partially—indeed, we may say, not at all, understood. In the meanwhile, it does not appear that the landed interest will remain quiet spectators of their own destruction. At the Pitt dinner, at Norwich, Mr. Edmond Wodehouse, immediately after the health of Ministers had been given, and their abilities panegyricized by Mr. Marshall Elwin, one of his most intimate friends, and most active supporters,—Mr. E. Wodehouse, we say, rose and declared his absolute conviction that Ministers had not done all they might have done for the Agricultural interest; and moreover expressed his belief, that had Mr. Pitt been at the head of affairs, he would have found some means of preserving a more equitable adjustment between the monied and landed interests. "He would not," says Mr. Wodehouse, "have sought up the ruin of one interest for the benefit of another." Mr. Wodehouse further urged upon his hearers, "that this was no time to sit still in their chairs, and say things will come to rights." But the mischief is

now done; the ruin is nearly universal among the tenantry. Estates too are changing masters, nor does it appear that Ministers have a clearer view of the subject than the people they govern. Nothing but A REDUCED TAXATION, and the conversion of the idle pauper into an industrious producer and consumer, can work the good so much to be desired.

The operations out of doors have been materially advanced by the fine rains which began about the close of last month. The wheats are well got in, in most places, the turnips are improved, and every thing promises abundance. The wheat crop of last year is ascertained, both in bulk, weight, and quality, to be greatly beyond expectation. Yet it does not come into the market as briskly as might have been anticipated under all circumstances. The average of the foreign and English supply by sea to the port of London was in the years 1817, 1818, about 12,000 quarters weekly. Since harvest, the average has not reached 9,000 of English alone; no opinion can therefore be formed concerning the relation of supply to demand; nor can it, we conceive, till next harvest. This, however, is after all the point upon which the whole question turns; and, we believe, taking the average of seasons, the one is very near to the other. The after-grass crop is stated to be very excellent in many counties, particularly in Cornwall, and towards the West of England. Potatoes are also likely to be plentiful. Cider is superabundant, and selling from 20s. to 25s. per hoghead. Wool remains much the same. At the various fairs, which are more numerous at this season than at any other period of the year, stock of all sorts has been shown in large quantities, and has met a very dull sale. Butter and cheese at Winchester, Shrewsbury, Nottingham, Cambridge, Bury, and other such marts, fetched (the prime dairies) from 45s. to 55s. One of the country papers states, that 200 Devons were driven from South Molton in that county to every fair in the neighbourhood,—to Smithfield,—forty miles beyond London,—to Smithfield a second time, and at last the greater part returned to the proprietor unsold.

At Winchester fair, many hundreds of excellent lambs were sold between 5s. and 14s. a head. The general prices may be quoted. Down ewes, from 9s. to 20s.; down.

lambs, from 5*s.* to 15*s.*; wethers, from 20*s.* to 28*s.* Hops are excellent, and a fine growth in every sense: Farnham's were grounded at from 7*l.* to 7*l.* 10*s.*; country hops, from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* 12*s.* Good horses still maintain good prices; at this fair, a cart

colt, two years old, was sold for the price of 100 lambs, of a better than middling quality. In Smithfield, all sorts of meat are a little advanced.

October 22, 1822.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, October 22.)

NOTHING remarkable as affecting the foreign trade of the country has occurred during the last month. Some facilities however have been given to British ships trading to the Netherlands, by the remission of certain tonnage and other duties heretofore paid, and placing British ships on the same footing, in this respect, as those of the kingdom of the Netherlands. Russia too has allowed foreign vessels to carry on the coasting trade in Finland on the same terms as Russian vessels. It is confidently stated, that the Portuguese government has resolved to desist from its claim of 30 per cent. on English woollen manufactures, and to be contented with 15 per cent. We have not, however, seen any official statement of this determination in the Portuguese papers, which we have had the opportunity of examining.

Cotton.—Though the report of the Liverpool market was very favourable at the end of last month, it produced no animation in the market here, because of the expected sale at the India House on the 27th. At this sale, about 11,000 bales were sold, and 5,500 bought in, and withdrawn. Of those sold, about 4,500 were taken on speculation; the rest for home consumption and exportation. The Surat and Madras were $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* and, in some instances, $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* lower; the Bengals, especially the good qualities, supported the previous prices. In the first week of October, the purchases by private contract and at public sales were very considerable, about 3,000 packages, viz.—in bond, 182 New Orleans very ordinary 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, fair 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, good 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 650 Boweds, ordinary 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*, middling fair, fair 7*d.* a 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.*, good fair 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* for good; 66 Tennessee very inferior 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.*; 950 Surats fair 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, good fair 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, good 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* and 6*d.*; 500 Bengals, fair 5*d.* and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, good 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*; 200 Pernams 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* fair to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* good fair; 50 Paras 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* good; 86 St. Domingo very ordinary 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* and 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*, good fair 7*d.* a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; and duty paid, 15 Demeraras fair 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.*, good fair 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* a 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 25 Barbadoes good 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 21 Bahamas common 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to fine silky 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 7 Montserrat ordinary 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 40 Carriacou good 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 249 La Guira and Cumana fair 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to good 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*

In the following week, the demand was general and extensive, and the market was farther improved by the very favourable accounts from Liverpool; several parcels from the late India sale were disposed of at an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* to $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per lb.; above 3,000 packages were sold in this week. In the week ending to-day, the East India cotton of the last sale has been much inquired after for home consumption, and $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* advance on Surat and Madras has been refused: the purchases this week are 2120 bags, all sold in bond, viz.—250 Pernams 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* good fair; 600 Surats, fair 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, good fair 6*d.*, good 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 1400 Bengals, very ordinary 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, fair 5*d.* and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, good 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; 150 Madras 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* a 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* ordinary to good; and 20 Bourbons 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* fair.

At Liverpool, the market has been uniformly favourable, the sales during the five weeks ending October 19, having amounted to 64,550 bags, and the arrivals to 34,235. The most business was done in the week ending October 12, when the sales amounted to 21,700, of which 12,000 were taken on speculation, at a general improvement of $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per lb.; the arrivals in the same week were 22,560 bags.

Sugar.—The market presented a very favourable appearance for the last ten days of the preceding month, and the first fortnight of this, the prices were very firm, and a small but gradual advance took place: we subjoin the report for the week ending the 8th instant.

“The demand for Muscovades has been steady and considerable, a gradual advance of 1*s.* per cwt. in the prices took place, and the market was very firm at the improvement: the purchases lately on speculation are reported to be rather on an extensive scale.

“This forenoon the show of good Sugars is very limited; the consequence has been that sales are more confined than for some time past; the advance of last week is, however, firmly maintained, and the holders still confident of a further improvement on account of the small stock in London, compared with preceding years.

“The inquiries after refined goods, from Ireland, from Liverpool, and from Glasgow, have lately been very general, owing,

no doubt, to the very low prices here, in comparison with other markets. Large lumps are in demand for the Hambro' market, yet, generally, refined goods are still heavy, with little variation as to the prices.—Molasses 29s.

"The great request for White Havannah sugars for Russia has nearly cleared this market of that description; the buyers have, in consequence, been looking after the White Brazils, which are 1s. a 2s. higher; middling white 34s. a 35s., good 37s.; ordinary 32s. 6d. a 34s.; the yellow and brown Havannah and Brazil are without alteration in prices, but in rather better demand. Bourbon sugars are much inquired after.

"Value of refined sugars exported the last three months, was single, 224,786l. double 12,150l."

In the following week, the demand for Muscovades was general and extensive, and as there were few good sugars on show, the prices gradually advanced, and considerable parcels were taken on speculation. The market on the 15th was checked by the reported large entries at the Custom House, nearly 12,000 casks within the week; the prices however were firmly maintained; the improvement in that week was 2s. per cwt. and from the lowest price five or six weeks previous, the advance was from 5s. to 6s. per cwt.

The report of the refined market was also favourable, and large purchases in foreign Sugars were made by private contract. Last week, the market was exceedingly heavy, extensive parcels were brought forward by private contract, and the prices were a shade lower. At a public sale on Friday, 113 hhds. of Montserrats sold fully 2s. per cwt. under the previous prices.

This forenoon (22d.) there were few purchases by private contract, the buyers being deterred from purchasing on account of the panic, and the low prices of Friday; and the small sale declared for to-day had the effect of preventing the usual business being transacted. The quantity brought forward was only 117 hhds. Montserrats, and 29 hhds. Dominica: contrary to the general anticipation, the whole sold freely, about 6d. a 1s. higher than on Friday, making the depression since this day week only 1s. per cwt.: Montserrats sold 54s. 6d. a 58s. 6d.; Dominica, dark coloured low brown, but strong, 54s. a 54s. 6d. Though there is little business done by private contract to-day, the market is exceedingly firm, particularly since the public sale.

In the refined market few purchases were reported after Tuesday, the reviving demand being checked by the fall in raw Sugars and the heavy trade; the prices, on account of the scarcity of goods, were, however, nearly maintained—Molasses, 30s. 6d.

In Foreign Sugars few purchases were reported by private contract, and no public sales were brought forward; the white descriptions were, however, inquired after.

Average prices of raw sugars from Gazette.

Sept. 28.....	29s.	1½d.
Oct. 5.....	29s.	10¼d.
12.....	29s.	11¼d.
19.....	32s.	3½d.

Coffee.—There has been a good deal of fluctuation in coffee in the last five weeks. In the week ending the 24th ult. the public sales were inconsiderable, but all went off heavily. On that day the public sales consisted of fine and very ordinary; the former sold heavily at a further reduction, making a decline of 3s. to 5s. per cwt. within the week. Ordinary mixed and rank Jamaica, which had been extremely low, advanced about 2s. In the following week the public sales went off rather heavily, without much alteration in the prices: but on the 1st instant 371 casks, and 94 bags, brought forward in five public sales, all sold freely, and the demand seemed much improved, though without any advance: ordinary to good ordinary rank Jamaica 96s. to 100s.; fine ordinary foxy 108s. to 110s.; fine ordinary 112s. to 115s.; ordinary middling 125s. to 127s.; middling to good middling 134s. to 136s.; good ordinary coloury St. Domingo mixed 102s. The public sales in the first week of this month consisted of 1261 casks, and 1379 bags. British plantation sold freely and rather higher: foreign rather heavy at a reduction of 1s. to 2s. per cwt., but the greater part was taken in. At two public sales on the 8th, the fine ordinary middling and good middling Jamaica sold briskly at an irregular advance of 2s. to 4s. per cwt.; ordinary and heavy, without variation; foreign still neglected. The public sales in the next week were 1022 casks, and 1338 bags. British plantation sold heavily, but without reduction in the prices. The foreign was neglected, and almost all taken in. In three public sales, on the 15th, 392 casks, 107 bags, chiefly Demerara and Jamaica, the ordinary mixed sold 2s. to 3s. lower; the fine hardly supported the previous prices. The public sales of coffee after Tuesday, last week, consisted of 408 casks and 489 bags; the ordinary descriptions sold very heavily at the previous prices; the middling and finer descriptions, on account of the scarcity of these qualities, sold freely at higher rates than lately obtained. The public sale this forenoon (22d.) of 174 casks Jamaica coffee, was all of ordinary descriptions, and chiefly rank mixed with black beans and Triage; a few lots ordinary rank sold 92s. to 95s.; good ordinary rank 97s. to 98s.; good ordinary coloury 101s. to 102s.: there were no finer descriptions in the sale. The coffee market may be

stated exceedingly heavy at the previous currency, and very little good or fine offering either at public sale or by private contract.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The tallow market has continued to excite extraordinary interest for this last month. In the week ending the 1st instant, the arrivals being extensive, and a number of ships expected, the trade became very heavy, and yellow candle tallow declined to 37s. a 36s. 6d. and yet few sales were made; but in the succeeding week it suddenly rose to 40s. a 41s. on the receipt of news from St. Petersburg that great purchases had been made for the London speculators, and that the price then had advanced from 97 to 110 r. On the 8th, the market price was 42s. and by the 15th a further advance of 3s. took place, the price on that day being 45s. To day (22d) the price in the morning was 46s. a 46s. 6d. and at four o'clock, yellow candle had advanced to 47s. and very firm at this advance. The price at St. Petersburg has risen to 120 r. and the holders here are so confident of a farther advance that large bets are laid that tallow will be at 50s. within a fortnight. Hemp had advanced from 2l. to 3l. per ton. Flax is unaltered. *Indigo.*—The India sale of 3,377 chests closed on the 15th; fine sold as at last sale, good and middling 6d. higher, consuming and ordinary, 9d. per lb. higher; the prices have not changed since the sale.—*Oils.* Buyers and sellers both hold back, and consequently little is doing.

Spices.—East India sale declared for Monday, 11th Nov. 130,000 lbs. Cinnamon; 1,343, Cloves; 20,000, Mace; 100,000, Nutmegs; 1,000, Oil of Mace; 1,411 bags, Black Pepper; 1,000 tons, Saltpetre.

Tea.—The Company's sale is declared for 11th Dec.; it is to consist of—

Bohea.....	lbs. 500,000
Congou, Campoi, Pckoc, and	
Souchong	5,000,000
Twankay and Hyson Skin.....	1,100,000
Hyson.....	200,000

Total, including Private Trade.. 6,800,000

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The market is so depressed that the prices are merely nominal.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, 26th Sept.—*Flax* has been sold at the following prices, Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer, white 45 r.; do. laying out the dark grey 42½ a 43 r.; do. grey 41 r.; Badstub cut, laying out the dark grey 37½ a 38 r.; do. grey, 36 a 36½ r.; Risten Threeband, 29½ r.; Tow, 10½ a 11 r.—*Hemp.* Clean and outshot are rather cheaper than yesterday; Ukraine and Polish

at 102 r.; Ukraine outshot, 87 r.; Polish do. 82 r.; whereas Pass, of which the stock is small, is dearer; Ukraine, 83 r.; Polish, 85 r.—*Seed for sowing.* In consequence of the heavy rains that we had for more than a week, our supply has been very scanty, and the price demanded by the holders is for the present maintained. Thus 200 barrels having been wanted to complete a cargo, could not be had under 7½ r.; whereas previously it might have been had at 7 r.

There seems to be rather more demand for Sugars, both refined and raw. Refined are held again at 24 cop.; white Havannah at 16 a 17 cop.; and yellow Havannah have been bought at 11½ cop. with three months credit.—*Berges Herrings* have been sold at 75 r. in beech barrels, and at 73 r. in deal barrels.

Riga, 3d Oct.—Though we have now dry weather the supply of sowing Linseed is still scanty. Yesterday and to-day some purchases have been made at 7½ a 8 r. As the lateness of the season makes it necessary to hasten the consignments to the North Sea, there was no time to wait any longer for a more brisk supply, and therefore the above prices could not be refused; but when the season is further advanced, it will probably be easy to make purchases on lower terms, as only a few orders have been received, and these in general limited to low prices.

Hamburgh, 12th Oct.—*Cotton*, the demand is slack, and the prices again lower. *Coffee.* Though little has been doing this week, the prices have been fully maintained. *Dye goods.* Several purchases of Indigo have been made this week in consequence of orders received; in other articles little is doing, but prices are unchanged.—*Corn.* Oats alone of the best quality are still in demand for exportation; the sale of other descriptions is almost wholly confined to home consumption, and the prices almost nominal.—*Spices.* Pepper is rather more in the market; a cargo of about 350,000 lb. from Sumatra, is already sold. The prices of Pimento keep up, though the demand is inconsiderable. East India Ginger is rather more in request.—*Rice.* More in request, and prices firm. A new supply of 925 sacks of East India is almost all sold.—*Tobacco* of all kinds maintains its price.—*Tea.* Demand is more brisk and prices better; 225½ chests of Haysan from the ship Acasta, 130 do. from the Panther, 150 do. Tonkay from the Ophelia, and 200½ chests of Souchong from the ship General Hamilton, have been sold by private contract.—*Sugar.* Very little Hamburgh refined has been sold this week, and some descriptions may perhaps be had for the moment a trifle lower than last week. Best lumps in loaves are held at 9d. but these a little in-

ferior have been sold at 8½*d.* Treacle has fallen to 11 marks. Raw goods are again more dull; fine white Havannahs alone excepted, they being scarce. Fine yellow Havannahs have been sold at 7½*d.*; and good brown Brazil, lately at 6½*d.* are now hardly to be disposed of at 6*d.*

Stockholm, 1st Oct.—The quantity of iron shipped from the port of Stockholm from the opening of the navigation this year to the 28th of September amounts to 218,000 ship pounds, which greatly exceeds the quantity shipped in former years in the same period.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 1.—His Majesty has been pleased, in consequence of a representation made by the finance Minister, to order the duty of 10 copecs on pepper, of 30 copecs on pounded (or ground) pepper, and of 75 copecs on shollac, to be taken not per pound as ordered by the new tariff, but per pood, according to former tariffs.

Frankfort, Oct. 15.—The measures for the protection of German commerce and making reprisals on France continue to be extended, and to acquire more consistency. The several States which have adopted them are likewise making conventions with each other, that their subjects may not suffer by the regulations which are designed against France. We were rather uneasy here on account of the expected tariff for the Duchy of Nassau, but the publication of it has removed our apprehensions, the duties being very moderate. Our autumnal fair, which at the opening offered no favourable prospects, has turned out uncommonly well. The sellers have had a very good fair, especially those who deal in foreign articles. Many a magazine that was filled with such articles has been wholly cleared this fair; but the sale of German manufactures has likewise been considerable. Winter stuffs in particular have been in great request, though the cloth manufacturers from the Netherlands complain of low prices. It is expected that the wine this year will be of the finest quality. The vines are in some places, per-

haps, not quite so full of fruit, but it is uncommonly fine; many judges are of opinion the wine will fully equal that of 1811, and many think it may even be superior, as the grapes are ripe this year ten days earlier.

Leipsig, Oct. 6.—We cannot yet judge of the fair; many strangers are come but they are chiefly sellers; the English and French are numerous; but the Jews from Poland and Russia are few in number. About twenty merchants are here from Wallachia and Moldavia; from Greece Proper we cannot expect many. A great deal of wool goes to England, where the price is high, though here in Germany little or no advance has taken place. Colonial goods maintain their price.

Oct. 11.—The fair seems not to answer our expectations.

France.—There never was a time when trade and manufactures of every kind were more flourishing in the Department of the North, that is, in Picardy, Artois, and French Flanders, than they are at this moment. At St. Quentin, an entire new town has been built in the modern taste. The little towns and large villages in the plain of Lisle do a great deal of business; and the number of houses, workshops, and magazines, increases daily.

Twenty large fishing boats, amounting together to 1500 tons, and manned with 600 sailors, have been sent this year from St. Valery to the herring fishery on the coast of Scotland, at an expence of above 600,000 francs. This is the greatest undertaking that has been this year made from the Channel; but there is every reason to fear that it will be unsuccessful, in which case it will probably be the last effort of the kind.

The vintage in Burgundy has been uncommonly fine this year. The wine will be better than that of the famous vintage of 1811, generally called comet wine (from the great comet seen that year); it will not be so fiery, but milder, and will keep better.

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Days of the Month.	Phases of the Moon	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.							Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in inches, &c.		
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirrostratus.	Altostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulonimbus.	Nimbus.				
1	☾	30.28	30.12	30.20	62	50	59	62	48	64	N to SW											
2	☾	30.28	30.13	30.18	70	59	64.5	65	50	66	SW											
3	☾	30.19	30.03	30.10	75	63	61.5	56	49	70	W											
4	☾	30.20	30.16	30.18	71	60	64.5	57	47	72	W to SW											
5	☾	30.18	29.97	30.025	72	62	67	60	51	63	SW											
6	☾	30.2	29.91	29.955	68	51	59.5	66	58	67	SW to NW											
7	☾	30.22	30.18	30.20	68	52	60	62	41	61	NW to SW											
8	☾	30.04	29.98	30.020	60	53	61	56	58	75	SW											
9	☾	30.11	30.1	30.105	69	49	59	58	47	60	W											
10	☾	30.26	30.23	30.245	62	54	58	64	38	58	NW to S											
11	☾	30.05	29.92	29.985	72	52	62	59	46	69	SW											
12	☾	30.10	30.10	30.100	66	55	60.5	56	40	52	N to NE											
13	☾	30.20	30.05	30.125	61	49	55	68	52	56	NE to E											
14	☾	30.25	30.17	30.210	65	53	59	52	45	62	E											
15	☾	30.10	30.00	30.050	60	48	54	63	60	61	E to NE											
16	☾	30.20	30.16	30.180	69	53	60.5	64	47	55	SE to E											
17	☾	30.14	30.13	30.135	67	53	61	71	56	67	SE											
18	☾	30.17	30.13	30.150	63	53	61	61	52	57	NE											
19	☾	30.19	30.10	30.145	61	52	59	58	40	56	NE											
20	☾	30.02	29.94	29.980	65	46	57	53	41	53	E											
21	☾	29.93	29.80	29.815	65	54	59.5	63	38	54	E to NE											
22	☾	29.91	29.80	29.810	59	57	57	61	28	64	NE											
23	☾	29.91	29.65	29.780	65	58	60	73	64	69	NW to SE											
24	☾	29.44	29.30	29.370	66	52	59	76	60	67	NE											
25	☾	29.64	29.41	29.540	61	45	53	75	55	70	N											
26	☾	30.01	29.77	29.810	61	44	52.5	60	52	63	N to NE											
27	☾	30.30	30.20	30.250	59	50	54.5	59	52	60	N to NE											
28	☾	30.30	30.24	30.270	60	50	56	60	54	66	NE											
29	☾	30.13	30.04	30.085	61	44	52.5	63	51	60	NE											
30	☾	29.14	29.14	29.140	62	48	56	67	52	64	NE to SE											
31	☾	30.30	29.30	3.1-0.22	72	44	56.71	62.1	50.6	65.5		24	19	29	2	10	11	12	6	25.3.65		

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.30 September 27th, Wind NE.
 Minimum..... 29.30 Do. 24th, Do. NE.

Range of the Mercury..... 1.00

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 30.045

..... for the lunar period, ending the 14th instant..... 30.027

..... for 14 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.137

..... for 15 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.921

Spaces described by the rising and falling of the Mercury..... 5.739

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.479

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 21.

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 72° Sept 5th and 11th, Wind SW.

Minimum..... 44 Do. 20th and 24th, Do. N. and NE.

Range..... 28

Mean temperature of the Air..... 56.77

..... for 30 days with the Sun in Virgo..... 60.30

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 20.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 55.54

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 93° in the evening of the 10th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto..... 32 in the afternoon of the 18th.

Range of the Index..... 63

Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 50.6

..... at 8 Do. .. AM..... 62.1

..... at 8 Do. .. PM..... 65.5

..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 59.4

Evaporation for the month..... 6.35 inches.

Rain, with the gauge near the ground..... 1.65

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high..... 1.63

Prevailing Winds, NE.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 3; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 16; an overcast sky without rain, 7; foggy, 2; rain, 3½—Total, 30 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Altostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulonimbus, Nimbus.
 24 19 29 2 10 11 12

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
3	9	5	2	1	6	3	2	30

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

This month has been unexpectedly dry, considering that three of the last four phases of the moon happened near mid-day; a circumstance that generally indicates very wet weather for that period: the rain, however, may have been more frequent and heavier in a less northern latitude than this is, where the moon had a greater influence over the earth's atmosphere. Nearly three-fourths of this month's rain fell here at and near the time of the autumnal Equinox, when a depression of one inch of mercury was observed in the barometer. The month having been fair for field labour, and there having been but $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rain during the last two months, the arable lands will therefore be found in a proper state for early sowing.

A considerable reduction took place the latter part of the month in the mean temperature of the air, in consequence of the rains and cold easterly gales—and there were two or three slight hoar frosts before sunrise. The average temperature is $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ lower than that of September, 1821.

At the latter part of the month about 5 or 600 swallows assembled here, and mi-

grated the same day, making their stay in this neighbourhood 22 weeks. This may be considered as an early departure of the swallow tribe: but they had undoubtedly felt the sudden transition in the constitution of the atmosphere beyond the artificial heat of that at the earth's surface. The fall of the decaying foliage has also occurred sooner than usual, by means of so early a summer as we experienced last—a summer in almost every respect fruitful beyond average productions, and which has completely filled the lap of autumn. During the latter part of the month, the prevailing NE winds caused a great evaporation—on the day and night of the 19th, not less than half an inch evaporated by the influence of the sun, and a brisk NE gale.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are 3 *paraselenæ*, 3 solar and 3 lunar halos, 16 meteors; lightning in the evening of the 14th, and distant thunder in the afternoon of the 17th; and 9 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 3 from NE. 3 from E. and 3 from SW.

DAILY REMARKS.

Sept. 1. A fair day with *Cumuli*; and a clear sky by night.

2. Sunshine, with *Cirri* and *Cirrostratus*: a little rain, and a gale from SW. by night.

3. Fair, with the lighter modifications of clouds: one *paraselenæ*, and a small lunar halo in a passing bed of *Cirrostratus* in the evening.

4. A sunny day, and plumose *Cirri*, &c.; an overcast sky after sunset, with wind and light rain.

5. Overcast, and a brisk gale from SW., and the *Cumulostratus* clouds very low: light rain in the night.

6. AM. an overcast sky, and a little light rain: PM. fair and calm: 2 small meteors and some dew in the night.

7. Fair, with prevailing *Cirri*, which passed to *Cirrostratus* in the night: 7 meteors in the evening, some of them with long trains, which remained visible about three seconds of time after the bodies were extinct.

8. AM. overcast: PM. showery and fine: the moon rose with a large halo around her, preceded by 2 meteors.

9. Mostly overcast with attenuated *Cirrostratus*, and a brisk westerly wind: much dew in the night, and a change of wind to NW.

10. Fair with *Cirri* and *Cirrostratus*: PM. mostly a clear sky.

11. Overcast with low clouds nearly all day and night, and a brisk gale from SW.

12. Fair, with clouds at intervals, and a NE. wind: overcast by night.

13. AM. overcast with undulated *Cirrostratus*: PM. cloudy and fine, and a brisk gale from NE.

14. A continuation of the gale, with passing beds of *Cirrostratus* by night, from which several electrical discharges appeared to the southward.

15. A continuation of the easterly gale, with light rain in the morning: PM. fine and calm at intervals.

16. AM. fair, with *Cirri* and nascent *Cumuli*: a clear sky in the afternoon; and a thick fog and much dew by night.

17. A fair day: distant thunder in the afternoon; and the clouds richly coloured at sunset: 2 small meteors appeared in the evening.

18. Fair, with a brisk NE. gale: a clear sky by night.

19. As the preceding day and night: a very great evaporation took place during the last 24 hours.

20. Fair, and a continuation of the gale from the east; and 2 meteors to the southward in the evening: the night as the preceding and some dew.

21. Fair, with descending *Cirri*, &c. and a brisk easterly wind: overcast with *Cirrostratus* by night.

22. An incessant rain throughout the day, and a gale from NE.: overcast by night.

23. AM. foggy early, succeeded by variable winds, and an overcast sky: PM. steady rain, and a sinking barometer.

24. Overcast in the morning: PM. heavy rain.

25. Light rain early in the morning: afterwards cloudy and fine.

26. Fair, with a brisk NE. breeze, and a cold night, the thermometer having receded to 44° .

27. As the preceding day: cloudy by night.

28. A fair day: cloudy and light rain by night.

29. A fine day, and thunder clouds about sunset: 2 *paraselenæ* and a faint lunar halo appeared at 8 AM., when a low *Stratus* was observed in the adjoining fields.

30. A slight hoar frost before sunrise, followed by a fair day, with nascent *Cumuli*: a clear sky by night.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City to which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. In case of the Residence of the debtors, whose names are placed after a [.

T designates London Commission, C those of the country.

Gazette—Sept. 28 to Oct. 22.

Sept. 28.—South, J. Pinner-hall, London, merchant. (Martindale, Bedford-place, Russell-square. T.)
 Lacey, H. Lyncombe, Somerset, builder. (Adlington, Bedford-row. C.)
 Martin, J. Oakham, Surrey, wheel-wright. (Walter, Mitre-chambers, Fenchurch-street. T.)
 May, W. Wellington-place, Goswell-street, baker. (Dacre, Pall-mall-place, Temple. T.)
 Munroe, V. Stamford, Lincoln, baker. (Wilkinson, 13, New North street, Red Lion-square. T.)
 Spruce, W. Swansea, Glamorgan, paper-maker. (Price, 1, Lincoln's-inn. C.)
 Oct. 1.—Butcher, W. Sutton in Ashfield, Nottingham, mercer. (Hall, New Beowell-court, Carry-street. C.)
 Hart, S. G. Harwich, Essex, merchant. (Sunder, 112, Upper Thames-street. T.)
 Lane, W. Alderton, Gloucester, cow and milk-dealer. (Bourfield, Chatham-place. C.)
 Martin, J. Oakham, Surrey, wheel-wright. (Walter, Mitre-chambers, Fenchurch-street. T.)
 Middleton, J. T. Stone, Stafford, coach-proprietor. (Barber, 121, Fetter-lane. C.)
 Oct. 5.—Allwood, C. Walcot, Somerset, confecturer. (Stephen, 25, Strand-street-buildings. C.)
 Bradford, G., and A. Paradise, Bristol, brokers. (Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.)
 Francys, H., and T. P. Liverpool, marble-masons. (Adlington, Bedford-row. C.)
 Herbert, T. Jan Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, auctioneer. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lathbury. T.)
 Jahn, T. Bishopgate-without, flour-factor. (Lee, Three Crosses-court, Southwark. T.)
 Oldfield, R. R. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Hew, 14, Ely place, Holborn. C.)
 Palmer, W. Hinchwick, Gloucester, farmer. (Pritchard, Earl street, Blackfriars. C.)
 Tye, K. Milton, Suffolk, farmer. (Woodhouse, 11, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.)
 Oct. 8.—Gray, J. Kingston, Surrey, linen-draper. (Kerston, Corbet-court, Gloucester-street. T.)
 Howarth, J. C. Bristol, draper. (Adlington, Bedford-row. C.)
 Webber, J. Bath, Somerset, currier. (Mackinnon, Middle Temple. C.)
 Oct. 12.—Barrow, T. Kendal, Westmoreland, grain and wool merchant. (Adlington, Verulam-buildings. C.)
 Johnston, J. Tooley-street, Southwark, grocer. (Smith, 17, Austin-frams. T.)
 Pearson, T. Walford, Stafford, maltster. (Harvey, 44, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.)
 Wheeler, J. Jan Abingdon, Berks, grocer. (Nelson, Essex-street, Strand. C.)
 Yates, G. Eccleshill, Lancashire, dealer. (Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.)
 Yates, W. Blackburn, Lancashire, dealer. (Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.)
 Oct. 15.—Blackband, G. Gnosall, Stafford, grocer. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square. C.)
 Bolton, F. Birmingham, Warwick, victualler. (Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.)
 Clark, W. Midden-lane, Covent-garden, soda-water and ginger beer manufacturer. (Jones, Great Marylebone-street. T.)
 Turner, T. Jan and J. Why, 14, Holborn-hill, lace-makers. (Smith, 3, Barnard's-inn, Holborn. T.)
 Frost, J. Jan Bridlington-grav, York, corn-merchant. (Vince, 38, Birchin-lane. C.)
 Handman, I. H. Newport Pagnell, Buckingham, linen-merchant. (Jupp, Carpenters'-hall, London-wall. T.)

Hutton, W. Jan. Chorlton, Lancashire, money-advancer. (Adlington, Bedford-row. C.)
 Watson, G. Back-lodge, Durham, corn-merchant. (Maggison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. C.)
 Oct. 18.—Buckley, J. Hellingreave, York, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Broadbent, Temple. C.)
 Coyne, J. Jan. and T. R. Watts, Yeovil, Somerset, spirit-merchants. (Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.)
 Chambers, C. Steri-yard, Upper Thames-street, broom-maker. (Cole, Ave Maria-lane. T.)
 Clarke, G. D. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, merchant. (Dodd, Billiter-street. T.)
 Day, J. Fenchurch-buildings, merchant. (Lane, Lawrence-Pountney place. T.)
 Durham, J. 10, Lower Shadwell-street, butcher. (Krelling, 24, Tokenhouse-yard. T.)
 Middleton, W. Liverpool, tin-dealer. (Chapman, 3, Staple-inn. C.)
 Mills, O. Warwick, wine-merchant. (Charley, Mark-lane. T.)
 Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer. (Fielder, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square. T.)
 Weaver, E. Bristol, ironmonger. (Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.)
 White, W. R. Strand, draper. (Gates, 28, Chancery-street. T.)
 Wood, J. Bishopsgate-street-without, grocer. (Collins, Spital-square. T.)
 Oct. 21.—Birkett, R. Liverpool, dealer. (Blackstock, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.)
 Blackband, G. (small), Stafford, grocer. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square. C.)
 Child, R. Little Stratton, Salop, blacksmith. (Thomas, 4, Barnard's-inn, Holborn. C.)
 Cumming, A. Whitstone, Worcester, draper. (Holt, Thredneedle-street. T.)
 Erell, L. Walcot, Somerset, money-advancer. (Potts, Serjeant's-inn Fleet-street. C.)
 Fox, J. Bath, grocer. (Potts, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.)
 Green, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. (Chester, 3, Staple-inn. C.)
 Hewlett, J. Gloucester, cabinet-maker. (King, 11, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.)
 Kewer, J. Little Windmill-street, Golden-square, carpenter. (Howard, Tuck's-court, Carry-st. T.)
 Leyland, H. Liverpool, soap-boiler. (Blanketosh, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.)
 Wilson, E., and P. Methley, York, maltsters. (Walker, Exchange-office, and 20, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.)

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Sept. 21 to Oct. 22.

Taylor, J. and Sons, merchants, Greenock, Glasgow, 11, and Co. merchants, Edinburgh.
 Scrimm, J. hawker, Edinburgh.
 Smith, J. Ray spinner, Rose mill, Strathmore.
 Campbell, D. printer, Greenock, Islay.
 Craig, J. tackman, hawker.
 Shaw, J. cattle-dealer, Greenock.
 Mill, J. cattle-dealer, Greenock.
 Carnaby, R. ship-owner, Thurso.
 Tomlinson, J. manufacturer, Dunfermline.
 Stark, J. wood-merchant, Glasgow.
 Campbell, D. candle-maker, Greenock.
 Lockie, W. Wright, Glasgow.
 Miller, W. merchant, Edinburgh.
 Robertson, J. and Co. merchants, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

- Sept. 18.—At Hampstead-court, near Gloucester, the Hon. Lady John Somerset, a son.
 23. At Clumber, her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, a son.
 24. The lady of Lieut.-Col. Hogg, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, a son.
 — At Chelwick, the lady of Lieut.-Col. H. P. Cavendish, a son.
 — At Sutton-park, Staffordshire, the lady of H. Russell, Esq. a daughter.
 25. At Broad Oak, Kent, Mrs. Walker, of three children, two girls and a boy.
 — At Conway, North Wales, the lady of Sir David Erskine, Bart. a daughter.
 27. At Cheltenham, the lady of Capt. Hyde Parker, of the Royal Navy, a daughter.
 28. In Upper Tabor-place, the lady of Thomas Melling Welsh, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Panvaniden Herts, the lady of the Hon. Lord Glamis, a son and heir.
 Oct. 3.—At Lacham House, Wilts, the lady of Lieut. Col. Tuffnell, a son.
 8. At Fair Oak Lodge, the Hon. Lady Paget, a daughter.
 — At Northmer House, Clifton, the lady of A. G. Harford Hattersby, Esq. a son.
 4. The lady of James Mahon, Esq. of Wolbury-place, Russell-square, a daughter.
 5. The lady of Col. Woodcock, of the Coldstream Guards, a daughter.
 6. At Ringfield Green, Lady Elizabeth Tullimache, a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Minto House, Roxburghshire, the Countess of Minto, a son.

IN IRELAND.

At Ballin, in the County of Carlow, a poor woman named Newman was delivered of five children, three males and two females, who lived three days.

MARRIAGES.

- Sept. 24.—At Hampton Court Palace, by special licence, the Earl of Liverpool, to Miss Chester, sister to Sir Robert Chester. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of London.
 — At Cheltenham, Patrick Wallace, Esq. Commander of the Orient East India Company, to Jane, only daughter of Col. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. of Dunbeath.
 25. At Mary-le-bone Church, Fran. Gordon Campbell, Esq. of Troop, in the County of Ross and Glenlivet, to the County of Perth, to Maria, only daughter of the late Major Gen. Duff, of Camperdown, in the former County.
 26. At Chichester Cathedral, Watkin Monfray, Esq. of Kings-hill, Monmouthshire, youngest son of the late Sam. Monfray, Esq. of Crowth House, Bucks, to Eliza Lee Thompson, only daughter of the late Thomas Lane Thompson, Esq. of Nottingham-place, and grand daughter of Henry Lee, Esq. of North Wales, Chichester.
 — At Hampton, Matthew Crawford, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, to Louisa Matilda, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Mon'au, of Lacham-house, in the County of Wilts, and Kingtonbridge in the County of Devon.
 28. John M'Kee, Esq. of Pemborough, Kent, to Mary, grand daughter of General and Lady Francis M'Kee, of Crofton Hall.
 Lately at Hulse, Devonshire, by the Rev. J. Trevelick, the Right Hon. Lord Rolle, to the Hon. Louisa Trevelick, sister to Lord Clinton.
 At Greston Green, Jesse Alsworth, Jun. son of J. Alsworth, Esq. of Wirbenthal, to Hannah, youngest daughter of Robert Lee, and sister of Colonel Lee, of Oldham. The lady was made a ward in Chancery on the day on which the marriage took place.
 Oct. 1.—At Bishop Wearmouth, Colonel Brown, 5th Regt. Kt. H. to Louisa Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gray, Prebendary of Durham, who performed the ceremony.
 — At Walton, near Liverpool, William Ripley, Esq. of Liverpool, late in the 3d Regiment, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late J. Parr, Esq. of Fir Grove, in the County of Lancaster.

- At Aveley, William St. John Aubyn, Esq. third son of Sir John Aubyn, Bart. of Cherrase, Cornwall, to Anne Dorothy Harriet Leonard, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Barrett Leonard, Bart. of Bell House, in the same County.
 4. By special licence, at Highclere, Hants, by the Hon. and Rev. George Herbert, brother to the Earl of Carnarvon Philip Pusey, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Philip Pusey, of Pusey, Berks, to the Hon. Lady Emily Herbert, youngest daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon.
 5. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Henry Michael, Esq. of Great Surrey-street, to Eliza Lydia, eldest daughter of John Taber, Esq. of Ladbroke, banker.
 6. At Audley, Staffordshire, Henry Holland, M.D. of Lower Brook-street, to Margaret Emma, daughter of James Caldwell, Esq. of Llaney Wood.
 — By special licence, at St. James's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Hobbs, Vicar of Mandevilla, to Miss Sparrow, daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Olivia Sparrow, of Warrington Park, Huntingdonshire, and niece to Lord Gosford. Immediately after the ceremony the new married couple set off for Lord Gosford's seat in North Wales.
 9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Dr. Theodore Gordon, Physician to the Forces, to Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Bartley, and niece to Sir Robert Barclay, Kt.
 — At Fitcham, Sir Jahiel Weston, Bart. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late James Brantley, Esq. of Halifax, Nova Scotia.
 10. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Oliver Crawford, M.D. F.R.C. of Dublin, to Julia Maria, daughter of the late Samuel Warhope, Esq. of Dremmure.
 12. At Monmouth, William John Bagnshaw, Esq. Barrister at Law, of the Middle Temple, eldest son of Sir William Chambers Bagnshaw, of the Oaks, in the County of Derby, to Sarah, second daughter of the late William Partridge, Esq. of Monmouth.
 13. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry Dundas Scott, Esq. of Flinders street, to Anne Lindsay, eldest daughter of Charles Baskland, M.D. of Lower Brook street Grosvenor square.
 Lately at Tavistock, the Rev. Edward Ashmeley, M.D. F.R.S. Vicar of Tavistock, to Anne Eliza, daughter of John Kemp, Esq. New Kent Road, and widow of Charles Alfred Baskland, the celebrated Antiquary.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Rathall, Benjamin Ditty, Esq. of Mountjoy-square, Dublin, to Sophia, second daughter of the late Vice Admiral John Inglis, of Anshindony.
 At Minto-house, Captain Charles Adam, RN. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Patrick Brydson, Esq.

DEATHS.

- Lately at Fern Hill, Berks, aged 58, Sir Theophilus John Metcalfe, Bart.
 Lately the Rev. Sir John Parg, Bart. of Mysia.
 Sept. 22.—At Stanish, Roberts, the eldest son of Sir Robert Chester, of South-hall, Herts.
 24. In Chester-street, in her 54th year, Mrs. Harriet Miles, sole surviving daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Miles, Dean of Exeter.
 — In Arundel-street, Strand, Louis Henri Seipho de Crismard de Beauvoir, Count de Roure, and Marquis de Crismard. This nobleman, who was related to the Irish Peerage, in right of his mother the Countess of Cathorlough, was more distinguished by the independence of his character than by his descent; at the commencement of the Revolution, he espoused the Republic as cause, from the most disinterested motives, nor could any offers of emolument and honour, induce him to forego those principles, when Napoleon had fixed himself on the imperial throne. The Count frequently employed his pen, and was the author of many anonymous political productions and harangues. His *Notions Maitre Anglaise*, published at Paris, 1816, shows him to have been profoundly acquainted with the English language.
 — In consequence of a fall on board the Cornwall East India man, Charles de Bode, Captain 6th

Regiment, and Chevalier of the French Order of the Legion of Honour.

— At his residence, New Place House, Southampton, Thomas Conway, Esq. aged 56.

26. James Griffiths, Esq. of Stamford Hill, Middlesex, and of Doctors Commons, London, for 38 years one of the Common Council for the City of London.

27. At Clumber, her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, after having been delivered, on the preceding Tuesday, of twins, a boy and girl, the latter of whom was still-born, and the former died October 7. Her Grace was Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of E. M. Munday, Esq. of Shipley, in Derbyshire; was born June 1, 1789; and married July 18, 1807. She had borne 16 children, 11 sons, and 5 daughters, of whom nine sons and three daughters are now living. The remains of her Grace, and those of her infant son and daughter, were interred, on the 18th Oct. at Bothamsal church, about four miles from the family seat at Clumber.

28. At Matlock, in her 80th year, the Right Hon. Lady Delaval, of Ford Castle, Northumberland.

30. In Nelson-square, in her 42d year, Lady Aldis.

October 1.—At the Admiralty, G. Pace, Esq. Lieut. RN. He was sitting at the telegraph, of which he was director, at one o'clock, when he fell on the floor in an apoplectic fit, and expired at about eleven o'clock the same night.

— At his seat, Westacre High-house, in the county of Norfolk, Anthony Hamond, Esq. in his 81st year.

2. At her mother's house near Bognor, Catherine, wife of the Rev. C. J. Bewicke, of Hallaton-hall, Leicestershire.

— Suddenly, at Loders, in Dorsetshire, in his 71st year, the Right Hon. Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. High Sheriff for that county; formerly Secretary to the Admiralty; and late Governor-Gen. of Bombay. His remains were deposited, on the 16th, in the family vault at Loders, Dorsetshire.

3. Aged 22, Catherine, daughter of Capt. J. Laskey, and niece to Col. Dickinson, of Bath.

4. At Bury, in his 93d year, John Godbold, Esq. one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and one of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the county of Suffolk.

5. Near Oswestry, Henry Andrews, Esq. While shooting, he had discharged one barrel of a double-barrelled gun, and was in the act of reloading it, when the other discharged its contents in his head, thereby causing his immediate death. Mr. Andrews had served in most of the battles of the Peninsular war, and received several wounds.

6. At Hereford (at the house of his father-in-law, Thomas Skyrine, Esq.) in his 32d year, John Jarvis, Esq. one of the Deputy Assistant Commissaries General in the Army.

6. At his son's, Sloane-street, in his 71st year, Signor Carlo Rovedino, well known for his musical talents as a Bass-singer. Signor Rovedino came to this country in 1777, when he made his debut at the King's theatre. He afterwards went abroad, and acquired high celebrity in Italy, Paris, &c. In 1791 he returned hither, and remained at the King's theatre for 23 years.

— At Notton-lodge, near Chippenham, Lady Call, relict of Sir John Call, Bart. of Whiteford, Cornwall.

Lately, at Ramsgate, the Rev. John Owen, Rector of Pylesham, Essex, Preacher at Par-street chapel, London, and Secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

9. At his house, Cumberland-place, New-road, William Dickinson, Esq. formerly of Muskharn Grange, near Newark, in the county of Nottingham, and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace. This gentleman was author of two professional works, "A Guide to the Quarter Sessions," and "A Practical Exposition of the Duties of a Justice of the Peace;" of which latter work he completed an improved Edition just before his decease.

— In Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, in his 80th year, Mr. Richard Earlow, the celebrated mezzotinto engraver.

11. Aged 18, Sarah Hay, daughter of Thomas Jenkins, Esq. of Catherine-court, Trinity-square, who was drowned by a boat upsetting in her passage to the Isle of Wight. She expired in the

arms of her father, who accompanied her, just after they were taken up by a boat from the *Gaugra*.

13. Captain John Sayers, of Yarmouth, Commander of the Ranger Revenue Cutter, lost in a gale, off Happpisburgh, with twenty-nine of his crew, all the persons then on board. Captain S. had commanded the Ranger 15 years.

14. Aged 84, Mrs. Welsh, only sister of the late Sir R. Welsh, of Eltham, Kent.

15. At East Sheen, Surrey, in his 64th year, William Gilpin, Esq.

16. Aged 64, Thomas Boycott, Esq. of Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, banker.

— At her house, on the Adelphi Terrace, in her 90th year Eva, Maria, relict of the late David Garrick, Esq. who expired suddenly while sitting in her chair. Notwithstanding her extraordinary age, she had so little previous indisposition of any kind, that she had intended to be present that evening at the re-opening of Drury-lane, of which Theatre she was a considerable shareholder.

— In York-street, aged 79, Sir Matthew Bloam.

— Aged 75, Mr. Sturtevant, grocer and hoaler, Ludgate-street. Just before his death he complained of a sudden pain in his chest, and while a surgeon, who had been sent for, was bleeding him, he expired.

18. At his house, Tyndal-place, Islington, Mr. Francis Rivington, of St. Paul's Church-yard.

19. At his house, Whitehall-place, aged 29, Henry Nugent Bell, Esq. Student of the Inner Temple. This gentleman was author of the *Huntingdon Peerage*, a work in which he gave an interesting narrative of the proceedings by which he conducted the claims of the present Earl.

19. In Leicester-square, Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. MP.

20. At Kennington-place, Vauxhall, Philip Henry Savage, Esq. son of Admiral Savage, late Capt. of the 52d regt, and of his Majesty's 1st regt. of Life Guards, aged 55 years.

Lately, Mrs. Aubrey, relict of Col. Thos. Aubrey, formerly MP. for Wallingford.

SCOTLAND.

At Glenalbert, Perthshire, in her 100th year, Mrs. Margaret Low, relict of James Stewart, Esq. of Tullock, near Blair, who was Captain in one of the Athol regiments, under Lord George Murray, and carried the royal standard of Charles Edward, at Culloden. Mrs. Stewart, had a perfect remembrance of that unfortunate Prince, whom she saw at Dunkeld, in 1745.

At Scone, the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Mansfield, the Very Rev. George Markham, DD. Dean of York, second son of the late Most Rev. Dr. William Markham, Archbishop of York, who died 1807. Dr. Markham was appointed to the Deanery of York in April, 1802, on the death of Dean Fountayne.

At Edinburgh, in St. James's-square, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, late of the 19th regt.

IN IRELAND.

At his Villa, near Clontarf, Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, one of His Majesty's Right Hon. Privy Council, Vice-President of the Dublin Society, &c. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, Raymond Lodge, a minor.

At Dublin, aged 87, Lady Anastasia Browne, relict of the late Sir George Browne.

At Largan, Charles Brownlow, Esq. of Brook-street, Bath, father of C. Brownlow, Esq. MP. for Armagh.

ABROAD.

At Florence, aged 14, the second son of Viscount Dillon. His death was occasioned by falling into a reservoir of water, in the garden, at which melancholy event the Viscountess his mother was present.

At Morges, near Lausanne, shot by his gun going off as he was getting into his carriage, Charles, the youngest son of Col. Dixon, of Rainham, Norfolk.

At Douay, John Zachary Fonnercau, Esq. late of the 20th regt. foot.

At Calcutta, in his 27th year, Capt. Edward Studd, second son of the late Mr. J. L. Studd, of Swatefield-hall, Norfolk.

At Rome, Cardinal Charles André Pelagallo.

At Rome, Cardinal Gabrielli, in his 74th year.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. John Cumins, to the Rectory of Rackenford, Devonshire.—The Rev. John Nolan, to the perpetual vicarage of Torpoint, Cornwall.—The Rev. H. W. Whitfield, to the Rectory of Tyrlingham-cum-Pilgrove, Bucks. with that of Battledun-cum-Potsgrave, Bedfordshire.—The Rev. Henry Tatum (Rector of St. Guthbert's, Bedford), Chaplain to the English church at the Hague.—The Rev. H. Vynsaur, to the Rectory of Stowe St. Edward's, in the county of Gloucester.—The Rev. W. Pritchard, M.A. late of St. John's, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex, to the Vicarage of Great Wakerling, Essex, Patron the Bishop of London, and the Rectory of Great Yeldham, in the same county, Patron Sir W. B. Rush.—The Rev.

W. Vaux, to the Rectory of Patching-with-Tarring, Sussex.—The Rev. S. Orcher, to the Rectory of Lewannick, Cornwall.—The Rev. C. Kipling, to the Rectory of Colston, Leicestershire.—The Rev. J. Graham, M.A. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Micklegate, York, Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

On September 2, Buckley church, in the Rectory of Howarden, Cheshire, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Chester. The building, which is in the Gothic style, and has a lofty tower, is built of very durable stone obtained in the neighbourhood. The architect is Mr. John Oates, of Halifax.

NEW PATENTS.

D. Musket, Coleford, Gloucestershire, iron-maker; for an improvement or improvements in the making or manufacturing of iron from certain slags or cinders produced in the working or making of that metal.—Aug. 20.

W. Mitchell, Glasgow, silversmith; for a process, whereby gold and silver plate, and other plate formed of ductile metals, may be manufactured in a more perfect and expeditious manner, than by any process which has hitherto been employed.—Aug. 24.

T. Sowerby, Bishopwearmouth, Durham, merchant; for a chain, upon a new and improved principle, suitable for ships' cables, and other purposes.—Aug. 20.

R. Vazie, Chacewater, Mine Kemwyn, Cornwall, civil engineer; for an improvement in the compounding of different species of metals.—Sept. 3.

H. Burgess, Miles's-lane, Cannon-street, London, merchant; for improvements on wheel-carriages.—Sept. 3.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 18 Oct.	Hamburg. 15 Oct.	Amsterdam. 17 Oct.	Vienna. 8 Oct.	Nuremberg. 14 Oct.	Berlin. 12 Oct.	Naples.	Leipzig. 11 Oct.	Bremen. 14 Oct.
London ...	25-35	36-10½	30-10	10-9	fl. 10-12	7½	—	6-20	612
Paris	—	26-¾	56	110	fr. 110½	82½	—	80½	17½
Hamburg .	182½	—	34½	145½	140½	151	—	147½	132½
Amsterdam	56½	104½	—	140	141	145½	—	141½	120
Vienna ...	149	147½	35½	—	40	103½	—	105½	—
Frankfort .	3½	148½	35½	90½	100	102½	—	100½	112
Augsburg .	249	147½	35½	90½	99½	103½	—	100½	112½
Genoa	472	82½	80½	61½	—	—	—	—	—
Leipzig ...	—	147½	—	—	90½	105½	—	—	112½
Laghorn ...	511	89½	95½	56½	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	555	39½	42	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz	15-55	93½	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	432	—	80½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15-55	—	100½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15-55	93½	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ...	535	39½	42	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Frankfort. 17 Oct.	Breslaw. 9 Oct.	Stockholm. 8 Oct.	Petersburg. 10 Oct.	Rien. 3 Oct.	Antwerp. 17 Oct.	Madrid. 30 Sept.	Lisbon. 5 Oct.
London	153	7-1½	11-40	10	10½	40	37½	53
Paris	80½	—	22½	105	—	—	10-2	522
Hamburg	140½	153½	123	9½	9½	34½	—	40
Amsterdam .	140½	145½	117	10	10½	—	—	44
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	520

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Sept. 24 to Oct. 22.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-7	12-3
Ditto at sight	12-4	12-0
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-8	12-4
Antwerp	12-6	12-3
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-0	37-7
Altona, 2½ U	38-1	37-11
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-60	25-45
Ditto, 2 U	25-90	25-75
Bordeaux	25-90	25-75
Frankfort on the Main	158	157
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Ua.	9½	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-24	10-19
Trieste, ditto	10-24	10-19
Madrid, effective	36½	36½
Cadiz, effective	35	30
Bilboa	36½	
Barcelona	35½	
Seville	35½	
Gibraltar	30½	
Laghorn	47	47½
Genoa	43½	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27	50
Malta	45	
Naples	39½	
Palermo, per oz.	117	118
Lisbon	52½	52½
Oporto	51½	52½
Rio Janeiro	48	46
Bahia	50	
Dublin	9½	9½
Cork	9½	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	6	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9	0	4	9½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 32s. 3½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 7½d. the loaf of 4 lbs.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Ware	£2 10	0 to 4	0 0
Middlings	1 10	0 to 1	15 0
Chats	1 10	0 to 0	0 0
Common red	0 0	0 to 0	0 0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL), In each Week, from Sept. 30 to Oct. 21.

	Sept. 30.	Oct. 7.	Oct. 14.	Oct. 21.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	40 0 to 46 6	39 6 to 46 0	38 0 to 45 6	35 0 to 44 3
Sunderland	44 0 to 46 6	41 6 to 42 6	37 6 to 0 0	36 6 to 44 3

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Sept. 21	Sept. 28	Oct. 5	Oct. 12
Wheat	40 6	40 5	40 5	39 5
Rye	17 7	19 4	20 0	20 4
Barley	25 11	26 10	27 0	26 1
Oats	18 11	18 3	18 0	18 7
Beans	23 6	21 4	24 11	25 0
Peas	25 8	26 10	27 11	28 1

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Sept. 25, to Oct. 21.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	31,137	—	—	31,137
Barley	16,985	—	—	16,985
Oats	20,298	1,650	—	21,948
Rye	81	—	—	81
Beans	6,715	—	—	6,715
Peas	6,210	—	—	6,210
Malt	21,055	Qrs.	Flour 27,817	Sacks.
Foreign Flour—140 barrels.				

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 50s.
Essex, ditto	43s. to 60s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to 54s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 56s.
Essex, ditto	45s. to 72s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.		
3 0 to 4	4..3 0 to 4	10..1 10 to 1 16
Whitechapel.		
3 8 to 4	6..3 10 to 4	8..1 10 to 1 16
St. James's.		
3 5 to 4	4..3 10 to 4	4..1 5 to 1 14

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at			
Newgate.—Heef	1s.	8d. to 2s.	6d.
Mutton	1s.	8d. to 2s.	4d.
Veal	2s.	4d. to 4s.	4d.
Pork	2s.	0d. to 3s.	0d.
Lamb	0s.	0d. to 0s.	0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	1s.	6d. to 2s.	6d.
Mutton	1s.	8d. to 2s.	4d.
Veal	3s.	0d. to 4s.	0d.
Pork	2s.	6d. to 3s.	8d.
Lamb	0s.	0d. to 0s.	0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Sept. 27, to Oct. 21, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,609	1,824	117,500	1,860

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Oct. 31st, 1832.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of
<i>Canals.</i>	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.	<i>Bridges.</i>	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	250	100	Southwark.....	23	—	7500	100
Ashtly de la Zouch.....	18	—	1482	100	Do. new.....	67 10 7	7 p.c.	1700	80
Ashton and Oldham.....	105	4 10	1700	—	Vauxhall.....	30	—	3000	100
Basingstoke.....	8	—	1280	100	Do. Promissory Notes.....	103	—	4,000	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	54,000	—	Waterloo.....	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham divided.....	880	34	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.....	54	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury.....	120	5	477	230	— Annuities of 7l.....	30 5	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	4	980	150	— Bonds.....	—	—	60,000	—
Chelmer and Blackwater.....	83	8	400	100	<i>Roads.</i>				
Chesterfield.....	120	8	1500	100	Barking.....	30	—	300	100
Coventry.....	1070	44 & 8	500	100	Commercial.....	108	5	1000	100
Croydon.....	3 3	—	4545	100	<i>East-India</i>				
Derby.....	140	6	800	100	Branch.....	100	5	—	100
Dudley.....	63	3	2000	100	Great Dover Street.....	87	1 10	402	100
Ellesmere and Chester.....	63	3	3575	100	Highgate Archway.....	5	—	2000	50
Erewash.....	1000	6d	231	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	1000	80
Forth and Clyde.....	470	20	1207	100	Surrey Do.....	—	1	1800	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	—	—	1980	100	Seyvern and Wye Do.....	31	1 10	3783	50
Do. optional Loan.....	—	—	—	60	<i>Water Works.</i>				
Grand Junction.....	245	10	11,500	100	East London.....	97 10	2	8000	100
Grand Surrey.....	54	3	1521	100	Grand Junction.....	59	2 10	—	80
Do. Loan.....	105	5	68,000	—	Kent.....	35	1 10	—	100
Grand Union.....	18	—	25,000	100	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	—	—
Do. Loan.....	100	5	19,527	—	South London.....	30	—	800	100
Grand Western.....	3	—	3000	100	West Middlesex.....	57	2 5	7540	—
Grantham.....	140	8	749	100	York Buildings.....	34	—	1380	100
Huddersfield.....	13 10	—	6312	100	<i>Insurance.</i>				
Kennet and Avon.....	18	17	25,028	100	Athlon.....	38	2 10	3000	500
Lancaster.....	27	1	11,880	100	Atlas.....	5 5	8	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool.....	365	12	2,879	100	Bath.....	675	40	—	—
Leicester.....	300	14	545	—	Birmingham.....	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	72	—	1885	100	British.....	50	3	—	250
Loughborough.....	1500	170	70	—	County.....	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray.....	321	11	250	100	Eagle.....	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell.....	—	30	—	—	European.....	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire.....	170	8	2409	100	Globe.....	126	5	1,000,000	100
Do. Debentures.....	100	5	43,524	100	Guardian.....	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire.....	70	2 10	700	100	Hope.....	4 5	6	40,000	50
Neath.....	410	26	247	—	Imperial.....	98	4 10	2400	500
North Wilts.....	—	—	1770	25	London Fire.....	28	1 4	3880	35
Nottingham.....	300	12	540	100	London Ship.....	20	1	31,000	35
Oxford.....	75	32	1720	100	Provident.....	18	18	2000	100
Peak Forest.....	70	3	2400	100	Rock.....	1 19	9	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange.....	205	10	745,100	—
Regent's.....	40	—	12,594	—	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale.....	60	2	8081	100	Sun Life.....	23 10	14	—	100
Shrewsbury.....	470	9 10	300	125	Union.....	40	1 8	1580	200
Shropshire.....	120	7	600	125	<i>Gas Lights.</i>				
Somerset Coal.....	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	71	4	5000	50
Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares.....	65 10	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge.....	200	9	700	145	City Gas Light Company.....	117	5 12	1000	100
Stratford on Avon.....	17	—	3547	—	Do. New.....	62	2 10	1000	100
Stroudwater.....	65	23	—	—	Bath Gas.....	18	18	2800	20
Swansea.....	165	10	520	100	Brighton.....	20	1	1500	20
Tavistock.....	10	—	350	100	Bristol.....	25 10 6	6 p.c.	2500	20
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	2670	—	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk.....	1910	75	1300	200	London.....	37	—	1000	75 p.c.
Warwick and Birmingham.....	280	11	1000	100	Musiel.....	11	—	700	30 p.c.
Warwick and Napton.....	210	10	900	100	Surrey.....	5	—	700	30 p.c.
Wilts and Berks.....	6 10	—	14,200	—	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>				
Wisbech.....	60	—	120	105	Auction Mart.....	28	1 5	1000	50
Worcester and Birmingham.....	26 10	1	0000	—	British Copper Company.....	53	2 10	1307	100
<i>Docks.</i>					Golden Lane Brewery.....	9	—	2200	50
Bristol.....	20	—	2200	145	Do.....	5	—	2447	50
Do. Notes.....	10	5	26,324	100	London Commercial Sale				
Commercial.....	87	3 10	3132	100	Recess.....	16	1	3000	150
East India.....	—	8	450,000	100	Carriage Stock, 1st Class.....	92 10	4	—	—
East Country.....	31	—	1038	100	Do..... 2d Class.....	79	2	—	—
London.....	118	4 10	2,114,000	100	Clay Bonds.....	108	5	—	—
West-India.....	188	0	1,200,000	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th Sept. to 25th Oct.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 1/4 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	New 4 p. Cent.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omanium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Excheq. Small.	Consols for Acc.
Sept. 25	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	80 1/2	—	—	48	—	5 7	5	81 1/2
26	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	91 1/2	1 3/4	7	81 1/2
27	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	81	—	—	—	—	2 5/4	7	81 1/2
28	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	81	—	—	49	—	4 5/8	7	81 1/2
30	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	48	—	3 5/8	6	81 1/2
Oct. 1	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	81	—	—	49	—	3 5/8	7	81 1/2
2	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	81 1/2	—	—	51	—	3 5/8	8	81 1/2
3	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	252 1/2	51	—	4 5/8	7	81 1/2
4	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	100 1/2	—	81 1/2	—	—	—	—	4 5/8	8	81 1/2
5	—	—	81 1/2	—	—	101 1/2	—	81 1/2	—	—	52	—	5 5/8	8	81 1/2
7	—	82 1/2	81 1/2	2	101 1/2	101 1/2	—	—	—	—	54	—	5 5/8	8	82
8	—	—	82 1/2	2	101 1/2	102	—	—	—	—	55	—	5 5/8	8	82 1/2
9	—	—	82 1/2	2	101 1/2	103	—	81 1/2	—	—	55	—	5 5/8	8	82 1/2
10	—	—	82 1/2	2	101 1/2	103	—	81 1/2	—	254 1/2	55	92 1/2	5 5/8	8	82 1/2
11	248 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	1 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	—	57	—	6 7/7	10	82 1/2
12	248	81 1/2	81 1/2	2	99 1/2	101 20 1/2	—	—	—	—	57	—	6 7/7	9	82 1/2
14	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	1 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	81	—	—	58	—	6 7/7	9	82 1/2
15	246 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	81 1/2	—	—	57	93	5 7/7	10	82 1/2
16	246 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	81	—	254 1/2	56	—	5 7/7	10	82 1/2
17	247	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	254 1/2	56	—	5 7/7	10	82 1/2
18	247 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 1/2	—	—	—	—	54	—	6 7/7	10	82 1/2
19	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	—	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	255	54	—	6 7/7	10	82 1/2
21	—	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	255	—	—	6 7/7	9	82 1/2
22	248 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	255	53	—	5 7/8	10	82 1/2
23	249	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	—	52	—	5 7/7	9	82 1/2
24	249 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	102 20 1/2	—	—	—	255	49	—	5 7/7	9	82 1/2
25	250 1/2	81 1/2	82 1/2	93 1/2	99 1/2	103 20 1/2	—	—	—	—	48	—	5 7/7	9	82 1/2

IRISH FUNDS.

Sept.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 1/4 per ct.	Government Stock, 3 1/4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
18	250	93 1/2	92	—	100 1/2	105 1/2	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	93 1/2	91 1/2	—	—	106 1/2	—	—	47 1/2	—	—
Oct. 3	249 1/2	93	91 1/2	—	100 1/2	—	—	—	—	72 1/2	—
10	249 1/2	93 1/2	91 1/2	—	100	—	—	—	—	72	20 1/2

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Sept. 24. to Oct. 19.

1822	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Sept. 24	92 60	1640
27	92 70	1645
30	93 30	1646
Oct. 2	92 70	1652
5	92 85	1655
8	93 5	—
11	92 40	1652
14	93 35	1650
17	93 35	—
19	93 75	1655

AMERICAN FUNDS.

		IN LONDON.		NEW YORK.	
		Oct. 8	11	Sept. 2	9
Bank Shares.....	1812....	21 10	21 10	102 1/2	104
6 per cent.	1813....	—	—	104	104
	1814....	—	—	104 1/2	104 1/2
	1815....	—	—	105 1/2	105 1/2
	1821....	99	98 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2
5 per cent.		96 1/2	—	108 1/2	108 1/2

By J. M. Richardson, stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XXXVI. DECEMBER, 1822.

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THE LION'S HEAD.

SEVERAL Correspondents have written to us on the Article in our last Number upon the Drama. Some declare that it contains an *ex parte* and prejudiced statement. Others, that it is the production of persons interested in the success of Covent Garden Theatre. We can only say, that we believe we have written *under*, and not *over* the facts of the case, and that we are quite prepared to meet any authorized answers to our statement, with evidence of their truth. We think we need not repeat that we have no interest to serve in writing upon either Theatre.

The Lady's Magazine has, with that tenderness peculiar to its sex, adopted one of our children as its own, not from any supposed cruelty or neglect on our part we are sure,—nor from any extraordinary liberality on her's,—but, as we conjecture, from that extravagance which often springs up in those who are themselves destitute of offspring. Her Ladyship has clipped the locks of one of our favourites, straitened its shape, given it a new name, and passed it off as her own.. Now really this literary *kidnapping* is not to be endured. The fact is, for we must speak plainly on the point,—The Lady's Magazine has pilfered one of the Tales of Lyddalcross (the Tale of Haddon Hall)—cut a little off the head of the Introduction, omitted the Ballads, christened it “The Elopement,” and sent it forth as an original production!—We trust this notice of the abuse will be sufficient.

Eleven of our Editors protest that the following Stanzas are “from the elegant pen of the greatest lyricist of the day;” but there is one stubborn soul on the jury that will hold out—and we are therefore compelled to submit it, with its misleading signature, to ~~our~~ readers. Our Eleven, as Maryle-bone cricketers call themselves, pin their faith upon the passages in italics.

STANZAS ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

Farewell to thee, Albion! blest land of my sires,
 I saw thy *white cliff like a pearl on the billow*,
 When sunk were thy meadows, thy walls, and the spires
 That I hoped would have *gleam'd o'er my turf-cover'd pillow*.

And thou, whose remembrance will ever awaken
 E'en warmer ideas than the isle of my birth,
 Dearest girl! though awhile by thy lover forsaken,
 His prayers will be thine from the *ends of the earth*.

May the wrinkle of care never wither thy brow,
 Or, if grief should impress his rude seal upon thee,
 May it vanish as fast as the circles that now
 Spread and fade round my tears as they fall in the sea.

Yet with nought but the desolate ocean around me,
 So dreadful beneath, and so dreary above,
Still a thousand sweet objects of pleasure surround me,
 Rekindling my heart, when I think on my love.

Where the *branches of coral beneath me are growing,*
 Pellucid as crystal, but rubies in hue,
 I remember thy lips, *how deliciously glowing,*
 When fondly they promised they'd ever be true.

While the breezes of eve in soft murmurs are dying,
As over the smooth rosy waters they sweep,
 I believe that I hear my fond Isabel sighing,
 Ere blushing she sinks, overpower'd in sleep.

In the depth of the night, as the maid of the ocean
 Attunes her lone voice to the wild swelling wind,
 Oh ! I think of the strain that with tender emotion
Oft melted my soul, on the shore left behind.

When the *beam of the moon on the billows, which, darkling,*
 Lie blue as the air, sheds her holiest light,
 Can I fail to reflect on that azure eye sparkling,
 My beacon of hope, that made noon-day of night ?

No.—*Thus, though the sun of thy presence hath faded,*
The twilight of memory beams on me yet,
 And Hope gently whispers, “ though now overshadowed,
 “ That sun shall arise brighter e'en than it set.”

F. A. B. B.

With some omissions, and allowing for some objectionable lines, the following is simply and feelingly written:—

THE YOUNG POET DYING AT A DISTANCE FROM HOME.

O bury me not in yon strange spot of earth—
 My rest never sweet, never tranquil can be !
 But bear me away to the land of my birth,
 To a scene, O how dear, and how pleasant to me !
 If you saw how the sunbeams illumine the mountains—
 How brightly they lie in the glen that I choose—
 Could the song of its birds, and the gush of its fountains
 Through *your* souls the rapture and freshness diffuse,
 Which erst, in life's morning, they shed over *mine*—
 O, your hearts would confess, it is all but divine.

* * * * *

I know it—the grave which to me you assign,
 Is black in the shade of your dreary church-wall,
 Where nettle and hemlock their rankness combine,
 And the worm and the sullen toad loathsomely crawl.
 O ! where is the primrose, so meet for adorning
 The grave of a minstrel cut off in his bloom ?
 O ! where is the daisy, to shed in the morning
 The tear it has gather'd by night, for my doom ?
 And lastly—but dearer than anguish can tell—
 Where, where are the friends that have loved me so well ?

* * * * *

See ! one aged mourner comes, trembling, to place
 A weak, wither'd hand on the grave of her son—
 See ! Friendship, to tell how I strove in the race,
 But died ere the chaplet of glory was won—
 And Beauty—I plaited a wreath for that maiden
 When warm was my heart and my fancy was high—
 See ! Beauty approaches, with summer-flowers laden,
 And strews them when nought but the blackbird is nigh !
 Thus, thus shall I rest, with a charm on my name,
 In the shower-mingled sunshine of love and of fame !

R.S.

We have occupied all our room, and there are before us at least two dozen more letters and papers requiring answers ; but one word will suffice for the whole.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XXXVI. DECEMBER, 1822. Vol. VI.

MR. ANGERSTEIN'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

Oh! Art, lovely Art! "Balm of hurt minds, chief nourisher in life's feast, great Nature's second course!" Time's treasurer, the unsullied mirror of the mind of man! Thee we invoke, and not in vain, for we find thee here retired in thy plenitude and thy power! The walls are dark with beauty; they frown severest grace. The eye is not caught by glitter and varnish; we see the pictures by their own internal light. This is not a bazaar, a raree-show of art, a Noah's ark of all the Schools, marching out in endless procession; but a sanctuary, a holy of holies, collected by taste, sacred to fame, enriched by the rarest products of genius. For the number of pictures, Mr. Angerstein's is the finest gallery, perhaps, in the world. We feel no sense of littleness: the attention is never distracted for a moment, but concentrated on a few pictures of first-rate excellence.—Many of these *chef-d'œuvres* might occupy the spectator for a whole morning; yet they do not interfere with the pleasure derived from each other—so much consistency of style is there in the midst of variety!

We know of no greater treat than to be admitted freely to a Collection of this sort, where the mind reposes with full confidence in its feelings of admiration, and finds that idea and love of conceivable beauty, which it has cherished perhaps for a whole life, reflected from every object around it. It is a cure (for the time at

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least) for low-thoughted cures and uneasy passions. We are abstracted to another sphere: we breathe empyrean air; we enter into the minds of Raphael, of Titian, of Poussin, of the Caracci, and look at nature with their eyes; we live in time past, and seem identified with the permanent forms of things. The business of the world at large, and even its pleasures, appear like a vanity and an impertinence. What signify the hubbub, the shifting scenery, the fantoccini figures, the bustle, the idle fashions without, when compared with the solitude, the silence, the speaking looks, the unfading forms within? Here is the mind's true home. The contemplation of truth and beauty is the proper object for which we were created, which calls forth the most intense desires of the soul, and of which it never tires. A capital print-shop (Molteno's or Colnaghi's) is a point to aim at in a morning's walk—a relief and satisfaction in the motley confusion, the littleness, the vulgarity of common life: but a print-shop has but a mean, cold, meagre, petty appearance after coming out of a fine Collection of Pictures. We want the size of life, the marble flesh, the rich tones of nature, the diviner expanded expression. Good prints are, no doubt, better than bad pictures; or prints, generally speaking, are better than pictures; for we have more prints of good pictures than of bad ones: yet they are for the most part but hints, loose

memorandums, outlines in little of what the painter has done. How often, in turning over a number of choice engravings, do we tantalise ourselves by thinking "what a head *that* must be,"—in wondering what colour a piece of drapery is of, green or black,—in wishing, in vain, to know the exact tone of the sky in a particular corner of the picture! Throw open the folding-doors of a fine Collection, and you see all you have desired realised at a blow—the bright originals starting up in their own proper shape, clad with flesh and blood, and teeming with the first conceptions of the painter's mind! The disadvantage of pictures is, that they cannot be multiplied to any extent, like books or prints; but this, in another point of view, operates probably as an advantage, by making the sight of a fine original picture an event so much the more memorable, and the impression so much the deeper. A visit to a genuine Collection is like going a pilgrimage—it is an act of devotion performed at the shrine of Art! It is as if there were but one copy of a book in the world, locked up in some curious casket, which, by special favour, we were permitted to open, and peruse (as we must) with unaccustomed relish. The words would in that case leave stings in the mind of the reader, and every letter seem of gold. The ancients, before the invention of printing, were nearly in the same situation with respect to books, that we are with regard to pictures; and at the revival of letters, we find the same unmingled satisfaction, or fervid enthusiasm, manifested in the pursuit or the discovery of an old manuscript, that connoisseurs still feel in the purchase and possession of an antique cameo, or a fine specimen of the Italian school of painting. Literature was not then cheap and vulgar, nor was there what is called a *reading public*; and the pride of intellect, like the pride of art, or the pride of birth, was confined to the privileged few!

We sometimes, in viewing a celebrated Collection, meet with an old favourite, a *first love* in such matters, that we have not seen for many years, which greatly enhances the delight. We have, perhaps, pampered our imaginations with it all

that time; its charms have sunk deep into our minds; we wish to see it once more, that we may confirm our judgment, and renew our vows. The *SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS* at Mr. Angerstein's was one of those that came upon us under these circumstances. We had seen it formerly, among other visions of our youth, in the Orleans Collection,—where we used to go and look at it by the hour together, till our hearts thrilled with its beauty, and our eyes were filled with tears. How often had we thought of it since, how often spoken of it! There it was still, the same lovely phantom as ever—not as when Rousseau met Madame de Warrens, after a lapse of twenty years, who was grown old and spiritless—but as if the young Jewish beauty had been just surprised in that situation,—crouching down in one corner of the picture, the face turned back with a mingled expression of terror, shame, and unconquerable sweetness, and the whole figure (with the arms crossed) shrinking into itself with bewitching grace and modesty! It is by Ludovico Caracci, and is worthy of his name, from its truth and purity of design, its expression and its mellow depth of tone. Of the *ELDERS*, one is represented in the attitude of advancing towards her, while the other beckons her to rise. We know of no painter who could have improved upon the *Susannah*, except Correggio, who, with all his capricious blandishments, and wreathed angelic smiles, would hardly have given the same natural unaffected grace, the same perfect womanhood.

There is but one other picture in the Collection, that strikes us as a matter of taste or fancy, like this; and that is the *Silenus teaching a Young Apollo to play on the Pipe*—a small oblong picture, executed in distemper, by Annibal Caracci. The old preceptor is very fine, with a jolly, leering, pampered look of approbation, half inclining to the brute, half conscious of the God; but it is the Apollo that constitutes the charm of the picture, and is indeed divine. The whole figure is full of simple careless grace, laughing in youth and beauty; he holds the Pan's-pipe in both hands, looking up with timid wonder; and the expres-

sion of delight and surprise at the sounds he produces is not to be surpassed. The only image we would venture to compare with it for innocent artless voluptuousness, is that of the shepherd-boy in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, "piping as though he should never be old!" A comparison of this sort, we believe, may be made, in spite of the proverb, without injustice to the painter or the poet. Both gain by it. The idea conveyed by the one, perhaps, receives an additional grace and lustre, while a more beautiful moral sentiment hovers round the other, from thinking of them in this casual connection. If again it be asked, *Which is the most admirable?*—we should answer—Both are equally exquisite in their way, and yield the imagination all the pleasure it is capable of—and decline giving an invidious preference to either. *The cup can only be full.* The young shepherd in the *Arcadia* wants no outward grace to recommend him; the stripling God no hidden charm of expression. The language of painting and poetry is intelligible enough to mortals; the spirit of both is divine, and far too good for him, who, instead of enjoying to the utmost height, would find an unwelcome flaw in either. The *SILENUS AND APOLLO* has something of a *Raffaellesque* air, with a mixture of *Correggio's* arch sensibility—there is nothing of *Titian* in the colour—though *Annibal Caracci* was in theory a deserter from the first to the last two of these masters; and swore an oath, in a letter to his uncle *Ludovico*, that "they were the only true painters!"

We should nearly have exhausted our stock of enthusiasm in descanting on these two compositions, in almost any other case; but there is no danger of this in the present instance. If we were at any loss in this respect, we should only have to turn to the large picture of the *RAISING OF LAZARUS*, by *Sebastian del Piombo*;

————— and still walking under,
Find some new matter to look up and wonder.

We might dwell on the masterly breadth of the drawing, the gracefulness of the principal female figures, the high-wrought execution, the deep, rich, *mosaic* colouring, the airi-

ness and bustle of the back-ground. We think this one of the best pictures on so large a scale that we are anywhere acquainted with. The whole management of the design has a very noble and imposing effect, and each part severally will bear the closest scrutiny. It is a magnificent structure built of solid and valuable materials. The artist has not relied merely on the extent of his canvas, or the importance of his subject, for producing a striking result—the effect is produced by an aggregate of excellent parts. The hands, the feet, the drapery, the heads, the features, are all fine. There is some satisfaction in looking at a large historical picture, such as this: for you really gain in quantity, without losing in quality; and have a studious imitation of individual nature, combined with masculine invention, and the comprehensive arrangement of an interesting story. The *Lazarus* is very fine and bold. The flesh is well-baked, dingy, and ready to moulder from the touch, when it is liberated from its dread confinement to have life and motion impressed on it again. He seems impatient of restraint, gazes eagerly about him, and looks out from his shrouded prison on this new world with hurried amazement, as if *Death* had scarcely yet resigned his power over the senses. We would wish our artists to look at the legs and feet of this figure, and see how correctness of finishing and a greatness of *gusto* in design are compatible with, and set off each other. The attendant female figures have a peculiar grace and becoming dignity, both of expression and attitude. They are in a style something between *Michael Angelo* and *Parmegiano*. They take a deep interest in the scene, but it is with the air of composure proper to the sex, who are accustomed by nature and duty to works of charity and compassion. The head of the old man, kneeling behind Christ, is an admirable study of drawing, execution, and character. The Christ himself is grave and earnest, with a noble and impressive countenance; but the figure wants that commanding air which ought to belong to one possessed of preternatural power, and in the act of displaying it. Too much praise cannot be given to the back-ground—the

green and white draperies of some old people at a distance, which are as airy as they are distinct—the buildings like tombs—and the different groups, and processions of figures, which seem to make life almost as grave and solemn a business as death itself. This picture is said by some to have been designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, in rivalry of some of Raphael's works. It was in the Orleans Gallery.

Near this large historical composition stands (or is suspended in a case) a single head, by Raphael, of Pope Julius II. It is in itself a Collection—a world of thought and character. There is a prodigious weight and gravity of look, combined with calm self-possession, and easiness of temper. It has the cast of an English countenance, which Raphael's portraits often have, Titian's never. In Raphael's the mind, or the body, frequently prevails; in Titian's you always see the soul—faces “which pale passion loves.” Look at the Music-piece by Titian, close by in this Collection—it is “all ear,”—the expression is evanescent as the sounds—the features are seen in a sort of dim *chiaro scuro*, as if the confused impressions of another sense intervened—and you might easily suppose some of the performers to have been engaged the night before in

Mask or midnight serenade,
Which the starved lover to his mistress
sings,
Best quitted with disdain.*

The ruddy, *bronzed* colouring of Raphael generally takes off from any appearance of nocturnal watching and languid hectic passion! The portrait of Julius II. is finished to a great nicety. The hairs of the beard, the fringe on the cap, are done by minute and careful touches of the pencil. In seeing the labour, the conscientious and modest pains, which this great painter bestowed upon his smallest works, we cannot help being struck with the number and magnitude of those he left behind him. When we have a single portrait placed before us, that might seem to

have taken half a year to complete, we wonder how the same painter could find time to execute his Cartoons, the compartments of the Vatican, and a thousand other matchless works. The same account serves for both. The more we do, the more we can do. Our leisure (though it may seem a paradox) is in proportion to our industry. The same habit of intense application, which led our artist to bestow as much pains and attention on the study of a single head, as if his whole reputation depended on it, enabled him to set about the greatest works with alacrity, and to finish them with ease. If he had done anything he undertook to do, in a slovenly disreputable manner, he would (upon the same principle) have lain idle half his time. Zeal and diligence, in this view, make life, ~~short~~ as it is, long.—Neither did Raphael, it should seem, found his historical pretensions on his incapacity to paint a good portrait. On the contrary, the latter here looks very much like the corner-stone of the historical edifice. Nature did not ~~put him out~~. He was not too great a genius to copy what he saw. He probably thought that a deference to nature is the beginning of art, and that the highest eminence is scaled by single steps!

On the same stand as the portrait of Julius II. is the much vaunted Correggio—the Christ in the Garden. We would not give a farthing for it. The drapery of the Christ is highly finished in a silver and azure tone—but high finishing is not all we ask from Correggio. It is more worthy of Carlo Dolce.—Lest we should forget it, we may mention here, that the admired portrait of Goltzius was gone to be copied at Somerset-house. The Academy have then, at length, fallen into the method pursued at the British Gallery, of recommending the students to copy from the OLD MASTERS. Well—better late than never. This same portrait is not, we think, the truest specimen of Vandyke. It has not his mild, pensive, somewhat effeminate cast of colour and expression. His best portraits have an air of faded

* We like this picture of a Concert the best of the three by Titian in the same room. The other two are a Ganymede, and a Venus and Adonis; the last does not appear to us from the hand of Titian.

gentility about them. The Golvarcius has too many streaks of blood-colour, too many marks of the pencil, to convey an exact idea of Vandyke's characteristic excellence; though it is a fine imitation of Rubens's florid manner. Vandyke's most striking portraits are those which look just like a gentleman or lady seen in a looking-glass, and neither more nor less.

Of the Claudes, we prefer the St. Ursula—the embarking of the Five Thousand Virgins—to the others. The water is exquisite; and the sails of the vessels glittering in the morning sun, and the blue flags placed against the trees, which seem like an opening into the sky behind—so sparkling is the effect of this ambiguity in colouring—are in Claude's most perfect manner. The Altieri Claude (the sacrifice of Isaac) is one of his noblest and most classical compositions; with towers, and trees, and streams, and flocks, and herds, and distant sunny vales,

Where universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance,
Leads on the eternal spring:—

but the effect of the execution has been deadened and rendered obtuse by time or ill-usage. There is a dull, formal appearance, as if the different masses of sky, of water, &c. were laid on with plates of tin or lead. This is not a general defect in Claude: his landscapes have the greatest quantity of inflection, the most delicate brilliancy, of all others. A lady had been making a good copy of the Seaport, which is a companion to the one we have described. We do not think these Claudes, famous as they are, equal to Lord Egremont's Jacob and Laban; to the Enchanted Castle; to a green vernal Landscape, which was in Walsh Porter's Collection, and which was the very finest we ever saw; nor to some others that have appeared from time to time in the British Institution. We are sorry to make this, which may be thought an ill-natured, remark: but, though we have a great respect for Mr. Angerstein's taste, we have a greater for Claude Lorraine's reputation. Let any persons admire these specimens of his art as much as they will (and the more they admire them, the more we shall be gratified), and

then we will tell them, he could do far finer things than these!

There is one Rembrandt, and one N. Poussin. The Rembrandt (the *Woman taken in Adultery*) is prodigious in colouring, in light and shade, in pencilling, in solemn effect; but that is nearly all—

Of outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

Nevertheless, it is worth any money. The Christ has considerable seriousness and dignity of aspect. The marble pavement, of which the light is even dazzling; the figures of the two Rabbis to the right, radiant with crimson, green, and gold; the background, which seems like some rich oil-colour smeared over a ground of gold, and where the eye staggers on one abyss of obscurity after another,—place this picture in the first rank of Rembrandt's wonderful performances. If this extraordinary genius was the most literal and vulgar of draughtsmen, he was the most *ideal* of colourists. When Annibal Caracci vowed to God, that Titian and Correggio were the only true painters, he had not seen Rembrandt;—if he had, he would have added him to the list. The Poussin is a Dance of Bacchanals: theirs are not “pious orgies.” It is, however, one of this master's finest pictures, both in the spirit of the execution, and the ingenuity and *equivocal* of the invention. If the purity of the drawing will make amends for the impurity of the design, it may pass: assuredly, the same subject, badly executed, would not be endured; but the life of mind, the dexterity of combination displayed in it, supply the want of decorum. The old adage, that “Vice, by losing all its grossness, loses half its evil,” seems chiefly applicable to pictures. Thus a naked figure, that has nothing but its nakedness to recommend it, is not fit to be hung up in decent apartments. If it is a Nymph by Titian, Correggio's *Iō*, we no longer think of its being naked; but merely of its sweetness, its beauty, its naturalness. So far art, as it is intellectual, has a refinement and extreme unction of its own. Indifferent pictures, like dull people, must absolutely be moral! We suggest this as a hint to those persons of more gallantry than

discretion, who think that to have an indecent daub hanging up in one corner of the room, is a proof of a liberality of *gusto*, and a considerable progress in *virtù*. *Tout au contraire*.

We have a clear, brown, woody Landscape by Gaspar Poussin, in his fine determined style of pencilling, which gives to earth its solidity, and to the air its proper attributes. There are, perhaps, no landscapes that excel his in this fresh, healthy look of nature. One might say, that wherever his pencil loves to haunt, "the air is delicate." We forgot to notice a St. John in the Wilderness, by A. Caracci, which has much of the autumnal tone, the "sear and yellow leaf," of Titian's landscape compositions. A Rape of the Sabines, in the inner room, by Rubens, is, perhaps, the most tasteless picture in the Collection: to see plump, florid viragos struggling with bearded ruffians, and tricked out in the flounces, furbelows, and finery of the court of Louis XIV. is preposterous. But there is another Rubens in the outer room, which, though fantastical and quaint, has qualities to redeem all faults. It is an allegory of himself and his three wives, as a St. George and Holy Family, with his children, as Christ and St. John, playing with a lamb; in which he has contrived to bring together all that is rich in dresses, (black as jet, and shining like diamonds,) transparent in flesh-colour, agreeable in landscape, unfettered in composition. The light streams from rosy clouds, the breeze curls the branches of the trees in the back-ground, and plays on the clear complexions of the various scattered group. It is one of this painter's

most splendid, and, at the same time, most solid and sharply finished productions.

Mr. Wilkie's *ALHOUZE DOOR* is here, and deserves to be here. Still it is not his best; though there are some very pleasing rustic figures, and some touching passages in it. As in his *BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF*, the groups are too straggling, and spread over too large a surface of bare fore-ground, which Mr. Wilkie does not paint well. It looks more like putty than earth or clay. The artist has a better eye for the individual details than for the general tone of objects. Mr. Liston's face in this "flock of drunkards" is a smiling failure.

A portrait of Hogarth, by himself, and Sir Joshua's half-length of Lord Heathfield, hang in the same room. The last of these is certainly a fine picture, well composed, richly coloured, with considerable character, and a look of nature. Nevertheless, his pictures, seen among standard works, have (to speak it plainly) something old-womanish about them. By their obsolete and affected air they remind one of antiquated ladies of quality, and are a kind of *Duchess-Dowagers* in the art—somewhere between the living and the dead.

Hogarth's series of the *MARRIAGE A LA MODE* (the most delicately painted of all his pictures, and admirably they certainly are painted) concludes the *Catalogue Raisonné* of this Collection.—A study of Heads, by Correggio, and some of Mr. Fuseli's stupendous figures from his Milton Gallery, are on the staircase.

W. H.

MIDNIGHT.

Unfathomable Night! how dost thou sweep
Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
The mighty city under thy full tide,
Making a silent palace for old Sleep;
Like his own Temple under the hush'd deep,
Where all the busy day he doth abide,
And, forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide
His dusky wings whence the cold waters weep!
How peacefully the living million lie!
Lull'd unto death beneath his poppy spells;—
There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music-call,—
Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time,—Survivor of them all!

T. Mitchell

T.

A FEW WORDS ON "CHRISTMAS."

CLOSE the shutters, and draw the curtains together, and pile fresh wood upon the hearth! Let us have, for once, an innocent *auto da fé*. Let the hoarded corks be brought forth, and branches of crackling laurel. Place the wine and fruit and the hot chesnuts upon the table.—And now, good folks and children, bring your chairs round to the blazing fire. Put some of those rosy apples upon your plates. We'll drink one glass of bright sherry "to our absent friends and readers," and then let us talk a little about Christmas.

And what is Christmas?

Why, it is the happiest time of the year. It is the season of mirth and cold weather. It is the time when Christmas-boxes and jokes are given; when mistletoe, and red-berried laurel, and soups, and sliding, and school-boys, prevail; when the country is illuminated by fires and bright faces; and the town is radiant with laughing children. Oranges, as rich as the fruit of the Hesperides, shine out in huge golden heaps. Cakes, frosted over (as if to rival the glittering snow) come forth by thousands from their summer (caves) ovens: and on every stall at every corner of every street are the roasted apples, like incense fuming on Pagan altars.

And *this* night is CHRISTMAS EVE. Formerly it was a serious and holy vigil. Our forefathers observed it strictly till a certain hour, and then requited their own forbearance with cups of ale and Christmas candles, with placing the *yule clog* on the fire, and roaring themselves thirsty till morning. Time has altered this. We are neither so good as our forefathers were—nor so bad. We go to bed sober; but we have forgotten their old devotions. Our conduct looks like a sort of compromise; so that we are not worse than our ancestors, we are satisfied not to be better: but let that pass.—What we now call Christmas Eve—(there is something very delightful in old terms: they had always their birth in reason or sentiment) was formerly *Mædrenack*, or *The Night of Mothers*! How beautifully does this recall to one's heart that holy tale—that wonderful nativity, which the eastern shepherds went by night to gaze at and adore—

(It was the winter wild,
When the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lay;) a prodigy, which, had it been invention only, would have contained much that was immaculate and sublime; but, twined as it is with man's hopes and fears, is invested with a grand and overwhelming interest.

But to-night is Christmas Eve, and so we will be merry. Instead of toast and ale, we will content ourselves with our sherry and chesnuts; and we must put up with coffee or fragrant tea, instead of having the old *Wassail-bowl* which formed part of the inspiration of our elder poets. We were once admitted to the mysteries of that fine invention, and we respect it accordingly. Does any one wish to know its merits? Let him try what he can produce, on our hint, and be grateful to us for ever. The "*Wassail-bowl*" is, indeed, a great composition. It is not carved by Benvenuto Cellini (the outside *may*,—but it is not material), nor shaped by Michael Angelo from the marble quarries of Carrara; but it is a liquor fit for the lips of the Indian Bacchus, and worthy to celebrate his return from conquest. It is made—for, after all, we must descend to particulars—it is made of wine, with *some* water (but *parce, precor, precor!*) with spices of various sorts, and roasted apples, which float in triumph upon its top. The proportions of each are not important—in fact, they should be adapted to the taste of the drinkers. The only caution that seems necessary is to "spare the water." If the compositor should live in the neighbourhood of Aldgate, this hint may be deemed advisable; though we mean no affront to either him or the pump.

One mark and sign of Christmas is the *music*; rude enough, indeed, but generally gay, and speaking eloquently of the season. Music, at festival times, is common to most countries. In Spain, the serenader twangs his guitar: in Italy, the musician allures rich notes from his Cremona: in Scotland, the bagpipe drones out its miserable noise: in Germany, there is the horn, and the pipe in Arcady. We too, in our turn, have our Christmas "*Waits*," who witch us at early morning, be-

fore cock-crow, with strains and welcomings which belong to night. They wake us so gently that the music seems to have commenced in our dreams, and we listen to it till we sleep again. Besides this, we have our songs, from the young and the old, jocose and fit for the time. What old gentleman of sixty has not his stock—his one, or two, or three frolicksome verses. He sings them for the young folks, and is secure of their applause and his own private satisfaction. His wife, indeed, perhaps says "*Really*, my dear Mr. Williams, you should *now* give over these, &c." but he is more resolute from opposition, and gambols through his "*Flowery meads of May*," or "*Beneath a shady bower*," while the children hang on his thin, trembling, untuneable notes in delighted and delightful amaze.

Many years ago (some forty-one,—or two,—or three) when we were at home "*for the Christmas holidays*," we occasionally heard these things. What a budget of songs we had! None of them were good for much; but they were sung by joyful spirits, amidst fun and laughter, loud and in defiance of tune, and we were enchanted. There was "*Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn*,"—and "*'Twas in the good ship Rover*,"—and, "*Buy my matches*,"—(oh! what an accompaniment there was with the flat hand and the elbow)—"*The lobster claw*,"—and others. We should be sorry to strip them, like "*majesty*" in the riddle, of their merit first and last. (our recollection) and reduce them to "*a jest*." Yet they were indeed a jest, and a very pleasant one.—Of all the songs, however, which become a time of feasting, there is none comparable to one written by Beaumont and Fletcher. It is racy, and rich, and sparkling. It has the strength and regal taste of Burgundy, and the ethereal spirit of Champagne. Does the reader wish to see it? Here it is: the words seem floating in wine.

GOD LYÆUS—ever young,
Ever honour'd, ever sung;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine!

What a rioter was he that wrote this!—His drink was not water from Hippocrene. His fountain flowed with wine. His goddess was a girl with purple lips; and his dreams were rich, like the autumn; but prodigal, wild, and Bacchanalian!

—Leaving now our eve of Christmas, its jokes, and songs, and warm hearths, we will indulge ourselves in a few words upon CHRISTMAS DAY. It is like a day of victory. Every house and church is as green as spring. The laurel, that never dies,—the holly, with its armed leaves and scarlet berries,—the mistletoe, under which one sweet ceremonial is (we hope still) performed, are seen. Every brave shrub that has life and verdure seems to come forward to shame the reproaches of men, and to show them that the earth is never dead, never parsimonious. Then, what gay dresses are intermixed,—art rivalling nature!—Woe to the rabbits and the hares, and the nut-cracking squirrels, the foxes, and all children of the woods, for furriers shall spoil them of their coats, to keep woman (the wonder of creation) warm! And woe to those damsels (fair anachronisms) who will not fence out the sharp winter; for rheumatisms and agues shall be theirs, and catarrhs shall be their portion in spring.—But, look! what thing is this, awful and coloured like the rainbow,—blue, and red, and glistening yellow? Its vest is sky tinctured! The edges of its garments are like the sun! Is it

———A faery vision

Of some gay creature of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow lives,
And plays i' the plighted clouds?—

No:—it is the Beadle of St. —'s! How Christmas and consolatory he looks! How redolent of good cheer is he! He is a cornu-copia,—an abundance! What pudding-sleeves!—what a collar, red and a like beef-steak, is his! He is a walking refreshment! He looks like a *whole* parish,—full, important,—but untaxed. The children of charity gaze at him with a modest smile. The straggling boys look on him with confidence. They do not pocket their marbles. They do not fly from the familiar gutter. This is a red-letter day; and the cane is reserved for tomorrow.

London is not too populous at Christ-

mas. But what there is of population looks more alive than at other times. Quick walking and heaps of invitations keep the blood warm. Every one seems hurrying to a dinner. The breath curls upwards like smoke through the frosty air; the eyes glisten; the teeth are shown; the muscles of the face are rigid, and the colour of the cheek has a fixed look, like a stain. Hunger is no longer an enemy. We feed him, like the ravenous tiger, till he pants and sleeps, or is quiet. Every body eats at Christmas. The rich feast as usual; but the tradesman leaves his moderate fare for dainties. The apprentice abjures his chop, and plunges at once into the luxuries of joints and puddings. The school-boy is no longer at school. He dreams no more of the coming lesson or the lifted rod; but mountains of jelly rise beside him, and blanc-mange, with its treacherous foundations, threatens to overwhelm his fancy; roods of mince pies spread out their chequered riches before

him; and figures (only real on the 6th of January) pass by him, one by one, like ghosts before the vision of the king of Scotland. Even the servant has his "once a year" bottle of port; and the beggar his "alderman in chains."

Oh! merry piping time of Christmas! Never let us permit thee to degenerate into distant courtesies and formal salutations. But let us shake our friends and familiars by the hand, as our fathers and their fathers did. Let them all come around us, and let us count how many the year has added to our circle. Let us enjoy the present, and laugh at the past. Let us tell old stories and invent new ones—innocent always, and ingenious if we can. Let us not meet to abuse the world, but to make it better by our individual example. Let us be patriots, but not men of party. Let us look *of the time*,—cheerful and generous, and endeavour to make others as generous and cheerful as ourselves.

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

I.

O 'tis a touching thing to make one weep—
 A tender infant with its curtain'd eye,
 Breathing as it would neither live nor die,
 With that unmoving countenance of sleep!
 As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
 Had lined its slumbers with a still blue sky;
 So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie,
 With no more life than roses', just to keep
 The blushes warm and the mild odorous breath:
 Oh blossom-boy! so calm is thy repose,
 So sweet a compromise of life and death,
 'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er uncloze,
 For Memory to stain their inward leaf,
 Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

II.

Thine eyelids slept so beauteously, I deem'd
 No eyes would wake more beautiful than they;
 Thy glossy cheeks so unimpassion'd lay,
 I loved their peacefulness, and never dream'd
 Of dimples; for thy parted lips so seem'd
 I did not think a smile could sweetlier play,
 Nor that so graceful life could charm away
 Thy graceful death, till those blue eyes upheam'd.
 Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drown'd,
 And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
 And odorous silence ripens into sound,
 And fingers move to mirth,—All-beauteous boy!
 How dost thou waken into smiles, and prove,
 If not more lovely, thou art more like Love! . . . T.

Tom Hood

A COCKNEY'S RURAL SPORTS.

Guns, horses, dogs, the river, and the field,
These like me not.—*Anon.*

I WAS lately invited by a French gentleman to pass a few weeks with him at his chateau in the Auxerrois, at fifty leagues from Paris. As I am fond of the country, and Monsieur De V——, moreover, being an excellent fellow, I did not long hesitate in accepting his invitation. Ah! when I pronounced the fatal "*Oui*," little did I suspect that, by the uttering of that one word, I had devoted myself to a week of bitter suffering. But that the tortures I endured may be fully appreciated, it is necessary to state what are my notions of the country, and what my occupations and amusements there.

The country, then, is a place where, instead of thousands of houses rising about us at every turn, only one is to be seen within a considerable space;—where the sky is presented in a large, broad, boundless expanse, instead of being retailed out, as it were, in long strips of a yard and a half wide;—where the trees grow naturally and in abundance—by dozens in a clump!—and are of a fresh, gay, healthy green, instead of being stuck about here and there, sad exiles from their native forests, gasping to refresh their lanky forms with a puff of air caught from above the chimney tops, smoke-dried, sun-burnt, and covered with urban dust, the sack-cloth and ashes of the unhappy mourners;—where, for flags and pebbles, one is provided with the soft and beautiful tessellations of nature;—where the air may be respired without danger of suffocation,—and the rivers run clear water instead of mud. This is the country. Its pleasures are to sit still in a quiet room during the early hours of the morning; then to stroll forth and ramble about, always within sight of the house, avoiding long walks, and the society of all such walkers as compute their pedestrian excursions by miles; then to sit down in some shady place with a book in one's hand, to read, ruminate, or do neither; then to take a turn into the farm-yard, and look at the fowls, or throw

crumbs into the duck-pond; then to walk leisurely to the bridge, lean over the parapet, and watch for hours together the leaves, twigs, and other light objects floated through it by the stream, occasionally spitting into the water—the quintessence of rural ease and idleness!—and so on the live-long day. These are my notions of the country, and of the pleasures it affords; and though my late excursion has instructed me, that other pleasures than those I have enumerated exist, to me they present no charms; they are adapted to tastes and habits far different from mine. I never loved them; and now, for the sufferings they have recently occasioned me, I hate, loathe, and detest them, and cling with increased fondness to my own first ideas of rural enjoyment. Would I had but been allowed the undisturbed indulgence of them!

The evening for our departure arrived. We took the diligence to Auxerre. At intervals, during our nocturnal progress, I was saluted with a friendly tap on the back, accompanied with the exclamation, "*Ah, ça, mon ami, nous nous amuserons, j'espère.*" This brought to my mind pleasant anticipations of my friend's clumps, his meadows, and his silver streams. Day-light opened to us the prospect of a delightful country. Every now and then a hare scampered across the road, or a partridge winged its way through the air. On such occasions Monsieur De V—— would exclaim, "*Vois-tu ça, mon cher?*" his eyes sparkling with delight. This I attributed to his fondness for roasted hares and partridges, and promised myself a plentiful regale of them; little did I foresee the torments these reptiles were to occasion me. On our arrival at Auxerre, owing to some unusual delays on the road, we found we were too late for the regular coach to Vilette, the place of our destination. "*C'est un petit malheur,*" said my companion (a Frenchman is so happily constituted that

he seldom encounters a *grand malheur*): "It is but fifteen leagues to Vilette, and at nine this evening we'll take the *Patache*."

Now the *Patache*, though a very commodious travelling-machine, is not quite as easy in its movements as a well-built English chariot, nor as a post-chaise, nor as a taxed-cart, nor, indeed, as a common English road-waggon. It is a square box, without springs, fastened flat down upon poles, and dragged along upon two heavy ill-constructed wheels. The night was dark; our route lay along a bye-road, not paved, but covered with large stones, thrown loosely and carelessly along it, and our driver was half drunk and half asleep. We were jolted to the right and to the left, backwards, forwards, bumped up to the roof, and, in heavy rebounds, down again upon the hard seat. It was making a toil of a pleasure. For some time we laughed, or affected to laugh, but at length our sufferings grew too real for a jest. We were bruised from head to foot, and our situation was not rendered more agreeable by the reflection that it was without remedy. "*C'est égal*," exclaimed my friend, in the intervals between his groans. I did not find it so. After five hours' pulverising, at two o'clock in the morning, and having made but little progress on our journey, our driver stopt at a miserable village, and resolutely refused to proceed any further till day-break. "*N'importe*," said Monsieur De V——, "that will allow us an hour and a half's rest, *et ça sera charmant*." Charming! What is there so perversely tormenting as the short period of *unrest* thrust upon one in the course of a fatiguing journey? It is scarcely sufficient to recover one from the state of feverish agitation, excited by long-continued motion, and which it is necessary to subdue before sleep will operate, and the instant it begins to do so one is cruelly dragged forth again. However, any thing was better than the *Patache*. I was lifted out, for I was totally deprived of the power of self-exertion. At day-break I was lifted in again; and at eleven o'clock of the third day after our departure from Paris, we arrived at Vilette. "And now," exclaimed my friend, "*Nous nous amuserons*."

I passed the whole of that day on a sofa, and at night I slept soundly. The next morning, after arranging my writing materials on a table, I selected a book as my intended companion in my rambles, put pencil and paper into my pocket, that I might secure such bright ideas as I doubted not the country would inspire, and went into the breakfast-room. A party of ladies and gentlemen, visitors at Vilette, were already assembled. The repast ended, this was Monsieur De V——'s address to me: "*Maintenant, mon cher, nous nous amuserons*. You are an Englishman, consequently a fine sportsman. You will find here every thing you can desire. Fishing-tackle, dogs, guns, horses—*par exemple*, you shall ride Hector while you stay—no one here can manage him, but *you'll* soon bring him to reason. *Allons!* we'll ride to day. *Sacristi!* Hector will fly with you twelve leagues an hour! Only remember, that as we shall not be equally well mounted, you must keep him in a little, that we may not lose the pleasure of your conversation by the way." Then turning to some others of the party, he said, "The English are in general better horsemen than we; *il n'y a pas de comparaison, Messieurs; vous allez voir*."

This was an unexpected blow. I wished the earth would open and hide me in its deepest recesses. I, who had never in my life caught a flounder! I, who had never pulled a trigger to the annoyance of beast or bird! I, who had never performed any very extraordinary equestrian feat, suddenly called upon "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," and sustain the sporting credit of England!—I, who am the exact antipode to Colonel Th——n, and stand at opposite points of pre-eminence with him; he being the very best sportsman in the world, and I the very worst,—a superiority which, in each case, leaves competition so far behind, that I have sometimes been proud of mine. Now it availed me nothing. What would I not have given for my great opposite's dexterity of hand, his precision of eye, his celerity of foot! How did I envy him his power of riding more miles in a minute than any horse could carry him! How did I yearn to be

able, like him, to spit with a ramrod a dozen partridges flying, or angle with six hooks upon the same line, and simultaneously catch a pike of twenty pounds weight with each! These were vain longings, and something was necessary to be *done*. It seemed to me that the equestrian honour of England was confided to my keeping, and depended on my exertions that day; and with the desperate reflection that, at the worst, I should be quits for a broken neck, I went with the rest into the courtyard, where the horses were waiting for us. I must here beg permission to digress; for that my readers may fully appreciate the horrors of my situation, their attention to my equestrian memoirs is indispensable. I will be as brief as possible.

Till somewhat an advanced period of my life, *learning to ride* had always appeared to me a superfluous part of education. Putting one foot into the stirrup, throwing the other across the saddle, and sitting astride it, as I had seen many persons do, seemed to me to be the mere work of intuition, common matter of course, as easy and as natural to man as walking. Having principally inhabited the capital, horse-riding, as a thing of necessity, had never once occurred to me. I had never considered it as a recreation; and my journeys, whether of business or pleasure, I had always performed in carriages. Thus I had attained the age of manhood—confirmed manhood, reader!—without ever having mounted a horse; and this, not from any suspicion that I was incompetent to the task, nor from any unwillingness to the effort, but simply, as I have said, from never having experienced the absolute necessity of so doing.

It happened that I was chosen one of a numerous party to Weybridge, in Surrey;—alas! though but very few years have elapsed since then, how are its numbers diminished! Death has been fearfully industrious among us; and the few whom he has spared are separated from each other, some by intervening oceans, others by the wider gulph formed by the decay of friendship, the withering of affection.—No matter. On the eve of our departure, it was discovered that all the places in the carriages

would be occupied by ladies: each man, except myself, was provided with a horse, and the important question arose—"How is P.* to get there?" It was soon settled, however, by some one saying, "Oh! I'll lend him a horse;" and my accepting his proposition, and thanking him for his civility, in just the same tone of *nonchalance* as if he had offered me a place in a post-chaise. No doubts, no misgivings, concerning the successful result of the morrow's undertaking, came across me: I had nothing to do but get upon a horse, and ride him to Weybridge. That night I slept soundly; the next morning I rose in a placid state of mind, ate my breakfast as usual, and conducted myself with becoming decency and composure till the appointed hour of starting. I was the first at the place of rendezvous. The horse intended for me was led to the door, I walked towards it with a steady and firm step, mounted—gallantly, I may say—and, to the last, exhibited no signs of emotion. The carriage drove off. In consequence of some little derangements, a full quarter of an hour had passed before the whole of the cavalry was assembled; I waited patiently at the street-door; and without pretending to rival Mr. Mackean or young Saunders, I may boast that during the whole of that time I kept my seat with wonderful tenacity: I sat in a way that might have excited the envy of the statue in Don Juan. At length the signal for starting was given. I advanced with the rest, neither ostentatiously taking the front, nor timidly seeking the rear, but falling in just as chance directed—in short, as any experienced rider would have done, who attached no sort of importance to the act of sitting across a horse. Our road lay down St. James's-street, (the place of meeting) through the Park and along the King's-road. Arriving opposite the Palace, my companions turned their horses to the right, while my horse turned me to the left. This occasioned a general cry of, "This is the way—this is the way;" and already I fancied I perceived among them signs of distrust in my equestrian talents. For my own part, I was all confidence, and just giving my horse's head a twitch to the right, I soon

remedied my first error, or rather his, and again became one of the party. We proceeded, at a slow walking pace, from the Palace-gate to the entrance of the Stable-yard; and though I would not be considered as prone to boasting, I will say, that for the whole of that distance, I did not meet with the slightest hindrance or accident. By the bye, the police ought to interfere to prevent milk-women with their pails crossing a street when they see a horse advancing. A person of this class came directly under my horse's nose, and but for ———, who rode up and caught hold of the strap which was fastened about his head,* the careless woman must have been knocked down. She was, however, sufficiently punished by the boys in the street, for I heard them shout after her, "Well done, stupid;" "That's right, Johnny Raw." On reaching the Stable-yard, my horse, instead of following the others, as I imagined he would have done of his own accord, walked slowly towards the mansion of the Marquis of Stafford; but a tug to the left instantly brought him into the proper direction. I did not regret this accident, for it served to convince me that I possessed a certain degree of power over the animal; moreover, that I performed the manœuvre with some dexterity, for I observed that the centinels looked at each other and smiled. Indeed, I may say that the people on both sides of the way stopt to gaze at me as I passed along: a compliment they did not bestow on any other of the party. In St. James's-park—may I mention it without incurring the charge of vanity?—a cavalry officer actually stopped his horse, and remained for some time looking after me! At Pimlico-gate there was a general whispering among my friends, and all, except poor R—— (now no more!) galloped off. He and I continued our route for some time, very leisurely; and, for my part, I was as much at my ease as if seated in an arm-chair. R——, every now and then, cast a glance at me, and seemed anxious to speak, yet hem'd and ha'd, and appeared confused in a way I could not then account for. At length he said, "P.* my good fel-

low, we have twenty miles to ride to dinner, and we shall never get there at this rate."—"Well," said I, "put spurs to your horse."—"Aye, but—" (*with great hesitation*)—"but you?"—"Tis all one to me."—"My dear fellow, I'm—in short I—I'm d—d sorry to see you on horseback." To this I replied nothing; but, applying a hearty lash to my courser's flanks, he set off at full speed, adopting that peculiar one-two-three pace which, I have since been informed, is denominated a *canter*. Why he chose that in preference to what is called a trot, or a gallop, I have never been able satisfactorily to learn; but I was considerably obliged to him for the selection; for though the motion was inconceivably rapid, it was, at the same time, pleasant and easy. I take it that flying must be very like it. He seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The hot-houses that decorate the King's-road, the "Gardeners' grounds," the "Prospect-places," and "Pleasant-rows," and "Paradise-terraces," were no sooner seen than passed—they appeared and vanished! The rapidity of my progress is not to be described: and had I been allowed to proceed, I am persuaded I should have been at Weybridge—at least, somewhere or other twenty miles off—within the hour. But soon I heard R—— shouting after me: "Stop, stop, for the love of heaven, or you'll break your neck!" He overtook me, and entreated me to return, assuring me, it was fearful even to behold me. Convinced, as I was, that I should have gone on very well in my own, or rather, my horse's way, he appeared so seriously uneasy on my account, that I consented to return. "Shall I lead you—that is, show you the way back to the stable?" I desired only to know where it was, and, thanking him for his super-abundant caution, took the road towards May-fair; or, rather, the horse took it, for, literally, he walked gently back without any effort of mine to guide him; standing still, as if by instinct, when he came to the toll-gate at Hyde-park-corner, then turning up one street, down another, now right, now left, till he reached his stable. There he stood quietly while I dismounted,

* *Bridle* is the proper term.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

and when I was fairly off his back he slowly turned his head, and cast a look at me. It was a look of quiet, good-natured reproach, for having caused him to be dragged from his comfortable warm stable to no purpose. As he walked towards his stall he looked towards where the grooms were assembled, and, by one glance, acquainted them with the whole of my adventures. Their nods and winks assured me that he did so. I ordered a chaise (a means of locomotion I strongly recommend to all such as are not accustomed to horse exercise) and arrived at Weybridge in good time for dinner:—a disinclination to much walking, for two or three days afterwards, being the only distinct effect resulting from my little expedition.

My next essay was on Brighton Downs. My late defeat (for in a certain degree it was so) had taught me caution. Instead, therefore, of taking a full-grown horse, I selected a pony for this experiment, determining to choose one an inch higher every day, till I should gradually have acquired the power of managing an animal of the hugest dimensions. But I fear it is not in my destiny to excel in equestrian exercises: this second attempt was even less successful than the first. In order to give fair play to the principle I intended to adopt, I chose a pony so small, that when I was across him my feet nearly touched the ground, and it was a moot point whether I was riding, or walking with a pony between my legs. Scarcely had he tasted the sharp fresh air of the Downs when he became frisky: he ran, and I ran; but as he was the swifter of the two, he soon (not threw me, but) ran from under me, leaving me for a few seconds standing a-straddle, as if I had been seated on an invisible horse. An attempt to overtake him would have been useless: so I gently walked back to town, calculating what it was likely I should have to pay for the lost pony. But what was my surprise, when on arriving at his

owner's door I perceived my frisky and unfaithful bearer standing close at my elbow! Now, though we sometimes speak of horse-laugh, yet horses do not laugh; that is to say, they do not express their sense of the ridiculous by that vulgar convulsion peculiar to man: no, they evince it by a subtle and delicate variation of countenance; and I shall never believe otherwise than that at the moment I caught my pony's eye he was enjoying a sly, Shandean, internal chuckle at the awkward situation his flight had left me in, and my evident confusion at his unexpected return. Since that time I have never been able to look a horse in the face without blushing, from an inexplicable persuasion that the history of my misadventures in their company has got abroad among them, and serves as a standing jest to the whole race.

The reader may now form some idea of the state of my feelings as I approached the court-yard at Vilette. The ladies were specially invited to see me "turn and wind" this untameable courser, *à la mode Anglaise*. In great extremities slight consolations are eagerly caught at. I had never yet tried to ride in *France*! This was not much to be sure; yet it was sufficient to inspire me with the assurance that I should come out from the ordeal at something less than the cost of a broken neck. The very appearance of the animal added to my confidence. It was an immense horse, finely proportioned, nearly seven feet tall from the ground to the crown of his head, of a dark snuff-colour, with a long bushy waving tail, and a beautiful head of hair floating loosely in the morning breeze.* I had just put one foot into the stirrup, and was preparing to swing myself into the saddle, when the intelligent creature slowly turned its head and darted at me a look——! There was in it more than whole hours of human language; it was eloquence refined into an essence which rendered words unnecessary; its single glance spoke plainly of Weybridge and of Brighton Downs! It combined all the

* I take the liberty of suggesting, that the terms Mr. P.* uses to describe the horse are not those current in the stable. There it would be said, that the horse was bay, brown, or chesnut, of so many hands high, and his beautiful head of hair would be simply termed, the mane. "Floating loosely in the morning breeze," is a very pretty phrase, but highly inappropriate in matters of pure jockeyship.—P. D.

forms of oratory, but persuasion and entreaty were its great characteristics. There was besides an appeal from the animal's consciousness of his own strength to my consciousness of my weakness; and his mute oration concluded with an exhortation, that I would spare him the pain of dislodging me from his encumbered loins; an event which, considering my usual and involuntary deference to the will or caprice of my quadrupede companion, it would be beyond all horse-eat power to avoid. To me, experienced in these matters, all this was distinctly uttered. I found it would be useless to proceed; so, submitting to the necessity of the case, I made a start, bent myself double, complained of a violent spasm, and hastily returned to my chamber. "*C'est pour un autre jour*," said Monsieur De V——, as he motioned for Hector to be led back to the stable; and the equestrian honour of England survived another day.

An hour or two after the departure of the cavalry, I found myself *sufficiently recovered to quit my room*, and sallied forth to enjoy the country after my own fashion. I sat down first under one clump, then another, strolled about the meadow, the farm-yard (taking a long turn to avoid the stable), loitered by the side of a little winding rivulet, betook myself to its rustic bridge, and indulged freely in the *portial* luxuries I have before alluded to; next I went to the kitchen ground, watched the operations of the gardener, and from him learnt the names of various flowers; also to distinguish roots and plants while growing, such as potatoes, asparagus, turnips, carrots, and others; which I was astonished to find so different from what they appear to be when served up to table. Several fruit-trees, too, he taught me to tell one from another, almost as readily by their forms and leaves as by the inspection of the fruit they bear; the latter mode being so easy and obvious as to satisfy none but the veriest cockney. These are the true uses and pleasures of a visit to the country, at least they are all I am, or desire to be, acquainted with; and in the enjoyment of them did I pass the hours till dinner time.

At dinner, many were the expres-

sions of regret at the accident which had prevented my showing the party the English mode of taming the spirit of a high-blooded horse; and impatiently did they look forward to the morrow, when the exhibition might take place. So did not I. In what was called the *cool* of the evening—the thermometer, which for part of the day had been standing at 94, being then about 88—a walk was proposed. I thanked my stars that it was not a ride. After this, the evening was spent in the real French fashion. Every body, old and young, set to playing at *Colin Maillard* (blind-man's-buff); then Madame Saint V—— went to the piano-forte, and accompanied her daughter, Mademoiselle Alphonine, in some pretty French romances; then every body jumped up to play at puss-in-the-corner; then a game at *ecarté* was proposed, and while some were betting and others playing, a duet on the harp and piano-forte was performed by Mademoiselle Adèle de G—— and her sister Virginie; then every body got up and danced (my spasms came on with greater violence than ever); then every body called for sugar and water; and then every body retired.

I did not sleep well. I suffered an attack of night-mare. In my dreams I saw Hector—I was on Brighton Downs—at Weybridge. Nags'-heads passed in rapid succession before me—centaurs—grotesque exaggerations of the horse form—even wooden hobby-horses, as if in mockery of me, joined the terrific procession. As soon as day-light broke I arose, and scarcely was I dressed, when Monsieur de V—— came into my room: I expected to see Hector walk in after him; but it happened that Hector was not the subject of his errand. He and the other gentlemen were all going out a shooting, and were only waiting for me. For me! Under different circumstances this would have been a dreadful visitation upon me; as it was, I considered it as rather a relief. I had never pulled a trigger in my life, except occasionally that of a pistol or an old musket, for the mere pleasure of firing them off. "What then," thought I, "it is as easy to shoot at an object as to fire in the air; you have but to point your piece at a

certain mark and pull the trigger, and, that done, the deuce is in it if the shot can't take care of themselves." A flask of improved double-proof gunpowder and (spite of my most earnest entreaties to the contrary) a double-barrelled Manton, with all his latest patent improvements, were delivered over to me. Ordinary powder, or an indifferent gun, would have furnished me with somewhat of an excuse in the very possible case of my failure; *now*, no chance was left me of concealing or disguising my want of skill; for, notwithstanding my confidence in the facility of the operation I was about to perform, I still thought that the dexterity acquired by long practice might be of some little advantage. I requested; I entreated; I could not think of appropriating to myself the best gun in the collection. It was all in vain: I was the only Englishman of the party; the gun had never yet had a fair trial: I was to show what *could* be done with it, "and," added Monsieur de V—— in a whisper, "I wish to convince some of my incredulous friends here, that the stories I have related to them of what I have seen performed by English sportsmen, are not altogether apocryphal."

Finding my situation to be without remedy, I loaded my improved, patent, double-barrelled Manton; and, determined to keep certain odds in my favour, took care to put in plenty of shot. "It will be hard," thought I, "if among so many *one* does not tell." We sallied forth, and presently turned up a whole drove of partridges.* I hastily presented my piece, and fired in among them at random, pulling both triggers at once. I killed nothing, but, to my great surprise and satisfaction, lamed three poor devils. This piece of cruelty, however, was unintentional, for so far from aiming at such delicate marks as their legs or wings, I had no intention of striking, *in particular*, any one of their bodies. The effect of this, my first sporting effort, seemed to excite some astonishment among my brother sportsmen; and well it might, for it astonished me. One

person asked me, whether in England it was usual to fire among the birds, as I had done, scarcely allowing them time to rise; and another inquired whether English sportsmen usually fired off both barrels at once. To this I carelessly replied, that "some did, and some did not;" and proceeded to reload my patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton. Scarcely had I done this, when a hare was perceived sitting at a very short distance: as a matter of politeness it was instantly pointed out to me. I levelled my piece and pulled the triggers: it missed fire. This was, as they all said, a *malheur*; for the hare escaped. But even a patent improved Manton will not go off, unless certain preparations are made to that end—the truth is, I had forgotten to prime it; add to which another little irregularity, I had thrust my wadding into the barrels before I put in the powder.—My sight is weak, and of very limited span; this, as I am informed, is a disadvantage in the field. It is not surprising, therefore, that my third shot was directed against what I mistook for a living creature of some kind or other, but which turned out to be a hat a labourer had suspended on the branch of a tree. Luckily I did it no injury, and Monsieur de V——, supposing I fired at it merely to create a laugh, and fired wide of it to avoid spoiling the poor man's property, laughed most heartily, at the same time applauding me for my consideration. I willingly left him in his error, and was proceeding to reload, when a servant came running up to me with a letter. The letter was from Paris, and *très pressée* being written on the outside, the man thought it might be of sufficient importance to warrant his interruption of my sports. It was of no sort of importance whatever, but, keeping that to myself, I made it my excuse to return to the house in order that I might answer it by that day's post. So delivering my improved, patent, double-barrelled Manton into what I knew to be more competent hands, I left the field amidst expressions of the deep regret of my companions, at finding my specimens of

* Sportsmen do not talk of turning up droves of partridges: they spring coveys. When P.* has occasion to speak of numbers of oxen he may with safety use the word *droves*.—P. D.

English shooting, like my exhibition of English horsemanship, deferred *till to-morrow*. Happy was I when I found myself once more tranquilly leaning over the railing of my dear little bridge, and consoling was the reflection that, as yet, the sporting honour of my country had suffered no impeachment at my hands; since, for any thing my friends knew to the contrary, I might, had I but chosen to do so, have knocked down all the game in the *arrondissement*.

The next day promised to be to me one of pure and unmixed delight. What was my joy when, on waking, I heard the rain pouring down in torrents, with every appearance of its being what is called a thorough set-in rainy day. "Well," thought I, "I shall see nothing of the cursed horses and guns to-day." We all met at breakfast, and I, by an unusual flow of spirits, revived those of the rest of the party, rather depressed by what they unjustly stigmatized as the unlucky fall of rain. It deranged all their projects. But their regrets were chiefly on my account: "How disappointing, how vexatious it must be to *Monsieur* that he can neither ride nor shoot to-day!" By repeated assurances that I could for once forego those delights, I succeeded in tranquillizing them. No sooner was breakfast ended, than Madame Saint V——— challenged me to a game at billiards. "*Ah ça, prenez garde, Madame,*" said Monsieur de V———, "the English are excellent players." "My torments," said I to myself, "are to know no end! Confound billiards! I never played a game in my life. Well—one is not obliged to be an Admirable Crichton: up to this time they take me for an able horseman and an expert shot—surely that is enough, and I may venture to confess that I know nothing of billiards."—I did so: I was praised for my modesty. I protested my ignorance: Madame assured me that she was not *de la premiere force*, and consented to take six points at the onset. I persisted that I knew nothing of the game: Madame perceived that my objection to play against her arose from my conscious superiority, and said that to make it agreeable to me, she would take eight points—nay ten. We pro-

ceeded to the billiard-room. "Did I prefer the Russian or the French game?" Not knowing one from the other, I left it entirely to the choice of Madame, who chose—I really can't say which. In the course of about ten minutes' play, Madame counted seven, and I—as may be supposed—had not made a hit. My *complaisance* was the theme of general approbation. Presently, striking my ball with force, it happened to strike another, and by its rebound happened to strike a third, and one of the three happened to roll into a sack at the corner of the table. Here I was overwhelmed with applause, and half-stunned with shouts of "*C'est admirable! Oh! que c'est bien joué!*" My fair adversary remarked, that hitherto I had been *complaisant*, but that now I was growing *méchant*. My *complaisance*, however, soon returned, and in a few minutes she won the game, without my having again made one ball strike another. Nothing now was heard of but my *complaisance*. Madame Saint V——— was charmed at my *politesse*: I had allowed her to win the game, playing only one *coup* just to prove what I was capable of doing; but she begged that next time I would not treat her so much like a child, but put forth my strength against her, as she was anxious to improve. The result of this was the proposal of a match for the next day between me and Monsieur L——— (a celebrated player), but with a particular stipulation, that I should give him two points at starting. The day now went very rainily and pleasantly on, and I was tolerably at my ease, except when, every now and then, I was appealed to to decide some sporting question, or settle some dispute concerning the breed and management of horses. However, I contrived to get through tolerably well considering by saying little and shaking my head significantly—a method I have seen adopted with success in much graver matters.

For three or four days after this, it rained charmingly. Those showers were to me more than figuratively the "pitying dews of heaven;" for though each morning I was threatened with the infliction of some new party of pleasure on me, either à

cheval or *à la chasse*, the state of the weather prevented the execution of the sentence. Night and morning did I consult the barometer—(a Dollond suspended in the *salle à manger*)—which for two whole days pointed steadfastly to “much rain.” My sleep was tranquil, my spirits were buoyant. On the third day, to my great consternation, the faithless index wavered towards “changeable.” My visits to the instrument now became more frequent, and had I had “Argosies at Sea,” I could not have watched its variations with a more feverish anxiety. On one of these occasions I was roused from my musings by a tap on the back. It was from the hand of *Monsieur de V——*. “*Ah! mon cher,*” said he, “I don’t wonder at your impatience; but fine weather is returning, and then we’ll make up for lost time—*nous nous amuserons bien, allez.*” The fine weather did indeed return! The barometer had now reached “fair,” and was rapidly approaching towards “set fair.” Something was necessary to be done, and that speedily. But what? I could not always affect a sudden attack of spasms, nor dared I repeat my unintended joke of mistaking a hat for a partridge; I could not reasonably hope for the arrival of a letter from Paris always at the critical moment; and should I continue to treat *Madame Saint V——* like a child, by allowing her to win every game at billiards, my *complaisance* would become an offence.

On the first morning of fair weather, I arose with a heavy heart. All night had I tossed about in my bed, unable to imagine a decent excuse for withdrawing myself from my sporting friends. To confess my utter incompetency (apparently the most rational way of putting an end to my torments,) I felt to be impossible; I was ashamed—laugh, reader, if you please, but I was ashamed to do so. Besides, the character of a keen and expert sportsman had been thrust upon me, and, as matters stood, my most solemn protestations that I was unentitled to any sort of claim to it would have been disbelieved, and, most likely, attributed to an overstrained and affected modesty. Yet something must be done, and, humiliating as such an avowal

would be, should I boldly venture it? In the event of its being discredited, should I shoot a favourite dog, or maim my friend, or one of my friend’s friends, to prove its veracity? So desperate a case would warrant the application of a violent remedy. I left my room without having brought my mind to a decision, unless the gloomy resolution of running the hazards of the day be worthy the term. On my way to where the party was assembled, I passed the *garde-de-chasse*: he was occupied in cleaning my Manton: I beheld it with such feelings as I should have entertained had I been condemned to be shot with it. The *garde* bowed to me with marked respect: *Monsieur l’Anglais* had been mentioned to him as a marvellous fine shot, and he accorded me a fitting share of his estimation.

“*Le voila—allons—vite—partons,*” was the cry the instant I was perceived by *Monsieur de V——*. There was no mention of Hector; that was something; shooting was to be the amusement of the day. The patent, improved, double-barrelled Manton was given to me, and I received it almost unconscious of what I was about. We had just reached the *Perron*, the double flight of steps leading into the court-yard, when a thought flashed across my mind, as it were by inspiration. I pounced upon it with a sort of desperate avidity, and, as if delay would have diminished its force, I as hastily gave it utterance. “I am not disposed to shoot to-day; I’ve just a whim to go a fishing.” “*Parbleu!*” said *Monsieur De V——*, “just as you will, my dear; in the country *liberté entière*: I’ll give you my own tackle.” Accordingly he re-entered the house, and presently returned with two or three rods, and different kinds of lines, hooks, floats, &c. “There,” said he, “you may now angle for what fish you choose, and you’ll find abundance of all sorts, great and small, in the canal.” My delight at this relief is not to be described. I knew as little about angling as about shooting, but (thought I) by fishing, or seeming to fish, I am in no danger of compromising my reputation; I have seen many an angler, and expert ones too, sit, from

morning till night, bobbing into a pond, and after all return with an empty basket, their skill suffering no stain from their want of success. I have merely to say, as I have heard them say, "Curse 'em they won't bite." But my delight was of short duration. Conceive my horror and consternation, when I heard Monsieur De V—— call out to the cook, "Monsieur Goulard, you need not fricassée the hare to-day, Monsieur P.* is going to fish; so you'll dress a pike or two *à la maître d'hôtel*, make a *matelote* of some of his carp, and fry the rest." Here was dinner for a party made to depend upon the rather uncertain result of my first attempt at angling! The misfortune was of my own seeking, and there was no escape. Monsieur De V—— recommended me to take Etienne, the gardener's son, with me, to help me in unhooking the large fish, else, said he, "as they are in such quantities, and bite so fast, you'll very soon be fatigued." We separated: he and the rest to shoot hares and partridges, I to catch pike and carp.

Now was I once again left without any of those excuses for failure, which, like an indifferent workman, I might have derived from the badness of my tools. Hector was the best horse in France; my gun was a patent improved doubled barrellled Manton; and my fishing-tackle, plague on it! perfect and complete. To add to my distress, the fish abounded; they had the reputation of biting well, and be hanged to them! and the only thing an angler could complain of was, that they bit so fast as to destroy the pleasure of the sport. On my way to the canal I endeavoured to reason myself into composure. "Surely there can be no great difficulty in what I am now about to perform: I have but to bait my hook, throw it into the water, and the instant a fish bites at it, pull him out." From a sort of misgiving, however, which my best arguments failed to conquer, I thought it prudent to dismiss Etienne, desiring him to leave the basket (and they had furnished me with one sufficiently capacious to contain Falstaff), telling him I would call him in the event of my hooking any fish beyond my strength to manage. Monsieur De V—— had

not deceived me. Scarcely had I thrown my bait into the water ere it was caught at: I drew in my line and found my hook void. A second, and a third, and a twentieth, and a fiftieth experiment succeeded in precisely the same manner. I no sooner renewed my bait than it was purloined with perfect impunity. Had the cursed fry passed by it without deigning to notice it, I might have consoled myself with examples of similar occurrences; but to catch it, and give me fair notice of their intention to abscond with it by a gentle tug at my line, was provoking beyond bearing; it would have exhausted the patience of Izaak Walton himself. Notwithstanding my regard for Monsieur De V——, I began to tire of feeding his fishes; and suspected that I must be cutting a ridiculous figure in the eyes of the finny tribe; in short, that they were making what is vulgarly termed a dead set against me. I varied my manner; I increased, I diminished, the quantity of my bait; I tried different sorts; now and then I tempted them with the bare hook; but all was to no purpose. After four hours of unrewarded efforts (in the course of which time I was once on the point of calling Etienne to assist me in pulling in what proved to be a tuft of weeds), I had the mortification to find dangling at the end of my line a wretched, miserable little gudgeon, two inches long, which had caught itself—I have not the vanity to suppose I caught it—upon my hook. Though in itself worse than nothing, I received it as a promise of better fortune, and threw the tiny fish into my huge basket, whence, to say the truth, it looked an epigram at me. But this was the beginning and the ending of my prosperity. At the expiration of another four hours I was joined by Monsieur De V——. On looking into the basket, he said that I had done right in sending *the others* up to the house. I assured him that *THE FISH* he detected at the bottom was the only one I had caught. He burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, he saw through the jest at once: that I was a *farceur*, and had thrown all the large fish back again into the canal as fast as I had drawn them out, for the sake of the carica-

ture of so small a fish in so large a basket. I insisted that that one fish was the sole result of my day's labour. No, no. The English were expert anglers: the canal was abundantly stocked, I had exhausted all my bait, and he was certain of the trick. Goulard was ordered to cook the hare. The *plaisanterie* of my one little gudgeon in the huge basket was frequently repeated in the course of dinner, and applauded as a most humorous jest. One of the party, however, observed, that though he admired the joke, he thought a *matelote de carpe* would have been a better; and proposed that, as I had deprived them of a service of fish, I should be punished by the deduction of half an hour from my next day's *ride*, which time I should occupy in providing fish for the dinner.

Already was I suffering by anticipation the morrow's torments, when a servant entered with a bundle of newspapers and letters just arrived from Paris. Among them was a letter for me. I read it, and, affecting considerable surprise and concern, declared that I must leave Vilette early the next morning on business which

would admit of no delay. Entreaties that I would stay but to enjoy one day's shooting—one day's trial of Hector—were unavailing,—I was resolved. But it was not without great difficulty that I succeeded in resisting Monsieur De V——'s pressing offer to lend me Hector, to carry me back to Paris, which mode of conveyance, he assured me, would save me much time, though I should even sleep one night on the road, as Hector would fly with me like an eagle.

The next morning I took my departure, after having passed a week in unspeakable torments, where I had expected to spend a month in tranquillity and repose: and by one of those whimsical chains of circumstances, to which many persons, with a certain prejudice in their favour, have been indebted for the reputation of possessing great talents, without ever having given any distinct manifestation of them, I left behind me the reputation of being the most expert horseman, the surest shot, the best and politest billiard player, and the most dexterous angler, that had ever visited Vilette.

P.*

ON THE SUPPLEMENTAL ILLAD OF QUINTUS CALABER.

A POET who takes up the tale left unfinished by another poet does a very impolitic thing. If he wishes to hit upon an expedient whereby every spark of original invention might be smothered, before it could make even an effort to sparkle into notice, he certainly cannot do better: if he desires to give fancy free scope, or, what is vulgarly, but expressively, called fair play, he cannot do worse. Whence arose the lumbering epics of all ages and nations, with their cargo of ready-made Gods who quarrel, and Mercuries who limp through the air on everlasting uninteresting messages; whence, but from the unlucky idea, that every poet was to work after a grand model?—Lucan, who merely showed disrespect to the nod of old Jupiter and the quaking of the spheres when the battle of Pharsalia was about to be fought, is very grudgingly admitted into the rank of epic poets

by—schoolmasters: and Dryden, the lyrical and satiric poet, who threatened us with an epopœa in which he designed to introduce the guardian angels of kingdoms as proxies for the old gods and goddesses, was seriously angry with Blackmore for pillaging his idea. How much finer a poem would Virgil have written, if, instead of dogging the steps of Homer, he had left Troy alone, and taking up some of the interesting epochs and shining characters of actual Roman history, had indulged that his native vein of the sentimental and the pathetic, which flows so freely in his episode of Dido!

I cannot help wishing that Quintus Calaber had done the same. He resembles in his genius Virgil, whom apparently he had read, (as he had also read Ovid) more than Homer, whom he professed to copy. He has some ingenuity of thought, an ele-

gant imagination, and much tenderness: but he is under the disadvantage of having to continue a story; and the poem has something the air of an Annual Register: he has also obliged himself to continue the said story in the manner of the preceding portions of it; and to write as if he were passing on the world Homeric papers that had been buried in a chest. He therefore finds it highly necessary to have "skill in surgery," and to display his knowledge of anatomy (that undeniable quality in the composition of a great epic poet), by describing how this man was speared through his *stomach, the food issuing with his blood*, and that other had *the pupil of his eye divided*, the spear-head coming out at his left ear. He also throws off similitudes as a juggler draws party-coloured ribbons out of his mouth. Some of these comparisons are not without poetic novelty; others have the languor of repetition; and, as often happens with imitators, he has sometimes copied Homer's similes when they are least felicitous. He compares the captive Trojan dames to *grunting pigs*; and the Trojans to *geese in a pen*: not very complimentary parallels, according to modern notions; and his distressed ladies frisk and bellow like *a cow* that has lost her calf. This criticism, however, is about as venturesome as a man's dancing in wooden shoes between eggs, for the *first* time. The superstition about Homer is flogged into us: no wonder that the impression is lasting. Perrault, the architect of the Louvre, and the inventor of the stories of Blue Beard and Puss in Boots, (*clarum et venerabile nomen!*) felt very much inclined to think, that he had more invention than Homer: he wrote the "Parallel between the Ancients and

Moderns,"* in which he gave the preference to *Fairy* tales over the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: and for this Boileau thought him, not a bad critic merely, but a very bad sort of man. The fact is, he was now and then right. It is amusing to observe how Boileau sometimes sets about defending Homer's similes: he fights for them *pedibus et unguibus*; as if the greatest master of human passion who ever lived (Euripides, *perhaps*, and Shakespeare *certainly* excepted), would lose anything in rational estimation by the detection of a clumsy similitude! It seems that Perrault, in his "Dialogues," made one of his interlocutors observe, "Talking of comparisons, they tell me Homer compares Ulysses turning himself in his bed to a *black pudding* being broiled on a gridiron." At this Boileau, with dilated nostrils, which, like those of Virgil's horse, "roll collected fire," takes down the *chevalier*, by superciliously assuring him, that "in the time of Homer, there were *neither* black puddings *nor* ragouts." (So much the worse, I think, for the time of Homer!) But "the truth is,"—he proceeds to say, and the admirer of the ancients must be gasping for the climax of the defence—"he compares Ulysses turning in his bed, and *burning* with impatience to *glut* himself with the blood of Penelope's wooers, to a hungry man, who busies himself (*bustles, perhaps—s'agite*) in cooking over a *great* fire the bloody and unctuous paunch of an animal, with which he *burns* to satiate his appetite, turning it incessantly from one side to the other."† He then goes on to assure the chevalier that "with the ancients the belly of certain animals was one of their most delicious viands: that the *sumen*, that is to

* If the reader is not familiar with a book something similar in our language, "*Wotton on Ancient and Modern Learning*," he will do well to make acquaintance with it.

† The reader may like to see the passage: Od. 20, 24.

— He turn'd from side to side:

As when some hungry swain o'er glowing coals
A paunch for food prepares, from side to side
He turns it oft, and scarce abtains the while,
So he from side to side roll'd pondering deep.—COWPER.

That Pope should substitute "savoury cates," was to be expected: but I rather marvel that Cowper should have left out the blood and grease, which so much excite the admiration, and so happily elicit the gastronomic erudition of Boileau.

say, the *paps of a sow*, was among the Romans reckoned exquisite, and had even been forbidden by an old Censorian law as too luxurious. These words, *full of blood and fat*, which Homer has used in speaking of the paunch of animals, and *which are so just in reference to this part of the body*, have given occasion to a wretched translator to suppose that Homer spoke of a *black pudding!*" *Reflections sur Longin.*

How does this mend the matter? It is plain that Boileau is not so much offended at the supposed wrong application of the comparison, as at the thing compared. He has a notion that a *black pudding* (which the unfortunate Frenchman no doubt imagined to be a *concise* and tasteful metonymy for the paunch full of blood and fat) is beneath the dignity of epic poetry; but he means to contend that nothing can be more majestic than the comparison of Ulysses, and his desired object of vengeance, to a *bloody and greasy paunch*, or the *paps of a sow*. After all, Perrault is right in his construction, and Boileau wrong; for the longing of the hungry man is only thrown in parenthetically as an incidental circumstance, and the comparison is undeniably of the tossing of Ulysses to the turns of the broil.

Working after Homer, Quintus has naturally attained to more boldness of circumstance than we find in Virgil; but he sometimes betrays the injudicious exaggeration of an imitator. Virgil has not ventured to describe the minute details into which Quintus has chosen to enter, when painting the consternation and outrage which attend the midnight storm of Troy; but Virgil has avoided the occasional coarseness of particulars which Quintus appears to confound with natural simplicity. The thirteenth book of the Supplemental Iliad has, however, this advantage over the second book of the Æneid, that it is dramatic instead of narrative. Virgil, indeed, could not in this instance have avoided narration, though, like Racine his imita-

tor, he is too prone to tedious stories; but, notwithstanding the beauty of some passages, and the sublimity of others (especially that of *apparent diræ facies*), the languor of narrative poetry enfeebles the spirit, and deteriorates the interest.

As to the personal identity of QUINTUS CALABER, something must be said: but that something must be almost nothing. The manuscript was discovered by Cardinal Bessarion, in the church of St. Nicholas, at Otranto, in Calabria. It was superscribed Quintus Calaber: yet Rhodoman determines that the author belonged to Smyrna, the ancient maritime town of Ionia: because in the twelfth book, the poet, previously to invoking the aid of the muses in enumerating the heroes who enter the wooden horse, indicates his "feeding goodly sheep in the fields of Smyrna;" or, in prose terms, keeping an academy of promising young gentlemen. He therefore will have it that the name is not properly *Quintus*, but *Cointus*; and he leaves *Calaber* to shift for itself. Induced by the temerity of this conclusion, editors and critics have set up a fashion of nicknaming QUINTUS CALABER *Cointus Smyræus*. Now "mark how a plain tale shall put them down." Plutarch, speaking of Quintus Flaminius, calls him Κοιντον Φλαμινιον: and Appian styles Quintus Valerius Κοιντον Ουαλεριον. In the name of Quinctilian, and Gellius, and Macrobius, and all philologists that ever wrote, must *Flaminius* therefore cease to be *Quintus*, and must *Valerius* become *Oualerius*? And as to *Smyræus*, of what value is the boasted internal evidence for this? A certain *Dausqueius** ("these rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek;" I wish I knew *who* he was,) asks *Rhodoman* the question, "whether no man born elsewhere could feed sheep, if it pleased heaven, at Smyrna?" and whether "the Germans who made a campaign in Holland were therefore converted into Dutchmen?"

QUINTUS CALABER (for so let us

* This is the authorized commentating language. A *Mr. Shaw* having edited some classic author, was mentioned by some German critic under the designation of "*quidam Shavius*." The unlucky *Shaw* seems no less hidden under a bushel than the inscrutable *Dausqueius*.

call him) should seem from his style to have been contemporary with other poet-grammarians of the fifth century: such as Coluthus and Tryphiodorus. That he lived under the Roman monarchy is evident, from the prophecy which he puts into the mouth of Calchas respecting the posterity of Æneas, book 13.

Cease round Æneas' gallant head to ply
The deadly spears, or darts that groaning
fly;

The glorious counsels of the Gods decide
He wends from Xanthus to broad Tiber's
tide;

And rears a sacred city, far and near,
To rule the world, while distant ages fear;
His race shall bid the course of empire run
From east to west, and track th' unwearied
sun.

This is the language of a flatterer
of his masters and his contempo-
raries. VIDA.

PODALIRIUS CONSOLED BY NESTOR FOR THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER
MACHAON.—BOOK 7.

Mars dealing death was busy in the field,
Shouts rang, with clash of many a bull-hide shield,
By spear-thrust riven, or stone-cast from the sling;
So to the tough encounter did they cling.

Foodless in dust was Podalirius thrown,
Beside his brother's tomb with groan on groan;
By his own hand he turn'd his thoughts to die,
Griped his sword-hilt, or cast a wistful eye
In search of mortal drug; th' officious train
Their comfort press'd, yet would he not refrain;
And he full sure had dealt himself a wound,
Where on his brother's corse was heap'd the mound,
But Nestor knew, nor grudged his kind relief:
He sought, he found him in his passion'd grief;
Flung on the grave, white ashes on his head,
He beat his breast, and call'd upon the dead.
His menials all and friends were cluster'd round,
And joined their groans with woe alike profound.
Nestor's soft words the mourning man address'd:
"Spare, spare these struggles, be thy pangs repress,
My son! beseems not one accounted wise
Should grovel near the dead in womanish agonies;
Thou can'st not raise him up to see the light;
Th' invisible soul in air has flitted from thy sight;
Fire on the frame insatiable has fed;
Earth takes his bones; he lived, and he is dead.
Bend up thy nerves to bear, as I have borne
The loss of him whom slain in fight I mourn:
Not thy Machaon's self more graced could be,
Nor ever son his father loved as he:
And for my sake he fell; my life to save
He threw his own away, and he is in his grave.
I tasted bread, and look'd upon the sun;
I knew that all a common race must run;
We earthly men are stepping towards our grave;
All their sharp fate and mortal boundary have.
To man's condition born, kiss thou the rod;
Bear bane or blessing; each is sent of God."

Anguish'd he cried, when Nestor ceased to speak,
While tears o'erswelling bathed his glistening cheek:
"A load of grief is weighing on my heart;
I saw my father to the skies depart;
He, the wise brother, took me to his breast;
Rear'd as a son; his healing lore impress'd;
Shared bed and board, and all of his was mine;
How then may grief his memory resign?
Now he is dead, in vain for me the mornings shine."

The sage again the mourning man address'd :
 " The same bereavement God has sent on all the rest ;
 Earth covers all, and all their course must run ;
 Life's hoped extent is guaranteed to none :
 Better and worse on knees of gods repose ;
 Mix'd in one heap of fate life's joys and woes ;
 Not gods can look beneath their veil of night ;
 Sudden they spring to unexpected light ;
 Fate only to the pile her hands applies,
 And rains them earthward with averted eyes,
 Thus as a wind-blast wasted to and fro ;
 And thus the vile has bliss, the good has woe :
 Never secure, life marches on its way,
 But stumbles in its path of twilight day ;
 A face of tears, a face of smiles it wears ;
 No man that breathes a perfect gladness shares ;
 Down to the close of being from its birth
 There happen time and chance to sons of earth.
 Should tears then drain the life that soon decays ?
 Poor slave to sorrow ! hope for better days.
 Tradition speaks, to yon eternal heaven
 Pure souls return ; th' impure to gulphy darkness driven :
 Thy brother parted with a double claim ;
 Born of a god and of benignant name ;
 Conducted by his father's hests on high,
 He sits with gods in heaven's blest family."

He softly raised the mourner from the ground,
 Although reluctant, and in sorrows drown'd ;
 Soothed as he walk'd with oft reverted eyes,
 And drew him from the tomb, still heaving heaviest sighs.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

APPENDIX.

THE interest excited by the two papers bearing this title, in our Numbers for September and October, 1821, will have kept our promise of a **THIRD PART** fresh in the remembrance of our Readers. That we are still unable to fulfil our engagement in its original meaning, will, we are sure, be matter of regret to them, as to ourselves, especially when they have perused the following affecting narrative. It was composed for the purpose of being appended to an Edition of the **CONFESSIONS**, in a separate Volume, which is already before the public ; and we have reprinted it entire, that our Subscribers may be in possession of the whole of this extraordinary history.

THE Proprietors of this little work having determined on reprinting it, some explanation seems called for, to account for the non-appearance of a **Third Part** promised in the **LONDON MAGAZINE** of December last ; and the more so, because the Proprietors, under whose guarantee that promise was issued, might otherwise be implicated in the blame—little or much—attached to its non-fulfilment. This blame, in mere justice, the author takes wholly upon himself. What may be the exact amount of the guilt which he thus appropriates, is a very dark question to his own judgment, and not much illuminated by any of the masters in casuistry whom he has consulted on the occasion. On the one hand it seems generally agreed that a promise is binding in the *inverse* ratio of the numbers to whom it is made : for which reason it is that we see many persons break promises without scruple that are made to a whole nation, who keep their faith religiously in all private engagements,—breaches of promise towards the stronger party being committed at a man's own peril : on the other hand, the only parties interested in the promises of an au-

thor are his readers; and these it is a point of modesty in any author to believe as few as possible; or perhaps only one, in which case any promise imposes a sanctity of moral obligation which it is shocking to think of. Casuistry dismissed however,—the author throws himself on the indulgent consideration of all who may conceive themselves aggrieved by his delay—in the following account of his own condition from the end of last year, when the engagement was made, up nearly to the present time. For any purpose of self-excuse, it might be sufficient to say that intolerable bodily suffering had totally disabled him for almost any exertion of mind, more especially for such as demand and presuppose a pleasurable and genial state of feeling: but, as a case that may by possibility contribute a trifle to the medical history of Opium, in a further stage of its action than can often have been brought under the notice of professional men, he has judged that it might be acceptable to some readers to have it described more at length. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is a just rule where there is any reasonable presumption of benefit to arise on a large scale; what the benefit may be, will admit of a doubt: but there can be none as to the value of the body: for a more worthless body than his own, the author is free to confess, cannot be: it is his pride to believe—that it is the very ideal of a base, crazy, despicable human system—that hardly ever could have been meant to be sea-worthy for two days under the ordinary storms and wear-and-tear of life: and indeed, if that were the creditable way of disposing of human bodies, he must own that he should almost be ashamed to bequeath his wretched structure to any respectable dog.—But now to the case; which, for the sake of avoiding the constant recurrence of a cumbersome periphrasis, the author will take the liberty of giving in the first person.

Those who have read the Confessions will have closed them with the impression that I had wholly renounced the use of Opium. This impression I meant to convey: and that for two reasons: first, because the very act of deliberately recording

such a state of suffering necessarily presumes in the recorder a power of surveying his own case as a cool spectator, and a degree of spirits for adequately describing it, which it would be inconsistent to suppose in any person speaking from the station of an actual sufferer: secondly, because I, who had descended from so large a quantity as 8,000 drops to so small a one (comparatively speaking) as a quantity ranging between 300 and 160 drops, might well suppose that the victory was in effect achieved. In suffering my readers, therefore, to think of me as of a reformed Opium-eater, I left no impression but what I shared myself; and, as may be seen, even this impression was left to be collected from the general tone of the conclusion, and not from any specific words—which are in no instance at variance with the literal truth.—In no long time after that paper was written, I became sensible that the effort which remained would cost me far more energy than I had anticipated: and the necessity for making it was more apparent every month. In particular I became aware of an increasing callousness or defect of sensibility in the stomach; and this I imagined might imply a schirrous state of that organ either formed or forming. An eminent physician, to whose kindness I was at that time deeply indebted, informed me that such a termination of my case was not impossible, though likely to be forestalled by a different termination, in the event of my continuing the use of opium. Opium therefore I resolved wholly to abjure, as soon as I should find myself at liberty to bend my undivided attention and energy to this purpose. It was not however until the 24th of June last that any tolerable concurrence of facilities for such an attempt arrived. On that day I began my experiment, having previously settled in my own mind that I would not flinch, but would “stand up to the scratch”—under any possible “punishment.” I must premise that about 170 or 180 drops had been my ordinary allowance for many months: occasionally I had run up as high as 500; and once nearly to 700: in repeated preludes to my final experiment I had also gone as low as 100 drops; but had found it impossible to stand

it beyond the 4th day—which, by the way, I have always found more difficult to get over than any of the preceeding three. I went off under easy sail—130 drops a day for three days: on the fourth I plunged at once to 80: the misery which I now suffered “took the conceit” out of me at once: and for about a month I continued off and on about this mark: then I sunk to 60: and the next day to — none at all. This was the first day for nearly ten years that I had existed without opium. I persevered in my abstinence for 90 hours; i. e. upwards of half a week. Then I took — ask me not how much: say, ye severest, what would ye have done? Then I abstained again: then took about 25 drops: then abstained: and so on.

Meantime the symptoms which attended my case for the first six weeks of the experiment were these:—enormous irritability and excitement of the whole system: the stomach in particular restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility; but often in great pain: unceasing restlessness night and day: sleep — I scarcely knew what it was: three hours out of the twenty-four was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow that I heard every sound that was near me: lower jaw constantly swelling: mouth ulcerated: and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat; amongst which however I must mention one, because it had never failed to accompany any attempt to renounce opium—viz. violent sternutation: this now became exceedingly troublesome: sometimes lasting for two hours at once, and recurring at least twice or three times a day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach; whence, I believe, are explained the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility to the stomach expressed itself, I suppose, in this way. It is remarkable also that, during the whole period of years through which I had taken opium, I had never once caught cold (as the phrase is), nor even the slightest

cough. But now a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after. In an unfinished fragment of a letter begun about this time to — I find these words: “You ask me to write the ——. Do you know Beaumont and Fletcher’s play of Thierry and Theodoret? There you will see my case as to sleep: nor is it much of an exaggeration in other features.—I protest to you that I have a greater influx of thoughts in one hour at present than in a whole year under the reign of opium. It seems as though all the thoughts which had been frozen up for a decade of years by opium, had now, according to the old fable, been thawed at once—such a multitude stream in upon me from all quarters. Yet such is my impatience and hideous irritability—that, for one which I detain and write down, fifty escape me: in spite of my weariness from suffering and want of sleep, I cannot stand still or sit for two minutes together. ‘I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.’”

At this stage of my experiment I sent to a neighbouring surgeon, requesting that he would come over to see me. In the evening he came: and after briefly stating the case to him, I asked this question:—Whether he did not think that the opium might have acted as a stimulus to the digestive organs; and that the present state of suffering in the stomach, which manifestly was the cause of the inability to sleep, might arise from indigestion? His answer was—No: on the contrary he thought that the suffering was caused by digestion itself—which should naturally go on below the consciousness, but which from the unnatural state of the stomach, vitiated by so long a use of opium, was become distinctly perceptible. This opinion was plausible: and the unintermitting nature of the suffering disposes me to think that it was true: for, if it had been any mere *irregular* affection of the stomach, it should naturally have intermitted occasionally, and constantly fluctuated as to degree. The intention of nature, as manifested in the healthy state, obviously is—to withdraw from our notice all the vital motions, such as the circulation of the blood, the expansion and contraction of the lungs, the peristaltic action of

the stomach, &c.; and opium, it seems, is able in this, as in other instances, to counteract her purposes.—By the advice of the surgeon I tried *bitters*: for a short time these greatly mitigated the feelings under which I laboured: but about the forty-second day of the experiment the symptoms already noticed began to retire, and new ones to arise of a different and far more tormenting class: under these, but with a few intervals of remission, I have since continued to suffer. But I dismiss them undescribed for two reasons: 1st, because the mind revolts from retracing circumstantially any sufferings from which it is removed by too short or by no interval: to do this with minuteness enough to make the review of any use—would be indeed “*infundum renovare dolorem*,” and possibly without a sufficient motive: for 2dly, I doubt whether this latter state be any way referrible to opium—positively considered, or even negatively; that is, whether it is to be numbered amongst the last evils from the direct action of opium, or even amongst the earliest evils consequent upon a want of opium in a system long deranged by its use. Certainly one part of the symptoms might be accounted for from the time of year (August): for, though the summer was not a hot one, yet in any case the sum of all the heat *funded* (if one may say so) during the previous months, added to the existing heat of that month, naturally renders August in its better half the hottest part of the year: and it so happened that the excessive perspiration, which even at Christmas attends any great reduction in the daily quantum of opium—and which in July was so violent as to oblige me to use a bath five or six times a day, had about the setting in of the hottest season wholly retired: on which account any bad effect of the heat might be the more unmitigated. Another symptom, viz. what in my ignorance I call internal rheumatism

(sometimes affecting the shoulders, &c., but more often appearing to be seated in the stomach), seemed again less probably attributable to the opium or the want of opium than to the dampness of the house* which I inhabit, which had about that time attained its maximum—July having been, as usual, a month of incessant rain in our most rainy part of England.

Under these reasons for doubting whether opium had any connexion with the latter stage of my bodily wretchedness—(except indeed as an occasional cause, as having left the body weaker and more crazy, and thus predisposed to any mal-influence whatever),—I willingly spare my reader all description of it: let it perish to him: and would that I could as easily say, let it perish to my own remembrances: that any future hours of tranquillity may not be disturbed by too vivid an ideal of possible human misery!

So much for the sequel of my experiment: as to the former stage, in which properly lies the experiment and its application to other cases, I must request my reader not to forget the reasons for which I have recorded it: these were two: 1st, a belief that I might add some trifle to the history of opium as a medical agent: in this I am aware that I have not at all fulfilled my own intentions, in consequence of the torpor of mind—pain of body—and extreme disgust to the subject which besieged me whilst writing that part of my paper; which part, being immediately sent off to the press (distant about five degrees of latitude), cannot be corrected or improved. But from this account, rambling as it may be, it is evident that thus much of benefit may arise to the persons most interested in such a history of opium—viz. to Opium-eaters in general—that it establishes, for their consolation and encouragement, the fact that opium may be renounced; and without greater sufferings than an ordi-

* In saying this, I mean no disrespect to the individual house, as the reader will understand when I tell him, that, with the exception of one or two princely mansions, and some few inferior ones that have been coated with Roman cement, I am not acquainted with any house in this mountainous district which is wholly water-proof. The architecture of books, I flatter myself, is conducted on just principles in this county: but for any other architecture—it is in a barbarous state; and, what is worse, in a retrograde state.

nary resolution may support; and by a pretty rapid course * of descent.

To communicate this result of my experiment—was my foremost purpose. 2dly, as a purpose collateral to this, I wished to explain how it had become impossible for me to compose a Third Part in time to accompany this republication: for during the very time of this experiment, the proof sheets of this reprint were sent to me from London: and such was my inability to expand or to improve them, that I could not even bear to read them over with attention enough to notice the press errors, or to correct any verbal inaccuracies. These were my reasons for troubling my reader with any record, long or short, of experiments relating to so truly base a subject as my own body: and I am earnest with the reader that he will not forget them, or so far misapprehend me as to believe it possible that I

would condescend to so rascally a subject for its own sake, or indeed for any less object than that of general benefit to others. Such an animal as the self-observing valetudinarian—I know there is: I have met him myself occasionally: and I know that he is the worst imaginable *heautontimoroumenos*; aggravating and sustaining, by calling into distinct consciousness, every symptom that would else perhaps—under a different direction given to the thoughts—become evanescent. But as to myself, so profound is my contempt for this undignified and selfish habit, that I could as little condescend to it as I could to spend my time in watching a poor servant girl—to whom at this moment I hear some lad or other making love at the back of my house. Is it for a Transcendental Philosopher to feel any curiosity on such an occasion? Or can I, whose life is worth only

* On which last notice I would remark, that mine was *too* rapid, and the suffering therefore needlessly aggravated: or rather perhaps it was not sufficiently continuous and equably graduated. But, that the reader may judge for himself—and above all that the Opium-eater, who is preparing to retire from business, may have every sort of information before him, I subjoin my diary:—

FIRST WEEK.			THIRD WEEK.		
		Drops of Laud.			Drops of Laud.
Mond. June 24	130	Mond. July 8	300
— 25	140	— 9	50
— 26	130	— 10	} Hiatus in MS.	
— 27	80	— 11		
— 28	80	— 12		
— 29	80	— 13		
— 30	80	— 14	76
SECOND WEEK.			FOURTH WEEK.		
Mond. July 1	80	Mond. July 15	76
— 2	80	— 16	73½
— 3	90	— 17	73½
— 4	100	— 18	70
— 5	80	— 19	240
— 6	80	— 20	80
— 7	80	— 21	350
FIFTH WEEK.					
		Drops of Laud.			
Mond. July 22	60			
— 23	none.			
— 24	none.			
— 25	none.			
— 26	200			
— 27	none.			

What mean these abrupt relapses, the reader will ask perhaps, to such numbers as 300—350, &c.? The *impulse* to these relapses was mere infirmity of purpose: the *motive*, where any motive blended with this impulse, was either the principle of “*reculer pour mieux sauter* ;” (for under the torpor of a large dose, which lasted for a day or two, a less quantity satisfied the stomach—which, on awaking, found itself partly accustomed to this new ration): or else it was this principle—that of sufferings otherwise equal those will be borne best which meet with a mood of anger; now, whenever I ascended to any large dose, I was furiously incensed on the following day, and could then have borne any thing.

eight and a half years' purchase, be supposed to have leisure for such trivial employments?—However, to put this out of question, I shall say one thing, which will perhaps shock some readers: but I am sure it ought not to do so, considering the motives on which I say it. No man, I suppose, employs much of his time on the phenomena of his own body without some regard for it; whereas the reader sees that, so far from looking upon mine with any complacency or regard, I hate it and make it the object of my bitter ridicule and contempt: and I should not be displeased to know that the last indignities which the law inflicts upon the bodies of the worst malefactors might hereafter fall upon it. And, in testification of my sincerity in saying this, I shall make the following offer. Like other men, I have particular fancies about the place of my burial: having lived chiefly in a mountainous region, I rather cleave to the conceit, that a grave in a green church-yard, amongst the ancient and solitary hills, will be a sublimer and more tranquil place of repose for a philosopher than any in the hideous Golgothas of London. Yet if the gentlemen of Surgeons' Hall think that any benefit can redound to their science from inspecting the appearances in the body of an Opium-eater, let them speak but a word, and I will take care that mine shall be legally secured to them—i. e. as soon as I have done with it myself.

Let them not hesitate to express their wishes upon any scruples of false delicacy, and consideration for my feelings: I assure them they will do me too much honour by 'demonstrating' on such a crazy body as mine: and it will give me pleasure to anticipate this posthumous revenge and insult inflicted upon that which has caused me so much suffering in this life. Such bequests are not common: reversionary benefits contingent upon the death of the testator are indeed dangerous to announce in many cases: of this we have a remarkable instance in the habits of a Roman prince—who used, upon any notification made to him by rich persons, that they had left him a handsome estate in their wills, to express his entire satisfaction at such arrangements, and his gracious acceptance of those loyal legacies: but then, if the testators neglected to give him immediate possession of the property, if they traitorously "persisted in living" (*si vivere perseverarent*, as Suetonius expresses it), he was highly provoked, and took his measures accordingly. In those times, and from one of the worst of the Cæsars, we might expect such conduct: but I am sure that from English surgeons at this day I need look for no expressions of impatience, or of any other feelings, but such as are answerable to that pure love of science and all its interests, which induces me to make such an offer.

Sept. 30, 1822.

PRESENTIMENT: A FRAGMENT.

John Keats

If a man has a little child to whom he bows his heart and stretches forth his arms—if he has an only son, or a little daughter—with her sweet face and innocent hands, with her mother's voice, only louder—and her mother's eyes, only brighter, let him go and caress them while they are his, for the dead possess nothing. Let him put fondness in his breath while it is with him, and caress his babes as if they would be fatherless, and blend his fingers with their glossy hair, as if it were a frail, frail gossamer. And if he be away, let him hasten homeward with his impatient spirit before him, plotting kisses for

their lips: but if he be far distant, let him read my story, and weep, and utter fond breath, kissing the words before they go, wishing that they could reach his children's ear. And yet let him be glad; for though he is beyond seas he is still near them while Death is behind him—for the greater distance swallows the less. And the wings of angels may waft his love to their far-away thoughts, silently, like the whisperings of their own spirits while they weep for their father.

It was in the days of my bitterness, when care had bewildered me, and the feverish strife of this world had

· vexed me till I was mad, that I went into a little land of graves, and there wept; for my sorrow was deep unto darkness, and I could not win friendship by friendship, nor love, though it still loved me, but in heaven—for it was purer than the pure air, and had floated up to God. And I sat down upon a tombstone with my unburied grief, and wondered what that earth contained, of joy and misery, and triumph long past, and pride lower than nettles,—and how old love was joined to love again, and hate was gone to hate. For there were many monuments, with sunshine on one side and shade on the other, like life and death; with black frowning letters upon their white bright faces; and through those letters one might hear the dead speaking silently and slow, for there was much meaning in those words and mysteries which long thought could not fathom. And there was dust upon those flat dwellings, which I kissed, for lips like it were there, and eyes where much love had been, and cheeks that had warmed the sunshine. But the dust was gone in a breath, and so were they; and the wind brought shadows that passed and passed incessantly over that land of graves, which you might strive to stay, but could not, even as the dead had passed away and been missed in the after brightness.

Thus I buried my thoughts with the dead, and, as I sat unconsciously, I heard the sound of young sweet voices, and, looking up, I saw two little children coming up the path. The lambs lifted up their heads as they passed, and gazed; but fed again without stirring, for there was nothing to fear from such innocent looks and so gentle voices; there was even a melancholy in their tone which does not belong to childhood. The eldest was a young boy, very fair and gentle, with a little hand linked to his; and, by his talk, it seemed that he had brought his sister, to show her where her poor father lay, and to talk about Death. Their lips seemed too rosy and tender to utter his dreadful name,—but the word was empty to them, and unmeaning as the sound of a shell,—for they knew him not, that he had kissed them before they were born or breathed, and would again when the

time came. So they approached, dew-dabbled, and struggling through the long-tangled weeds, to a new grave, and stood before it, and gazed on its record, like the ignorant sheep, without reading. They did not see their father, but only a little mound of earth, with strange grass and weeds; and they looked and looked again, and at each other, with whispers in their eyes, and listened, till the flowers dropped from their forgotten hands. And when I saw how rosy they were in that black, which only made them the more rosy, and their bright curly hair that had no proud hand to part it, I thought of the yearnings of disembodied love, and invisible agony that had no voice, till methought their father's spirit passed into mine, and burned, and gazed through my eyes upon his children. They had not yet seemed to notice me, but only that silent grave; and, looking more and more sadly, their eyes filled with large tears, and their lips drooped, and their heads sunk so mournfully and so comfortless, that my own grief rushed into my eyes and hid them from me. And I said inwardly, I will be their father, and wipe their blue eyes, and win their sorrowful cheeks into dimples, for they are very fair, and young—too young for this stormy life. I will watch them through the wide world, for it is a cruel place, where the tenderest are most torn, because they are tenderest, and the most beautiful are most blighted. Therefore this little one shall be my daughter, that I may gather her for heaven as my best deed upon earth; and this young boy shall be my son, to share my blessing when I die, that God in that time may so deal with my own offspring. For I feel a misgiving that I shall soon die, and that my own little ones will come to my grave and weep over me, even as these poor orphans. Oh! how shall I leave them to the care of the careless—to the advice of the winds—to the home of the wide world?—and, as I thought of this, the full tears dropped from my eyes, and I saw again the two children. They were still there and weeping: but as I looked at them more earnestly, I perceived that they were altered, or my sight changed, so that I knew their faces. I knew them—for I had

seen them in very infancy, and through all their growth; in sickness when I prayed over them—and in slumber, when I had watched over them till I almost wept, they were so beautiful! I had kissed, how often! those very cheeks, blushing my own blood, and had breathed blessings upon their glossy brows, and had pressed their little hands in ecstasies of anxious love. They also knew me; but there was an older grief in their looks than had ever been:—and why had they come to me in that place, and in black, so sad and so speechless, and with flowers so withering? but they only shook their heads and wept. Then I trembled exceedingly, and stretched out my arms to embrace them, but there was nothing between me and the tombstone where they had seemed; yet they still gazed at me from behind it, and further and still further as I followed, till they stood upon the verge of the church-yard. Then I saw, in the sunshine, that they were shadowless; and, as they raised their hands in the light, that no blood was in them; and as I moved still closer they slowly turned into trees, and hills, and pale blue sky, that had been in the distance. Still I gazed where they had been, and the sky seemed full of them; but there were only clouds; and the shadows on the earth were merely shadows, and the rustling was the rustling of the sheep. I saw them no more. They were gone from me, as if for ever:—but I knew that this was my warning, and wept, for it came to me through my own children in all its bitterness. I felt that I should leave them as I had foretold—their hearts, and lips, and sweet voices, to one another, to be their own comfort; for I knew that such grief is prophetic of grief, and that angels so minister to man, and that death thus converses in spirit with his elect. So I spread my arms to the world in farewell, and weaned my eyes from all things that had been pleasant on the earth, and would be so after me, and prepared myself for her ready bosom. And I said, now I will go home, and kiss my children before I die, and put a life's love into my last hour; for I must hasten while my thoughts are with me, lest I madden, and perhaps wrong them in my delirium, and spurn their sorrowful love, and curse them, instead of

blessing, with a fierce strange voice. Thus I hurried towards them, faster and faster, till I ran; but as my desire increased, my strength failed me, so that I wished for my death-bed, and threw myself down on a green hill, under the shade of trees that almost hid the sky with their intricate branches. And as I lay, the thought of death came over me as death, with a deep gloom like the shade of a darkened chamber, and blinded me to the trees, and the sky, and the grass, that were round me. But a pale light came, as I thought, through the pierced shutters, and I saw by it strange and familiar faces full of grief, and eyes that watched mine for the last look, and tiptoe figures, gliding silently with clasped hands—and a woman that chafed my feet; and as she seemed to chafe them, she turned to shake her head, and tears gushed into all eyes as if they had been one, so that I seemed drowned, and could see nothing, except their shadows in the light of my own spirit. In that moment, I heard the cries of my children, calling to me, fainter and fainter, as if they died and I could not save them; and I tried to stay them, but my tongue was lifeless in my mouth, and my breath seemed locked up in my bosom; and I thought, surely I now die, and the last of my soul is in my ears, for I still hear, though I see not: but the voices were soon drowned in a noise like the rushing of waters, for the blood was struggling through my heart, slower and slower, till it stopped, and I turned so cold, that I felt the burning of the air upon me, and the scalding of unknown tears. Yet for a moment the light returned to me, with those mourners, for they were already in black, even their faces; but they turned darker and darker, and whirled round into one shade, till it was utterly dark; and as my breath went forth, the air pressed heavy upon me, so that I seemed buried, and in my deep grave, and suffering the pain of worms till I was all consumed and no more conscious. Thus I lay for unknown time, and without thought—and again awakening I saw a dark figure bending over me, and felt him grasp me till I ached in all my bones. Then I asked him if he was Death or an Angel, and if he had brought me

wings? for I could not see plainly :— but as my senses returned, I knew an intimate friend and neighbour, and recognised the sound of his voice. He had thus found me, he said, in passing, and had seen me faint, and had recovered me, but not till he had almost wrung the blood from my fingers; and he inquired the cause of my distress. So I thanked him, and told him of my vision, and he tried to comfort me; but I knew that the angels of my children had told me truly, and the more so, for this shadow of death that I had passed; and feeling that my hour was near, and recollecting my home, I endeavoured to rise. But my strength was gone, and I fell backwards; till fear, which had first taken away my strength, restored it tenfold, and I descended the hill, and hurried onwards before my friend, who could not keep up with me. When I had gone a little way, however, the road was of deep sand, so that I grew impatient of my steps, and wished for the speed of a horse that I heard galloping before me. Even as I heard it, the horse suddenly turned an angle of the road, and came running with all the madness of fright, plunging, and scattering the loose sand from his fiery heels. As he came nearer, I thought I saw a rider upon his back :—it was only fancy—but he looked like Death, and very terrible, for I knew that he was coming to tear me and trample me under his horse's hoofs, and carry me

away for ever, so that I should never see my children again. At that thought my soul fainted within me without his touch, and my breath went from me, so that I could not stir even from Death, though he came nearer and nearer, and I could see him frown through the black tossing mane. In a moment he was close—the wild foaming horse struck at me with his furious heels, so that the loose sand flew up in my bosom;—reared his head disdainfully,—and flew past me with the rush of a whirlwind. The Fiend grinned upon me as he passed, and tossed his arms in an ecstasy of triumph; but he left me untouched, and the noise soon died away behind me. Then a warm joy trembled over my limbs, and I hurried forward again with an hour's hope of life. My heart's beat quickened my feet, and I soon reached the corner where I had first seen the horse, but there I stopped—it was only a low moan—but my heart stopped with it. In another thro' I was with my children, and in another—they were with God. I saw their eyes before they closed—but my son's—

How it happened I have never asked, or have forgotten; I only know that I had children, and that they are dead. Now I have only their angels: they still visit me in the church-yard; but their eyes are closed, and their little locks drop blood:—they still shrink, and faint, and fade away—but still I die not! Incoe.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ERASMUS DARWIN.

IN CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

ERASMUS, the seventh child and fourth son of Robert Darwin, Esq. by his wife, Elizabeth Hill, was born at Elston, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, on the 12th of Dec. 1731. He was educated at the Grammar school of Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, under the Rev. Mr. Burrows, and from thence sent to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Dr. Powell, afterwards Master of the College, to whose learning and goodness, Mason, another of his pupils, has left a testimony in one of his earliest poems.

After proceeding Bachelor in Medicine at Cambridge, Darwin went to Edinburgh, in order to pursue his studies in that science to more advantage. When he had been there long enough to entitle him to the degree of Doctor in Medicine, he quitted Edinburgh, and began his practice at Nottingham, but soon after (in 1758) removed to Lichfield. In the following year he married Mary, daughter of Charles Howard, Esq. a proctor in the Ecclesiastical Court of Lichfield. He was very soon distinguished for his professional skill. The first

case which he treated with so much success as to attract the public notice, was that of a young man of fortune, who, being in a fever, was given over by his ordinary physician, but whom Darwin restored, probably by one of those bold measures from which others would have shrunk, but to which he wisely had recourse whenever a desperate malady called for a desperate cure. His patient, whose name was Inge, was, I believe, the same whom Johnson, in his life of Ambrose Phillips, has termed a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. Part of the wealth that now flowed in upon him, from an extensive and opulent circle, was employed with that liberality which in this country is perhaps oftener exercised by men of his profession than by those of any other.

At Lichfield, he formed an intimacy with several persons, who afterwards rose to much distinction. Of these, the most remarkable were Mr. Edgeworth, whose skill in mechanics made him acceptable to Darwin; Mr. Day, a man remembered to more advantage by his writings than by the singularities of his conduct; and Anna Seward, the female most eminent in her time for poetical genius. The manner in which the first of these introduced himself shall be told in his own words, as they convey a lively description of Darwin's person and habits of life at this time. "I wrote an account to the Doctor of the reception which his scheme" (for preventing accidents to a carriage in turning) "had met with from the Society of Arts. The Doctor wrote me a very civil answer; and though, as I afterwards found out, he took me for a coach-maker, he invited me to his house: an invitation which I accepted in the ensuing summer. When I arrived at Lichfield, I went to inquire whether the Doctor was at home. I was shown into a room where I found Mrs. Darwin. I told her my name. She said the Doctor expected me, and that he intended to be at home before night. There were books and prints in the room, of which I took occasion to speak. Mrs. Darwin asked me to drink tea, and I perceived that I owed to my literature the pleasure of passing the evening with this most agreeable woman.

We walked and conversed upon various literary subjects till it was dark; when Mrs. Darwin seeming to be surprised that the Doctor had not come home, I offered to take my leave; but she told me that I had been expected for some days, and that a bed had been prepared for me: I heard some orders given to the housemaid, who had destined a different room for my reception from that which her mistress had upon second thoughts appointed. I perceived that the maid examined me attentively, but I could not guess the reason. When supper was nearly finished, a loud rapping at the door announced the Doctor. There was a bustle in the hall, which made Mrs. Darwin get up and go to the door. Upon her exclaiming that they were bringing in a dead man, I went to the hall. I saw some persons, directed by one whom I guessed to be Doctor Darwin, carrying a man who appeared to be motionless. 'He is not dead,' said Doctor Darwin. 'He is only dead drunk. I found him,' continued the Doctor, 'nearly suffocated in a ditch: I had him lifted into my carriage, and brought hither, that we might take care of him to-night.' Candles came; and what was the surprise of the Doctor and of Mrs. Darwin, to find that the person whom he had saved was Mrs. Darwin's brother! who, for the first time in his life, as I was assured, had been intoxicated in this manner, and who would undoubtedly have perished had it not been for Doctor Darwin's humanity. During this scene I had time to survey my new friend, Doctor Darwin. He was a large man, fat, and rather clumsy; but intelligence and benevolence were painted in his countenance: he had a considerable impediment in his speech, a defect which is in general painful to others; but the Doctor repaid his auditors so well for making them wait for his wit or his knowledge, that he seldom found them impatient. When his brother was disposed of, he came to supper, and I thought that he looked at Mrs. Darwin as if he was somewhat surprised when he heard that I had passed the whole evening in her company. After she withdrew, he entered into conversation with me upon the carriage that I had made, and upon the remarks

that fell from some members of the Society to whom I had shown it. I satisfied his curiosity; and having told him that my carriage was in the town, and that he could see it whenever he pleased, we talked upon mechanical subjects, and afterwards on various branches of knowledge, which necessarily produced allusions to classical literature; by these, he discovered that I had received the education of a gentleman. 'Why! I thought,' said the Doctor, 'that you were a coach-maker!' 'That was the reason,' said I, 'that you looked surprised at finding me at supper with Mrs. Darwin. But you see, Doctor, how superior in discernment ladies are even to the most learned gentlemen: I assure you that I had not been in the room five minutes before Mrs. Darwin asked me to tea!'

These endeavours to improve the construction of carriages were near costing him dear; nor did he desist till he had been several times thrown down, and at last broke the pan of the right knee, which occasioned a slight but incurable lameness. The amiable woman, of whom Mr. Edgeworth has here spoken, died in 1770. Of the five children whom she brought him, two were lost in their infancy. Charles, the eldest of the remaining three, died at Edinburgh, in 1778, of a disease supposed to be communicated by a corpse which he was dissecting, when one of his fingers was slightly wounded. He had obtained a gold medal for pointing out a test by which pus might be distinguished from mucus; and the Essay in which he had stated his discovery was published by his father after his death, together with another treatise, which he left incomplete, on the Retrograde Motions of the Absorbent Vessels of Animal Bodies in some Diseases. Another of his sons, Erasmus, who was a lawyer, in a temporary fit of mental derangement put an end to his existence in 1799. Robert Waring, a physician, now in high reputation at Shrewsbury, is the only one of these children who survived him.

A few years before he quitted Lichfield in consequence of a second marriage, he attempted to establish a Botanical Society in that city; but his only associates were the present

Sir Brooke Boothby, and a proctor whose name was Jackson. Of this triumvirate, Miss Seward, who knew them well, tells us that Jackson admired Sir Brooke Boothby, and worshipped and aped Dr. Darwin. He became a useful drudge to each in their joint work, the translation of the Linnæan system of vegetation into English from the Latin. His illustrious coadjutors exacted of him fidelity to the sense of their author, and they corrected Jackson's inelegant English, weeding it of its pompous coarseness. Darwin had already conceived the design of turning the Linnæan system into a poem, which, after he had composed it, was long handed about in manuscript; and, I believe, frequently revised and altered with the most sedulous care. The stage on which he has introduced his fancied Queen of Botany, and her attendants from the Rosicrusian world, has the recommendation of being a real spot of ground within a mile of the place he inhabited. A few years ago it retained many traces of the diligence he had bestowed on it, and has probably not yet entirely lost them. Of this work, called the *Botanic Garden*, which he retained till he thought there was no danger of his medical character suffering from his being known as a poet, he published, in 1789, the second part, containing the *Loves of the Plants*, first; believing it to be more level to the apprehension of ordinary readers. It soon made its way to an almost universal popularity. With the lovers of poetry, the novelty of the subject and the high polish, as it was then considered, of the verse, secured it many favourers, and the curiosity of the naturalist was not less gratified by the various information and the fanciful conjectures which abounded in the notes. The first part was given to the public in three years after.

In 1795 and 1796, appeared the two volumes of *Zoonomia*, or *Laws of Organic Life*, the produce of long labour and much consideration. What profit a physician may derive from this book I am unable to determine; but I fear that the general reader will too often discover in it a hazardous ingenuity, to which good sense and reason have been sacrificed. When the writer of these pages, who

was then his patient, ventured to intimate the sensuality of one part of it to its author, he himself immediately referred to the passage which was likely to have raised the objection; and, on another occasion, as if to counteract this prejudice in the mind of one whose confidence he might be desirous of obtaining, he recommended to him the study of Paley's Moral Philosophy.

In 1781, he married his second wife, the widow of Colonel Pole, of Radburne, near Derby, with whom he appears to have lived as happily as he had done with his first. By her persuasion, he was induced to pass the latter part of his days at Derby. Here his medical practice was not at all lessened; and he had a second family to provide for out of the emolument which it brought him. His other publications were a Tract on Female Education, a slight performance written for the purpose of recommending a school kept by some ladies, in whose welfare his relation to them gave him a warm interest; and a long book (in 1800) on the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening, which he entitled *Phytologia*.

On Lady Day, 1802, he took possession of an old house, called the Priory, which had belonged to his son Erasmus, and was situated at a short distance from Derby; and on the 17th of the next month, while he was writing to his friend, Mr. Edgeworth, the following letter, he was arrested by the sudden approach of death.

Priory, near Derby, April 17, 1802.

Dear Edgeworth,—I am glad to find that you still amuse yourself with mechanism, in spite of the troubles of Ireland.

The use of turning aside, or downwards, the claw of a table, I don't see, as it must be reared against a wall, for it will not stand alone. If the use be for carriage, the feet may shut up, like the usual brass feet of a reflecting telescope.

We have all been now removed from Derby about a fortnight, to the Priory, and all of us like our change of situation. We have a pleasant home, a good garden, ponds full of fish, and a pleasing valley somewhat like Shenstone's—deep, umbrageous, and with a talkative stream running down it. Our home is near the top of the valley, well screened by hills from the east and north, and open to the south, where at four miles' distance we see Derby tower.

Four or more strong springs rise near the house, and have formed the valley, which, like that of Petrarch, may be called *Valchiusa*, as it begins, or is shut at the situation of the house. I hope you like the description; and hope farther, that yourself or any part of your family will sometime do me the pleasure of a visit.

Pray tell the authoress that the water-nymphs of our valley will be happy to assist her next novel.

My bookseller, Mr. Johnson, will not begin to print the *Temple of Nature* till the price of paper is fixed by Parliament. I suppose the present duty is paid * * * *

To this imperfect sentence was added on the opposite side by another hand;—

Sir,—This family is in the greatest affliction. I am truly grieved to inform you of the death of the invaluable Dr. Darwin. Dr. Darwin got up apparently in good health; about eight o'clock, he rang the library bell. The servant, who went, said he appeared fainting. He revived again. Mrs. Darwin was immediately called. The Doctor spoke often, but soon appeared fainting; and died about one o'clock.

Our dear Mrs. Darwin and family are inconsolable: their affliction is great indeed, there being few such husbands or fathers. He will be most deservedly lamented by all who had the honour of being known to him.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

S. M.

PS. This letter was begun this morning by Doctor Darwin himself.

The complaint which thus suddenly terminated his life, in his seventy first year, was the *Angina Pectoris*.

The *Temple of Nature* was printed in the year after his death; but the public had either read enough of his writings or were occupied with other things, for little attention was paid to this poetical bequest. That ingenious burlesque of his manner, the *Loves of the Triangles*, probably contributed to loosen the spell by which he had for a while taken the general ear.

His person is well described by his biographer, Miss Seward, as being above the middle size, his form athletic, and his limbs too heavy for exact proportion; his countenance marked by the traces of a severe small-pox, and, when not animated by social pleasure, rather saturnine than sprightly. In youth, his exterior was rendered agreeable by florid health, and a smile that indica-

ted good humour. His portrait, by Wright of Derby, gives a very exact, but inanimate, representation of his form and features. In justice to the painter, it must be told, that I believe the likeness to have been taken after death.

In his medical practice he was by some accused of empiricism. From this charge, both Miss Seward and Mr. Edgeworth have, I think, justly vindicated him. The former has recorded a project which he suggested, on the supposed authority of some old practitioners, but which he did not execute, for curing one of his consumptive patients by the transfusing of blood from the veins of a person in health. I have been told, that when a mother, who seemed to be in the paroxysm of a delirium, expressed an earnest wish to take her infant into her arms, and her attendants were fearful of indulging her lest she should do some violence to the object of her affection, he desired them to commit it to her without apprehension, and that the result was an immediate abatement of her disorder. This was an instance rather of strong sagacity than of extraordinary boldness; for nothing less than a well-founded confidence in the safety of the experiment could have induced him to hazard it.

I know not whether it be worth relating, that when sent for to a nobleman, at Buxton, who conceived his health to have suffered by the use of tea, to which he was immoderately addicted, Darwin rang the bell, and ordered a pot of strong green tea to be brought up, and, filling both his patient's cup and his own, encouraged him to frequent and lavish draughts. I have heard that he was impatient of inquiries which related to diet; thinking, I suppose, that after the age of childhood, in ordinary cases, each person might regulate it best for himself. But of an almost entire abstinence from fermented liquors, he was, both by precept and example, a strenuous adviser. "He believed," says Miss Edgeworth, in her *Memoirs of her Father*, "that almost all the distempers of the higher classes of people arise from drinking, in some form or other, too much vinous spirit. To this he attributed the aristocratic disease of gout, the jaundice, and

all bilious or liver complaints; in short, all the family of pain. This opinion he supported in his writings with the force of his eloquence and reason; and still more in conversation, by all those powers of wit, satire, and peculiar humour, which never appeared fully to the public in his works, but which gained him strong ascendancy in private society. During his life-time, he almost banished wine from the tables of the rich of his acquaintance; and persuaded most of the gentry in his own and the neighbouring counties to become water-drinkers." Here, I doubt, Miss Edgeworth has a little over-rated the extent of his influence. "Partly in jest, and partly in earnest, he expressed his suspicions, and carried his inferences on this subject, to a preposterous excess. When he heard that my father was bilious, he suspected that this must be the consequence of his having, since his residence in Ireland, and in compliance with the fashion of the country, indulged too freely in drinking. His letter, I remember, concluded with—Farewell, my dear friend. God keep you from whiskey—if he can."

His opinion respecting the safety of inoculating for the small-pox at a proper age, as it was expressed in the following letter to the writer of these pages, will be satisfactory to such parents as are yet unconvinced of the efficacy of vaccination; and his opinion is the more valuable, because it was given at a time when there was neither prejudice nor prepossession on the subject.

Derby, Oct. 9, 1797.

Dear Sir—On the best inquiry I have been able to make to-day, I cannot hear that the small-pox is in Derby. I can only add, that all those who have died by inoculation, whom I have heard of these last twenty years, have been children at the breast; on which account it may be safer to defer inoculation till four or five years old, if there be otherwise no hazard of taking the disease naturally.

I am, &c.

E. DARWIN.

On the accounts which his patients gave him of their own maladies he placed so little dependence, that he thought it necessary to wring the truth from them as a lawyer would do from an unwilling witness.

His general distrust of others, in all that related to themselves, is well exemplified by a casual remark that has been lately repeated to me by a respectable dignitary of the church, to whom, when he was apologizing for his want of skill in the game of chess, at which they were going to play, Darwin answered, that he made it a rule, not to believe either the good or the harm that men spoke of themselves.

This want of reliance in the sincerity of those with whom he conversed has been attributed, with some colour of reason, to his habitual scepticism on matters of higher moment. Mr. Fellowes has observed of him, that he dwelt so much and so exclusively on second causes, that he seems to have forgotten that there is a first. There is no solution of natural effects to which he was not ready to listen, provided it would assist him in getting rid of what he considered an unnecessary intervention of the Supreme Being. A fibre capable of irritability was with him enough to account, not only for the origin of animal life, but for its progress through all its stages. He had thus involved himself in the grossest materialism; but, being endowed with an active fancy, he engendered on it theories so wild and chimerical, that they might be regarded with the same kind of wonder as the fictions of romance, if our pleasure were not continually checked by remembering the error in which they originate. What more prodigious transformation shall we read of in Ovid, than that which he supposes the organs of his strange ens to have undergone during the change of our globe from moist to dry?

As in dry air the sea-born stranger roves,
Each muscle quickens, and each sense improves;

Cold gills aquatic form respiring lungs,
And sounds aerial flow from slimy tongues.

Temple of Nature, c. 1.

The peculiarities of the shapes of animals, which distinguish them from each other, he supposes to have been gradually formed by these same irritable fibres, and to have been varied by reproduction. As to the faculties of sensation, volition, and association, they come in afterwards as matters of course, and in a manner so easy and natural, that the only won-

der is, what had kept them waiting so long. He mentions, with something like approbation, the hypothesis of Buffon and Helvetius, who, as he tells us, seem to imagine, that mankind arose from one family of monkeys, on the banks of the Mediterranean, who accidentally had learned to use the adductor pollicis, or that strong muscle which constitutes the ball of the thumb and draws the point of it to meet the points of the fingers, which common monkeys do not; and that this muscle gradually increased in size, strength, and activity, in successive generations; and that, by this improved use of the sense of the touch, monkeys acquired clear ideas, and gradually became men.

To this he gravely adds, that perhaps all the productions of nature are in their progress to greater perfection! an idea countenanced by modern discoveries and deductions concerning the progressive formation of the solid parts of this terraqueous globe, and consonant to the dignity of the Creator.

His description of the way in which clear ideas were acquired is not much improved when he puts it into verse.

Nerved with fine touch above the bestial throngs,

The hand, first gift of Heaven! to man belongs:

Untipt with claws, the circling fingers close,
With rival points the bending thumbs oppose,

Trace the nice lines of form with sense refined,

And clear ideas charm the thinking mind.

Temple of Nature, c. 3.

He tells us of a naturalist who had found out a shorter cut to the production of animal life, who thought it not impossible that the first insects were the anthers and stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosened themselves from their parent plant, and that other insects in process of time had been formed from these; some acquiring wings, others fins, and others claws, from their ceaseless efforts to procure food, or to secure themselves from injury. What hindered but these insects might have acquired hands, and by those means clear ideas also, is not explained to us.

As great improvements, however.

have certainly been made in some way or other, he sees reason to hope that not less important amelioration may in time succeed. If our improved chemistry (says he,) should ever discover the art of making sugar from fossile or aerial matter, without the assistance of vegetation, food for animals would then become as plentiful as water, and they might live upon the earth without preying on each other, as thick as blades of grass, without restraint to their numbers but the want of local room: no very comfortable prospect, it must be owned, especially to those who are aware of the alarming ratio in which, according to later discoveries, population is found to multiply itself; a consummation that would scarcely produce that at which he thought it the chief duty of a philosopher to aim: namely, the greatest possible quantity of human happiness. On being made acquainted with reveries such as these, through the means of the press, we are inclined to doubt the justice of his encomium on the art of printing, since which discovery, he tells us, superstition has been much lessened by the reformation of religion; and necromancy, astrology, chiromancy, witchcraft, and vampyrism, have vanished from all classes of society; though some are still so weak in the present enlightened times as to believe in the prodigies of animal magnetism, and of metallic tractors. What then is to be said of the prodigies of spontaneous vitality? To a system which removes the Author of all so far from our contemplation, we might well prefer the faith of

— the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the
wind.

The father of English poetry, who well knew what qualities and habits might with most probability be assigned to men of different professions, has made it a trait in the character of his Doctour of Phisike that

His study was but little in the Bible.

Though there are illustrious examples of the contrary, yet it may sometimes be with the physician as Shakspeare said of himself, when complaining of the influence which the business of a player had on his mind, that

—his nature is subdued
To that it works in.

A propensity to materialism had not, however, so subdued the mind of Darwin, as to prevent him from acknowledging the existence of what he terms the Great Cause of Causes, Parent of Parents, *Eus Entium*. Nay, he went the length of maintaining, that his doctrine of spontaneous vitality was not inconsistent with Scripture.

But whatever may be thought of his creed, it must be recorded of him that he discharged some of the best duties of religion in a manner that would have become its most zealous professors. He was bountiful to the poor, and hospitable to his equals. To the inferior clergy, when he resided at Lichfield, he gave his advice unfeigned, and he attended diligently to the health of those who were unable to requite him. Johnson is said, when he visited his native city, to have shunned the society of Darwin: Cowper, who certainly was as firm a believer as Johnson, thought it no disparagement to his orthodoxy to address some complimentary verses to him on the publication of his *Botanic Garden*.

This poem ought not to be considered more than as a capriccio, or sport of the fancy, on which he has expended much labour to little purpose. It does not pretend to any thing like correctness of design, or continuity of action. It is like a picture of Breughel's, where every thing is highly coloured, and every thing out of order. In the first part, called the Economy of Vegetation, the Goddess of Botany appears with her attendants, the Powers of the Four Elements, for no other purpose than to describe to them their several functions in carrying on the operations of nature. In the second, which has no necessary connexion with the first, the Botanic Muse describes the Loves of the Plants. Here the fiction is puerile, and built on a system which is itself in danger of vanishing into air. At the end of the second canto, the Muse takes a dish of tea, which I think is the only thing of any consequence that is done throughout. This second part has been charged with an immoral tendency; but Miss Seward has observed, with much truth, that it is a burlesque

upon morality to make the amours of the plants responsible at its tribunal ; and that the impurity is in the imagination of the reader, not in the pages of the poet. For these amours, he might have found a better motto than that which he has prefixed from Claudian, in the following stanza of Marini.

Ne' fior ne' fiori istessi Amor ha loco,
Ama il giglio il ligustro e l'amaranto,
E Narciso e Giacinto, Ajace e Croco,
E con la bella Clitia il vago Acanto ;
Arde la Rosa di vermiglio foco,
L'odor sospiro e la rugiada è pianto :
Ride la Caltà, e pallida e essangue
Vinta d'amor la violetta langue.

Adone, Canto 6.

He was apt to confound the odd with the grotesque, and to mistake the absurd for the fanciful. By an excellent landscape-painter now living, I was told that Darwin proposed as a subject for his pencil a shower, in which there should be represented a red-breast holding up an expanded umbrella in its claws.

An Italian critic, following a division made by Plotinus, has distributed the poets into three classes, which he calls the musical, the amatorial, and the philosophic. In the first, he places those who are studious of softness and harmony in their numbers ; in the second, such as content themselves with describing accurately the outward appearances of real or fancied objects ; and in the third, those who penetrate to the qualities of things, draw out their hidden beauties, and separate what is really and truly fair from that which has only its exterior semblance. Among the second of these, Darwin might claim for himself no mean station. It was, indeed, a notion he had taken up, that as the ideas derived from visible objects (to use his own words) are more distinct than those derived from any other source, the words expressive of those ideas belonging to vision make up the principal part of poetic language. So entirely was he engrossed by this persuasion, as too frequently to forget that the admirers of poetry have not only eyes but ears and hearts also ; and that therefore harmony and pathos are required of the poet, no less than a faithful delineation of visible objects.

Yet there is something in his verification also that may be considered

as his own. His numbers have less resemblance to Pope's, than Pope's to those of Dryden. Whether the novelty be such as to reflect much credit on the inventor, is another question. His secret was, I think, to take those lines in Pope which seemed to him the most diligently elaborated, and to model his own upon them. But with those forms of verse which he borrowed more particularly from Pope, in which one part is equally balanced by the other, and of which each is complete in itself without reference to those which precede or follow it, he has mingled one or two others that had been used by our elder poets, but almost entirely rejected by the refiners of the couplet measure till the time of Langhorne ; as where the substantive and its epithet are so placed, that the latter makes the end of an iambic in the second, and the former the beginning of a trochee in the third foot.

And showers | thē still | snōw frōm | his
hoary urns.

Darwin, Botanic Garden, p. 1, c. 2, 28.

Or dart | thē rēd | flāsh thrōugh | the cir-
cling band. *Ibid.* 361.

Or rests | hēr fair | chēek ōn | his curled
brows. *Ibid.* c. 2, 252.

Deserve | ā swēet | lōok frōm | Demetrius'
eye. *Shakspeare, Mid. N. D.*

Infect | thē sōund | pīne ānd | divert his
grain. *Shakspeare, Tempest.*

Which on | thȳ sōft | chēek fōr | com-
plexion dwells.

Shakspeare, Sonnet 99.

To lay | thēir jūst | hānds ōn | the golden
key. *Milton, Comus.*

Or where they make the end of an iambic in the first, and the beginning of a spondee in the second foot, as

Thē wān | stārs glīm|mering through its
silver train.

Botanic Garden, p. 1, c. 1, 135.

Thē bright | drōps rōl|ling from her lifted
arms. *Ibid.* c. 2, 59.

Thē pāle | lāmp glīm|mering through the
sculptur'd ice. *Ibid.* 134.

Hēr fair | chēek prēss'd | upon her lily
hand.

Temple of Nature, c. 1, 436.

Thē foūl | bōar's cōn|quest on her fair de-
light.

Shakspeare, Venus and Adonis, 1030.

Thē rēd | blōod rēck'd | to show the paint-
er's strife.

Ibid. Rape of Lucrece, 1377.

There is so little complexity in the construction of his sentences, that they may generally be reduced to a

few of the first and simplest rules of syntax. On these he rings what changes he may, by putting the verb before its nominative or vocative case. Thus in the following verses from the *Temple of Nature* :

On rapid feet o'er hills, and plains, and
rocks,
Speed the scared leveret and rapacious fox ;
On rapid pinions cleave the fields above,
The hawk descending, and escaping dove ;
With nicer nostril track the tainted ground,
The hungry vulture, and the prowling
hound ;

Converge reflected light with nicer eye,
The midnight owl, and microscopic fly ;
With finer ear pursue their nightly course,
The listening lion, and the alarmed horse.

C. 3, 93.

Sometimes he alternates the forms ;
as

In Eden's groves, the cradle of the world,
Bloom'd a fair tree with mystic flowers unfurl'd ;

On bending branches, as aloft it sprung,
Forbid to taste, the fruit of knowledge
hung ;

Flow'd with sweet innocence the tranquil
hours,
And love and beauty warm'd the blissful
bowers. *Ibid.* 449.

The last line, or the middle of the last line in almost every sentence throughout his poems, begins with a conjunction affirmative or negative, *and*, or *nor* ; and this last line is often so weak, that it breaks down under the rest. Thus in this very pretty impression, as it may almost be called, of an ancient gem :

So playful Love on Ida's flowery sides
With ribbon-rein the indignant lion guides ;
Pleased on his brindled back the lyre he
rings,
And shakes delirious rapture from the
strings ;
Slow as the pausing monarch stalks along,
Sheathes his retractile claws, and drinks
the song,
Soft nymphs on timid step the triumph
view,
And listening fauns with beating hoofs
pursue ;
With pointed ears the alarmed forest starts,
And love and music soften savage hearts.

Botanic Garden, c. 4, 252.

And in an exceedingly happy description of what is termed the picturesque :

The rush-thatch'd cottage on the purple
moor,

Where ruddy children frolic round the door,
The moss-grown antlers of the aged oak,
The shaggy locks that fringe the colt unbroke,

The bearded goat with nimble eyes, that
glare

Through the long tissue of his hoary hair,
As with quick foot he climbs some ruin'd
wall,

And crops the ivy which prevents its fall,
With rural charms the tranquil mind delight,

And form a picture to the admiring sight.

Temple of Nature, c. 3, 248.

And in his lines on the eagle, from another gem :

So when with bristling plumes the bird of
Jove

Vindictive leaves the argent fields above,
Borne on broad wings the guilty world he
awes,

And grasps the lightning in his shining
claws.

Botanic Garden, p. 1, c. 1, 205.

where I cannot but observe the peculiar beauty of the epithet applied to the plumes of the eagle. It is the right translation of the word by which Pindar has described the ruffling of the wings on the back of Zetes and Calais.

—πτερίσιν ὡς πτε-
φρίκοντα; ἀμφὶ πορφύρεας.

Pyth. 4, 326.

which an Italian translator has entirely mistaken ;

Uomin' ambi, ch'orrore a' riguardanti
Facean coi rosseggianti
Vanni del tergo.

But Darwin could have known nothing of Pindar ; and the word may perhaps be found with a similar application in one of our own poets.

As the singularity of his poems caused them to be too much admired at first, so are they now more neglected than they deserve. There is about as much variety in them as in a bed of tulips, of which the shape is the same in all, except that some are a little more rounded at the points than others ; yet they are diversely streaked and freckled, with a profusion of gay tints, in which the bizarre (as it is called by the fanciers of that flower) prevails. They are a sight for one half hour in the spring, and no more ; and are utterly devoid of odour.

THE GENTLE GIANTESSE.

THE widow Blacket, of Oxford, is the largest female I ever had the pleasure of beholding. There may be her parallel upon the earth, but surely I never saw it. I take her to be lineally descended from the maid's aunt of Brainford, who caused Master Ford such uneasiness. She hath Atlantean shoulders; and, as she stoopeth in her gait—with as few offences to answer for in her own particular as any of Eve's daughters—her back seems broad enough to bear the blame of all the peccadillos that have been committed since Adam. She girdeth her waist—or what she is pleased to esteem as such—nearly up to her shoulders, from beneath which, that huge dorsal expanse, in mountainous declivity, emergeth. Respect for her alone preventeth the idle boys, who follow her about in shoals, whenever she cometh abroad, from getting up and riding.—But her presence infallibly commands reverence. She is indeed, as the Americans would express it, something awful. Her person is a burthen to herself, no less than to the ground which bears her. To her mighty bone, she hath a pinguitude withal, which makes the depth of winter to her the most desirable season. Her distress in the warmer solstice is pitiable. During the months of July and August, she usually renteth a cool cellar, where ices are kept, whereinto she descendeth when Sirius rageth. She dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer is pervious to the four winds. Two doors, in north and south direction, and two windows, fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point, catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful facc-ach, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught, sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan in ordinary resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensu-

rate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she repositeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again, for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her movement, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and *****'s college—some litigation latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in *****'s—where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in fact, pressing and breaking of it down with her enormous settlement; as both those Foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink at it, have found, I believe, to their cost. Here she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods); or stray Master of Arts (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell); with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gowmsmen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye upon her from the length of Maud-

lin grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and ungently neglecting the delicacies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommunicating solitariness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is for all the world like that of a piping bulfinch, while from her size and stature you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth

withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—being six foot high. She languisheth—being two feet wide. She worketh slender sprigs upon the delicate muslin—her fingers being capable of moulding a Colossus. She sippeth her wine out of her glass daintily—her capacity being that of a tun of Heidelberg. She goeth mincingly with those feet of hers—whose solidity need not fear the black ox's pressure. Softest, and largest of thy sex, adieu! by what parting attribute may I salute thee—last and best of the Titanesses—Ogress, fed with milk instead of blood—not least, or least handsome, among Oxford's stately structures—Oxford, who, in its dearest time of vacation, can never properly be said to be empty, having thee to fill it.

ELIA.

OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, AND "*MR. MARTIN'S ACT.*"

THERE can scarcely be two opinions about the feeling with which cruelty of every description should be regarded. It may be difficult to bring people to one judgment as to what constitutes cruelty: some will stop at blood, while others will go as far as bones; but there is a degree of the crime which all will agree to look upon with unqualified abhorrence; conceding to it no palliation on any account—none resulting from the power and dignity of the brute that inflicts it; and none, undoubtedly, from the meanness or helplessness of the object on whom it is exercised. Our poor fellow-creatures on all fours, if they had no claims to our active care and kindness from their manifold services in our behalf, have, from their mere community with us in the great inheritance of flesh and blood and sense of pain, an undeniable title to our mercy and forbearance. In the relation between man and horse,

custom, and a sort of convenience, have determined, that the former should be the rider: but, notwithstanding this enormous distinction, there are still such affinities between the two, as should relieve him who is undermost from the positive contempt of his superior, or at least protect him from all superfluous tyranny and torture. In few words, because a forked creature, in a coat and hat, conceives himself made on purpose to sit astride an animal with four legs and a tail, it does not therefore follow that he has a clear right to maltreat it, in wantonness either of sport or rage. There seems to be no very decisive objection, on the part of the horse, to the man's first fancy: he may ride and, for aught I know, be innocent: but the testimony of his own flesh will assure him, that to lash a horse to the bare bones is an act of inhuman iniquity.

Nothing then but praise is due to

the motives, at least, of the individual, to whose exertions we owe the late *Act* for the prevention or punishment of cruelty. He has employed no common pains in the business; not resting content with the bare triumph of his *Act*, but taking upon himself the quite extra-senatorial task of seeing it enforced—of hunting up game, as it were, in the high-ways, on which to try the effect of his new machinery. Offices so very practical are rather a novelty in parliamentary life, if I am not a careless observer. Any man might have borne the toil of talking the new *Act* through the House of Commons: but Mr. Martin, when he had done this, had not done half his work. With him, the noise of St. Stephen's is but as a proem to the noise of Smithfield: he escapes from the confusion of the benches, only to launch into the uproar of the pens. "The honourable gentleman opposite," and "the worthy member on the left," are but a joke at the top of their voices: the music of market-day in Smithfield is a far more serious matter. To appear in that brute-Babel, and no more, is heroism, in a familiar way:—what then shall we say of a Member of Parliament, who ventures there for the express purpose of catching a drover?

To be quite serious, such a way of going to work shows hearty intentions, to say the least of it. The wisdom of such measures, and their efficacy, in reference to either offending man or suffering brute, are, I think, exceedingly questionable. With a thorough detestation of cruelty, I cannot regard it, in this case, as a fit subject for legislation. There can be no pity for the cowardly ruffian who considers the helpless dependence of animals as a motive only for abusing them; yet I cannot see how, on this account, he can be fairly made amenable to penal law. I would cheerfully see him punished; though certainly not by means of any special provision, offensive to the general principles of liberty.—Every man has a right, in popular phrase, to do what he pleases with his own property; and such a right being admitted, with what consistency can we subject him to penalties, for beating his horse, his ox, or his

dog—a kind of living chattels, which universal custom recognises to be as much his pure, passive property, as his tables and chairs? I can at once understand the fitness of making an individual accountable to public justice for ill-using his neighbour's horse, or beast of any kind; but to seize upon him as a criminal, and reduce him to beggary, or throw him into a prison, for any severities that he pleases to inflict upon a beast of his own, appears to me to be an act of arbitrary oppression, entirely at variance with all the analogies of English law. Moral justice cannot always be made a ground for legislative enactments. We check the free-agency of pick-pockets and house-breakers, with the consent of all the world: but crimes of a far deeper dye, in a moral point of view, must be permitted to go unpunished, at least in a legal sense, if they do not come within a certain line, which the usage of ages has assigned as the limit of legal authority. All the finer parts of morality are not within the jurisdiction of the courts. Many a gentleman must be allowed to go at large, for whom the stocks would be a very inadequate reward. One may indulge in a pious wish concerning such a person—but no more.

If a man, by an act of unmeasured severity to a horse, were not less an offender against the general feeling and practice of the world than against abstract justice, I should still not think that there was a case made out for the interference of the legislature. But in truth he is no transgressor against the public in any sense. He acts in no worse spirit than others do towards animals in their power: he is encouraged in his ferocity by general example; he sees all men combining to make their horses as useful as possible—all, high and low, agreeing in a callous assumption of their extreme services, with just so much respect, in return, for their comforts and enjoyments, as is consistent with the selfish interest which they have in their preservation. This is a harsh description of a civilized people—yet, is it not a true one? If there is a hearty wish abroad to abolish cruelty, let us have no cant; let us not set to

work with any suspicious timidity, but probe the question to the very bottom.

Do I mean then to say, that no man would hesitate to beat his horse without mercy?—No—certainly not. I do say, however, that thousands, who might shrink from an act of immediate violence—who might scruple to tear flesh or draw blood—do, nevertheless, adopt, encourage, or connive at, a treatment of horses, compared with which, as a cause of deep and lasting suffering to those animals, the utmost powers of the lash are but as a fly-bite. Here and there a fellow may be found brutal enough to lash a horse till the blood flows; and by such acts, one horse, probably, in one hundred, is subject, from time to time, to a momentary pain: while all men remorselessly avail themselves of the convenience of post-chaises and stage-coaches, the conduct of which sends ninety horses out of a hundred, through a lingering course of torturing disease, to a premature death. Is cruelty, as far as it is a matter interesting to horses, chargeable only to the first-mentioned description of offenders? A carman, in a ragged coat and dirty shirt, strikes his fore-horse on the nose with the butt-end of his whip, and the animal feels the smart for a full hour and a half; while a sporting gentleman, of the first fashion from top to toe, mounts his "*favourite mare*," and goads it on to the performance of some desperate match against time—its agonizing exertions either killing it on the spot, or inflicting upon it some dire disease in the lungs, or heart, or limbs, to last as long as its life. If either of these two delinquents is a fit mark for punishment, which should have the preference?—Speak out—don't be thinking about the coats of the parties—the carman strikes in mere passion; the gentleman has five hundred pounds depending on his match. If cruelty can admit of an excuse, who, if he has any warmer feeling about him than a Jew-pedlar, will deny, that the carman has the best to propose?

It is this view of the case that gives me a peculiar distaste for the spirit of *Mr. Martin's Act*. It dispenses punishment with no equal

justice. I would have no legislation at all in any such matters, and certainly not such legislation as this. We see its penalties visited only upon those who have rags and dirt against them, with want of education, and other circumstances of their condition, which should plead in their favour; while it spares others, who have no better claim to exemption, than what they derive from better dress, together with more knowledge, and more refinement, which should be regarded only as an aggravation of their wrong-doing. It is really quite absurd to see a man hunting out for cruel people who abuse horses, yet fixing his sole attention upon Smithfield drovers and hackney-coachmen; as if there were no carriages likely to present game of this sort, except those with numbers upon them. Make drovers and hackney-coachmen as tender-hearted as you please; but the object desired is relief for horses—the race—and such a plan as this, in relation to such an object, is as a drop to the ocean. The cruelty, I contend, is general. Whatever might be the docility of the horse, under a system of gentle instruction, custom has decided, that he shall be controlled by means of violence and coercion; and I have no doubt, that a majority of the senators, who, in their wisdom and tenderness, passed the late act against cruelty, deliberated with whips in their hands and spurs at their heels. That such instruments, in the power of passionate or thoughtless men, of all ranks, will often be employed for objects very remote from the simple management of a horse, there can be no doubt. And where is the remedy? The exercise of these weapons is indulged in universally with such indefinite freedom, that if law would oppose it with effect, or on any principle of equal dealing, it must be by one sweeping blow, levelled at all who ride or drive. The attempt to assign punishment to certain degrees or certain persons, in a species of offence so indeterminate and widely spread, must infallibly be attended with endless perplexity, and intolerable partiality.

All outrageous violence towards animals, not countenanced by common custom, must be delivered over

for punishment, it appears to me, to nothing but the scorn arising from public feeling and opinion. Such a check may be feeble and rarely interposed, and it is very disgraceful that it should be so; but being so, it is perfectly futile to think of aiding and quickening it by Acts of Parliament. Law follows, not leads, the course of public opinion. I have no notion of indicting a whole kingdom into gentleness, or of softening the national mind by the rough agency of the police. We must wait for the developement of other and surer sources of improvement. We may wait long, but we must wait patiently. Cruelty is not quite discarded, if all be true that we hear of, between man and man; how long it may be, before there shall be nothing but kindness between man and horse—Heaven knows

If it be thought, that such a consummation can be advanced by the direct violence of law, in the name of sincerity and fair play, let it be dealt impartially, and in earnest. Decree at once, that fine and imprisonment shall be the reward of every man, without distinction, who gives unnecessary pain to any thing that lives. If the carman's whip is to be actionable, why spare the spurs of "the nobility, gentry, and others," pieces of studied and prepense cruelty, on the very face of them? We shall hear, perhaps, of "necessary cruelty,"—or some such sophistication, in defence of abuses sanctified by general use, or high authority. As if cruelty were only culpable, when prompted by thoughtless rage—or were justified, when applied deliberately, in the holy pursuit of profit and amusement. To lash a horse in a coal-cart is a crime; to lash him on a race-ground is only ——— the way to make him win. What right have we, I should wish to know, to punish hackney-coachmen for "cruelty to animals," while we pass by certain gentlemen in red coats, who, on any given morning, will mount their horses, and ride them, it may be, till they drop from exhaustion, that they may keep close to a pack of ravenous dogs, set on by them, first, to terrify, through an hour or two of agony, and then to destroy, a poor defenceless hare. Nay—hunt-

ing is a most agreeable and enlivening exercise! I know it, but we are talking about cruelty to animals, and the propriety of legislating on such a subject. Bull-baiting is illegal, I believe, or subject, in some way, to mayors or constables; but who can be blind to the striking difference, in point of cruelty, between baiting a bull and baiting a hare? Besides, consider the sort of company that usually attend the sport of bull-baiting.

Is mere wantonness of cruelty to be the ground of punishment? Why then leave untaxed the barbarous and senseless practice of cutting off the tails of horses—in losing which they are exposed to more pain than they would derive from whips, if every body used them like those who use them most? They are in the way—I have heard people say; in their way, they mean, I suppose, if they have a meaning. Why do we permit a man to go at large who cuts off his terrier's ears, when he shall not propose any better excuse for such an aggression than, that "somehow or other, he never thinks a terrier looks like a terrier with long ears?" How comes it that the alderman is not called upon to atone for ages of crimped cod? But stay—this particular may escape, probably, under the head of "necessary cruelties." If a man is to be brought to account for injuring a horse, why allow him to torture a mouse or maltreat a fly with impunity? These animals are so insignificant, it may be said, mere vermin; and what if they are so? the question is not of dignity or usefulness, but of cruelty—and "the poor beetle that we tread upon—in corporal sufferance—"

I have been led to say rather more on this part of my subject than I had intended. I find myself defending the cause of man, when I had simply proposed to myself to become the advocate of brutes. My chief objection, after all, to *Mr. Martin's Act* is, not that it is unjust and unequal in its dispensation of punishment (a blot, however, that I by no means make light of), but that it does not afford a shadow of relief to the poor animals which it professes to befriend. Among all their suffer-

ings, it singles out for redress the very lightest, and that which is least accessible to control and correction. In reference to the whole race of horses, mere wanton or savage abuse must be an injury of very rare occurrence; and were they relieved from all the other modes of oppression under which they groan, their liability to this single casualty would still be the same. Acts of deliberate cruelty might be made, perhaps, to yield to the terrors of law; the same power that has limited the number of passengers to be carried in and on a coach, for the security of the human traveller, might interpose to regulate the length of stages, for the comfort of horses; but to suppose, that the passion of anger is to be banished by Act of Parliament, or that such an authority shall prevent an intemperate man from now and then beating his horse, or anything else that falls in his way, is perfectly absurd. Men will not deal better by their horses than they do by their wives: they will beat them occasionally; and to direct a powerless blow, under pretence of relief, at this partial grievance, while all their great, general, and constant injuries remain unredressed, is nothing but mockery. What would the ladies say, if they were dependent for all their rights in society on positive law, which should make no other provision in their favour, than that their husbands should not beat them. A man, it might be enacted, may exert any decent sovereignty over his wife, or turn her to any useful account, lock her up in perpetual confinement, or keep her to hard labour during all her waking hours, that she may relieve him from the pain of tilling the ground, and hewing wood, and carrying water; but he shall not lay a finger upon her in the way of chastisement. Work her to death and welcome—but let him touch a hair of her head in anger at his peril. Thank God, the women have a better security for the consideration that is their due, in the general gallantry and polish of the age. Cherished, admired, respected, they would never think of complaining, as a body, that here and there a man had come to the enormity of beating his wife. Such a matter is

grievous enough, to be sure, as it falls upon Mrs. B——, or Mrs. C——, but is no concern for the sex.

If our poor horses, in like manner, could but secure a little uniform moderation in their general treatment; if they could put away that single but woeful curse of their kind, overwork, they would have fair reason to be content, and might well despise the small annoyances and chance-blows coincident with irritable coachmen and impatient riders. The lash is the least of their sufferings. Relieve them from excessive labour, and the train of misery connected with it, and you will have done for them all that the most sanguine humanity could hope for or desire. Could they speak, they would, I have no doubt, check our vanity by telling us, that they laugh at the puny violences that can come from the mere muscles of a man. What are these compared with the kicks which it sometimes pleases them to exchange with one another? What is a hand to an animal with a hoof? They care not, they would say, for the whip, on its own account, however lawlessly applied; they complain only of the decorous and measured use of it, as a means of urging them on to exertions beyond their strength, and fatal to their health. Observe a team of horses in an inn-yard, just liberated from a stage-coach—smoking and drenched with sweat, their heads sunk, panting, and painfully blowing out their breath, their knees bent and stiffened, their tails quivering, every muscle in their bodies trembling with agitation; see them in this state limping and staggering into their stable, that they may take such rest as their aching bones will allow them, and recover so much strength as will fit them to be worked and worn down again. What comfort would these wretched animals receive, in the depth of their misery, could you make them understand that *Mr. Martin's* eye was upon them, and that the ferocious driver, who whipped his near leader for a minute and a half, on a certain Wednesday, would surely be brought to punishment? Don't insult us, they might say, with your niggardly sympathy—don't talk to us of cruel drivers—protect us from

cruel proprietors, and cruel travellers. You are brushing gnats from our hides, when we have wounds at our hearts.

The proprietors of post-horses have determined by cold calculation, that the most profitable way of dealing with them is "*to get as much work out of them*" as possible, by the speediest means; that a horse is turned to more account, when worked to death in two years, than he would be by a longer life of more moderate exertion. With this truth before them, they suffer no anxiety about the feelings of the animals to puzzle their arithmetic; regarding them only as abstract quantities—so much horse-power—not so much horse-flesh. Could the legislature interfere with safety, or any chance of success, to repress such cruelties as these? Would it be borne, that the law should presume to settle for every man the task-work of his horse; to tax journees, in addition to turnpikes, with penalties on excessive galloping, and immoderate duration? Would any such regulations be submitted to for a moment; affecting, as they would, not only proprietors of post-horses, but travellers of all denominations, from the noble spirits who have nothing to do but to rattle in and out of the metropolis, as if life and death were on their speed, to the humble itinerant, who must curse, and swear, and whip over his way, as best he may, that his "*sand O*" may be in time for the market? They clearly would not. Though such interference might at once secure horses from all their oppression, it must not be employed; because, however excellent in its particular spirit and effect, it would be an infraction of general rules connected with the whole body of our rights and privileges. If then, so large a benefit to all horse-kind must yield to these general rules, why break them for so insignificant an object as that of saving a few individuals from the least oppressive among the multitude of abuses to which they are exposed? Why arrest the horse-whipping driver on the outside of a carriage, while you hesitate to check the horse-killing gentleman in the inside? I verily suspect, that the difference between outside and in-

side, between jacket and coat, is the best excuse that can be assigned for so plain a contradiction.

It is often, and unjustly, required from a person who finds fault with any scheme of improvement, that he should suggest a better, or be silent; as if the simple detection of error were little other than a crime. Objecting, as I do, to *Mr. Martin's Act*, as oppressive, partial, and useless, what profound plan, it may be asked, would I propose, as likely to operate in its place more equitably, and with greater effect? In this ripe age of civilization, I have no great expectations, I confess, that any very sudden discoveries will be made, for the further advancement of justice and gentleness among men. If we sin now, it is not in ignorance. Public opinion and common custom, I have said, seem to me to be the only rightful restraint, beyond every man's own conscience, for the species of cruelty that I have been treating of; and if these great authorities are more disposed in this case, as I conceive they are, to encourage than repress the abuse, who has the best and readiest means of bringing them to a more decent sense of their duty? I should not address myself to the obscure ruffians who have hitherto been the only victims of *Mr. Martin's Act*. You may fine, and imprison, and terrify a carman for beating his horse, and produce no other effect upon public feeling, but that of diverting its sympathy from the proper object, and fixing it upon the least deserving brute of the two. I should appeal rather to the high and mighty, to those who, from eminence of station, are most within the view of the world, and whose example is most influential upon general conduct. I beg to repeat, however it may startle those who have had their fine horrors of drovers and monsters with cart-whips, that we are all cruel alike: we all give our countenance and co-operation to the maltreatment of horses; and if there is an honest design of protecting them by punishing their oppressors, let not the penalty be wasted on the lowest, but fall where it is alone likely to bring forth good fruits, upon the highest. The rich, who make most use of horses, are beyond ques-

tion the great cause of all their serious and lasting pains. Let them concur in adopting a more considerate and merciful treatment of them, and *Mr. Martin's Act* may be permitted to retire. Look at the style of travelling in this country, not among carts and waggon, —but among post-chaises and gentlemen's carriages! Let those who have a silly pleasure, or sillier pride, in scampering desperately along the roads, for the passing glory of raising a little wonder and dust, reflect upon the consequences of these dazzling deeds to the poor animals who bear a painful and unwilling part in them. So far is cruelty from being the exclusive vice of the poor, that, of any given party of dashing travellers, you shall find the driver, the unsanctified post-boy, the only one who has the slightest tenderness for the horses; and it is well if he can maintain this feeling against the persuasion, threats, and bribery of his betters. "Push on, my lad, push on, we'll remember you," is dinned in his ears till, it is too probable, his frailty yields, and, "to please the gentlemen," he turns savage at last. Let the impatient spirits who are in the habit of poking their heads out of the front windows of chaises, and crying out, "Push on," substitute for such harsh phrases the more kindly injunction of "Gently, my lad, gently," and they will do incalculably more, they may assure themselves, for the relief of horses, than they who go about to denounce the unlicensed cruelty of the vulgar.

I am not at all confident, that these recommendations, were they likely to be heard, would be listened to with much respect. People are not cruel for cruelty's sake; but they will not readily give up the least of their enjoyments, if they can be reproached with nothing but cruelty. They have no delight in giving pain; but they will cling with obstinacy even to trifles that are pleasurable to themselves, and painful only to others. How can one expect that the world will give up any of its habitual indulgences in favour of brutes that perish, when he remembers the history of the slave trade—how long it was before we could be driven from a few paltry gains and base advantages, that devoted millions of human beings to the extremity of human misery and degradation? With such a precedent in memory, with what face could he propose, in these hard times too, that the profits of any man should suffer the reduction of a farthing, that horses might not die of the glanders,—now that farmers are obliged to give the labour of two horses to one?

But I have said enough. The time may come, when these miserable entanglements and difficulties, that stand in the way of universal beneficence, shall be removed. Enough has been done to keep hope alive: it is not quite absurd, while it is certainly very pleasing, to imagine some Utopian futurity, when man, and the meanest creature that lives, shall have their full rights and enjoyments.

R. A.

TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel! submissive thing!
 Won by the mind's high magic to its best,
 Invisible embassy, or secret quest,
 Weighing the light air on a lighter wing;
 Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
 Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,
 Or rich romances from the florid west,
 Or to the sea, for mystic whispering;—
 How, by thy charm'd allegiance to the will,
 The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
 Beneath the fingering of fairy skill—
 Moonlight, and waters, and sweet music strain,
 Odours, and blooms—and *my* Miranda's smile!
 Making this dull world an Enchanted Isle.

T.

Tom Hood

ALLAN LORBURNE, MARINER.

SECOND TALE.

Fair was the wind, and full the swelling tide :
 A white-arm'd maid came to my shallop side ;
 Her clust'ring locks were shower'd with many a gem ;
 Her robe was silk, and jewell'd to the hem ;
 And 'neath her eye-lash there shone such a light
 Of love divine as made her sad brow bright.
 My heart swell'd high ; one hand she laid in mine,
 And stretch'd the other o'er the moving brine,
 And look'd on me : even as she look'd, a blast
 Fill'd my white sail, and bent my quivering mast ;
 And like a hound in leash that eyes his prey,
 The vessel shook and sought to start away.
 The maiden sobb'd—her two white arms she laid
 Round me, and wept. “ Ah ! lovely one,” I said,
 “ Hard is the lot of those who live with me,
 A dweller on the deep and dangerous sea—
 The sweeping storm—the chafed waves tumbling dark—
 The frowning heaven—my frail and trembling bark—
 My land and lordship are. More meet for thee
 The blossom'd bank—the rivulet streaming free—
 Thy lordly home, with polish'd pillars tall,
 What time the dance goes through the lighted hall,
 And pipe and flute, and cittern soft and sweet,
 Less music yield than thy melodious feet.
 Bethink thee, loved one.”—As I spoke, more brave
 The sea breeze sung, and sabler wax'd the wave.—
 “ Think on my rude deck and my cabin poor,
 Thy scented down-bed and thy citron floor :
 How sound the sea-wave and the seaman's shout,
 To thy charm'd breathings o'er thine ivory lute ?
 The streaming lightning, and the tempest's dash,
 The waving cutlass, and the cannon flash,
 Are for rough breasts ;—to dance and sing be thine,
 Cheer man, and charm him with those eyes divine ;
 Fill earth with gladness, if 'tis doom'd to be ;
 For love lives not on the inconstant sea.”

“ My second maritime adventure,” said Allan Lorburne, “ though not so disastrous to me as the first, had as much of the wild and the marvellous. There is a destiny in all things—each bullet has its billet, says the soldier, when the hot shot shower around him ;—the ship must run her fated course, says the seaman, when the storm comes on, the masts are snapt by the board, and a rocky and unknown shore lies full before him ;—and the thing that must be must, says the husbandman, when a blight seizes his corn, a plague comes on his cattle, and fire falls on his house and devours his substance. Thus each in his own proverbial way gives assurance of his belief that man's ways are measured out,

and all his deeds predestined. Spring is not surer of the return of its flowers—summer not more certain of its forthcoming fragrance—autumn of its golden corn and its ripened fruits, and winter of its deep snows and bitter storms, than man, unhappy man, is of running his ordained course of wisdom or of folly.

“ A life of danger and toil was ordained for me. The peaceful joys of a rural or a pastoral life had no charms for my fancy—my pleasures were the giddy ocean and the gallant bark—a sweeping breeze and a well-filled sail, the land receding, and the sea spreading before me in all its ever-varying, and desert magnificence. A pleasant spirit is soon soothed, and happy flesh is soon healed—and the proverb

was fulfilled in me. A month had hardly passed over me in my little lonely isle ere my wound was cured and my late perils forgotten. I joined in the dance and the song by night, and by day in the chase of the wild-fowl, the seal, and the porpoise. Though cheered by the mild bright eyes, and beauty, and tenderness, of the young island maiden—though her mother, in the language of the old and simple romance, ‘washed me with her lily-white hand, and dried me with her lily-white apron,’ my restless spirit was beyond the charm of such consolation. I had my race to run, and I began to sigh for the trim bark and the fathomless sea.

“Early on a summer morn a sail was seen on the distant waters—at first it appeared like a small white cloud hung between the sea and sky;—it expanded as it approached—the tapering masts covered with milk-white canvas, and a painted deck filled with busy mariners, became more and more visible. The glittering of lances, and muskets, and harpoons, betokened a vessel destined for the northern sea; and as the mariners dropped their anchor in our little bay, my heart leaped in my bosom, and I scarce forbore shouting with joy. Several of the islanders, seated with me on a rock which overlooked the bay, indulged themselves in conjectures concerning our new visitants. ‘This is the ship Macmurrach saw in his vision last night,’ said one islander; ‘it came to the island with forty living men, with weeping and with wailing, and dropt a dead man in our bay—and it sailed away with mirth and with music on the morrow; and he saw forty and one living men on deck—we shall lose one of our people by persuasion or by violence.’ ‘If they come in peace,’ said another islander, ‘in peace shall they depart—but death has come into their ship, and no ship ever came to our fathers’ isle with a dead man in her bosom which prospered in her voyage. Late last night, I saw death-lights shining amid the unstable water; they wavered awhile at sea, and then they ascended the shore—sickness, and sorrow, and sore tempest, shall be theirs—shipwreck perhaps, and death.—Lo! now they prepare to cast one

of their brethren into the deep. Sorrowful must the mother be whose son is buried in the waters.’

“As he spoke, the mariners arranged themselves on the deck, uncovered their heads, and four of the oldest brought a coffin from below and stood with it in their hands, making a momentary pause of reverence and affection before they consigned it to the eternal deep. No prayer was offered—for no physician of the mind was present; but each mariner uttered, as he viewed the coffin of his comrade, a brief exclamation of sorrow. ‘There he lies,’ said one, wiping a weather-beaten cheek with a hand of iron—‘a bolder heart never broke biscuit or breasted a midnight billow.’ ‘We must all come to the carpenter’s wooden shirt at last,’ said another seaman; ‘many a rough sea and lee shore have we braved together, and a surer eye never steered by the compass or sailed by the stars—but seven fathom of sea brine is a burial place for a prince—so fare thee well.’ ‘Ah,’ said a young mariner, and his eyes as he spoke dropt tears on the coffin-lid, ‘little thought I to see thee so soon stretched in thy last linen, when breast by breast we boarded the Fanfaron in the bay of Boulogne, and were the foremost to mount the deck of the Spanish schooner—three to one—in the bay of Algesiras. I may meet with many a true and tried heart, but shall I ever meet the like of thee again?’ Amid these and other expressions of affection and sorrow, the coffin was moved toward the ship’s side, and two men stood ready to obey the signal to cast it into the deep. At this moment a loud shriek was heard; and I saw a young woman, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, with a babe at her bosom, ascend from the cabin to the deck. She flew, with a loud murmur of sorrow and reproach, and placed herself between the coffin of her husband and the ship’s side, and stretched her hand over it with that look of earnest supplication which precedes an impassioned speech. The mariners gathered around her, and I heard her pour out, in a kind of measured tone, a remonstrance to the living, and an eulogium on the dead.

“‘Ye have fought at his side,’ said the new-made widow, ‘yet ye will cast him into the sea—ye have

found safety in his counsel, and shelter under his sword, and yet ye will give him to the fish for food. Are ye men, and feel not a yearning within you for a grave under the green-sward—the prayers of holy men poured o'er ye, and the tongues of good men to bless your narrow dwelling as they pass to the house of God? Would you prefer a grave beneath the cold and boundless billow to a dwelling in hallowed earth by the holy kirk-wall? Seven years have I been a wedded wife, and much sorrow has the salt sea brought me. When the rain fell, and the wind blew, and the lightning flashed, I thought of my gallant sailor, and clasped his bairns closer to my bosom. Often have I flown to the shore amid tempest and storm, when the ships were sinking, and the seaman's cries were heard—to seek to save life—or take from the merciless water the body of some poor sea-boy—and happy, thought I, as I laid out some youthful and comely corse in white linen—happy would thy mother be if she knew that the form she has so fondly nursed was redeemed from the hungry sea, and laid to rest in a Christian kirk-yard.' And she turned her eyes on the mariners streaming with tears.—

" 'Say nae mair, my bonnie woman, say nae mair,' said a young mariner; 'if they lay thy brave husband in the sea, they shall lay me beside him: let us bear him doucely to a decent kirk-yard; may they sup on melted brimstone who would cast a comrade's body to the sharks, when the green land's in view!' 'Ah, my handy fellow,' said a stout Hibernian, 'many's the man and mother's son goes without coffin, or shroud, or priest's benediction, to that ready and ever-gaping grave, among seven fathoms of sea-water. So just stand aside my boys; and by the powers I'll pitch him neatly into the burial ground plowed by the sea-gull's bosom and the shallop's prow.' 'Whisht whisht, O'Grady,' said an old seaman, —' I'm no sure but the widow's right. Of all the sounds I ever heard, that of a comrade's coffin plunging amid the waves is the sorest and the saddest. It's one thing to be borne quietly to a decent grave by reverend hands—the earth shovelled softly above ye—and then to moulder away

into silent dust with a bonnie sward of gowans and violets wagging their sweet tops o'er ye; and it's another thing to be canted o'er the ship's side among sea-vermin—to have your breast bone bored, and your shoulder blade drilled, by long-nebbed things, and things that dwell among sea-foam, and come up in the time of the tide. Ye may laugh if ye like, it's all one to Willie Mackeen. And there's Jamie Gordon cares not if the foul fiend made a flute out of his fifth rib when he's dead and gone, and a fiddle of his spoolbane—such high hopes has Jamie of rising again. And to cut short this long yarn—be it for our shame or our praise, there's a sore hankering in all human flesh for kind usage after death. So I give my sanction to the green sward—there's an island before us—and lower the boat, say I,—diel hae the hindmost!'

" 'Fair fall ye, for that kindly word,' said the widow—'ye only do to him that's gone what he would have done for you had his unhappy dool been yours. Ye may all remember when Lieutenant Johnstone was killed—he had a sore hankering to be buried on shore—and alas! they had no shore but the unkindly earth of France to lay him in. There's Andrew Fairbairn was at the midnight burial himself, and he can tell you how my brave husband, with a drawn cutlas and a bent pistol, kept back the French, till his comrade's body was laid in consecrated ground, and sore wounds he took on himself to fulfil a dying man's wish.' 'Enough said, my bonnie woman, enough said; so lower down the boat there,' said the Captain; 'and hear ye, my lads, let me have none of these half-suppressed laughs—but put on a look of decorum and gravity—else I will teach ye to be reverend at a time like this with the flat side of my cutlas.' The boat was lowered—the coffin was let down, and carried ashore—a grave was dug in the island burial-ground; and as the earth sounded on the coffin-lid, each mariner looked in his comrade's face, and tears were plentifully dropt over the low abode of their favourite companion.

" From the first appearance of the ship, and during the whole of the moving speeches of the mariners, and the rude but affectionate ceremony of interring their comrade, I had

looked and listened with an attention and interest in which all else was swallowed up. All this was not unobserved of the captain of the vessel—a fine young man with a bold free air—and a native of the mountainous coast of Northumberland. ‘We have lost a bold and a faithful seaman, my lads,’ said Captain Lawson—‘but the land that has taken him from us, can give us another to make our loss the less.’ ‘Young man,’ he said, laying his hand gently on my shoulder, ‘the hand of Him who ordains all has written *mariner* on thy high white front. I see thy destiny sparkling in thy deep dark eyes, and the colour going and returning on thy cheeks as thou lookest on my vessel floating with all her sails set in the bay. I am no rover, stealing the child from the mother’s bosom, and selling him into bondage in a foreign land—nor do I go forth with cannon and boarding-spear to wage war on other mariners—but I go to seek sustenance and riches from the bosom of the great deep—so come with me, if thou wilt. My sail is spread for frozen Greenland, the land for the daring and the prompt spirit, where we overcome the monsters by land, and harpoon the leviathan of the great deep, and contend with the terrors of that wild and wondrous region. I see thy enthusiastic spirit mounts as I speak, so seaward, ho! my hearties; thou shalt be ever at my side, and I will teach thee to tame the polar bear, and harpoon the whale, and steer a ship among moving islands of ice—a secret many would gladly know—so seaward, ho! my hearties.’

“ ‘And wilt thou leave me, my child?’—‘And wilt thou forsake me, my brother?’ said the mother and her fair-haired daughter—‘thou shalt live with us, and eat of our bread, and drink of our cup—go not down, we beseech thee, to the remorseless deep, for many perils await thee;’ and the mother took me by the hand, and sought gently to stay me. ‘Go not down to the devouring deeps, Allan Lorburne,’ said the island maid, her voice deepening into pathos as she spoke, and her eyes glistening with tears. ‘Our seer beheld in a vision that ship and her gallant mariners sore tossed on a wild and tempestuous sea; he heard the cries of drowning creatures, and the sea swelled higher,

and the ship sunk lower; and he beheld her scattered as the down of the sea-fowl by the strong whirlwind—so bide at home with me,’ and a sigh and a blush added to the earnestness of her intercession. But I was ever capricious and wayward—the impulse of my destiny was too strong for the voice of youth and beauty—and after some silent looks, a few tears, and parting words of muttered affection and blessing, I leaped aboard; the sail was spread to the wind, and away we went northward through the wide and watery waste.

“It was the warm and pleasant time of the year; the sky was unclouded, the breeze propitious, and we sailed among the haunts of the sea-fowl with a steady and a rapid motion. We bade farewell to the bold, rocky, and barren coast of north Scotland—we passed among those clusters of rough and heathy isles, the last refuge of the marauding Danes, and rendered famous in story by the many maritime conflicts of that race of sea kings, but remarkable now only for the hardihood with which their inhabitants contend for existence with a region unproductive and sterile—and for the perpetual clang of the sea-mew and the weltering of seals. The day passed—an evening came calm and clear—and the moon and a multitude of stars threw their brightness upon us, making a night little less brilliant than open day. The northern lights, too, in swift, and wavering, and capricious streams, showered their fitful splendour on ship, and isle, and ocean—now spouting forth in long trembling lines of radiance, then gushing over half the heaven in a broad flood of effulgence:—the rushing sound along the sky was audible to every mariner’s ear. The breeze lessened—then died away—or, awaking with a start, hastened us on our path with an unsteady motion: at last the wind utterly departed, and the sea, as far as we could discern, was smooth and clear, and the moon and stars were reflected back scarcely less bright than they appeared in the heaven above.

We mariners are the most superstitious people existing—we are ever at the mercy of the wind and wave, and exposed to greater dangers than other men, and therefore are ever

seeking to dive into futurity, and from any dubious appearances to raise up a singular superstructure of coming weal or woe. The mariner at our helm looked for awhile, with a steadfast eye, on the sky and the ocean—and I heard him mutter something which resembled a prayer—the deity to which it was addressed is one unacknowledged by the creed of the church, so I shall not name him. This maritime intercession seemed to inspire him with hope, or abate his fear, and I presently overheard him hold a strange kind of converse with himself.—‘I never like this silence of the sea—it bodes no good—the evil spirit is gathering his strength—we shall have him singing among the afflicted waters soon. Yon wild fowl, a sea-vulture I think, which sits pluming and decking her wings midmast high—I would rather the foul bird would hatch her young in my hammock than sit on such an ominous place. She looks too, as if she saw a coming storm—she smells the tempest afar off—and stretches her long sooty neck to call her comrades to a feast soon to be spread of drowned corpses.’

“He was now joined by another seaman—but superstition only gained an accession of strength by this community of minds. ‘Ah, Josiah Corsock,’ said he to the helmsman, ‘wherefore shot ye not yon foul bird, so that the breeze now charmed up in the air might have been loosened? the evil creature is flown and away; but when the storm snaps our masts, and the shriek of drowning men is heard, she will return with her companions, and merrily will they feast on our floating carcasses—wherefore shot ye not the fiend-fowl?’ ‘Aye, aye, Symie Strachan,’ said the helmsman; ‘your wisdom in omens is small—there is a curse on him that slays the evil bird—a curse from which he can never escape. But I think now I have something of the cannie Northumberland skill which can charm up a gentle bit breeze. I learned it from a tried hand and sure, old Frank Fenwick, of Monk-Wearmouth. He had it from Lapland, where the witches bottle up fair winds and foul, and sell them by the dozen. I have seen something of the kind myself.’ So saying, Josiah began to whistle a kind of rude invocation, which had some affinity to

melody—I know not what influence it might have in arousing the lag-gard and dormant breeze. ‘I think,’ said he, ‘I hear the rustling of the wings of the coming wind—and observe a darker curl on the distant waters—I shall not soon cease to have faith in the impulse which a well-timed whistle has on that slumbering menial of us poor mariners.’ ‘Truly, Josiah,’ said his companion, ‘to rouse up the east wind is to unloosen a fiend, whose wrath may cost your wisdom some trouble to allay—a dangerous servant he may soon prove himself.—Let sleeping dogs lie, said the daft man, when he saw the dead hound before him. To whistle on the breeze is, no doubt, an old, and may be a prudent expedient—but give a quaver too much, and instead of a soft and favourable wind, down comes the tempest as grim as a December midnight—up flash the waters midmast high; and what man’s wit will save us then, I trow? Not that I am wholly averse to using one’s honest skill to make the breeze diligent—and, through the strength of salt and water, I shall even venture on a sort of subdued whistle—the demon of the blast can never wax rebellious for a moderate invocation.’ And he whistled a low, wild, and abrupt melody, which rang around the ship with a sough and a swell resembling the desultory music which the swelling tide makes among the shells and pebbles on the shore of Solway.

“The mariners stood listening to his superstitious invocation, with an awe worthy of a less visionary cause. ‘The wind will waken presently,’ said one sailor, in a low voice—‘I never heard our helmsman whistle but a blast followed.’ ‘Look! look!’ said another mariner, ‘the curled-headed billows begin to leap and swell around us—the sea fowl begin to scream, and the sky to lower; we shall go snoring away on our course with a wetted sail, I’ll warrant you.’ ‘With a wetted sail!’ exclaimed an old seaman, with a white head, and a face scarred and grained by sun and storm like the bark of an oak-tree—‘aye, aye, young man, see that yon pennon, fluttering so gaily and so gaudy at the mast-head, gets not a steeping in the surge—and a greater mar-

vel has happened, than that we should sleep in fifteen fathom of water, with a shirt for a shroud.' 'I'll tell ye, lads,' said another seaman, whose storm-worn face and grey head told that he was a coeval with the last speaker; 'if we had a sense of religion, and a care for our souls, we should bind our helmsman hand and heel, and cast him as an offering of atonement into these waters. The ship which he sails in never comes safe to port—he and his fellow mariners meet troubles on the deep which no other men do—storms come on them by day, and dismal shapes are seen by night hovering on the sea—on the ship's deck—on the shrouds—and on the head of the mast. I have heard it said, that sleep is not to him what sleep is to other men; that something is ever present to his eye, shut or open.—Even look at him now—see, he co-

vers his right hand with the palm of his left, lest man should see blood upon it, which no water can wash out. Cursed was the hour in which I was tempted from my warm hearth and sweet children, to sail on the unstable waters with such a dare-the-divinity as Josiah Corsock.'—Some mariners laughed, and some looked grave, at this piece of confidential biography—meanwhile the ship moved slowly onwards over the smooth water. The slumbering breeze seemed to excite a propensity to minstrelsy; for one of the seamen seated himself on the prow, and chaunted a maritime song, many of which are scattered about our coasts—for every shipwreck there is a ballad, and for the drowning of every sailor there is a song,—at least it is so in Scotland—and the song which was now sung seemed of northern extraction.

COME, MY BONNIE BARK.

1.

O come, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us go,
With thy neck like the swan,
And thy wings like the snow—
Spread thy plumes to the wind,
For a gentle one soon
Maun welcome us home,
Ere the wane of the moon.

2.

The proud oak that built thee
Was nursed in the dew
Where my gentle one dwells,
And stately it grew.
I hew'd its beauty down;
Now it swims on the sea,
And wafts spice and perfume,
My fair one, to thee.

3.

O sweet, sweet's her voice,
As a low warbled tune;
And sweet, sweet her lips,
Like the rose-bud of June.
She looks to sea and sighs,
As the foamy wave flows,
And treads on men's strength,
As in glory she goes.

4.

O haste, my bonnie bark,
O'er the waves let us bound,
As the deer from the horn,
Or the hare from the hound.
Pluck down thy white plumes,
Sink thy keel in the sand,
Whene'er ye see my love,
And the wave of her hand.

“ ‘Merry be your heart,’ said a brother mariner; ‘that sweet old song I have not heard sung for seven years, and the kind lad that wrote it lies at the bottom of a sunny bay at Bermuda—he went down in the *Bonnie Lass o’ Livistone*. Were it not for the lowering of the cloud, and the increasing swell of the sea, I would sing you another of his songs; and yet I see not why a darkening sky and an agitated ocean should make us miserable; there’s old Martin Mowat never sings till the fire and the waves are flashing—though I cannot say I covet so wild a chorus for any minstrelsy of mine. So here goes my song, and a gallant one it is.

THE TREE THAT BUILT MY BONNIE BARK.

1.

The tree that built my bonnie bark
Grew in a haunted glen,
In the west nook of an old kirk-yard,
Among the bones of men—
Among the bones of men, my lads,
And the axe that laid it low
Was temper’d in a dead man’s blood,
And I dread no winds that blow.

2.

Look on yon cloud, an old man said,
No larger than my hand;
And hearken to that sweeping blast,
That shakes the sea and land—
That shakes the sea and land, my lads,
And makes the waters foam;
A wise man when he looks on these
Would wish himself at home.

3.

When I was late on Lapland’s shore,
I bought a gentle gale,
That sung around me on the sea,
And murmur’d in my sail;—
That murmur’d in my milk-white sail,
With a friendly voice, and low:
A man who sails a charmed ship
Need fear no blasts that blow.

4.

The hand which holds the winds at will
Will guide us while we roam:
When stormy heaven is burning bright,
And the wild sea in a foam—
And the wild sea in a foam, my lads,
While, sobbing sad and low,
The mother wails her sailor-boy
As she hears the tempest blow.

“During the singing of this maritime ditty, the sun’s red disk descended to the surface of the sea, and threw a long, and wide, and wavering glow on the boundless expanse of undulating water. The eye could find no limit, no resting-place, save in the distant and surrounding sky, which bent down till it touched the ocean on all sides. Not a ship—not the wing of a sea-fowl, nor the shape or trace of living thing, appeared to give life to this expanse of immeasurable barrenness before us, and all was so perfectly calm, that the sound of our voices must have been heard for half a league, had there been an ear to hear us. As I stood gazing on the sea, an old mariner came to my side, and said, ‘Ah! thou glittering and faithless water—to look on thee now spread out in all thy loveliness—the heaven glowing above thee—the air fanning thy bosom with a breath like that of a mother o’er her child—the sun be-

stowing on thee his parting blessing—and thy waves answering all with a mute and gentle throb—ah! who would think, thou treacherous element, while they gazed on thy beauty, that the moment was at hand when one vast deep would call unto another; when the wildest wind of heaven would be loosened; when thy waves would run hollow and hillocky, like the dales of my native Derbyshire, and the foundering of ships would be as sport among thy chafed and foaming waters, and the cry of many creatures drowning would be as thy choicest music? It's not all gold that glitters, and there's deceit in smiles and in smooth water, says Ned Gavelock, of the green dale of Derby.'

"To the surmise of this southern seer, the sea gave response by a deeper undulation, and the breeze, scarce audible before, now seized upon our mainsail, making the masts quiver, and the vessel to bound forward, leaving a long furrow of foam behind. 'I foretold you of this,' said one of the mariners; 'here comes the tempest, thick and three-fold—never let man whistle on the wind again with unhallowed lips. How hollow the waves go, and how black drops the cloud! I am much of a mind to give our helmsman a duck in the herring-dub: who bade him, a known stabber in the dark, whistle on a wind for the welfare of honest men? All who wish to be buried in a green kirk-yard, let them drop on their knees now. If I am to be drowned—a matter far from doubtful—let me be sunk in day-light, in the bonnie sea of Solway, where it's a credit to find a winding-sheet, and not be dropt into a strange sea, like a shot star, in a wild latitude like this.' 'Cease this idle lamentation,' said the captain; 'have ye never seen a handful of wind thrown against the side of a ship before? Drowned in the sea of Solway, man! why ye may as well hope to be foundered in a mill-pond; and who would prefer such a goose-dub to the wide and glorious ocean? Out upon thee, sackless heart! A wet sail and a stiff breeze fill our pockets with red gold, and make our wives madams. Are ye afraid of a mouthful of water when it mops the deck, or a sprinkling of the sweet sea brine in your

faces? There's nought so dear to me as these curly and snowy-headed billows; they speed the voyage, my lads—and those who dread a rough wind and a foaming sea, let them embark in a milk-bowl, and be shipwrecked in a mill-dam.' All applauded the captain's speech, and every preparation was made for the reception of a bitter tempest.

"The wind, which had hitherto visited us in short and fitful gusts, now rushed earnestly on with a fierce and augmenting strength, and the ship went dashing away amid the wide and tumultuous waters with increasing celerity. The thunder, which for awhile had remained remote, now came nearer, and waxed louder; the lightning flashed brighter and brighter; the winds augmented, and the rain increased, and the darkness rendered all invisible, save a vast expanse of mountainous billows, over the foaming summits of which the fires streamed fearful and frequent. I shuddered to behold the great deep heaving and boiling around me; to see the troubled heaven, and hear the howling tempest, and feel the frail work of man's right hand quaking and groaning beneath my feet. Something like an expression of agony escaped me. A mariner took me by the hand: 'Allan Lorne, my bairn,' said he, 'be not troubled. Thou art as safe in the bosom of this frail bark, amid this agitated waste of water, as if thy foot were on the green hill of the Kier. Learn to look on what men call danger, with a steady and a tranquil eye. Fear slays more than the sword, and terror drowns more than the storm and the tempest. Lay thy hand to work, and do as I do, and we shall weather this wild tempest yet. What! man, wilt thou blench for a lapful of wind—scarce as much as would shake the ripe corn on thy father's ridges! we shall laugh at our night-fears when the jolly day dawns. Yarely, my youngers, yarely! I wish the knave's two lips who whistled up this ravenous blast may be doomed to cool dubs of liquid brimstone for such an unsonsie prank. I can tell ye, youngers, nought but the fresh free red heart of old Scottish oak would outlive this impetuous sea. And I'm no sure we'll have dry shirts long, for see the salt brine spouts

between her ribs, and I hear her long timbers moaning. Yarely, youngers, yarely! Never mind the flood, though it foams a fathom deep o'er her decks; so long as we have sea room, the ship's as safe as though she had dropt anchor at the foot of Queensberrie; so yarely, my youngers, yarely.'

"With such like rude scraps of maritime consolation, other of the mariners sought to allay my fears; they all seemed to have apprehensions of their own, and surely some small degree of fear was not unreasonable, for the wind blew as if it was never to have the pleasure of sporting on the ocean again. Our sails too were rent, our masts shivered, the sea came spouting between the ribs, and the waves flashed frequently over us, making the vessel groan from stem to stern, while the storm caused the masts to quiver and bend like fishing rods. Midnight came, and passed, and morning at length appeared, and a faint stream of eastern light came grey and troubled upon us:—the storm abated nought—I saw fear written on the boldest face—even my predestinating friend said to me, in a low tone, 'Terrible are the ways of Jehovah on the deeps, and his wonders among the waves are fearful to look upon. I am not sure that all here have clean hands and pure hearts; lucre, lust, the pride of life, and envy, and murder, have come among us, and will pursue us to destruction. And I fear that our errand on the deep is an unwise one. Assuredly the slaying of the mighty ones of the sea, the leviathans of the polar deeps, which men call whales, is unacceptable on high, and woe and wrath are fast descending upon us.' As the mariner spoke, two cormorants stooped out of the storm, descended close to us, and sailing thrice around the ship, and looking earnestly down, uttered a loud scream as of joy, and then floated away amid the blast. The hearts of the crew seemed to die within them at the sight. 'The wit of man,' said the predestinarian, 'cannot save us; there is a summons in a cormorant's croak from which the strength of men cannot deliver them. We have seen and heard the certain and sure tokens of destruction. Who has ever listened to their croak on the ocean,

and escaped? It was not for nought that my kind old wife laid her arms round my neck, and, with tears dropping, besought me to go no more down to the deeps. 'Sail not,' said she, 'on a Friday, nor seek to walk with the wings of wind on the wide and unfruitful ocean, in the company of men who have done deeds of violence and wrong, and shed innocent blood.' Ah! I have neglected my dear dame's advice, and presumptuously dared the Divinity.'

"The storm rolled suddenly away as a shroud from the eastern quarter of the sky; the sun raised his edge, red and stormy, above the trembling expanse of waters, and was welcomed with a general shout. Light is dear amidst the deepest peril and distress; and I never knew a sailor who was not cheered by the appearance of day, though the storm raged with the same remorseless fury. As the sun broke forth, and the clouds dispersed, a general cry of 'Land, land,' was raised, and I saw at a distance before us a multitude of savage and shaggy hills, lifting their craggy and pinnacled summits through an ocean of green verdure. Presently herds of cattle, and troops of deer, were seen; and the smoke ascending from the foot of the hills indicated the abodes of men. As we approached land, our perils increased. Our sails had long been rent to shreds—our masts, first shivered and splintered, were finally snapped by the board, and through the strained seams of the ship's sides the sea streamed in; nor seemed it within the power of man to abate it. We were now so near the land that a loud shout might have been heard; but the rocky and shaggy shore over which the sea dashed in vast and foaming undulation, throwing its salt spray upon the tops of the inland hills, threatened to dash us to pieces. But from this fate no seamanship could save us. The vessel struck on a low reef of rock which stretched along the base of a promontory—the shock made us reel, and some of the crew were swept overboard by the foaming deluge which poured fathom deep over our decks. Amid this scene of dismay, I could not help observing the captain; his agony seemed strange, unacquainted as I was then with the ways of mariners. He wept

aloud, and smiting both thighs with his expanded palms, exclaimed, 'Oh! my darling Nancy, are we to part here? Work, my merry mates, work, and let us save her; cast all to the waves, and lighten her, that she may float. I can gain gold, and get a gallant crew again; but when shall the wisdom of man build so fair and so noble a ship? A ship! by the immeasurable might of ocean, she is a sovereign princess on water, a crowned queen of the deep, and the meanest spar in her side is worth a dukedom—the rudest plank on her deck is better than a baron's land. Work, my merry mates, work; else may ye be foundered in half a fathom of fresh water in a collier's barge.'

"But the salvation of the ship, to use the words of one of the mariners, seemed beyond the might of man; and during a brief remission of the tempest, we toiled but to show that all toil was in vain. At this moment, I heard the voice of a woman soothing her child; and presently the mariner's widow, mentioned at the beginning of my adventure, leaped upon deck, with her babe at her bosom, and gazed for a moment on the scene of terror and desolation before her. She clasped her child closer to her breast, and exclaimed, 'Heard I one lamenting the loss of the ship? What is a piece of dead dumb wood to human souls? Are ye mariners, some of ye old and brave ones, and know ye not that another shock will split the ship in twain, and scatter her planks like chaff on the ocean? Harken how my husband would have spoken; ye miss his spirit when the peril is at hand—down with the boat and a rope, he would have said; or stay, a boat won't live; down with a log and a rope, and if there is not a man has the heart to float ashore with it, and moor the vessel to yon high rock, bind my babe to my back, and I will go myself. Ah! my sweet wean, much is thy gallant father wanted now; but thy mother's spirit shall save thee—ye smile, my darling, with the milk between your lips—an thou livest thou wilt be a brave man, and a true one in time of extreme peril. What! are ye men, and can a fierce storm and a craggy coast make ye tremble and turn pale? I have been in tempest, and I have been in battle too—in battle by

my bold husband's side, against fearful odds, when I fought with a boarding-pike, and the child that I loved was wounded as it lay swaddled in my bosom; but I never saw men's lips quiver with fear before. Ye are not men; for ye stand like stones and move not, and I and my bonny babe are lost.' And she seated herself by the remains of the mast, in stern and resolute despair. She bared the forehead of her child,—kissed it on lip and brow—uttered a short and earnest prayer,—and then clasping it to her bosom, gazed on the scene of terror, as firm and unchangeable of face as a personification of female emotion and fortitude carved in monumental marble.

"The storm had subsided for a few moments, the vessel ceased to heave and pitch, and the wild fowl flew out in flocks from the cliffs and the caverns; we imagined deliverance was at hand. To cast a log overboard with a rope, and for a man to swim ashore, seemed but the work of a few minutes; but those precious moments of intermission in the storm were lost in fruitless attempts to force the vessel from the reef. I looked on the sea behind us—the swell was tremendous. I looked to the sky—here and there, where the cloud had rolled off from the blue, I saw the fiery seams, which the lightning had scorched—but my attention was soon fixed on a mass of dense dark clouds, which, dropping down upon the ocean, came rolling towards us, making the waves roar and foam below it. The cloud increased, and became darker—lightnings flashed from its sides—thunders accompanied it—and the whirlwind which moved it came furrowing the sea as hollow as a valley—burst upon us as with a roar—and, heaving our ship on a mountainous billow, dashed her asunder against the rocks. A crash and a loud outcry of agony was heard, and the ship and all it contained was scattered as foam on the water. I seized on a plank, and, emerging from the waves, I beheld my companions struggling among shattered timbers and an agitated sea—the strong man swimming, trusting in his strength, and the weaker clinging to spar and plank, with the mad resolution of despair. Blinded with the brine, they grappled with each other, and, after many

a shriek and struggle, went to the bottom in threes and fours. Amid this fearful scene, I beheld the captain clinging to the figure which adorned the prow, and sputtering out the sea brine as he strove to reach the land. 'Ah, my bonnie Nancie,' I heard him exclaim, 'a thousand dangers have I braved with thee, and many a gallant fellow has drawn his cutlas beneath thy pennon. We have lived through many a bitter blast—stood many a furious broadside, and now we must go down together on a savage shore, and in a nameless place. But we part not while one plank of thee lasts and life remains with me.' A huge wave threw itself upon him, and his last word was one of affection for his ship.—'Ah, my bonnie Nancie,' I heard coming gurgling from him, among the o'er-mastering billows.

"Escaping by what has ever appeared to me an interposition of Heaven, I clung to part of the wreck, and, raising myself half out of the water, gazed around, and here and there, amid the rolling surge, I saw a head of long hair floating—a hand held up for help, and heard a feeble cry of agony, and a sinking shriek. The edge of the promontory was much too steep to climb, and against this the sea rushed with such violence, that its foam flew over the summit. On the top of the cliffs herds of deer and goats stood gazing down upon us, and, I imagined, not without compassion for the agony and suffering below. Around us the ravens—the cormorants—and sea-eagles, flew with a croak and a scream, and the wings of those ravening fowls frequently brushed my face. The sharp promontory against which the ship struck projected far seaward, with a point resembling a vulture's beak, forming a sheltered haven, in the shape of a half moon, with a beach of shells and pebbles, and presenting a deep and beautiful cavern, where the primitive inhabitants interred their chiefs. Into this place of refuge it was my good fortune to be swept—the waves were still, and the shore easy of access; so, forsaking my plank, I sprung upon the beach, and stood wringing the bitter brine from my long hair, looking seaward all the while, to see

if the same fortune awaited any of my comrades. I heard a low and faint cry, and saw on the crest of a large wave the mariner's heroic widow, clinging with one hand to a part of the ship, and with the other clasping her child to her bosom. Her strength was nigh spent, and she seemed to relinquish the hope for her own life to maintain the contest for that of her babe. Let none, who know not the strength of a mother's love for the babe of her bosom, presume that I speak untruly, when I say that I saw her, when part of her face and a long stream of her raven-black hair were alone visible amid the overwhelming surge—saw her, in the triumph of holy and maternal affection, hold her child with both hands fairly above the waves for a minute's space and more, and heard her utter a faint and fainter cry—imploping help alike from God and man. In a moment like this, let the man never know what the name of father, husband, brother, or son, is, who would not have periled all the blood which pertains to his name to have saved the meanest creature that ever swaddled a babe. When I first saw her I had run round to the promontory point, and, throwing myself fearlessly into the sea, was within arm's length of this heroic creature; when her convulsed hands were alone visible above the water, and her child was looking into the waves for his mother, and sobbing. Another moment and she had perished. I seized her by the long hair, and, lifting her head above the water with one hand, sought to swim with the other. The effort was beyond my strength, and we had all sunk to rise no more had not unexpected succour arrived.

"At this moment I heard a female shriek; and, looking shoreward, I saw a young woman—her hair close and curling—her arms and half her legs bare—dressed in a short tunic and girdle, carrying a pitcher and a basket in her hand. She threw them down, and came running, or rather bounding like a wild roe, to the water-edge. She loosed a little boat—rowed it towards us with the swiftness of the wind; and as the tumult of the waves had abated, she sought to save the child, and place it in her boat. The mother uttered a faint

cry, and held her babe closer, and, nearly or wholly insensible to all things else, seemed living only for the welfare of her child. The island maid motioned me to hold by the boat, while, bearing the child gently above the surge, she allowed the impulse of the waves to carry us ashore. When we reached land, the maiden clapped her hands together, and shouted, 'Olave Swayne, Olave Swayne!' and presently a young man, dressed in a mixed garb of cloth and fur, bare headed, and with pistols in his belt, and a pair of hunting spears in his hand, came leaping towards us from the cliffs, crying, 'Christiana, my sister, what is this?' He threw his arms around the widow and her babe, and bore them into the shelter of the cavern. I stood for a moment, and blessed God: I gazed along the sea, but all my companions were lost and gone; and cleansing the impure foam from my locks, I followed into this wild chamber.

"The young man snapt his pistol, and raised a little fire of dried leaves, while his sister brought some dry drifted wreck-wood, and soon a clear and a glowing flame gleamed along the sides and roof of the cavern. A bed of dried moss and leaves was spread—the young man threw a mantle of fur over it, and there the widow and her babe were laid, and extended close to the fire. The maiden from her little basket brought honey and milk, and a kind of soft, thin, white bread, and placed them by the widow's couch, and sat watching at her head for the first symptoms of returning sense. She opened her eyes—gazed wildly round her—hushed her babe, shut her eyes again for a small space, then suddenly opening them she murmured, when she saw me, 'Bless thy fair face and fearless heart, my brave youth—but for thee, this babe—the only babe of a blessed husband, had sunk and perished:—and bless thee also, my fair maiden, with the eyes and heart of a mother, and the courage of a

man—may one so young and so gentle never be doomed like me to days of sorrow and nights of tears.' She then caressed her child, unbound its mantle and its swaddling band, and held it out naked before the fire; the sweet creature smiled, and extending himself over his mother's knees, began to lay his hands over his eyes, and coquet with us in the innocent glee of childhood. The mother smiled, and we smiled—the mirth of children is some relief to the sorrows of man.

"When we had warmed and refreshed ourselves, Christiana Swayne said, 'Come with my brother and me—let us leave this place and seek our home, and ye shall dwell with us during the winter, which is fast approaching. The deep snow will then cover the earth—the sun will forsake us, the wild beasts of prey will roam about the land, and night and gross darkness will reign for many days. But winter, with us, is no season of misery, but the time of mirth. In the summer, and in the autumn, we provide against the wants and the wrath of winter; and when the sun forsakes us, we drown the moan of the storm, and the howling of the hungry bear, in the music of many a friendly voice; for we have men among us who frame sweet ballads to the lute and the cittern; nor lack we strange fictions and domestic stories, the trial of men's wit, and the din of the dancer's heel. So come with us—escape from our land is hopeless till the sun of summer comes—all your companions are gone, and your vessel is strewn on the coast, and there will be no one to carry you to friends or to kindred. So come and dwell with Olave Swayne and me till the winter passes away, till the white lilies show their heads, and the voice of the young kid is heard from the rock, and the cry of the wood-dove from the top of the forest tree. Come and dwell with us.' And we followed the maiden and her brother to their abode."

NALLA.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

THERE are few things that impress more strongly upon the mind the unstableness of every thing around us, and the voracity of time, than a visit to the scenes of our childhood after the lapse of many intervening years, and an observation of the changes which have taken place there in the aspect of natural and artificial objects. Some trees that, when we last saw them, were scarce larger than shrubs, have grown up and spread their branches on every side, in the full vigour of maturity; others, that we remembered fine and flourishing, have disappeared altogether. Hedges and fences have been removed; the paddock ploughed up with the lawn, and the garden, which is always the repository of a thousand pleasing recollections, transformed into a meadow. Every little spot, rendered dear from association with our early years, and which we expected to hail with overflowing hearts, has undergone some kind of transformation. We gaze upon the places so changed with sadness: sigh at our reminiscences, and hasten away from the scene, half afraid lest its present state should weaken the images in the picture which memory has preserved. But of all objects of this sort, the dwelling where we passed our earliest hours is that which we revisit after years of absence with the deepest and most touching sensations: we feel as if any change in it were a cruel innovation upon a property which we deem our own, and ever wish to behold the same.

Twenty years had elapsed since I beheld my father's house, and the place where I had spent the earliest part of my life. Business taking me into that part of the country, I determined to visit it once more, for the sake of recalling bygone times, and persons identified with it in memory. Certain localities are powerful in doing this with us all—the remembrance of parents long since deceased would be fresher there than any where else. I anticipated a melancholy pleasure, on

entering once more the door of the house in which I first opened my eyes on the world, and in gazing upon the corner of the parlour in which my father used to take his afternoon pipe, thirty years ago, and my mother used to sit nursing on her knee a lively sister of mine, of whom death, a few years afterwards, deprived her. I should see again the chimney-piece, over which had hung the picture of a ship in full sail. On this my young eyes had a thousand times gazed with admiration, and I had often rudely sketched it on my slate, or scrawled what I thought a resemblance of it on the discarded cover of a letter. A large landscape in oil, an indifferent copy from Wilson, once hung near the door, on which I thought the utmost effort of skill in painting must have been expended. I fancied, could I restore these objects to their old places, that I should spend in that room entire days, holding communion with the spirits of the past. Full of this kind of castle building, and feasting upon anticipation, I reached the house, but found it untenanted and desolate. The wind sighed through the broken casements; a sort of wing, containing what had been used as a nursery in my time, with a chamber over it, had been pulled down to improve the road, on which it encroached. Improvements of this sort, necessary as they are, make sad havoc among the most precious objects of our early associations. What mementos of past pain and pleasure, belonging to hundreds of minds, are involved in the destruction of a street, or the widening of an alley!—in this respect purveyors of brick and mortar are sworn foes to the poetry of our lives. The appearance of our old house smote my heart, but still I congratulated myself, that I had found the greater part of it entire, and that I might enter it again, and gaze upon the rooms where once my young heart had throbbed with delight at the smile of a kind father, and of the best mother on whom the sun

had ever cast his beams. What a gift of heaven is a kind mother!—earth has nothing to compare with such a blessing—the best father is but half a good mother. How happy was Pope, that he had one to watch and nurse, when he was himself past the meridian of his life—a happiness but few have known that could enjoy it as he did.

But to return to my subject. With some difficulty I procured the key of the dilapidated habitation from an aged neighbour, who well remembered my family residing in it. We entered it together, and I felt as I always feel at the presence of a place which I have inhabited with objects that are no more. I thought of Moore's beautiful song—

There we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup of silence pour,
Our guests the shades of former years,
Our toasts to lips that bloom no more.

My companion was not, however, much formed to partake in these sensations, and I dispensed with her society in rambling through the apartments. What a gloom pervaded them all—so sad were my recollections, that their neglected state added but little to the sombre colouring flung over them by memory. My heart beat quick as I entered the sitting room, which had been most commonly used by the family during my childhood; all was silent, mournful, deserted. The furniture, the colours of the carpet, the paper on the walls, even two or three of the visitants, who were once free guests there, all started to my recollection. I remembered on which part of the walls I with my companions had sketched our shadows in profile by candle-light; and a name written on the glass of the window, long prior to my family having become inhabitants of the house, which I had spelled over a hundred times during childhood, still remained entire. I was standing among the wrecks of the past, and gazing upon their shadowy and broken forms. Where were the friends that I had seen there in my childhood? I looked around me, and I could observe no trace of them—I searched, and I could not find one face that had looked smiling upon

me there in the halcyon hours of my youth. I went into the room that had in my time been the study, and seated myself on the fragment of a stool which I found in the dusty apartment, curtained with the spider's web, and looking aged from neglect. I recalled to recollection the side near the window where my father used to sit and meditate, until I almost imagined him to be there. His desk and papers, his velvet cap that hung on a peg over it, and his ponderous tomes of divinity, arranged carefully on either hand, were again visible to my "mind's eye," as they had once been in reality to my bodily vision. I went into the chamber where I was first introduced into this distempered scene of being; but my reflections related much less to myself than to others—my mind dwelt principally upon the former inhabitants of the dwelling, and was constantly asking itself—where are they?

In the dining room the memory of many a repast that I had partaken recurred to me, with the spot where the table was always placed when we had visitors, and the countenances of several well-known guests, not one of whom then survived. I would have given an empire to have placed them there again for an hour or two.—What a delicious intercourse we should have held! How affectionately I should have addressed them, and told them, and let them see, how my heart overflowed with delight, and that the measure of regard I felt for them had not declined with increase of years and knowledge. Descending the stair-case, I found my name carved in the wainscot at the bottom, which had been done thirty years before, at the age when the knife in boyish hands is a sad implement of mischief among school desks, smooth barked trees, and church pews. In silence I entered the garden behind the dwelling, where literally

Many a garden flower grew wild.

What numerous happy hours I had gambolled away there! The rank grass, that had sprung up from the long unshaven plot, was intermixed with coarse tall weeds, and the brown leaves of the trees, for the season was autumn, rustled mournfully among

the boughs over my head, in token of melancholy times, or, sweeping along the deserted walks, were brushed to my feet by the blast, giving birth to sad and unutterable sensations. I seated myself for a short space upon an old oak bench, in the state when

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at the breast, and turns the past to pain.

What was the house of my father to me now? What but the memento of happier days! A dumb monitor, that, addressing the heart by signs, told a painful tale of human decay and nothingness. A plane-tree, planted when I was a child, now overshadowed with its broad cool leaves a rustic seat, or rather all that remained of one, consisting of a single half-rotten plank. In that spot the family often breakfasted in summer, in a bower of evergreen, and I had read my morning task there when the tall spreading plane-tree was only three or four feet in height. Standing on that seat I had gazed often on the blue waste of ocean that was seen between two distant hills, and fancied, when a white sail appeared, that I should like to visit remote regions, as Cook had done; for his Voyages were my delight when a boy, and I longed to imitate him. Huaheine and Otaheite were for ever in my head. The dangers of the sea were never considered; its surface in my youthful idea was always beautiful, and its skies ever bright. What would I not have given, on visiting the old scenery, to recal those moments again, and my light-hearted companions also who had often met me in that very garden. Among them was the lovely little Emma M. who, like the summer cloud with its hues of beauty, floated for a time in the sunshine of youth, and disappeared for ever. Emma M. was my first love, in figure *petite* and exquisitely symmetrical, with an eye of blue not languid, for it reflected the emotions of a lively mind clear as a mirror. Her temper was mild even to meekness; her acquirements respectable for her age. She was made to love and be beloved, and what else does a lover ask? Artificial acquirements have nothing to do with the passion which nature inspires; our love for

the sex cannot be heightened by their accomplishments, though our esteem may. Respecting love we must recur to the simplicity of nature and to first principles. The love of the wise and ignorant is the same involuntary unartificial thing in us all. Mine then partook of the romantic. I preferred to ramble in woods, and on the sea shore, with the object of my young idolatry, that I might enjoy her society in the solitude of nature, and gaze with selfish rapture on the sweetest countenance that I ever beheld, little thinking how soon the worm was to riot on its beauty.—But—

—Thou art gone, thou loved and lovely one,
Whom youth and youth's affection bound to me.

I may truly say of her what Shensstone said so well of his relative Miss Dolman,—“How much inferior is the conversation of the living to the bare remembrance of thee!” Years have not robbed these scenes of a single tint of their rich colouring; they are stored up in my mind as beautiful as they once were, softened a little, and therefore more harmonious in colouring, but as much valued as ever:—

Oh, scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel—again I burn.

I paced slowly out of the garden for the last time I was ever destined to see it. I turned round and looked,—turned and looked again upon it, as I entered the house. I was weak enough to drop a tear as I crossed the threshold, for which I chided myself, but it was an oblation from a mind that had encountered anguish as well as pleasure there, of which years spent amid the world's heartlessness had not obliterated the smallest trace. I moved hastily through the passage, and out at the front door, which, as it closed on its creaking and aged hinges, seemed to separate me from a treasure of inestimable worth. I felt inclined to go back and view it over again, but chiding myself for my weakness, and summoning a bullying species of resolution that ill agreed with my feelings, I still went onwards without looking behind me,

until I came to a turning in the road which would soon have hindered my beholding it if I had looked back. I halted a moment, took a farewell glance, sighed, and walked mournfully away. Three months after this, the owner of it razed it to the ground and ploughed up the garden. No trace of my father's house now remains. The grass grows over the spot, and a friend, who lately passed it, told me that he saw a flock of sheep feeding on a place so invaluable in my recollection, and where so many dreams of happiness had fluttered in gaudy array before my youthful vision.

W.

PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Why do summer winds
O'er the death of flowers
Mourn?—Ah! why doth eve
Veil the shining hours?—

II.

Why doth Morning blush?—
Why is Day so fair?—
Why doth Night unbind
Her star-entangled hair?—

III.

Why doth music haunt
(Like a ghost) the brain?—
Why should looks bewitch
Until joy is pain?—

IV.

Why hath the sea shore
Aye-unquiet slumbers?—
Why doth Ocean pour
Its eternal numbers?—

V.

Can we touch the sky?—
Can we read the main?—
Can the brightest eye
Pierce the past again?—

VI.

No:—the Heavens hide
Their far secrets well.
Let them so remain,—
An immortal spell.

VII.

So let Ocean be,
Winds, and Earth, and Air.—
'Tis enough that we
Find them all so fair.

[B.]

ADDITIONS TO LORD ORFORD'S ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.
No. VI.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

AFTER the research already made for anecdotes, both of a public and private nature, relative to this illustrious princess, our readers may be somewhat impatient when they find, that she is to form the subject of our present Number; but professing (as these scattered notices do) to record the literary attainments of the rulers and nobles of our land, we may be well excused for registering, with more than common care, every particle of information that throws light on the manners or the mind, the abilities or acquirements, of Elizabeth.

"Before she was seventeen," says Camden, in the Introduction to his "Annals of Elizabeth," "she very well understood the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and the Greek indifferently;" and by way of proof, that her accomplishments have not been over-rated, and as evidence of her industry, we have at the present moment two curious documents

before us. The first is a collection of sentences, taken from Cicero "De Officiis," and entitled, by herself, *Liber Sententiarum Divisionum Phrasium et Definitionum, extractæ ex Officiis Ciceronis*. The first date to this volume (a small quarto, formerly in the possession of Patrick Young, keeper of the Royal Library) is the 4th of January, 1548; the last, the 14th of August, 1549. The princess, who wrote a very fair and legible hand, has executed her task with much care and diligence. Her object seems to have been, first to collect such sentences as had a reference to the moral duties and conduct of life; and secondly, to note down the phrases, distinguishing the peculiarities of verbs and nouns, in order to render her style and mode of expression more elegant and accurate.

A single specimen of this royal school-book will suffice.

6. Februarij die Lunæ, [1548, fol. 21.]

- 1. Adhibenda est reuerentia aduersus homines et optimi cuiusq. et reliquorū.
- 2. Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solū arrogantes sed etiam omnino dissoluti.

Phrases Verborum.

- 1. Versari in honestate.
- 2. Quodā lepore consentire.
- 3. Contrahere affectus.

Phrases Nominum.

- 1. Excellentia hominis.
- 2. Compositio mebrorū.
- 3. Via decori.

.....

Three years after, we find her busily engaged in the study of the Greek language, the proofs of which are afforded by the second of the two literary curiosities before alluded to. This is a thin folio, containing phrases from Plato, Demosthenes, and from various pieces of her favourite Cicero, particularly his Orations. It is interesting to mark the progress and the mode of Elizabeth's education. In 1548, we have seen her collecting moral sentiments, and improving her knowledge of the Latin

by transcribing from Cicero's Offices: in March, 1551, we find her selecting phrases from Plato *De Republica*, and the Olynthiaks of Demosthenes. In September, of the same year, she is writing single verbs and nouns from the Tusculan Questions of Cicero, and placing their corresponding significations in Greek: and before June, 1552 (which is the last date in this second volume), she had read and collected from most of his Orations, and the treatise *De Finibus*, which she thus records:—

.....

Finis 3i libri Ciceronis
de FINIBVS bonorū
et malorum.

Excerpta ex 3to libro Ciceronis
de finibus bonorum et malorum.

"Queen Elizabeth, our late soueraigne of blessed memory, translated the prayers of Queene Katherine into Latine, French, and Italian: Shee wrote also a Century of sentences, and dedicated them to her father. I have heard of her translation of Salustius, but I never saw it: And there are yet fresh in our memories the orations she made in both the vniuersities in Latine; her entertayning of ambassadors in diuers languages, her excellent speeches in the Parliament, whereof diuers are extant at this day in print."

So writes James Mountague, bishop of Winchester, in 1616.* Her Majesty's translation of Salust has been much inquired after, and some persons have doubted whether it ever existed, but an obscure author mentions it in the early part of the seventeenth century as not then printed. This was one William Cross, an Oxford man, of St. Mary hall, who translated the whole of Salust, and printed it at London in 1629. In his dedication to "The Warre of Jugurth," he says, "the royall pen of queene Elizabeth hath beene formerly versted in this translation, but this being like to herselfe, and too good for the world, *was never published.*"

Bizari, the historian of Hungary, records Elizabeth's proficiency in the

Italian language, and informs us that Castiglione was her master: we are not, however, aware that any regular and distinct composition in, or translation from, that language, has been hitherto pointed out, and it is therefore with great satisfaction we now lay the following before our readers. In the year 1739, Mr. John Bowle, of Idmerston, gave to the Bodleian library a thin 8vo. written on thirty-six folios of vellum, in Elizabeth's own hand, and thus entitled by herself:

*Bernardini Ochini Senensis De Christo
Sermo, ex Italico in Latinum Cōuersus.*

The work is addressed in a Latin dedication to her brother, and this, as it has never been printed, we here transcribe.

Avgvstissimo et serenissimo Regi Edvardo Sexto,

Si aliquid hoc tempore haberem (Serenissime Rex) quod mihi ad dandum esset accommodatum, et maiestati tue congruens ad accipiendum, equidem de hac re vehementer letarer. Tua Maiestas res magnas et excellentes meretur, et mea facultas exigua tantum suppeditare potest, sed quamvis facilitate possim minima, tamen animo tibi maximā prestare cupio, et quum ab alijs opibus superer, a nemine amore et beneuolentia vincor. Ita iubet natura, autoritas tua commouet, et bonitas me hortatur, ut cum princeps meus siste officio obseruem, et cum frater meus sis vnicus et amantissimus, intimo amore afficiam. Ecce autem pro huius noui anni felici auspicio, et obseruantia meæ testimonio, offero, M. T. breuem istam Barnardini Ochini orationem, ab eo Italicè primum scriptam, et a me in Latinum sermonem conuersam.

Argumentum quum de Christo sit, bene conuenire tibi potest, qui quotidie Christum discis, et post eum in terris proximum locum et dignitatem habes. Tractatio ita pia est et docta, vt lectio non possit non esse utilis et fructuosa. Et si nihil aliud commendaret opus, autoritas scriptoris ornaret satis qui propter religionem et Christum patria expulsus, cogitur in locis peregrinis et inter ignotos homines vitam traducere. Si quicquam in eo mediocre sit, mea translatio est, quæ profecto talis non est qualis esse debet, sed qualis a me effici posset. At istarum rerum omnium M. tua inter legendum index sit, cui ego hunc meum laborem commendo, et vna meipsam etiam dedico. Deum precor vt M. tua multos nouos et felices annos videat, et literis ac pietate perpetuo crescat.

Enfeldie, 30 Decembris.

Maiestatis tuæ

Humill. soror et serua ELIZABETHA.

The Sermon itself will be found in the original Italian edition, 8vo. without date, the twelfth sermon of the second tome. It is entitled *Che Cosa e Christo, et perche venne al mondo*;

and the commencement will give a tolerable idea of the manner in which the princess has performed her undertaking.

* Preface to *The workes of the most high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, Kinge of Great Brittainc, &c.* London, by Robert Barker and John Bill, 1616, folio. Pref. p. 14.

Se vna pecorella non cognoscesse il suo pastore, vn soldato il suo capitaneo, vn seruo il suo padrone, se vna persona non cognoscesse vn suo amico, vn suo sposo, vn fratello, ne il proprio padre, imo ne se stessa, questa sarebbe vn' ignorantia molto oscura et pernitiua. Ma l'ignorantia di non cognoscere Christo, tanto è piu nociua et tenebrosa, quanto che lui ci è, non solo buon pastore, ottimo capitaneo, pijssimo signore, vero amico, dolce sposo, cordiale fratello et caro padre, imo à noi piu intimo, che l'anima propria.

Si ovicula non cognosceret suum pastorem, miles ducem, seruus dominum, si quis non cognosceret suum amicum, sponsam, fratrem nec proprium parentem, immo nec seipsum ista crassa esset et pernitiua ignorantia. At Christum non cognoscere tanto crassior et pernitiuosior est ignorantia, quanto is nobis non modo bonus pastor, optimus dux, pietissimus dominus, verus amicus, dulcis sponsus, amans frater et charus est pater, verum etiam nobis interior quam est anima nostra propria.

.....

In 1548, Rycharde Argentyne translated "Sermons of the ryght famous and excellent clerke, Master Bernardine Ochine, borne within the famous vniuersyte of Siena, in Italy, nowe also an exyle in this life for the faythfull testimony of Jesus Christ." This was printed at Ippeswych by Anthony Scoloker, dwellyng in S. Nicholas Parryshe, and dedicated to the Protector, Edward, Duke of Somerset. This was the only translation that had appeared in English of any of Ochine's pieces, when Elizabeth converted the Sermon De Christo from Italian into Latin, in which latter language, we believe, nothing from that famous and excellent clerk (as indeed he was) had been printed either in England or elsewhere. In the Queen's own reign, various of her author's godly and very profitable Sermons were made English by W. Phiston, and printed in quarto,

London, 1580, a copy of which will be found in the British Museum; and a subject, a country-woman, and one of rank and learning, Anne Cook, daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, and afterwards the wife of Lord Keeper Bacon, "translated out of Italian into oure natyue tounge" Fourteen of Ochine's Sermons on Predestination and Election, which she afterwards, in a second impression, increased to twenty-five; and twenty-five others were taught English by "a gentleman," as the title-page calls him, whose name has not reached posterity.

We will conclude this article with an original document, addressed to General, afterwards Sir John, Norris, then commander in the Low Countries, which shows the care and attention Elizabeth paid to the safety of her young nobility.

To our trusty and wel-bilouid John Norreys, Esquier.

Trusty and wel-bilouid we grete you well. As we wer right glad to vnderstand that your attempt for the wynning of the fort hath ben accompanyd with that happy success that you haue aduirtised, wherin you haue right well aunswered our expectation both of your valor and good conduct: So wued we haue liked best, you had remembred our particuler direction geuen vnto you to stand vpon a defensiuie warr, aswell in respect of the extraordinary care we haue of the preservation of our subiects lyves, w^{ch} the often time cannot but putt in to over great hazard: as for that our meaning in the present action is (as we haue publickly notified vnto the woorld) to defend. And herewith we cannot also but put you in mind of the speciall care we required you to haue, at the tyme of your departure, that the yong gentlemen of best birth that did accompany youe might be spared from all desperate and hazardous attempts as this was, the place being not assaultable, for that we meane they shuld be reserved as much as might be in respect of their valure and towardlynnes for our service here at home in cases of necessite.

Geuen vnder our signet at our manor of Richmond the last day of Octobre, 1585, in the xxvijth yere of our riegn.

ELIZABETH R.

THE VOYAGE, A DRAMATICLE.

SCENE.—A Castle-hall.

CREDULAR and MENDES, at Table.

Cred. Nine hundred fathom, didst thou say? what, nine!
 Prythee, again; that I may glut mine ears
 With admiration. Hundred! Stars above!
 A wave nine hundred fathom high!

Men. Ay, from the base to the brow.

Cred. O lowly hills! what are ye all to this!

Men. Tut! a mere water-bubble.

Cred. Bubble! bubble! what a throat has he
 Who'd swallow such a bubble!

Men. Lord, sir!—the sea was then
 Scarce in its merry mood. This was a time
 We well might call the silvery time o' the flood;
 So clear, so bright, so sweet, so little dread,
 The halcyon and the sail-blown nautilus
 Might in the glass-green waves their image see
 As gay as in a calm; this was a time
 The wind slept in the cradle of our mast
 And only dreamt of blowing. Hadst thou seen
 The tempest rouse himself, and shake his mane,
 That were a sight indeed! Then we had waves!

Cred. Ah! higher than these?

Men. As far above their cope,
 As heav'n's sev'nth roof above the floor of hell.

Cred. O! wondrous! O, what it is to be a voyager!
 Prythee, good Mendes, pray good signior Mendes,
 My compotator—and my excellent friend——
 Let's have these miracles. Come, sir! a glass of wine;
 Nay, by Saint Jago! but you shall——
 Wine helps the tongue, the memory, and the wit;
 I pledge you, sir. Now for your storms and waves!

Men. A—— you'll pardon me plain phrase?
 We cavaliers o' the quarter-deck, we knights o' the mast,
 We sailors, are a rough-mouth'd breed; we talk
 Loud as the sea-horse laughs; our ocean-phrase
 Smacks of the shell—Tritonian—somewhat rude—
 But then for truth, hard truth—

Cred. No whit more true in fact than choice in phrase
 I'll warrant thee, signior Traveller. Rude!—what, rude!—
 Your breath is worth an atmosphere of that
 Spent by us fireside men.
 Come, sir! the Voyage, from the snout to the tail.

Men. Sir, you shall hear.——
 We sailed from Genoa; summer-sweet the morn;
 The winds that blew ere-night were out of breath,
 Spent with their over-blowing; as a scold
 Seized with a spasm, so stood the storm—stock-still.

Cred. Good.

Men. The amorous breeze sigh'd in our galley's sail,
 And, like a lover, press'd her tow'rds his couch,
 That lay right on the lee.

Cred. Aha! the winds can woo:
 How liked your bark this soft persuasion?

Men. On flew the sea-bird; fair, and fast, and free;
 Sweeping her way to Spain; the kindling foam
 Stream'd from the sharp division of her keel—

Cred. 'Sblood, sir! you talk like a water-poet.
 Sailor-like indeed! Let's have some ribaldry.

Men. It is not time for tempest yet, sir ; here was a calm.

Cred. Ay, ay ; Queen Amphitrite rode the waves.

Men. Yes, sir,

And green-tail'd Tritons too ; and water-nymphs,
Pillion'd on dolphins, comb'd their weedy locks,
Whilst the bluff sea-god blew his shrill-shell horn.

Cred. 'Tis vouch'd by the ancients, mermaids have been seen ;
And dolphins too ; and men with horns—

Men. O ! commonly.

Cred. Well, signior Argonaut.

Men. What shall be said o' the sun ? shall he shine in peace ?
Shall's thrust him by ? shall's leave him out o' the bill ?

Cred. Leave out the sun ! in broad day light ! impossible !
Past twilight, signior, and the sun must shine
Whether we will or no.

Men. True.

The heavens look'd like a dome of turquoise stone,
Athwart which crept (as it might be) a snail,
With golden shell, emburnish'd till it blazed ;
This was the sun.

Cred. Good, good ; go on.

Men. Now, mark !

Scarce had this sun-like snail, or snail-like sun,
Paused at the viewless boundary of morn
Where noon begins and ends, when—mark me, signior—
Nay, you don't mark—

Cred. I do, sir ; slit mine ears !

Men. When the swol'n storm, recovering all its rage,
Nay, trebly fraught with elemental rack,
Burst in a rattling hurricane around !

Cred. O ! excellent ! well—

Men. The blustering, bellowing, brimstone-breathing list,
(Whipt by some fiend broke loose from Erebus)
First struck the surly ocean ; ocean roared.

Cred. O ! well done, ocean ! brave ocean !

Men. Another blow.

Cred. O ! excellent ! Well, sir—

Men. Well, sir, you must think,

The sea, provoked by this assault, grew angry.

Cred. Why, if 'twere made of milk 'twould rage at th's.

Men. Rage ! O, for words ! It raged, and swell'd as if
'Twould fill the concave, and with impious waves
Burst the empyreal doors !

Cred. O ! excellent !

O, what a man might do in a tub ! translate himself !
More o' the storm, signior, more o' the storm, if you love me.

Men. The groaning sky hurl'd down wing'd thunder-bolts,
Thick as it erst rain'd quails on Israel ;
The clouds dropt fire, fast as you'd boulder gold
Ta'en from the Tagus' bed ; while th' hair-brain'd storm
Mixed up a second chaos ; drown'd distinction ;
Mingled the roaring billows with the clouds ;
And daub'd the face of heaven with filthy sand
Torn from the sea-bed wild !——

Cred. O ! excellent ! A little more villainy, signior.

Men. The hell-black heav'ns grew neighbour to the waves
And cloak'd us in the utter pall of night.
Lightning our only day ; and every flash
Lit a grim scene : like Pelions lost in clouds
Stood the tall billows, and the rueful waste
Look'd like a mountain-field of wintry snow,
So beaten into foam and yeasty, they.

Cred. O! excellent! O! excellent!

Men. Here were a time indeed to cry, O hills!
Why, man, we rode so far above thy hills,
That—if truth's credible—I saw th' Antipodes.

Cred. Th' Antipodes!—breath!—

Men. Under the great toe; just as it might be here;
As plain 's this shoe, I saw th' Antipodes.

Cred. Good lack! what wondrous sights these travellers see!

Men. There are other puffs f' the wind.

Cred. Ha! Have you any more miracles?

Men. Good sir, you take the height of possible
By the span of a small experience; coop'd here
Between two neighbouring hills, which lave their feet
In the calm tide of this sequester'd strand,
You mete your earth, your ocean, and your air,
By an unequal measure.

Cred. I' faith, 'tis so.

Men. But we, who are men o' the world, who've walk'd the waves
On two-inch boards, who've seen the fiends o' the storm
Unmanacled, we know something.

Cred. True as th' Apocrypha, true as th' Apocrypha.
Where did we leave?—

Ay—at th' Antipodes. Did the bark bide buffet?

Men. Like a tennis-ball.—

Mark, sir; we'd clear'd the gulf; the dying storm
'Throbb'd in heart-sick convulsions; and the sky
Dabbled its dark with dun. All was yet well;
When doubling round the shoulders of the Alp
That knits broad France to boot-shaped Italy,
Behold!—a sea of storm came rushing down,
That blew us in a whiff to Barbary.

Cred. What! in one whiff!

Men. Mark, sir; I'd one hand on the gunwale thus;
With t'other I had hoodwink'd thus mine eyes,
Wrapt in mine own profundity; the wind
Sobb'd heavily; I woke, and saw our Christian hills
Before me; shut mine eyes in peace; the blast
Roar'd! I look'd up—and lo! as I stand here,
Afric seem'd wedded to our continent!
A Pagan bay shelter'd our Catholic bark.

Cred. Holy Virgin! Would you swear 'twas Pagan?

Men. Ay, on the Koran. Hark ye—
I pull'd the Dey of Tunis by the beard,
Look! here are some o' the hairs!

Cred. As God's alive, it is a proof! 'Tis plain
You could not pluck a beard in Africa
And you in Italy; 'tis a proof, a proof.
Well—and what next? saw you no monsters?

Men. Frequent as figs. Sir, I've a monstrous tale
For every notch upon the dial; how
We fought with griffins, grappled with green dragons,
Wept with the crocodiles, supp'd with the cannibals,
Set traps for pigmies, dug pitfalls for giants—

Cred. I thought your fairy-tales were only lies!

Men. If I lie now, may sixpence slit the tongue
Of Gasco Mendes!—then, I shall lie doubly.

Cred. The doom's too horrible.—Whew! the brass sings clear!
[*Horn without.*

We'll hear these miracles another time.—

Good night, good signior.—Well—truth's truth—that's plain
As my own nose;—yet still—I can but cry,—
Good lack! what wondrous sights these travellers see!

[*Exeunt.*

THE OLD SEAMAN, A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I LIKE a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket ;—frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing :—but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name ; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drub them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of "our Wives and Liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it, he would rather win rolls of pigtail ; and as for palms—"Palman qui meruit ferat,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim : but he is a Dryad up to the knees ; and, so far, he will not die like "*all flesh*." Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him ?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded,—but not watered,—for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top : you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines,—he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms too is a fin : and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket ! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half dead and half blind : one window, as he said, was as dark as night ;—but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him : one, indeed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg.—Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher : he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches, and plaister their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jacket, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, "Talk not to me of *seams* !"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought

with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wide sea. "He is," says Sir T. Overbury—"a pitcht peece of reason calckt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests." He has encountered shrieking hurricanes billows, like mountains with the white sheep atop—and rocks, like the door-posts of death ! He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep ! Wind, wave, rock,—showers of shot,—bayonet and cutlas,—he has withstood them all, either by force or skill.—What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood too)—is he of various victory ! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon,—his old adversaries,—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured ? We "love him for the dangers he has passed ;" as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose
heads touch heav'n—

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him : but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius—or Ætna—as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you ; for he knows that cod-fish are so taken. He has a great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the sea's bottom, with the best bower anchor ;—and he has seen the Sea-Serpent and the Mermaid. Some at least of his wonders he can show you : he has a flying fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cockroaches, which eat up one's linen in the West Indies ;—but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot too he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion ; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased at the gift ; but the bird, it is

out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and, above all, his residence amongst the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, d——d good ones too! On this matter he is frequent; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court paid him by the great king, Eea Tooa, and the pearly smiles of the black Princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent:—HIS SHIP! There he luxuriates: there he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close-hauled, or under bare poles, there is none can compare with her. To see her in full dress—skyscrapers, and royals, and stud-sails, is to fancy one of those lady-ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs;—

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our mariner has only been made a gunner's mate; but "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea; for he was born on board ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid; but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure-head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the *Agamemnon*: at fourteen he was taken in the *Vengeur*; and at thirty he was blown up in the *Spitfire*. What a sea-fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his good mother sometimes advised him—*threw up the sea*. He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson, he lost his arm by a shot; but, binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age: "it is through going to the

North Pole," he says, "for there the hares turn white in winter." Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital at Greenwich—but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country; he preferred it. It was at a farmhouse in Berkshire that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked, as they will do at a beggar; the people of the house said "There comes old Bill!" and in came this Auncient Marinere, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow-chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance; and he thought it hard he could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—aye to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking up where he pleases." "But they will relieve you."—"Aye, aye, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shilling a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better." "But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel"—"Soup and gruel," said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths; "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon-victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in." T.

THE MISCELLANY.

WE propose to establish a place of refuge for small ingenious productions. A short poem, an original thought, a good jest, an interesting fact, a new discovery (in science or art), anecdotes (whether in philosophy, biography, natural history, or otherwise), shall all be welcome. We only stipulate that they shall be good. In a word, we mean to provide for the younger children of the Wits and the Muses, and others, who have been immemorially disabled from sheltering their own offspring. The character of our Miscellany will be *brevity*,—which is the soul of wit, as every body knows. Independently of this, it will of course be very meritorious. We refrain from saying too much in our own behalf, lest our readers should suppose that we intend to do nothing.

Having premised thus much in a general way, we will proceed to our first article.

PRIAR BACON.

THIS gentleman (as Mrs. Malaprop would have called him) was remarkable for something more than his Brazen Head:—not that his *own* head was made of brass: “quite the reverse.” He had a hard head, to be sure, and a deep one, and one that contained a great deal of learning. So much indeed of this valuable commodity had he, that he was taken (by the vulgar) for a conjuror. The silly monks of his own order would scarcely admit his works into their libraries. The Pope “liked not his learning,” it is said: but kept him many years in prison on a charge of heresy and magic. He lived, however, to the age of 78, and was buried in the Franciscan church at Oxford.—Bacon was a person of great mind and extensive erudition. He wrote on many subjects,—criticism, chemistry, music, astronomy, metaphysics, astrology, logic, moral philosophy, &c.; and he wrote also (though he did not believe in what is called the *elixir vitæ*) on the “cure of old age, and the preservation of youth.” The reader, who is not acquainted with the jealous and ignorant folly of those times, will scarcely credit to what straits Bacon was reduced in communicating his discoveries. We will make a short quotation from his book, adding, in italics, the explanations of certain parts, from the key or notes at the end of the essay.

For my own part, being hindered partly by the charge, partly by impatience, and

partly by the rumours of the vulgar, I was not willing to make experiment of all things, which may easily be tried by others; but have resolved to express those things in obscure and difficult terms, which I judge requisite to the conservation of health, lest they should fall into the hands of the unfaithful.

One of which things lies hid in the bowels of the earth. (*Gold.*)

Another in the sea. (*Coral.*)

The third creeps upon the earth. (*The viper.*)

The fourth lives in the air. (*Rosemary.*)

The fifth is likened to the medicine which comes out of the mine of the noble animal. (Supposed to mean *human blood.*)

The sixth comes out of the long-lived animal. (*Bone of a stag's heart.*)

The seventh is that whose mine is the plant of India. (*Lignum aloes.*)

This is even more mysterious and quite as unsatisfactory as the semi-animated phrase (neither a living language nor a dead one), which obscures the merit of our modern prescriptions. But “*Vive la Mystère!*”—what would men’s heads or hearts look like, if they were stripped as naked as truth?

When Bacon surveyed his various productions, he must have felt a fine and honourable pride. If he read Horace, he might have quoted, apparently with safety, the

Exegi monumentum ære perennius; but he would have been mistaken after all. “The *Head’s* the thing” by which he has caught the admira-

tion of posterity. His studies, his writings, his sufferings in the cause of truth, are nothing,—mere “leather and prunella.” He lives in our admiration, enshrined, as the author of the Brazen Head alone.

How ill do people calculate on the deeds by which they are to survive the grave! Petrarch lives in his sonnets, but his more elaborate works are unknown. A pearl added to Cleopatra’s fame, and an asp secured it. Canute, the king, is he who gave his courtiers a lesson on the sea-shore. The learning, and the fine qualities of Henry the Second, are little known: he is the paramour of fair Rosamond; nothing more. The pebbles of Demosthenes, and the housewife’s cake which our great Alfred burned, are conspicuous facts in their several histories. Sometimes, indeed, the works of men are so huge

and overwhelming as to crush the name or reputation of their founders,—witness the art of printing, and the invention of gunpowder; to say nothing of our friend Cheops and the pyramids of Egypt. Who hewed out the temple in the caverns of Elephanta? Who built the great wall of China? Who carved the great eagle in the Corinthian palace at Balbec? Who lifted the masses at Stonehenge? What poet first wrote nonsense verses? Who was the inventor of toasted cheese?—We pause for a reply.—When these queries are satisfactorily answered,—we can produce more. In the mean time, it is sufficient to say that we are satisfied with our own positions; particularly as our friend, Friar Bacon, is not in the predicament to which we have alluded. Δ.

We now seem to have arrived at a “Scrap” of poetry. Poetry is—but it should always explain itself. Notes critical, illustrative, biographical, conjectural, and so forth, are well enough for prose, if it be good (otherwise it does not deserve it), and old (otherwise it should not require it). They wipe away the dust of Time as with a piece of diaper. Sometimes they rub out the meaning, and sometimes they make it clear. These may either be offences or good deeds: all depends on the author. But the Muse, as we have said, should speak for herself; and here she is to do so.

TO AN UNKNOWN.

Painted by some Italian Artist.

O QUEEN!—O Amazon!—O lady-knight!—
Or art thou some high crowned cherub,—the proudest
Of all those starry ranks so proud and bright?
Where wast thou at the time of the angels’ fight?—
Was’t not *thy* thunder-trumpet spake the loudest
Of all that echoed on that *dateless* day—
When the fierce Moloch stain’d Heaven’s azure way
With blood, and shook the everlasting air
With curses fiercer than the brave could bear?
Or wast thou pity-struck, when he—the king—
Prince of the Morning (whose sweet frown could bring
Enchantment from her cave, and bend her still,
As the wind sways the cypress, to his will,)
Was lightning-smitten, and had word to go
Through dusk and chaos to bewail his woe?—

Oh! nameless, peerless, beautiful,—what fame
Or nature (for thou hast some complete claim)
Hath chance assign’d thee?—Dost thou not reply?
Didst thou not utter once bright thoughts—and die?
Hast thou not faced the sun-light and sharp air,
And borne, as I have borne, joy and deep pain?—
Or didst thou plunge, like Day, from out the brain
Of some great painter, who for once had gleams
Of Heaven, and failing to surpass his dreams
Perish’d in madness and sublime despair?

B.

Our next contributor calls his paper "Scraps of Criticism." We think that we know "the fine Roman hand,"—but let that pass. It is enough, perhaps, (for our readers) that the remarks are good. Whether we translate them from the Syriac or Chaldee, or transcribe them from vellum or papyrus, is a question which we cannot now explain. The two first "Scraps" refer to Gray's Poems, and take novel (and, what is better, just) exceptions to two passages which they contain.—Johnson has been abused more, perhaps, for undervaluing the merits of Gray, than for any of his offences against literature. For our own parts, we think that he has been abused unjustly. Were we to cast a stone at him, it would be for his life of Milton. But Gray has, of all poets in the English language, the least right to complain. His reputation is enormously too great for the foundation upon which it rests. No doubt that he had learning, and a pleasant way of communicating his thoughts. But his language is, beyond even that of his contemporaries, artificial; and his poems are not remarkable either for original thought or even felicity of expression. His "Elegy" is clearly the first of his compositions: there is a tender vein of melancholy running through it; and the reflections, generally speaking, if not very profound, are graceful and pleasing.—The "Scrap" upon the word "*villain*" is a very material one; inasmuch as it seems to be the *key*, or leading word, to the character of Richard, as it is seen on the stage. With regard to "Howell's Letters,"—certainly our friend Howell has taken an odd *pro* and *con* view of the same subject. Perhaps he had one eye for the good, and one for the bad—and saw with them alternately. Thus "to wink at a person's faults" is to shut the bad eye.

SCRAPS OF CRITICISM.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
Gray's Elegy.

There has always appeared to me a vicious mixture of the figurative with the real in this admired passage. The first two lines may barely pass, as not bad. But the *hands* laid in the earth, must mean the identical five-finger'd organs of the body; and how does this consist with their occupation of *swaying rods*, unless their owner had been a schoolmaster; or *waking lyres*, unless he were literally a harper by profession? Hands that "might have held the plough," would have some sense, for that work is strictly manual; the others only emblematically or pictorially so. Kings now-a-days sway no rods, *alias* sceptres, except on their coronation day; and poets do not necessarily strum upon the harp or fiddle, as poets. When we think upon dead cold fingers, we may remember the honest squeeze of friendship which they returned heretofore; we cannot but with violence connect their living idea, as opposed to death, with uses to which they must become metaphorical (i. e. less real than dead

things themselves) before we can so with any propriety apply them.

He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Gray's Bard.

Nothing was ever more violently distorted, than this material fact of Milton's blindness having been occasioned by his intemperate studies, and late hours, during his prosecution of the defence against Salmasius—applied to the dazzling effects of too much mental vision. His corporal sight was blasted with corporal occupation; his inward sight was not impaired, but rather strengthened, by his task. If his course of studies had turned his brain, there would have been some fitness in the expression.

And since I cannot, I will prove a *villain*,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Soliloquy in Richard III.

The performers, whom I have seen in this part, seem to mistake the import of the word which I have marked with italics. Richard does not mean, that because he is by shape and temper unfitted for a *courtier*, he is therefore determined to prove, in our sense of the word, a *wicked man*.

The word in Shakspeare's time had not passed entirely into the modern sense; it was in its passage certainly, and indifferently used as such; the beauty of a world of words in that age was in their being less definite than they are now, fixed, and petrified. *Villain* is here undoubtedly used for a *churl*, or *clown*, opposed to a *courtier*; and the incipient deterioration of the meaning gave the use of it in this place great spirit and beauty. A *wicked man* does not necessarily hate *courtly pleasures*; a *clown* is naturally opposed to them. The mistake of this meaning has, I think, led the players into that hard literal conception with which they deliver this passage, quite foreign, in my understanding, to the bold gay-faced irony of the soliloquy. Richard, upon the stage, looks round, as if he were literally apprehensive of some dog snapping at him; and announces his determination of procuring a looking-glass, and employing a tailor, as if he were prepared to put both in practice before he should get home—I apprehend “a world of figures here.”

Howell's Letters. “The treaty of the match 'twixt our Prince [afterwards Charles I.] and the Lady Infanta, is now strongly a foot: she is a very comely lady, *rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair haired*, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face. She is full and *big-lipp'd*; *which is held a beauty rather than a blemish, or rather excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race*; she goes now upon 16, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years.” This letter bears date, 5th Jan. 1622. Turn we now to a letter dated 16th May, 1626. The wind was now changed about, the Spanish match broken off, and Charles had become the husband of Henrietta. “I thank you for your

late letter, and the several good tidings sent me from Wales. In requital I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-woo'd Infanta; for she was of a *fading flaxen hair, big-lipp'd*, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon (being but in her cradle when the great Henry her father was put out of the world) is of a more *lovely and lasting complexion*, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection.” He hath a rich account, in another letter, of Prince Charles courting this same Infanta. “There are Comedians once a week come to the Palace [at Madrid] where, under a great canopy, the Queen and the Infanta sit in the middle, our Prince and Don Carlos on the Queen's right hand, the king and the little Cardinal on the Infanta's left hand. I have seen the Prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together in a thoughtful speculative posture, *which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it.*” Again, of the Prince's final departure from that court. “The king and his two brothers accompanied his Highness to the Escorial, some twenty miles off, and would have brought him to the sea-side, but that the Queen is big, and hath not many days to go. When the King and He parted, there past wonderful great endearments and embraces in *divers postures* between them a long time; and in that place there is a pillar to be erected as a monument to posterity.” This scene of royal congées assuredly gave rise to the popular, or reformed sign (as Ben Jonson calls it), of *The Salutation*. In the days of Popery, this sign had a more solemn import.

MONTGOMERY'S “SONGS OF ZION.”

WE will now make an extract from a book, which is lying by our side, called the “*Songs of Zion*.” It is written by Mr. Montgomery; who is perhaps the best poet, after Cowper, that the religious classes of society may call one of themselves. They have reason to be proud of him. He is an unaffected, strenuous, and sincere advocate of the cause which he believes to be good. And among the many meers and objections which we

have heard cast upon religious poets, we have never heard a breath against Mr. Montgomery. This is one of the triumphs of sincerity. He is as free from cant as a pupil of Voltaire can be; and we think that he is at least as well entitled to his own self-respect. We shall extract one of the "Songs of Zion,"—the 104th; partly because it is one of the most sublime and difficult to be rendered in rhyme,—and partly because it is one of those in which Mr. Montgomery may be said to have eminently succeeded. He has failed certainly in one or two instances.

This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,

is no equivalent for "Who laid the foundations of the earth that they should not be removed for ever;" and the simplicity of "Thou covered'st it with the deep as with a garment," is far beyond the paraphrase of the third stanza. But these are small objections. There is great breadth and spirit in the version. It reminds us, "not to speak it profanely," of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" (the best thing he has done). It is a rich and vigorous strain of song. It would become a vast cathedral, and a hundred instruments, harps and dulcimers and choral voices; for it tells finely a tale of earth and the heavens, and of things that shall endure for ever.

PSALM 104.

My soul, adore the Lord of might;
With uncreated glory crown'd,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtain'd heavens around;
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
— This goodly globe his wisdom
plann'd,
He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent-gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;
There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance
fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing;
Soft fall the showers when day de-
clines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with
flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks:
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goats bound upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
— The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,

And swells the grape, man's heart to
cheer:
— The moon her tide of changing
knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight:
The lion, and the lion's brood,
Look up,—and God provides them
food.

Morn dawns far east; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams;
Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams:
Man from his couch to labour goes,
Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails uncurl'd,
By Thee directed on their way;
There, in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give;
Take Thou away their breath, they die:
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
Touches the mountains, and they burn;
— Thou, God, for ever art the same:
I AM is thine unchanging name.

ON SPIDERS.

Insects are very curious; and the spider is a curious insect. There is first, the Barbary spider, which is as big as a man's thumb. It carries its children in a bag, like a gypsy. During their nonage, the young folks reside there altogether, coming out occasionally for recreation, but dutifully returning. In requital for this, the young spiders, when they are full grown, become mortal foes to the parent, attack him (or her) with violence, and if they are conquerors, dispose of his body in a way perfectly understood by our friends on the other side of the Atlantic.—Then there is the American spider (covered all over with hair), which is so large as to be able to destroy small birds, and afterwards devour them: and also the common spider, which looks like a couple of peninsulas, with a little isthmus (its back) between. But the most remarkable spider of history was the daughter of the dyer Idmon,—Arachne. She, as many of our readers know, was changed into a spider for challenging Minerva to surpass her tapestry. This was impertinent enough, to be sure: whether it deserved its punishment or not is a subject which we leave to the Greeks. There is, however, something in the dauntless behaviour of Arachne, which, we may be permitted to say, strikes us as fine. On the challenge being given,

We rather admire that our Correspondent could forget that wonderful spider, the Tarantula, which perhaps bit St. Vitus, and for whose bite it is said that "Music has charms,"—or that curious half-spider, the Sensitive Catch-fly,—or that more marvellous insect, the Caribbean, one of whose webs suffices for a fishing net, capable of catching the largest cod. Perhaps this last is too fabulous; but the two former are sufficiently vouched for to become objects of curiosity.

We should almost have suspected that our friend Clare had sent us a SONNET in another hand, the following is so much in his manner.

I NEVER pass a venerable Tree,
Pining away to nothingness and dust,—
Ruins, vain shades of power, I never see,
Once dedicated to Time's cheating trust,—
But warm Reflection wakes her saddest thought,
And views life's vanity in cheerless light,
And sees Earth's bubbles, Youth so eager sought,
Burst into emptiness of lost delight,
And all the pictures of life's early day
Like evening's striding shadows haste away.
Yet there's a glimmering of pleasure springs
From such reflection on earth's vanity,
That pines and sickens o'er life's mortal things,
And leaves a relish for Eternity.

Pallas (who was as quick as Fine-ear) stands at once before the culprit. The nurse and damsels fall down; but Arachne herself looks full at the goddess, with a changing cheek certainly, but otherwise firm and unterrified. Surely it would make a fine picture. What says your oracle, Mr. Weathercock? Pallas is before the group—

———Venerantur numina Nymphæ,
Mygdonidesque nurus. Sola est non ter-
rita virgo.

Sed tamen erubuit, subitusque invita notavit
Ora rubor, rursusque evanuit.

Ovid. Metam.

We will conclude with an account of two spiders of modern times. It is said that the sexton of the church of St. Eustace, at Paris, was surprised at very often discovering a certain lamp extinct early in the morning. The oil appeared always to have been regularly consumed. He sat up several nights in order to discover the mystery. At last he saw a spider of enormous dimensions come down the chain (or cord) and drink up all the oil.—A spider of vast size was also seen in the year 1751 in the cathedral church of Milan. It was observed to feed on the oil of the lamps. It was killed (when it weighed *four pounds*!) and afterwards sent to the Imperial museum at Vienna. These stories are said to be facts. S.

The reader will spare us a preface to the next paper, which seems to be on "Epitaphs and Monuments." All we know of the matter is, that they should both be compact, and that neither should consist of base materials. The Epitaph should even be short. If there be any difficulty in suiting the peculiarities of an individual, there is one inscription—(*Mors omnibus æt communis*) at the service of every body who chooses to die. It is like the magic ring, which became wider or narrower as the finger required, and suited ever body. It is like good Mr. Martin's blacking, to which no boot comes amiss; and it is as full of morality as a churchyard, or the Rake's Progress by Hogarth.

ON EPITAPHS AND MONUMENTS.

I send you, Sir, the copy of an epitaph on one of the favourite generals of Napoleon. It has remained in my memory during many years. Whether it has ever appeared in print (in England) I do not know: I have not seen it. The lines were communicated to me by a gentleman who was a favorer of the Napoleon "dynasty," as it has been called. I believe (to come at once to facts) that they were smuggled over in a pair of silk stockings. It is for you to determine whether this circum-

stance shall exclude them from your Magazine. It is true that they arrived here in a somewhat illegal manner—they may, perhaps, have been even injured a little by the sea-water—and possibly they are faded by time. Notwithstanding these things, they appeal strongly to my feelings. In fact, they please me. I do not stop to inquire whether the second syllable of "Montebelli" (in the second line) be long or short: I leave all those matters to the critics.—This is the epitaph.

Conditur hoc tumulo Martis non æmulus impar
Dux Montebelli; flevit quem Cæsar amicus;
Flos equitum; cui fida comes Victoria; terror
Hostis; amorque tuus moriens O Gallie mater.
Heros hic socii cinerem requiescere jussit
Napoleo:—Virtus virtuti solvit honores.

I had intended to give a poetical version of these lines; but perhaps a simple translation of them in prose will be better. It is difficult to transplant the beauty and spirit of Greek

or Latin poetry in *any* shape into English literature,—and to make a perfect poetical version is, I suspect, impossible.

In this tomb lies buried the Duke of Montebello:
He, who was the rival of Mars:—he, for whom our Cæsar wept:
The flower of chivalry:—the companion of victory:
The terror of our enemies;
And thy delight, O mourning mother, Gaul!—
The hero Napoleon commanded
That the ashes of his comrade should rest here.—
This is the tribute which valour pays to valour.

Methinks there is something grand in thus writing up, on brass or marble, the honours of the dead. There is no claim so perishable—no fame so transient, but it may be fixed and saved from utter oblivion by the graver or the pen. I have always sympathized very strongly with Mr. Godwin's desire to perpetuate the memories of illustrious people. As the temples and the tombs of Rome are a part of the national wealth, so should our monuments form part of ours. The good that must result from keeping alive great actions is

beyond all common computation. We are ready enough to boast of our great men, and to build them up busts and sepulchres—provided they be politicians. But if their intellects have a wider range, and spread over the whole province of letters, we leave them to their reputation. If we go to Westminster Abbey, or elsewhere, we see the statue of Mr. —, the bust of Lord —, or a tablet or an urn which tells that Sir Somebody Something (a Whig or a Tory) sleeps beneath. But where is the grand public tomb of Milton, or

of Shakspeare? where is the monument of Chaucer? where is the laurelled head of Spenser? I do not admit the poor bust at Stratford, nor the memorial at Moorfields, or Cripple-gate.—We have one of the grandest temples in the world,—Saint Pauls; and there we put, and shall continue to put, statues of soldiers and sailors, who gain for us our little battles* (men, whose men have crippled a 74-gun ship, or mown down a squadron of horse,): but Milton, who had the highest imagination of any poet that ever breathed, lies unheeded in St. Giles's in Cripple-

gate; and Shakspeare, whose genius surpassed that of every other human being since the creation of Adam, has a tomb like a farmer's on the banks of the Avon. There is no *Santa Croce* here. Men must live in their works,—or perish. Some of our minor worthies,—Gray, Thomson, Prior, Dryden, &c. have niches, we believe, in Westminster Abbey; but *their* masters and ours—the spirits whose bright thoughts have illuminated the land, and extended the sphere of human intellect, are passed by and forgotten. G.

Leaving 'graves, and worms, and epitaphs,' we now come to—what? 'a *Wish!*' There must be some mistake in this title, we apprehend. To say 'a wish' is like saying 'a twin.' They are never alone. They come, like herrings, in shoals; but in no particular season. The floods of October and the drought of Summer are equally favourable to them. Like wall-flowers, or the dark-red mosses, they thrive best in barren places; and yet they are succulent plants, and would drain even a poet's fancy. We will set one of them in our "meadow of margin:" perhaps it may live.

A WISH.

Give me—Gods! I ask but this—
Not rare beauty,—not a kiss,
Though from chaste Diana's lip;
Neither do I care to sip
From the deep Olympian bowls,
Nor to be where Lethe rolls
With her low laborious hum
Through Pluto's dim Elysium:
Neither may I now aspire
To extract, with pleasant pain,
From the bright Apollo's lyre
Frenzied songs again.—
These I leave. A gentler life
From that rich harmonious strife
Bids me.—Shall I disobey,
When pale Learning leads the way
Unto her green forest walks,
Where she muses, and oft talks
With her serious scholars young,
Who have from the wild world flung,
Full of fine dislike and scorn
Of all base things city-born—
Hate—Slander—Fame bought—Honour sold—
The love—the lust—the pomp of gold,
The cunning of the courtier's smile,
The harlot's ease, the miser's toil,—
Where all for pleasure or poor gain
Is done, and all is done in vain?

C.

* I would on no account depreciate the merits of our naval or military men: I speak only in the way of comparison. A brave man, be he soldier or sailor, is useful, and has his undoubted claims to distinction; but he is not a benefactor of the human race to the same extent as a philosopher or a poet. Our Italian friend, Belzoni, deserves a tomb; but it is for his exertions in Egypt, and not because he lifted a table with twelve men upon it. The physical and the intellectual are different things.

THE MERMAID.

To use a sporting phrase, the Mermaid has been well *backed*. In the first place, she is detained at the Custom House, and a price of 2000*l.* set upon her ape-like head. Then her picture is sent to Carlton House, and her demi-ladyship is let out of the Custom House:—she next takes a first floor at Tom Watson's Turf Coffee House, and sends round her cards for a daily "at home:" The great surgeons pay a shilling for a peep—and she is weighed in the scales, and found wanting. Sir A. Carlisle is said to have disputed her womanhood: Sir Everard Home questioned her haddock moiety. One great surgeon thought her to be half a baboon and half a gudgeon: another vowed she was half Johanna Southcote, with a salmon petticoat. Dr. Rees Price thought her a Mermaid clean out: and his opinion was disinterestedly forwarded to us by the proprietor. Lastly, she has become a ward in Chancery, and equity barristers tussle for her rights with all their usual manliness and propriety. She has no comb and glass—but how can a lady in her difficulties regard the care of her person. If she washes herself with her own fins, we ought to expect no more. Certainly now she is in Chancery, Sir John Falstaff's taunt of Dame Quickly cannot be applied to her, "Thou art neither fish nor flesh, and a man knows not where to have thee!" We have been much pleased with the showman's advertisement about this little Billingsgate woman; he treats the question of her "To be, or not to be," like a true philosopher, and only wishes you to be satisfied that she has a claim somehow upon your shilling.

[Advertisement.]—The Mermaid in the Sporting World.—So much has been said for and against this wonderful animal, and perhaps with a view to bring the period of dissection earlier than is intended by the proprietor, and we understand it is his determination to satisfy the public opinion on this important question, by some of our first medical men and naturalists, as soon as the bare expences that he has incurred by bringing it to this country are liquidated, which cannot be long now, from the many hundreds of spectators that daily call to to view it; among the number many of our noble families; it has also been honoured by visits of royalty. The difference of opinion is now great, whether it will turn out a

natural production or a made-up deception, that a great deal of betting has taken place on the event; and as many persons back the strength of their opinion for and against the Mermaid, the sporting men will have a fine opportunity of making a good book, as some are laying 5 and 6 to 4 on the Mermaid being a natural production, while others are laying the same odds, and even 2 to 1 against it. A sporting gentleman, who is supposed to have some concern in this Mermaid, has taken many bets and some long odds to a large amount, that it really is what it is represented—a Mermaid. It is now exhibiting at Watson's, Turf Coffee House, St. James's-street.

We warrant us when this lady comes to be "what she is represented," that the Lord Chancellor will look upon her as one of the oldest wards under his care.

The Stirling paper gives an account of a gentleman every way fit to become Miss Mermaid's suitor. His dabbling propensities—his passion for wet clothes—his great age—all render the match desirable. Ought not a reference to be immediately made to the master to inquire into the settlements?—What an account for the papers!—Marriage in wet life! At Shoreditch, on St. Swithin's day, Mr. John Monroe, aged 95, to Miss Salmon, the Mermaid. The lady was given away by the Lord Chancellor, and, immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set off for the Goodwin Sands to pass the honeymoon. Two fish-women attended as bridesmaids.

The account of Mr. Monroe is as follows:—he seems a fit subject for his namesake, the doctor.

(From the *Stirling Journal*.)—There is at present living, at a place called Glenarie, six miles from Inverary, a person of the name of John Monroe, at the advanced age of 95, who makes a point of walking daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and Inverary, or to the top of Tullich-hill, which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to this man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river Arca, and plunges himself

headlong in with his clothes on; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when the "sky lowers, and the clouds threaten," and other men seek the "bield or ingle side," then is the time that this "man of habits" chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched; and, on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare to the pattering of the wind and rain. He at present enjoys excellent health; and, notwithstanding his habits, he has

been wonderfully fortunate in escaping colds, a complaint very common in this moist climate—but when he is attacked, whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode of cure is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself and indulging in the ardent sweating potions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the Arca, and takes one of his usual headlong dips, with his clothes on. He then walks about for a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder. In other respects, the writer has never heard any thing singular regarding his manners or habits.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

This house is going on very successfully,—and the manager contrives to keep up an interest by ringing the changes upon a few of the great names of what Mr. Pierce Egan would denominate the Histronic Hemisphere. He does not revive sterling old comedies, nor waste his funds upon the revival of tragedies time-stamped and powerful:—neither does he flatter Mr. Moncrieff into comedy, nor betray any other popular living author into the costly construction of new pieces. He is wise enough to let the gilding silently do its work. The newspapers kindly goad the flagging wonder of the public mind, by occasionally setting forth some pleasant exaggeration about Drury-lane magnificence. Within a week we were gravely told, that the gilding itself would cover an acre of ground! And who could resist three shillings and sixpence to see an acre of gold?—So long as the Road to Ruin and Wild Oats will put money in the purse, the manager would be foolish indeed to pamper the public taste with richer food. Kean's re-appearance in Richard the Third loaded the house from the pit's passage to the furthest nook of the third heaven:—will any one say, that Shakspeare had any hand in this;—or that Kean's vast talent drew a single person there?—No—the house was bright and gay, and the public wished to see any first appearance under the lustrous pillars. We remember that,

in the last season, we could lay our lengths on the pit-benches at Mr. Kean's Richard, as upon a sofa:—now, in the new house, you can hardly find room to sit upright,—and must, at any rate, be content to have seven or eight elbows studded over your sides and back-bone. The squeeze in, at the opening of the doors, is as agreeably dangerous and oppressive as of old. *Champooing* is a joke to it. The first night of Kean, since the rebuilding, was a treat to those in delicate health.—And the night on which Young and Kean play together ought to be observed by all rheumatic lovers of the drama. This "great union," as the Theatrical Observer called it, will, by the time our present Number passes the press, have taken place—and, by the mass! it seems to have been attended with as many difficulties in its completion as though it were accomplished under the new marriage act. The newspapers stated that *their* recommendation had been attended to;—that the union of Mr. Kean's and Mr. Young's great talents would realize all that dramatic taste could desire;—that all difficulties had been removed in the most liberal manner by Mr. Elliston's interference:—would not our readers suppose that these gentlemen had been prevailed upon to play John Lump and Looney M'Twolter together, instead of Othello and Iago?—Can they be so idle as to think that either will dim the other's brightness in that amazing tragedy,—if they both possess

the powers for which the public give them credit? To be sure, the difference between Mr. Kean's genius and Mr. Young's talent is, in our present opinion, enormous. That of the one is all fire—while that of the other is coldness itself. We shall certainly be at Drury-lane at this “great union;” and if Mr. Young should rise in our estimation, we will, as honest critics, do him justice—ample justice.

The new after-piece of the *Two Galley Slaves* (brought out on the same night that a piece of the same name was produced at Covent-Garden) is a long and rather tedious translation, or adaptation, from the French. It seems to us very well for the summer theatres and minor houses to copy the police-passion of the French melodramas;—but when such melodramas come to be dragged out to their utmost length, on the boards of the larger theatres, they become wearisome in the extreme. The interest of the present *Folly* turns upon a young bridegroom being discovered to have the felon's mark on his wrist (which he had taken to save a brother).—He is persecuted by a runaway slave from the galleys, who recognises him, and who, by threats of exposure, for a time subdues him to conceal him, and even to wink at his thefts. In the end the bridegroom's innocence and magnanimity are made manifest—and the vile slave is disgraced. The incidents are tediously spun out—and we must say, they order these things better at the Old Bailey and Clerkenwell. Indeed, we very much dislike this dramatic mixture of crime and romance—this “great union” of the *Newgate Calendar* and the *Arabian Nights*.—If it be continued, our remarks and strictures will be useless, and Sir Richard Birnie shall be your only Aristarch! The judge, and not the critic, must take his seat on the bench. There will be a full court, not a full house. In giving out the play of the night, the person announcing it will not address those before him as “Ladies and Gentlemen,” but as “Gentlemen of the Jury.”—And when the trial has taken place, and the verdict is brought in, Mr. Terry will be found guilty of manslaughter; Mr. Young will be sentenced to be trans-

ported, as the only chance of amending him; Mr. Penley, Mr. Barnard, and Mr. Carr, will be sentenced to so many months in the House of Correction:—six will be ordered to be publicly, and three privately, whipped:—Mr. Cooper will be directed to pay one shilling and be discharged:—And on the next day, the Recorder, and not the Critic, will make his report,—when Mr. Kean and Mr. Munden will be ordered for execution on Monday next!—What a tide in the affairs of men!—What dramatic justice!—Seriously, we should be satisfied if French fashions in bonnets and dramas were copied no longer. Mr. Pocock lives—and while he lives, can the lovers of melodramas despair?

On Thursday the 21st, Mr. Braham appeared on these boards as the Seraskier, in the opera of the *Siege of Belgrade*—and he filled the house, as usual, with his voice and the public. His style of singing appears to us to get more *florid* every day, and in some of his songs it is difficult to trace the original air. The song of “My heart with love is beating,” which is the *Maid of Lodi* in other words, was the only one allowed by the vocalist to *go alone*: the rest were but “the limbs, and outward flourishings.” Miss Forde sang well, but not wisely;—and Madame Vestris was in petticoats.

The *Provoked Husband* has been produced with a *fine cast*, to use a dramatic phrase:—Elliston in Lord Townley (this is late in the day)—Munden in John Moody—Dowton in Sir Francis Wronghead—Mrs. Davison in Lady Townley!—These names would float the heaviest comedy in the world! Let the worshippers of Munden's awful visage fancy it playing the running and flourishing accompaniment to his tongue's relation of the disastrous journey to London!—The family coach turning its wheels like a village mill—and laden after the mode of a baggage waggon;—while his eye rolls as solemnly as the wheel itself!—Doll's inducement not to ride backwards;—accompanied with a heave of the features utterly alarming. The *drag* of Munden's mouth seems all-sufficient for one of Pickford's Vans on the steepest descent!—The *Provoked Husband* is an amusing comedy, owing to its

happy combination of the elegant in comedy with the broad in farce:—the alternate scenes of Lady Townley's dissipation, and her Lord's graceful correction of it—and of Sir Francis Wronghead's hopeful family, relieve each other most happily. We see no reason why this sort of comedy should not be built for modern use;—we are sure it would *let* well.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The Galley Slaves, as we have mentioned, live at this house, and are perhaps a trifle less tiresome than their neighbour; but our objections are to the *genus* rather than the *species*. Mr. Kemble's Slaves approach a little nearer towards common sense in their language than Mr. Elliston's; though we are at a loss to discover the general necessity which appears to exist on the stage for melo-dramatic ladies and gentlemen to speak in flowery English. The two couple of Galley Slaves absolutely talk *sun-flowers* and *holy-oaks* to each other. Might not the *Thous* and the *Thees* be discarded—and the language be suffered to be more colloquial?—The only performer we liked at either house in these pieces was Mrs. Chatterley—and she played a young widow in white, in a way to make widows scarce.

Miss Lacy has not given up the ghost of tragedy yet. We have seen her in Mrs. Haller, in the Stranger, and have beheld her tears—and heard her one scream. She has good sense,—but none of the fine madness of tragic passion. The house seemed satisfied:—we were not so.—But the play is enough to drive a world to drowsy melancholy. Mr. C. Kemble looked too well for the heavy gentleman in hopelessness and hesitations. Why is the Stranger always played in those tremendous boots? Are they Melancholy's seven-leagued ones?—Mr. Meadows does not enliven the play.

But the theatre has made one triumphant hit;—it has produced a powerful and original tragic actress!—Miss F. H. Kelly, from the Dublin theatre, seems likely to fill up the space so long left empty by the fatal marriage of Miss O'Neill—we mean fatal as regards the public. The person of Miss Kelly (there is a magic in the

name) is good,—but not very strikingly fine or graceful:—her face is extremely interesting, though far from being of that cast which we generally look for in tragedy. Not that a face is infallible, however *tragic* in its outline, for we all remember Miss Dance's features. The part Miss F. H. Kelly selected for her *débüt* was Juliet—and the simplicity and bashfulness of this character in the early scenes render it eminently fitted for the timidity and confusion of a first appearance. Miss F. H. Kelly had in some way sent her name before her, and there was considerable expectation amongst those who are stage-learned, that she would take a flight above the Lacys and Wests of the day. Mr. Macready is said to have been her preceptor,—and, indeed, we fancy that we detect some of his fitful earnestness in her occasional manner. The house was not very well attended on the first night of her appearing,—even though her character had forerunner, and though the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet was revived, as John Kemble was used to revive Shakspeare's plays, with the utmost possible splendour and care. The pit filled tediously. The boxes did not fill at all. But a few scenes convinced us that a young lady of surpassing talent was before us. She was timid,—but not scared from her purpose—subdued, but full of purpose. Her love scene in the balcony was all passion—and the silence of the house gave the moonlight witchery of the meeting all its truth and beauty. She seemed to lean upon the air—to be buoyed up from her lover's arms only by the voice which ascended to her. Her manner of returning, after the brief retirement, and of calling back Romeo, was the music of motion and sound!—Her scene with the nurse too was delightful,—though reminding us slightly of Miss O'Neill. But her way of uttering the word "*banished*," was perfect:—this one word so uttered would make her a tragic actress in itself. The later scenes in the play,—the scenes of agony and horror,—were admirably played—and the audience, at the termination of the tragedy, rose in one enthusiastic mass to cheer her success. By this accession to the company, this theatre has gained more

than any theatre has gained since the day of Miss O'Neill. As yet we have seen her but in Juliet—she will, however, very much surprise and disappoint us, if she do not realize all that is now hoped and said of her in all her future characters. Her voice is, without exception, the clearest and

most unaffected we ever heard:—in this we cannot be deceived.

C. Kemble played Romeo with infinite spirit and grace. The scenery is beautiful—and, from the first, the house has been crowded nightly. Upon what chances does the success of a theatre depend!

REPORT OF MUSIC.

Musical facts are but scanty at this season. We could indeed, *anticipate* a coming festival next week at Cambridge, where a new Oratorio from Dr. Whitfield (*ci-devant* Clarke) and Miss Paton are to be produced. We might fill up with the progress and institution of Amateur Concerts in sundry places, down to some even of no greater extent than the venerable town of St. Albans, where we are told by the journals that “the performances both vocal and instrumental, consisting of the *most modern* works of *Haydn*, *Mozart*, and *Rossini*, are excellent.” We are heartily glad to hear it, for we rejoice at the increasing establishment of schools for the practice of the art. In London too, there is little for us, except anticipation. Here, however, we may indulge our powers of prediction. Some material changes will happen in the musical world this season. M. Bochsa had last year the Covent-Garden Oratorios, and he has them this season. He has also taken those of Drury-Lane, at which place he is engaged as Director and Composer of the music. M. Bochsa, we more than suspect, hankers after the conduct of the City Amateur Concerts, which are, it seems, abandoned by the committee who managed them so prosperously—no reason being assigned except “the villainous inconstancy of man’s nature.” What with teaching, writing, and his post as Secretary to the Board of the Royal Academy, this gentleman seems to have enough upon his hands, prolific as his genius must be allowed to be, and industrious, enterprising, and untired as he is in body and in spirit. “Too many irons, &c.” is a proverb somewhat stale, but he may perhaps turn an eye to it with advantage. He is already regarded with envy, hatred, malice, and all

uncharitableness, by a good many folks who ought to have better feelings, and these malignities will not be diminished by the display of a temper that grasps at every thing. We wish him well, but to be well he must not undertake more than it is possible for him to perform satisfactorily to himself and the public.

But what could the noble committee of the Royal Academy be thinking about, when they promoted to the office of secretary to the Board of an Institution, having objects purely national for its basis, and dependent upon the voluntary contributions of the British public, a Frenchman, who can neither write nor speak the English language? The difficulty the committee labours under with respect to the modest distance our own professors preserve, and the complete knowledge which M. Bochsa possesses of the arrangements made in the French Conservatoire, will probably be assigned as sufficient reasons for this appointment. But we are inclined to fear the Committee will find, that amongst the errors they have fallen into (we admit principally in the ardour of their zeal for the cause) this is not the least important.

At length, we are told, a stand is to be made for English music, and an endeavour used to exalt the prophet to the rank and reception of a prophet in his own country. A series of Concerts for the purpose of performing the works of our own countrymen, and especially those of living composers, and by English artists, is to be tried. The scale will not be large, the conductors being determined to begin warily. *Res parva crescunt*, and we hope they will find the adage true. Enough has been said in our former reports, we trust, to establish, that there are

English composers capable of producing good and original music, and that there are English singers quite equal to most of foreign growth and nurture. We are sure enough has been written to prove, even more satisfactorily, that unless due encouragement be given to some such institution as the one to which we allude, English art will soon cease to survive except in the memory, and will certainly be driven out of present competition. We delight in Italian music, but we love England and Englishmen and Englishwomen better still. We believe our own country is the birth-place of genius as commanding as Italy herself, if fair play were shown; and we do most heartily rejoice in this brave stand. It will be a reproach to the country, if it fail to meet encouragement in a degree so extended as to have a title to the term *national*.

We may now seize the opportunity afforded us of continuing our sketch of the portraiture of Vocal Art, which we began in a late number.

From the great Sopranos (of the lesser lights more perhaps hereafter), we descend to the next line in the staff, the Counter Tenor. This "still small voice," it is true, "makes but little noise in the world," but its sounds are not the less worthy of regard. There was a time, indeed, when ministers and plenipotentiaries were taken from this race of men, then degraded in person below the whole species only to be exalted in condition above the greater part of it; when one such voice was the only emollient that could soothe the disposition of one of the most gloomy, though not the least powerful of monarchs; and when another upon the portico of his palace paralleled his achievements with the marvels related of the ancient sovereigns of the Lyre, *Amphion*, *Thebas*, *Ego*, *Domum*, will remain as long as the name of Guadagne is held in remembrance—a monument either of the arrogance or the wit of the Italian, as it shall be taken. The Contralto of the present day enjoys, however, no such lofty distinctions; and though Mr. W. Knyvett, Mr. Terrail, and Mr. Evans, may raise, and we hope they have already laid the foundations of a comfortable fortune, it will not be given to any of these very worthy professors

either to take a prominent part in the conduct of public offices, or to build palaces, except, indeed, it may please the historical poets or the poetical historians of after times, to dignify the place Mr. T. holds in the customs, and the share Mr. K. has had in erecting the Royal Harmonic Institution, with such superb designations.

Our business is with their singing, which is pretty nearly confined (when they adhere strictly to their proper employment) to glees and part songs. Of the three, Mr. Knyvett is perhaps the least powerful in voice, if we may employ such a term upon the falsette, which always seems so feeble when heard alone, as to render the singer an object of pity to the *judgmental* and of derision to the ignorant. But he makes up in finish and delicacy of manner, what he lacks in volume. He is rarely heard alone, except at the Concert of Ancient Music, where once or twice in a season he sings "Jehovah Crowned," or one of Handel's airs. Mr. Terrail has more volume, but less polish and sweetness, though an excellent musician and an agreeable performer; but his voice is more mixed in quality, and he employs his tenor notes with more effect. Mr. Evans comes nearer Mr. Knyvett. It is curious, that while there is a clear path to fortune open to a good bass—and while a tenor would not find many competitors, countertenors abound, and their province is also abridged by the occasional employment of females. Mrs. Bellchambers is one of these, has a good voice, and, under the able instruction of Sir George Smart, may perhaps make greater way than Miss Venes, a pupil of Mr. Bellamy, who has also some fine middle and low notes.

There is no department of Vocal Art which appears to have undergone a more complete revolution than this. Purcell wrote very much (in his duetts especially) for this voice; and by their compass and sentiment one would be led to imagine the counter tenors of that day had natural voices of power and volume. Next came the reign of the artificial counter tenor. But Handel also employed the low female voice, or contralto, and such songs as *Return O God of Hosts*, and, *Then long Eternity*, served to

immortalize Signora Gallet and Mrs. Cibber. Now we have the alternate reign of the natural falsetto (to speak in good Irish English), as contrasted with the artificial, of whom Signor Roselli was (and we hope will be) the last England ever endured. Its use, however, is almost confined to glees, where it flavours the compound like perfumes in liqueurs, mixing and refining, but scarcely increasing the body. When the Italian opera had Grassini, she rivalled Billington herself in her zenith; and perhaps there is no voice so beautiful or expressive as the legitimate contralto, which has the brilliancy of a soprano without its shrillness, the mellowness, and almost the force of a tenor, without its thickness. Miss Hallande should be our example, if she were better taught, and had confined herself to the lower and natural compass of her voice, instead of reaching after the higher and false tones of her *voce di testa*. She might have been made into a magnificent singer. But when will there arise a philosophical teacher of the art?

As it is, the Counter Tenor makes but a slight figure, except in concerted pieces. Nothing solo is written for it, except parts of ecclesiastical scores, and these principally for Catholic worship. Yet to this voice must always belong the attributes of pathos and delicacy beyond any other.

Nos. 3 and 4 of *Mr. Rics' Scotch Ballads, arranged for the pianoforte*. No. 3 is, *O saw ye my Father*, with variations, which are original, though perhaps somewhat singular. The expression of the air is certainly not adhered to, nor is the melody made sufficiently prominent. With this drawback, some of the variations are effective, particularly Nos. 3, 4, and 8. The subject of No. 4 is, *O for Ane and Twenty, Tam*, arranged as a rondo. The introduction is very beautiful, and the rondo, although quaint, is animated.

Carafa's favorite Cavatina, O cara Memoria, arranged as a Divertimento for the pianoforte, by Francesco Lanza. The introduction in the style of a prelude is in good taste, and the allegro movement elegant; many of the passages are, however, so much crowded with notes, as to cause some little confusion; particularly in respect to rhythm; great attention on the part of the performer to the marks of expression can only, and then but in a slight degree, remedy this defect.

The Jessamine, a march and rondo for the pianoforte, is in a smooth and easy style. It has an *ad libitum* accompaniment for the flute, and is a very pretty lesson for beginners.

Mr. Watts has arranged, as duetts, for the pianoforte, Haydn's symphony, *La Chasse*, and four favourite airs from Rossini's Opera of *Trovaldo e Dorliska*.

Nos. 5 and 6, of *Mr. Nicholson's Fantasias, for the flute and pianoforte*. They are elegant productions, and calculated to give great facility.

Bolivar's Triumphant March for the pianoforte, by T. Cooke, is bold and spirited, the melody agreeable and effective. *The Sun in Clouds of rosy Hue*, a nocturne for two voices, by C. M. Sola, is very smooth, and sweet music, simple and soothing.

Three Glees for three, four, and five voices, by J. C. Clifton. The first is Bacchanalian, but not so good as the second, which is pastoral, and in a sweet madrigal style. The third is termed epic, being a few lines from Gray's, *On a Rock, whose haughty Brow*. It begins with a bass recitative, followed by a short chorus, when the bass again speaks in recitative; then follows an allegro, and the glee concludes with a cantabile movement. This is written for effect, and in the choral parts will probably succeed. The bass recitative sinks under the comparison which the mind is drawn to institute with Dr. Callcott's splendid openings of a similar cast.

We may close our article with noticing a sweet song, the words by Mr. Planche, *To the Cot of my Love I return'd broken-hearted*. The air is plaintive, and it is altogether superior to the million.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

ALTHOUGH from every appearance in the political world, we should not be surprised at occurrences of universal and overwhelming interest, still it is scarcely possible to conceive papers more barren of all *real* intelligence than those of the last month. Were we indeed disposed to substitute report for fact, and conjecture for occurrence, our abstract might

present a varied and diversified aspect. The Congress of Vienna gave rise, as might have been expected, to a thousand mystifications; and news rolled in upon us, wave after wave, each formidable in its approach, but breaking into foam as soon as it touched the shore. The invention of the hour had its intended operation on the Stock Exchange, and was

either countenanced or counteracted by an equally avouched and equally foundationless successor. In the midst, however, of this mass of fabrications, there is something to be found on which we can place reliance, and that something is, we rejoice to say, consolatory to the friends of Constitutional liberty. In Spain, the progress of the Constitutionals has been a series of successes. In Catalonia, Mina has more than sustained his character. By a bulletin published at Saragossa on the 28th, it appears that he succeeded in storming the important fortress of Castle-follit, which was defended by nearly four thousand men; of these, twelve hundred were put to the sword, and fifteen hundred made prisoners. The assault by Mina's troops was supported by a large train of heavy artillery, which did great execution, and shielded the assailants from any comparatively considerable loss. This blow was almost immediately followed up by the total defeat of Quesada at Los Arcos on the 27th, an official account of which was published at Pampeluna on the 29th. The loss of the army of the faith is estimated at 300 killed, and a great many wounded, together with a large quantity of baggage, arms, and ammunition; amongst the slain were Redondo, and eleven officers. The loss to Espinosa, the Constitutional general, was only estimated at fifty men. Quesada's troops were said to be worn out with fatigue, and destitute of all the *materiel* of an army, even to shoes. Quesada, dispirited with his defeat, fled into France, and is said to have instantly gone to the house of the French general commanding the army of observation, a fact pregnant with commentary. In consequence of this secession, General O'Donnell was invited to accept the supreme command of the defeated army, which he has done. This officer, as far as proclamations go, has commenced most gallantly. His address promulgated to the chiefs, officers, and soldiers of the army of Navarre, affects to declare the object of the Spanish Ultras, and, as doing such, is a curious document. "The Regency of the kingdom," says he, "whom you have sworn to obey, and whom you recognise as the supreme government during the captivity of our well-beloved Sovereign, whom

God preserve, have ordered me to put myself at your head, to direct your tried valour, and your efforts, towards the sole object of all good and loyal Spaniards, which is, to re-establish the religion of our fathers, degraded and outraged, in all the eclat which it possessed, amidst a nation so justly celebrated for its Catholicism—to re-establish our captive king, in the free enjoyment and exercise of his rights, with which the fundamental laws of the monarchy invest him—and to re-establish the Spaniards who are friends of peace, in the possession of that true liberty, of which they have been deprived by those who proclaim themselves its most zealous defenders. Navarrians—in your hands is the liberty of your captive king. Spain has her eyes on you, and on your valour, which she is preparing to imitate. *All Europe admires you!!!* What encouragement for your noble hearts! The general, who has the honour to command such valiant warriors, will conduct them to victory, or die gloriously in their ranks." Such is the spirit with which the new general has commenced his command. It remains to be seen whether such glowing words will be followed up by corresponding actions. In the mean time, it is not a little curious to see the Regency, under which he boasts his appointment, adjourning their head quarters from place to place. Last month they were fixed, as was supposed finally, at Urgel; from that place they vanished on the 10th; passed the night at Bever, and established themselves at Puycerda on the 11th, where they now are. The reason for this change is said to have been the want of provisions at Urgel, and the difficulty of supplying that place where the defiles are filled with snow. O'Donnell seems to have high hopes, if we may judge from the following extract of a private letter, written by him, to a friend in Paris, on his departure from Bayonne. "I shall set out, my dear friend, in two hours; and in three days I shall be at my head quarters. Notwithstanding what the liberals say, things are going on well, very well, for the Royalists in Spain." Puycerda, the present seat of the regency, is stated to be full of ultra French officers, who joined the Duke of Angoulême during the hundred days. The diligence from France

are said to be filled with Spanish monks, well supplied with gold. A journey into France must be rather a pleasant trip for the monks, as they are stated to leave Spain destitute, not only of money, but even of clothes. A letter from Bayonne also states on this subject that a million of francs had just passed through that town, being the first portion of a considerable sum advanced by the French Cabinet to the Spanish Regency. That the Regency do not consider their stay even at Puycerda as very certain, may be gleaned from the fact that they have sent their families and baggage on to Livia, a town which forms the frontier on the side of France. It is said to be the intention of the Cortes to respect the Royal family so long as France confines her importations to gold, but that the advance of the first French soldier will be the signal for extremities. Rumour also says, that if a legal trial should become necessary, ample proofs are forthcoming, both against Ferdinand and the Infants. In the event of any invasion of Spain, the Lisbon Cortes are understood as pledged to assist the Constitutionalists, and the *Pilote* asserts that the command of the Portuguese contingent has been offered to Sir Robert Wilson, if their services should be rendered necessary. Whether this is true or not, it is quite certain that a great distrust of the Portuguese government exists at Paris. In illustration of this, we need only refer to a fact stated on the authority of the *Courier Francais*, a statement not unlikely to be true, when permitted to be published by the ministerial Censor. M. D. Oliviera, who had been formerly ambassador from Portugal to France, was a few days since about to take his departure for Lisbon, whither he had been summoned to take his seat in the Cortes. His baggage had been examined, and passed the Custom-house at Paris; but the moment he arrived at Havre, he was required by the authorities there to submit to a fresh investigation. There was no use in appeal or remonstrance, his trunks were re-examined, and various letters and manuscripts detained, in defiance of his official character! We confess we are utterly at a loss how to reconcile this conduct with the following statement from the *Diario do Governo*

(the official paper at Lisbon): "We have certain authority for assuring our readers that the French Charge d'Affaires at this Court has received orders from his government to communicate to the ministry that France entertains no idea of invading Spain, and still less, Portugal. Our Charge d'Affaires in London has also been informed by Mr. Canning, in the name of the British government, that the rumour of an invasion of the Peninsula is absolutely false." The latter part of this sentence, as far as Great Britain is concerned, we are fully inclined to credit; and, indeed, the Ministerial papers here have uniformly asserted, particularly since the accession of Mr. Canning to office, that nothing short of any attempt at personal violence towards the Royal family of Spain would induce the interference of England. It is also well understood that some of the powers at Verona were not quite so pacifically inclined; but the urgent remonstrances of the Duke of Wellington, supported by his great local knowledge of the Peninsula, are said to have finally prevailed. The Spanish Constitutionalists are not, on the other hand, likely by any violence towards Ferdinand, further than they have already shown, to afford a pretence for an invasion—many of them have been known publicly to declare that they could not have a king who suited their purposes better; and, indeed, it must be confessed, that few of their acts will not find a justification in his conduct.

In France the public mind seems to have been chiefly occupied with the elections, which are now going on in the different departments. It is understood that they are generally proceeding in favour of the Ultras. The Liberal party have lost M. Benjamin Constant, one, in point of talent, of their principal auxiliaries; but such is the reliance which they naturally place upon this member, that it is understood a vacancy will be created by the resignation of some *silent* partizan, for the purpose of his re-introduction into the Chamber. Messrs. Manuel and La Fayette have, however, succeeded in carrying their return, against all the influence of government. M. Constant was occupied, during the elections, in an affair equally interesting to himself, at least personally; namely, his

trial before the tribunal of the correctional police, for an alleged libel upon M. Mangin, the Procureur-general of the Royal Court of Poitiers. M. Constant defended himself upon two grounds; he first alleged that the letter was written by him in his character of Deputy, and denied the competency of the court to try him. This was over-ruled. He then proceeded to justify himself on the merits. His whole offence, he said, consisted in having repelled the imputation which was attempted to be fixed upon him—that of seducing, and afterwards abandoning, a band of unhappy men. He had, he would admit, defended himself with warmth and freedom, against the attacks which had been made upon him; but, had he acted otherwise, he should deserve the reproaches which had been cast upon him. All honourable men in France would approve of his conduct, and all generous hearts would sympathise with his feelings. This sympathy did not, however, it appears, extend to the court, who found him guilty on the first count, for a libel on M. Mangin: on the second charge, that of a libel on the President of the court and the bench of magistrates, he was acquitted. The sentence passed on him, was a fine of 500 francs and a month's imprisonment. The trial of Colonel Fabvier and his alleged accomplices, for having attempted to bribe the keeper of the Bicetre to connive at the escape of the prisoners implicated in the affair at Rochelle, was next proceeded in. They were all convicted with the exception of Colonel Fabvier, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The French government, after keeping Mr. Bowring in prison so many weeks, have, at length, thought proper to liberate him, declaring that nothing transpired to compromise him. The account given by Mr. Bowring himself, whom we have seen, as to the treatment which he received in prison, all innocent as it now appears he was, affords another proof, if such were wanting, of the comparative humanity of the system under which Englishmen have the happiness to live. For the first fourteen days he was in solitary confinement, *au secret*, as they call it; after his release from solitude, his change

for the better, as he was condemned to associate with the very scum of the earth, and had for his more immediate companion, a wretch, a butcher by trade, and, it appears, by nature also, who was convicted of the manslaughter of no less than three individuals! During his entire captivity he was subjected to the tedious and tormenting process of interrogation practised by the French law. Every question by which it was thought possible to compel him to criminate himself, in the absence of every other accuser, was put to him—all his letters, however confidential, were seized; and the most trifling details as to his life, his associates, and even his conversations when at Paris, minutely investigated. Our readers may have some idea of the blessing of these inquisitorial visits, when they are informed that one of them lasted for no less than six hours! In vain did the prisoner demand to know the crime for which he was thus incarcerated—the only answer he could obtain was, that he was charged *with facts, of which he would be informed at his trial!* At length his patience became utterly exhausted, and he said to them—"I will answer you no more questions—you are worse than the familiars of the inquisition, whose investigations I have seen, and which are equitable compared with these—you may do with me just what you choose—I thought I was in France, but I find I am in Tripoli:"—at length, when every artifice failed, this injured gentleman was released, after a strong remonstrance from Mr. Canning, as to his unjust detention. Mr. Bowring is a very interesting young man, much devoted to literature, and esteemed amongst his acquaintance. The real cause for his arrest is said to have been an anxiety on the part of the Ultra administration, to peruse a private dispatch, with which he was entrusted, by the Portuguese ambassador at Paris to his brother diplomatist in London. This they of course succeeded in obtaining; but, fortunately for Mr. Bowring, there was nothing whatever in it to implicate him personally. In order to show how extensive and how vigilant is the French system of espionage, Mr. Bowring relates, that even the company which he occasionally saw at his house in London.

were known to his prison inquisitors ! It seems this gentleman's taste for foreign literature renders his house the resort of men of letters, without any distinction of country. He has just published one volume of *Specimens of the Russian Poets* ; and another is, we understand, forthcoming.

The funds in Paris have suffered, during the last month, considerable fluctuation, owing to the variety of reports circulated. The King's illness, and even death, and the anticipated war with Spain, were of course the most prominent. So far, however, they appear to have had no foundation. The French politicians begin now to speak of an invasion on the part of Spain, and some discussion on the subject appears to have taken place even in the Cortes. One member actually proposed in that assembly, that a categorical answer should be demanded from the French cabinet, as to whether they considered the countries in a state of war or not ! The proposition, however, was negatived. Quesada, the discomfited commander of the army of the faith, has, we observe by the last accounts, arrived in Paris.

The news from the Congress of Verona is confined to an account of the balls, concerts, visits, &c. of the august personages with whom that place is crowded. Nothing whatever of a political nature, which bears the stamp of certainty, has transpired. It is said, however, and we believe with truth, that the Duke of Wellington firmly resists any attempt to interfere with the internal arrangement of Spain ; and if we are to judge from the interchange of familiar private visits, his opinions, whatever they may be, are not unacceptable to the Northern Autocrat. Amongst the personages at Verona who attract most interest, we may mention Maria-Louisa, the Ex-empress of France. She is said to have gone to Congress to press the operation of the will of Napoleon in favour of her son. Young Napoleon is not mentioned as having accompanied her. He is represented as possessing very considerable talents, and evincing a singular precocity of mind. We saw not long ago a gentleman who was presented to him ; the little Ex-emperor held out his hand "right royally" to

be kissed, and instantly began a conversation about his *regiment of cavalry*, making many inquiries as to the gentleman's opinion of their *manceuvres*. Whether this child ever mount a throne or not, may be problematical ; but at all events, he bids fair to be the depositary of much wealth. Madame Mere (Napoleon's mother) has just died at Rome and left him nearly a million sterling, independent of the large sums which, it is well known, he is bequeathed, under the will of his father. Cardinal Fesch, his uncle, is also understood to be immensely rich.

Mount Vesuvius has been during the last month considerably agitated ; the explosion from the crater has been terrific.

There is no news of any decisive character, since our last, from the Morea, except the reported return of the Turkish fleet in a shattered condition to the Dardanelles.

In South America, the Brazilians have finally shaken off all idea of allegiance to their ancient European masters. Some idea may be formed of the spirit of the people, from the fact, that the Prince Regent publicly tore the Portuguese cockade from his hat and trampled it under his feet. An action is stated to have already taken place between two Brazilian and two Portuguese frigates, at the conclusion of which, the latter were compelled to fly. The Regent's coronation, as King of Brazil, was expected to take place on the 12th of October. The throne of Iturbide, the new Emperor of Mexico, is said to totter already ; but its possessor is brave to a proverb, and, there is no doubt, will rather bury himself under its ruins than abdicate. The chief danger arises from the soldiery, whose arrears of pay render them discontented. They elevated Iturbide, and have it in their power to humble him ; uncertain, indeed, is the tenure of the monarch who holds his crown at the caprice of the military.

Local politics have caused some commotion during the last month amongst the good people of Dublin. There is an equestrian statue of King William III. in College Green, which, it seems, it has been the annual custom of the Orange Corporators to deck out in silken trappings every 4th of November. This decoration has

been always "disgracious," in the eyes of the Roman Catholics, and Lord Wellesley on this year forbade the ceremony, acting on what he conceived to be the spirit of the King's parting admonition. In this he met the zealous co-operation of the present Lord Mayor, who had the statue guarded by the police until the ominous day was over. The consequence has been, a meeting of the indignant corporators, who passed a sweeping vote of censure upon the Lord Mayor, not unaccompanied by some significant hints as to the Viceroy himself. In addition to all this, the guild of merchants, all "*true blues*," have met, and resolved on a petition to Parliament for *the repeal of the Union!* What could have driven so Quixotic a fancy into their heads, it is impossible to imagine, unless indeed they think that because Ireland's politicians proved themselves *traders*, her traders should now in their turn become politicians. In each event, we think the honour to the country likely to be equal.

The London corporation have been rather differently employed during the month of November, in proof of which we subjoin the following bill of fare for the Lord Mayor's dinner on the 9th, which has been published officially.

Imprimis—3,000 pounds of real turtle, which will fill upwards of 200 tureens—300 dishes of game, hares, pheasants, and partridges, &c. &c. and some of the finest and rarest species—84 fowls—30 peacocks—80 turkeys—34 surloins of beef—24 stewed rumps of beef—48 hams—60 tongues—48 large pigeon pies—36 large raised pies—48 fish of the finest species—28 ragouts—128 jellies, creams, &c. &c. 60 large fruit pies—36 large marrow puddings—50 sallads—48 large dishes of curious cookery, each of which would take a chapter to describe—100 full-grown pine apples—200 pounds of grapes of the finest description—250 ice creams—and pears, apples, olives, cakes, and dried fruits, of the finest and rarest description.

The wines provided are of all kinds, from humble Port to imperial Tokay. Twelve thousand knives and forks, and six thousand plates, are expected to be employed upon the occasion, which has occupied the whole of Mr. Bleadon's establishment.

These are studies really fit for a corporation, and we earnestly recom-

mend them to the serious consideration of our Dublin neighbours.

The Catholic clergy of Ireland had scarcely time to enjoy their triumph over King William, when they were thrown into an actual uproar by the publication of a charge from Doctor Magee, the new Archbishop of Dublin, to the clergy of his diocese, in which he says the Catholics "*possess a church without a religion, and the Dissenters a religion without a church.*" Doctor Magee is an able and learned divine; but the hands of Briareus would not suffice to write answers to all the assailants which this little sentence has arrayed against him. On the other hand, the Irish Protestant clergy do not appear to be in an over enviable state of tranquillity. There have been several county meetings on the subject of tithes, which have filled their hearts with "*sore misgivings.*" Parliament will meet, it is said, early in February, when some arrangement upon this important subject seems unavoidable.

The Courts have been much occupied this term in passing judgment upon those who have been convicted of libel. Mrs. Wright, Clarke the publisher of *Queen Mab*, and little Waddington, are all in prison. The latter expiates his political celebrity by a year in Cold Bath Fields. The Chief Justice seems to have had considerable suspicions that the interior of Waddington's head was not very systematically arranged, an opinion in which we believe, he is not singular. Mr. Ambrose Williams, convicted of a libel on the clergy of Durham, has obtained a rule nisi to arrest the judgment.

When the new Sheriffs were presented to the Chancellor to receive the King's approbation of their appointment, his Lordship created a considerable sensation, by an elaborate panegyric upon the late Recorder's humanity.

The King has spent the last month entirely at the pavilion; some alarming rumours were for a time in circulation about his Majesty's health, which, however, we are happy to say, seems now quite restored.

Nov. 25, 1822.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

DECEMBER 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

As the period for the meeting of parliament approaches, and as distress presses more heavily upon the landed interest, the efforts of the owners and occupiers of the soil to attract attention, and to concentrate their strength, have become more earnest. Some of the weight now begins to shift from the overburdened tenant to the landlord. The agriculturists have always been considered, perhaps with some truth, as an inert body, mindful indeed of their individual possessions, but not politically active for the conservation or protection of their common property. With the progress of knowledge, however, stirring spirits have arisen, and there are men among both the squirearchy and tenantry who know how to make the country resound with their opinions. Mr. WEBBE HALL is, perhaps, of all the champions of any cause that ever aspired to lead, among the most undaunted and the most pertinacious. He has again appeared in the field, and has published, through the medium of the *Farmer's Journal*, a very long and argumentative address, "to the Owners and Occupiers of Land throughout Great Britain and Ireland." His principles are well known, and he has not been driven from them. He places the root of the depression in an artificial superabundance, created by foreign supply. He demonstrates that, so long as such supply continues to be admitted, duty free, *taxation remaining at its present height*, the land owner must sink deeper and deeper into ruin. He therefore contends for protecting duties, a principle which parliament recognised last session, and he invokes the aid of the entire agricultural population to act as one man in demanding an extension of this principle to an adequate rate—meaning (we presume) to that fixed by the committee at Henderson's, at 40s. per quarter on wheat, and a proportionate duty on other produce.

Whatever truth there may be in Mr. Hall's view of the source of distress, there can be little doubt, that he is as wrong in the remedy he proposes, and for the simplest of all possible reasons. Can it be supposed that the people of England would continue to inhabit the country, if subsistence were something more than double the cost upon the Continent? The report of the agricultural committee has spoken deci-

sively to this point. It has been likewise distinctly stated that no ministry would dare to propose,—no parliament entertain, such a scale of duties for a moment. It is there shown, that whoever could, would emigrate, and the committee has fully, though tersely, described the destructive consequences. The price of British produce must either conform to the level of the Continent, or be continually liable to ruinous fluctuation in price, as necessity drives us to open, and policy to close, the ports. Nothing that Mr. Hall has said at all touches this general and important position; and however the agriculturist may desire to see himself relieved by a return to high prices, we are confident, such means of relief will but be rendered the more inefficient by any provision (such as a high duty) which tends to this object. Whenever the ports open, the high price will be brought down by an influx of corn, vast in proportion to the elevation of price, and the consequent depression will be commensurate, both in degree and duration, with the temptation to import. Such a state of things is of all others the most destructive, because it leaves neither agriculturist, manufacturer, nor merchant, any exact ground for calculating the cost or value of his products: it must unsettle continually all the relations of price, and would be positively intolerable.

Neither does this argument touch the theory which is now daily gaining converts, that the most salutary law of trade is, to purchase at the cheapest market, to which end it is indisputable, that commerce should be left as free and unshackled as possible. We conceive, therefore, that Mr. Webbe Hall will not be listened to, when he attempts to effect a change so contrary to general truth and general opinion.

Mr. Western, the Member for Essex, takes another ground, which he maintains no less strenuously. He has published "a Second Address to the Land Owners of the United Empire," in a pamphlet, wherein he avers, that the *sole cause* of agricultural depression is to be found in the effects of Mr. Peel's Bill, and he predicts the utter and inevitable extinction of the present race of Landholders. It may be doubted, whether the relations of demand and supply have been naturally af-

fects by the contraction of the currency, since, by the reduction of value, half the capital will carry on the whole trade of the country, and the reduction has even probably increased the demand; certainly it has that of the manufacturing classes. But when Mr. Western computes the loss of property to the debtors of the country, and the gains of the creditors by the loans being made in one currency and paid in another, we think his facts are irresistible. It is quite clear, that the landlord, or farmer, or trader, who borrowed 100*l.* in 1813, when the average price of wheat was 140*s.*, if called upon to pay in 1822, when the average price of the same commodity will probably scarcely exceed the odd 40*s.* must be grievously injured, and there does seem to be some force in the argument, which requires that the debts of the state, at least, should be paid in the same denomination of value in which they were contracted. But since the creditor, who obtains payment, is, in a majority of instances, neither the person, nor the descendant of the person, who lent the money, the rule is liable to indefinite modifications, and it must ever be a serious and doubtful question, whether the commonwealth will not suffer to a greater extent by a reduction of its debt (either by lowering the term of the principal or the interest), which must seem arbitrary, than by preserving its good faith, even at the hazard of paying more than was borrowed.

This could not be, if, as we are assured, *nothing* is left for rent. The only articles in the outgoings of a land occupier or owner, that have not undergone and are not undergoing gradual and great reduction, are taxation and poor's-rate. Rent, tithe, and labour, horse provender, tradesmen's commodities, and subsistence, are all lower, much lower. Even Mr. Western allows that the price of all commodities has fallen 35 per cent. at least. The natural remedy, if it could be accomplished, would be the reduction of taxation and the employment of our paupers. Taxation enters into price universally. Taxation incapacitates the proprietor from abating his rent; it precludes the clergyman from reducing his tithes; it affects in the same manner the commodities of the tradesman and the labour of the peasant. The same may be said of poor's-rate. But how is this reduction to be made, consistently with the preservation of our faith with the public creditor, who cannot be paid even his interest, to say nothing of the principal, if any material reduction be effected? Some other steps must be taken before we can be extricated from this vicious circle. The

country has superabundant soil, superabundant labour, and superabundant capital, which are the elements, and the only elements, of wealth. The problem is, how to combine them; and this, it should seem, ought now to be a national consideration.

In the mean while, requisitions for county meetings are on foot in many districts, and petitions will probably pour into the House of Commons, even more numerous than last year. The general desire among agriculturists we believe to be, to confine their prayers to the total repeal of the duties on malt, or perhaps to require some modification of the tithe system.

There never has been a finer season for wheat sowing, which has been accomplished well and early almost universally. The young plants look excellently. The continuance of warm and open weather, and the rains that have fallen, have also improved the turnip crop to such a degree, that it is expected to hold out far better than was anticipated. The accounts from Scotland all agree, that last year's wheat harvest will prove superabundant, fine in quality, and heavy in weight. Potatoes are also a very plentiful growth. Barley is certainly greatly deficient, and the approximation in price to wheat has occasioned many to thresh and get into the market. This circumstance diminishes the appearance of that grain, and leaves a doubt on the mind whether the present supply may be considered the natural, or an artificially reduced, quantity. This is a very important question, and one which we cannot pretend to solve. At present the number of quarters sent to Mark-Lane by sea, which is the only register affording any means of judgment, slight as these means are, is not so vast as to indicate a redundant stock. Oats come very freely to hand. Notwithstanding the considerable growth of the after-grass, the price of hay remains high, compared with other articles of agricultural produce. In some of the counties many farms are left untenanted, in Kent especially; but so little of this abandonment falls under our actual cognizance, that we greatly doubt whether it yet proceeds to any extent. At the late fairs the depression of stock was general, particularly in the western parts of the kingdom. The fear of the weight of pauperism during the winter, for want of employment, is every where felt. The prices at Smithfield remain nearly the same, the market being affected one day a little more or a little less than another, by a full or short supply. Lincoln's, Durham's, and Hertford's, brought respectively on Monday 2*s.* 6*d.* 3*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 10*d.* per stone. Mutton much the same.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, November 21.)

THERE being nothing this month to merit particular attention, we proceed, without further preface, to our usual statements.

Cotton.—The demand for cotton in the week immediately succeeding the date of our last report was brisk and extensive, the purchases exceeding 5300 bales. The East India cottons were $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $\frac{1}{4}d.$ higher; other descriptions at the improvement of about $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb.; nearly the whole were sold in bond, viz.—600 Pernams, pretty good 11*d.* good 11 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ with a few inferior 10 $\frac{1}{2}d.$; 9 Paras 8 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ fair; 100 Orleans 7 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ordinary to 9 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and 9 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ good; 260 Boweds, 6 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and 6 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ very ordinary, to 7 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ for good; 1000 Surats, 5 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ fair, 5 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ and 6*d.* good fair, 6 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ for good; 3300 Bengals, 5*d.* and 5 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ fair, 5 $\frac{1}{4}d.$ and 5 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ good fair, and 5 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ for good; and, duty paid, 23 West India 8 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 8 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ There was a public sale of Boweds and New Orleans, 906 bales, nearly the whole was withdrawn.

In the succeeding week (to November 5), though the advance was fully maintained, the market was more quiet, and the sales on a more limited scale, amounting to only 2400 bags, all sold in bond. The purchases in the week ending the 12th, were only 1700 bags; but still the former prices were maintained. They were all sold in bond, except 130 Grenada and Carriacou, duty paid, fair 8 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ and 9*d.* and good fair 9 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ During this last week the market has been without interest; and though no general reduction in the prices can be stated, yet East India descriptions may be purchased a shade lower: there are, however, no parcels pressing upon the market, and of the other descriptions few cottons are offering for sale; the purchases since our last are about 800 bags, viz. in bond; 172 Boweds (Georgia fair 7*d.* and 7 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ good fair 7 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and 7 $\frac{3}{4}d.$; 16 Orleans 6 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ very ordinary; 100 Madras 5 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ and 6*d.* good fair: 120 Surats 5 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ordinary, to 5 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ fair, and good 6 $\frac{1}{2}d.$; 200 Bengals 5*d.* ordinary, 5 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and 5 $\frac{3}{4}d.$ good fair, very good 6*d.* and duty paid, 47 Carriacou and Grenada fair 8 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 9*d.* very good 10*d.* 5 stained 6 $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to 8*d.*; 120 St. Vincent's good fair 9*d.*; 10 Demerara good stained 7 $\frac{1}{2}d.$

The Liverpool market has gradually declined; the sales in the week ending October 26, having exceeded 20,000 bags, and in that ending November 16, only 3,500 bags. The sales of the four weeks were 38,500, and the arrivals 27,249 bags.

Sugar.—The market has not been favourable for the four last weeks. At the end of October, the prices indeed kept up, but the purchases were very inconsiderable, and the market heavy. The holders, how-

ever, did not press sales. The demand for refined goods was slack, and prices almost 1*s.* per cent. lower, ordinary large lumps at 77*s.* a few rather extensive contracts for crushed at 36*s.* to 39*s.* Molasses 30*s.* to 30*s.* 6*d.*

In Foreign sugars there was a material improvement; good yellow Havannah 28*s.* fine 30*s.* and nearly 1200 chests stated to be sold; the brown qualities were also higher; in white there was no alteration in the prices, but rather more demand both for Havannah and Brazil descriptions.

The sales in the following week were still on a limited scale, only that on the 1st of November, towards the close of the market, several parcels were taken at rather better prices. These purchases, however, were not followed up, the buyers being deterred from coming forward, on account of the accumulation of the stock, only 6000 casks less than at the same date last year, and also on account of the great reduction in the weekly deliveries from the warehouses. Refined goods were heavy, and in most instances a decline of 1*s.* to 2*s.* was submitted to. The demand for export had become very limited, on account of the advanced season, and the grocers purchased for home consumption on a very limited scale.—Molasses steady at 30*s.* During the fortnight ending the 19th, the market continued languid, and the prices declined about 2*s.* per cwt. On Friday the 16th there was a sale of 363 hogsheads of Trinidad sugars; low brown 50*s.* 6*d.* to 52*s.* the remainder 53*s.* to 64*s.* 6*d.*

The refiners evinced a greater disposition to effect sales last week, on account of a small accumulation of stock, yet there was little alteration to notice in the prices, and lumps were in some request.—Molasses were in considerable demand at 29*s.* 6*d.* to-day 30*s.*—85 puncheons Trinidad Molasses, on Friday, sold 24*s.* and 24*s.* 6*d.* for very good quality.

By public sale last week, nearly 200 chests Brazil sugars met with few buyers; one lot soft yellow sold at 23*s.*; the remainder, ordinary and good brown, all taken in at 20*s.* to 22*s.* 6*d.*

Average prices of raw sugars from Gazette.

Oct. 26.....	32 <i>s.</i>	4 $\frac{1}{2}d.$
Nov. 2.....	31 <i>s.</i>	0 $\frac{3}{4}d.$
9.....	30 <i>s.</i>	4 $\frac{1}{2}d.$
16.....	30 <i>s.</i>	8 <i>d.</i>

Coffee.—The market, which we stated to be in a depressed state at the date of our last report, continued to be extremely languid for a considerable time, and prices declined. In the week from Oct. 29, to Nov.

5, the quantity brought forward by public sale consisted of 954 casks and 484 bags, and such was the heavy state of the market, that a considerable proportion was taken in: the Demerara and Berbice, being much wanted by the grocers for the home consumption, sold freely, and at rather higher prices: all other descriptions were exceedingly heavy, and rather lower. Good ordinary coloury St. Domingo in bags, mixed and a little broken, sold at 98s.; the casks were taken in at 97s.

On the 5th, there were four public sales of Coffee, 602 casks and 472 bags, consisting of a great variety of Coffee, and some extensive fine parcels both of Jamaica and of Berbice: a parcel of St. Domingo and Porto Rico Coffee forming a complete criterion of the market; the ordinary descriptions of Jamaica 2s. lower, good ordinary Jamaica coloury and sugary, sold at 94s.; good ordinary broken, 90s.; fine ordinary, a little brown colour, sold at 103s. and 104s.; good and fine middling extensively at 132s. a 134s.; good and fine ordinary Porto Rico, 99s. a 100s.; good ordinary St. Domingo in casks taken in at 97s. a 97s. 6d.; fine ordinary in bags sold at 99s. Generally the Coffee market was 2s. a 3s. lower than on the preceding Tuesday; and, from the highest prices about a month ago, 10s. per cwt. lower on all descriptions of British plantation: the Foreign had not fallen in proportion.

In the following week the public sales consisted of 976 casks and 1,361 bags. British Plantation and Porto Rico sold at a further decline of 2s. and St. Domingo full 1s. per cwt. lower. The market was considerably affected by the public sales declared. On the 12th, there were three sales, 372 casks, 28 bags, chiefly Jamaica descriptions; the whole sold heavily at a further reduction of 2s. a 3s. per cwt., making a decline in the ordinary descriptions of Coffee, 4s. a 5s. per cwt., and in the fine 2s. a 3s. per cwt. within the week; good ordinary Jamaica, 90s.; good ordinary coloury, 91s.; fine ordinary, 95s. a 99s. 6d.; middling, 127s. a 127s. 6d.; good middling, 130s. 6d.

The following is the latest report of the market, being that of the 19th.

The public sales of coffee after Tuesday last week were considerable, 632 casks and 2,149 bags; the British Plantation descriptions supported the previous currency: the St. Domingo sold 1s. a 2s. lower, ordinary to good ordinary, 92s. a 94s. 6d. Yesterday, on account of rather favourable reports by the Flanders mail, the request revived, and for good ordinary St. Domingo in bags, 96s. was realized. At the public sales last week, 1704 bags Cheribon Coffee sold, ordinary brown 90s. a 92s.; good ordinary, 93s.; good ordinary pale, 95s. a 98s. 6d.

There were two public sales this forenoon, 139 casks 120 bags Berbice and Jamaica Coffee, which went off at nearly the previous currency; good middling Berbice, 130s.; fine ordinary grey taken in at 116s. a 118s.; good middling Jamaica sold low, 124s.: 13 casks 212 bags St. Domingo sold nearly 2s. higher than on Friday, fully recovering the prices of this day week, good ordinary 94s. 6d. a 95s. 6d.; fine ordinary 96s. 6d. The prices of Coffee may be stated nearly the same as on Tuesday last, with the appearance of an improving demand.

Tallow.—The price of Tallow, after having been maintained for some time (excepting a temporary depression on the 4th inst.) began to decline after the 8th, and a very great change has now taken place. Last week one of the monied men for the advance declared his determination to effect sales of his stock remaining on hand, reported to the amount of about 5,000 casks, which offer not being immediately closed with by the other speculators, the whole was disposed of to the most eminent importers of Baltic produce, and who have sold largely parcels for arrival: as this sale gives to the latter the opportunity of throwing more Tallow on the market, and aiding the speculation for the decline, it has produced a great change, particularly when joined with the fact of the misunderstanding among the speculators. Several parcels of yellow candle Tallow were yesterday sold at 40s.; to-day, the 19th, the market is still lower, 40s. a 39s.

Oils have of course been affected by the Tallow market. Greenland has now fallen 2l. to 3l.; and owing to the mild season few parcels have lately been sold. All other common Oils are heavy and lower. By public sale, the 13th inst. 105 tuns pale Southern Oil, 24l. to 25l. 15s.

Tobacco.—There is more business doing in Tobacco; it is calculated that nearly 1,000 hhds. have changed hands, chiefly fine descriptions, which are scarce, and in demand for the French market. By public sale this forenoon, 17 hhds. St. Domingo, only two or three hhds were sold, and at very high prices, good 16d. a 18½d.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—There is some bustle in the market, on account of Brandies being quoted considerably higher in France: an improvement of 1d. per gallon must be quoted here, and more business doing: a parcel, old landed, favourite mark, sold at 3s. 2d. For Rums there is rather more enquiry, but the purchases reported are at prices a shade lower.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

Spices.—E. I. Company's sales, Nov. 11. Saltpetre, 1,000 tons Company's sold, 23s. 6d. a 26s. 6d.; do. Private Trade, 23s. 6d. a 26s. 6d.; Pepper, 540 bags, Company's Black, 6½d. a 6¾d.; 980 bags scratched;

do. 4,650 Private Trade, 5*d.* a 6½*d.*; Cinnamon, 364 bales, 1st quality, 7*s.* 1*d.* a 7*s.* 2*d.*; 180 scratched; do. 48 do. 2*d.* do. 5*s.* 7*d.*; 502 scratched; do. 289 do. 3*d.* do. 4*s.* 7*d.* a 4*s.* 10*d.*; 96 scratched; Cloves, 12 bags, 4*s.* a 4*s.* 2*d.*; Mace, 74 casks 1st quality, 5*s.* 2*d.* a 5*s.* 4*d.*; 35 do. 2*d.* do. 4*s.* 7*d.* a 4*s.* 11*d.*; 88 do. 3*d.* do. 3*s.* 10*d.* a 4*s.* 4*d.*; Nutmegs, 352 casks, ungarbled, 3*s.* 1*d.* a 3*s.* 2*d.*; 154 scratched; Cassia Ligna, 7*l.* 5*s.* a 8*l.* 2*s.*; Cassia Buds, 17*l.* 5*s.* a 18*l.* 1*s.*; Ginger, 15*s.*; Sago, 46*s.* a 40*s.*; Oil of Cassia, 5*d.* a 6*d.*

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, 31st Oct.—*Tallow*. The prices are merely nominal; viz. white crown candle tallow, 110 r.; yellow ditto, 112; soap tallow 100.—*Flax* has maintained its prices: the last purchases were on the following terms, Thiesenhausen and Druiana Rackitzer, 44 to 45 r.; Badstüb cut, 38½ to 39 r.; Risten Threband, 30 r.; tow 11½ r.—*Hemp* of all kinds is nearly sold, Pass entirely so, yet without much influence on the prices last paid; viz. clean, 101 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 87 r.; Polish ditto, 88; Ukraine Pass, 85; Polish ditto, 87 r.; Torse, 45 r.—*Seed*. The importation of sowing linseed is estimated at 30, or 35,000 barrels, which will not hold long at the present prices, viz. 7½ to 7 r. especially as it does not appear that we are likely to have much farther supply.—*Salt*. Scanty importation and brisk demand have caused a rise in the prices of some descriptions; viz. St. Ubes to 78 r.; Liverpool to 70 r.; rock-salt to 105 r.

Hamburg, 9th Nov.—*Cocoa* is rather more steady in price.—*Coffee*. Though very little has been doing this week, yet the prices of good and perfectly clean qualities have been fully maintained.—*Gum Senegal* has been more in demand, and the prices have improved; but dye goods in general have but a very limited sale.—*Spices*. There is no demand for pepper; but many orders for pimento; East India ginger maintains its price, inferior 4*d.*, middling

4½*d.*, best 4¾*d.*—*Rice* is still in request.—*Tobacco*. Prices and demand as before.—*Tea*. 350 quarter chests of Campoy and Congou; about 600 chests of various sorts of green teas have arrived from Philadelphia.—*Sugar*. Hamburg refined have been but little enquired for this week, and may perhaps be purchased a trifle lower; treacle is unchanged. Except some small parcels of fine white Havannah at 10*d.* and very white Bahia at 8*d.* to 8½*d.*, there have been but few purchases of raw sugars, and the prices have consequently declined a little.

Amsterdam, 9th Nov.—*Cotton and Tobacco* in little demand, and prices dull.—*Coffee*, in two auctions of fine West India descriptions this week, the prices again declined; for Surinam in bales 15½ stivers, ditto in barrels 15½ stivers; middling Cheribon has been sold at 12½ stivers, and may still be had at that price.—*Spices*. Pepper and pimento not only maintain their prices, but the latter has been sold at 3 to 4 florins higher.—*Rice* of the best quality is in good demand; fine white Carolina is held at 44 to 45 sch. Flemish.—*Tea* is in request only for small parcels, and the prices hardly keep up.—*Sugar*, raw seems to have fallen to the lowest point, as all the parcels now in the market are firm in price; viz. fine brown Surinam 6½*d.*, yellow and bright yellow 7*d.* to 7½*d.*; fine Havannah, 7*d.* to 8*d.*; refined goods are dull, as the shipping season is drawing to a close, and orders sensibly decrease.—*Dye Goods* in general in good request. A large parcel of Indigo has been bought by one of our houses at the current price.—*Dye Woods*, especially St. Martin's, much enquired for; many orders are also received for Shumac, in consequence of which all these articles maintain their prices.

France.—The purchase of foreign tobacco for the use of the royal manufactories, which was fixed for the 26th of November, must be delayed, because the samples have not arrived in time. The 11th of December is the day now fixed for receiving proposals, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

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OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR OCTOBER, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

THIS month has been remarkably wet, windy, and overcast; the quantity of rain caught in the pluviometer near the ground amounts to 6½ inches in depth. With the exception of last December, which must be still in the recollection of those who pay any attention to meteorology, more rain fell here this month than in any other during the last seven years.

The time that the rain was falling is equal to ten days and nights; but it has rained more or less on 28 days of this

month. The prevailing S.W. winds brought up a continual flow of turbid vapour from the Atlantic Ocean, over which the atmosphere no doubt met with great perturbations, for even here we had strong gales, with frequent storms, from that point of the compass on five different days, and more than two-thirds of the above quantity of rain.

The fluctuations of the barometer are almost incredibly numerous; and although the aggregate of the spaces described by

the rising and falling of the mercury is not great for a very wet and windy month, yet the changes in the barometrical column amount to 31, which are equal to a daily change.

The upper currents of air, which on several days passed over us at right angles with the lower winds, produced much sheet lightning from the passing clouds in the evenings, which sometimes had a pretty effect in the bright moonlight. The mean temperatures of the air and spring water are now nearly similar, and about two-thirds of a degree higher than in October 1821. In consequence of the prevailing vapour and warm winds, the present month

has been temperate (excepting three or four mornings, when hoar frost appeared before sunrise), yet not wholesome, from the general humidity and impure state of the lower stratum of air.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are one *anthelion*, one solar and three lunar halos, sixteen meteors, five solar and two perfect lunar rainbows, lightning in the evenings of the 3rd, 4th, 6th, 12th, 19th, and 20th, and 10 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from NW. 2 from N. 2 from SE. and 5 from SW.

DAILY REMARKS.

October 1. Calm and overcast with *Cirrostratus* in the day: light rain by night.

2. AM. as the preceding, and two winds, the upper one from SW.: PM. rain at intervals.

3. AM. foggy and overcast, and some light rain: PM. two winds at right angles, and fine, except about two hours in the evening, when large and lofty *Cirrocumuli* sprang up around the horizon, and discharged their electrical contents—the lightning passed off to the NE.

4. A very heavy dew early, and foggy most of the morning, succeeded by *Cirrostrati*, which swept the earth in their passage: sunshine early in the afternoon, when an *Anthelion* was observed in a dense *Cumulostratus* cloud about N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. opposite to, and of the same altitude as the sun: PM. light rain at intervals, two winds, and much lightning from the passing clouds in the evening.

5. AM. fine: PM. heavy rain, with a South West wind.

6. Sunshine and a brisk westerly gale in the morning: PM. overcast with *Cirrostratus*, beneath which low and black thunder clouds passed from SW., and discharged a few flashes of lightning in the evening, followed by rain. About 3 o'clock, PM. a faint rainbow appeared, nearly half of it towards the North was not painted on any visible cloud, yet the prismatic colours in that part (a light blue sky) were perfect, though faint, compared with the other part of the bow in the passed off *Nimbus*, the sun at the same time shining in a clear space.

7. Overcast nearly all day: rain and a gale from SW. by night.

8. A stormy morning, and a continuation of the gale: PM. fine, and mostly a clear sky—3 meteors in the evening, one of which at 11 o'clock passed over in a NW. direction, and in its descent exhibited nearly the same colours and appearance as a sky-rocket.

9. AM. sunshine, and low passing beds of *Cirrostratus*: PM. rain.

10. A fine morning: showery and windy in the afternoon: and a clear sky and 2 meteors by night.

11. A slight hoar frost before sunrise, followed by a fine day, with the exception of a light shower at noon: overcast by night.

12. Fair, with the lighter modifications, and prevailing *Cirrocumuli*, with two winds, the upper one from SW.—the crossing of these winds produced lightning from the passing clouds for 3 hours in the evening: rain at intervals in the night.

13. Rain throughout the day, and a gale from SW., then from NW.—the barometer sank during the former gale, and rose rapidly with the latter: a cloudy night, and one bright meteor to the southward.

14. Fair, with a cold northerly gale—Immediately after sunset a condensation of the atmospheric air in the rooms without fire commenced, and increased with the cold, and by 9 o'clock PM. the streams of water ran copiously down the inside of the windows: this appears to arise from the cold current without rushing in upon the confined and warmer air in the rooms, when dew is evidently formed on the glass windows (as being colder and more transparent than any other part) in the same manner as in the open air after the

sun's rays are withdrawn from our view. A clear sky by night, followed by hoar frost.

15. Foggy early, succeeded by a rainy day and night, and variable winds.

16. Rainy and overcast; and windy by night.

17. A gale from the North, with low sea till midnight, when it cleared up.

18. Hoar frost early, succeeded by a sunny day, with light variable winds: rain by night, when the maximum of temperature of the air for the last 24 hours occurred, being the first time this autumn.

19. A wet day and night, with but little intermission, and a gale from SW. in which quarter several flashes of lightning were seen between 7 and 8 o'clock. A rainbow at mid-day.

20. A continuation of the gale, and a very stormy day: lightning from the passing clouds in the evening, and some showers in the night.

21. Sunshine and showers at intervals, and two rainbows. A perfect *Lunar Iris* appeared here to the NE. in a black passing rain-fraught cloud, at five minutes before 7 o'clock, PM.: its diameter along the earth's surface measured $81^{\circ} 34'$, and its apex was upwards of 26° above the horizon, while the moon's altitude was only 74° , and her distance westward of the meridian 29° ; the moon not having come to her first quarter, and her light consequently faint, no prismatic colours were observed in this *iris*. Showers in the night, with broad sheets of lightning; one of the flashes was near, had a bluish tinge, and smelt very sulphureous: besides these phenomena, two meteors were seen between the showers.

22. Fair, with *Cumuli* in the day, and patches of *Cirrostratus*, with much dew in the night. From 10 till 12 o'clock PM. a low arc of light appeared about 16° on each side of the magnetic North; during which time six meteors fell nearly perpendicularly in that quarter—this light may have been a faint appearance of the Aurora Borealis.

23. Overcast and windy in the day: heavy rain and a gale from SE. by night.

24. A continuation of the gale, with rain most of the day and night.

25. A fine day, with *Cumuli*, and the lighter modifications of clouds: a dewy night.

26. Sunshine and a humid air: heavy rain in the afternoon and evening. At 7 hours PM. a perfect *Lunar Iris* appeared to the northward in a passing *Nimbus*—the moon's altitude being upwards of 30° , the diameter of the *iris* was small, and its apex low.

27. A fine sunny day, except a few drops of rain at 3 hours PM., when a perfect rainbow appeared with vivid colours to the NE.: a very white moonlight, and occasional appearances of light and lofty *Cumuli*, which is not common after sunset.

28. As the preceding day nearly, with the addition of a solar halo, and nearly opposite winds: overcast and rain by night: when the maximum temperature of the air for the last 24 hours occurred.

29. Overcast and light variable winds by day: cloudy by night, and some light rain.

30. AM. foggy and overcast: light rain in the afternoon—a fine moonlight, a lunar halo, and much dew.

31. AM. fair: PM. overcast—thunder clouds about in the night, and a little light rain.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month.	Phase of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.							Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 6 AM.	At 3 PM.	At 9 PM.		Cirrus.	Alto-cumulus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.	Nimbus.				
1		29.80	29.75	29.775	61	58	60	75	82	82	NE to E										
2		29.81	29.82	29.825	67	58	63	75	82	82	SE to E										
3		29.79	29.77	29.78	69	54	63.5	80	87	86	E to S								12	0.12	
4		29.85	29.81	29.835	67	51	61.5	91	84	82	E to SE									0.14	
5		29.74	29.59	29.665	68	50	59	79	84	87	SW to SE								38	0.38	
6		29.80	29.70	29.750	61	48	54.5	85	85	84	W to SW									2.00	
7		29.78	29.70	29.740	61	55	58	86	84	85	SW								40	1.40	
8		29.98	29.64	29.780	62	62	67	80	81	81	SW								40	1.40	
9		29.81	29.74	29.775	67	49	58	78	78	81	SW									0.64	
10		30.08	29.95	30.015	61	44	52.5	84	80	77	W to SW									0.00	
11		30.27	30.22	30.245	60	52	56	78	81	74	N to SW								26	0.76	
12		30.40	29.75	29.875	61	56	60	71	84	84	SE to SW									2.00	
13		29.84	29.35	29.395	65	41	51.5	74	79	79	SW to NW									0.76	
14		30.11	29.98	30.045	55	37	46	87	83	86	N to NE								26	0.76	
15		30.00	29.69	29.845	53	49	51	78	76	87	E to SW									0.76	
16		29.42	29.38	29.400	55	48	51.5	84	75	80	W to NW									1.76	
17		29.56	29.48	29.480	52	37	44.5	89	73	72	N								10	0.40	
18		29.76	29.68	29.720	54	45	49.5	85	85	85	N to SW									2.00	
19		29.84	29.60	29.620	59	52	55.5	86	84	80	SW								15	0.56	
20		29.64	29.44	29.540	61	49	55	77	80	90	SW									1.76	
21		29.68	29.64	29.660	50	45	47.5	86	84	82	SW									1.00	
22		29.80	29.65	29.675	54	47	50.5	77	82	82	W to SE									1.00	
23		29.74	29.50	29.620	60	55	57.5	72	79	76	SE								14	0.40	
24		29.44	29.30	29.370	62	52	57	74	70	62	SE									1.00	
25		29.68	29.52	29.600	67	57	62	82	86	88	S									1.00	
26		29.80	29.46	29.630	63	45	54	77	85	86	S to W								14	0.40	
27		29.76	29.67	29.665	54	45	49.5	75	82	79	NW to SW									1.00	
28		29.28	29.81	29.900	55	51	53	72	81	89	E to SE									1.00	
29		30.09	29.94	30.015	65	53	59	77	80	90	S to E									1.00	
30		30.05	29.92	29.985	61	53	57	80	77	86	SE									0.12	
31		29.80	29.78	29.790	61	53	57	85	70	81	SE to SW									0.12	
32		30.27	29.25	29.760	60	37	53.10	75.2	85.6	77.8		19	16	24	2	13	18	20	2.50	0.760	

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.27 October 11th, Wind SW.
Minimum..... 29.35 Do. 13th, Do. SW.
Range of the Mercury..... 0.92

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 29.746
for the lunar period, ending the 14th instant..... 29.689
for 13 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 29.561
for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.525

Spaces described by the rising and falling of the Mercury..... 7.440
Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.700
Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 31

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 69° Oct. 3rd, Wind SE.
Minimum..... 37 Do. 14th and 17th, Do. NE. and N.

Range..... 32
Mean temperature of the Air..... 56.19
for days with the Sun in Libra..... 56.28
Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 31.90
Mean temperature of spring water at 8 o'clock AM. 55.30

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air..... 91° in the morning of the 4th.
Greatest dryness of ditto..... 52° in the afternoon of the 1st.
Range of the Index..... 39
Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 65.4
at 8 Do. .. AM..... 75.2
at 8 Do. .. PM..... 77.8
of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 73.9
Evaporation for the month..... 7.508 inches.
Rain, with the gauge near the ground..... 8.780 Ditto.
Ditto with ditto 23 feet high..... 6.640 Ditto.
Prevailing Winds, SW.

SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 1; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 10½; an overcast sky without rain 6; foggy, 1½; rain, 10—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.
19 16 24 2 13 18 20

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
2½	1	3	7½	2½	1	3	2	31

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette—Oct. 23 to Nov. 10.

- Oct. 23.—Armstrong, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. [Bell, Bow-churchyard, Chancery-lane. C.
Baltby, R. Spouton, Somerset, shopkeeper. [Hartley, New-bridge-street. C.
Brammer, A. Camberwell, Surrey, merchant. [Davies, Lothbury. T.
Gill, W. C. Melksham, Wilts, linen-draper. [Potts, Serjeant's-lane, Fleet-street. C.
Hensley, R. White Cross-street, timber-merchant. [Deanna, 4, Austin-frars. T.
Hobinson, P. Kendal, Westmoreland, mercer. [Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-lane. C.
Oct. 20.—Barratt, W. Eyre-street-hill, Leather-lane, Holborn, bricklayer. [Newbon, Great Carter-lane, Doctors' Commons. T.
Douglas, J. and D. Russell, No. 10, Fleet-street, drapers. [James, Bucklersbury. T.
Eastwood, Joseph, Meltham, York, clothier. [Clark, Chancery-lane. C.
Hudson, W. Hayil-street, Camberwell, Surrey, bricklayer. [Hewitt, Token-house, Lothbury. T.
Jae, J. Charles-street, Hursleydown, Surrey, lighterman. [Kirkman, Cannon-street. T.
Underwood, H. Cheltenham, Gloucester, builder. [Bowler, 14, Gray's-lane-square. C.
Whitlie, W. Beaminster, Dorset, tanner. [Wright, 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.
Nov. 2.—Bailey, T. W. Gervard's-hall Tavern, Basing-lane, wine-merchant. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.
Bawman, H. 29, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, haberdasher. [Holt, Threadneedle-street. T.
Bliss, G. Totness, Devon, grocer. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.
Bulford, R. High Holborn, draper. [Hurd, King's Bench-walk, Temple. T.
Bivers, G. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row. T.
Nov. 5.—Ashwell, J. Nottingham, iron-founder. [Holme, New-lane. C.
Beale, J. Portsea, victualler. [Murchie, 3, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-lane. C.
Cranage, T. Watling-street, Wellington, Salop, grocer. [Evans, Hatton-garden. C.
Dixon, T. Hulme, Lancaster, jobber. [Makin, Middle Temple. C.
Gresthead, H. Steppay Causeway, master-marlines. [Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.
Harris, F. Lisle-street, Leicester-square, dealer. [Timbrell, Macclesfield-street. T.
Howes, P. 40, Park-street, Hanover-square, horse-dealer. [Bright, 8, Took's-court, Chancery-lane. T.
Johnson, H. J. Houndsditch, cabinet-maker. [Boxer, Furnival's-lane, Holborn. T.
Kensington, C. Glamford Briggs, Lincoln, draper. [Eyre, Gray's-lane. C.
Rowed, J. Queen-street, Finsbury, timber-merchant. [Winter, Bedford-row. T.
Stotworthy, B. Whitechapel, cheesemonger. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-st. T.
Trickle, E. Nuneaton, Warwick, mercer. [Constable, 19, Symon's-lane, Chancery-lane. C.
Nov. 9.—Adey, J. sen. Cray's-hill, Essex, cattle-salesman. [Lindsay, St. Thomas's-street, Southwark. T.
Bagnall, W. and J. Barnall, Walsall, Stafford, platers. [Turner, 5, Bloomsbury-square. C.
Bainbridge, J. Whitehaven, Cumberland, plumber. [Cleauell, Staple-lane. C.
Brooke, H. Walscot, Somerset, common-brewer. [Potts, Serjeant's-lane. C.
Brown, J. Fleet-market, grocer. [Fox, Austin-frars. T.
Cook, W. Woudham, Kent, corn-dealer. [Courtney, 22, Walbrook. T.
Crockett, H. sen. Haddenham, Buckingham, grocer. [Smith, 81, Basinghall-street. C.
Davies, W. Sudbury, Suffolk, haberdasher. [Dixon, 7, Gray's-lane. C.
Dawson, J. Bury, Lancaster, linen-draper. [Milne, Temple. C.
Douglas, J., D. Russell, and W. Russell, Fleet-street, drapers. [James, Bucklersbury. T.
Drurey, J. South, York, coal-merchant. [Baltby, Chancery-lane. C.
Gator, H. Billingsgate, fish-saleman. [Allen, 45, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane. T.
Gresthead, J. Snowhill, auctioneer. [Dyer, Took's-court, Chancery-lane. T.
Hales, E. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham, corn-factor. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-lane. C.
Hall, R. Jun. Bury, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. [Appleby, Gray's-lane-square. C.
Hesse, G. A. Church-row, Fenchurch-street, broker. [Younger, John-street, America-square. T.
Hopps, T. Jun. Flabergate, York, cornfactor. [Wiglesworth, 8, Gray's-lane. C.
Jones, J. C. Bridgnorth, Salop, linen-draper. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane. C.
Moore, G. Jun. Lower-road, Deptford, Kent, coal-merchant. [Freeman, Coleman-street. T.
Newman, J. Upper East Smithfield, slop-seller. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.
Robertson, W. Great St. Helena, insurance-broker. [Heardon, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.
Soll, J. High-street, Shadwell, cheesemonger. [Heard, Hooper's-square, Goodman's-fields. T.
Smith, T. Horsham, Sussex, timber-merchant. [King, 8, Castle-street, Holborn. T.
Watts, J. Totnes, Devon, linen-draper. [Blake, 156, Great Surrey-street. C.
Whyte, D. Lewes, Sussex, linen draper. [Wilde, College-hill. T.
Nov. 12.—Baker, C. Romsey, Southampton, fell-monger. [Slade, 1, John-street, Bedford-row. C.
Brooke, J. Liverpool, druggist. [Blackstock, Temple. C.
Fairhead, J. Cressing, Essex, jobber. [Bromley, Gray's-lane-square. C.
Foster, J. Liverpool, brewer. [Blackstock, Temple. C.
Green, J. Rednall, King's Norton, Worcester, maltster. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-lane. C.
Johnston, J. Pontefract, York, maltster. [Blackstock, Serjeant's-lane, Fleet-street. C.
Stevens, R. Southbury, Bucks, dairyman. [Anbrey, Took's-court, Curator-street. T.
Stubbs, T. Crawford-street, grocer. [Collins, Spital-square. T.
Nov. 16.—Bellie, H. Liverpool, grocer. [Blackstock, Temple. C.
Buckmaster, J. and W. Buckmaster, Old Bond-street, army clothiers. [Pallen, Fore-street, Cripplegate. T.
Collins, W. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, linen-draper. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.
Cooper, G. Tutbury-mill, Stafford, miller. [Cookney, 8, Castle-street, Holborn. C.
Cooper, J. T. Worcester, draper. [Becks, 26, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. C.
Dodd, W. Orton, Westmoreland, drover. [Wilson, Furnival's-lane. C.
Edwards, D. Gloucester, tea-dealer. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.
Graham, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, cotton-manufacturer. [Lawledge, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. T.
Graham, R. Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. [Gregson, Angel-court. T.
Hays, C. and W. H. Blundell, Oxford-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Star-lane. T.
Healey, M. Manchester, draper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.
Hilary, J. Banbury, Oxford, grocer. [Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin street, Aldersgate-street. T.
Huxley, C. R. Newgate-street, wholesale-glover. [Walsop, Bouvrie-street, Fleet-street. T.

James, R. St. Martin's, Stamford-harou, North-hampton, veterinary-surgeon. [Rose, Gray's Inn-square, T.
 Kitchen, R. and J. Amory, Liverpool, tailors. [Laws, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
 Lea, T. Liverpool, grocer. [Taylor, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.
 Lindsey, W. J. W. Bath, silk-mercator. Makinson Middle Temple. C.
 Manning, J. Clement's-lane, money-broker. [Anderson, Quality-court, Chancery-lane. T.
 Peaches, W. Old City Chambers, wine-mercator. Wood, Richmond-buildings, Soho. T.
 Parker, T. Jun. Wood-street, hosier. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.
 Smith, J. Liverpool, leather-cutter. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row. C.
 Thompson, M. C. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer. [Taylor, Clement's-lane. C.
 Thorley, J. Chorlton-row, Manchester, mercator. [Wells, Chancery-lane. C.

Nov. 19.—Cookworthy, F. C. Bristol, bookseller. [Poole, 12, Gray's Inn-square. C.

Sanders, W. Bristol, habermonger. [Clark, Chancery-lane. C.
 Walowright, B. Hereford, maltster. [Dax, 29, Gullford-street. C.
 Williams, W. S. Charles-street, Brompton, coach-master. [Robinson, Charter-house-square. T.
 Woodward, E. Derby, ironkeeper. [Fow, 2, Henrietta-court, Covent-garden. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Oct. 29 to Nov. 19.

Gibson, W. Jun. merchant, Edinburgh.
 Welsh, R. and J. Dingwall, wood-mercators, Greenock.
 Weir, W. sheep and cattle-dealer, Darley.
 Borthwick and Goudie, merchants, Dalhousie, Dunbar.
 Jamieson, T. and W. merchants, Kirkcaldie.
 Muir, J. shoe-manufacturer, Kelso.
 Wingate, J. and J. merchants, Glasgow.
 Brown, W. maltster, Broomage-Mains, Falkirk.
 Rennie, J. H. distiller, Yett Distillery, Alloa.
 Mackenzie, A. grocer, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 25.—At Cadogan Terrace, the lady of Lieut. Col. Sir Gray Campbell, Bart. a son.
 22. At Upwell, Norfolk, Mrs. Geo. Longmore, a daughter.
 20. At Forrester-hall, Essex, the lady of Wm. Beckford, Esq. a daughter.
 21. In Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, the lady of Robt. Stewart Blucke, Esq. twin sons.
 Nov. 1.—At Plasbet Lodge, Ellanbeth, the wife of Joseph Fry, Esq. a son.
 9. In Poulis-place, the lady of R. A. Cottle, Esq. a daughter.
 — The lady of Rich. Fothergill, Esq. of Caerleon, a son and heir.
 12. In York-place, the lady of Jos. Tasker, Esq. of Fitzwilliam, in the County of Essex, a daughter.
 — The Honourable Mrs. Carleton, a son.
 13. At Llandou, Anglesea, the Honourable Mrs. Irby, a son.
 15. The lady of Geo. Bishop, Esq. of Finsbury-place, a son.
 — In Bedford-row, the lady of John Guillum Scott, Esq. a son.

IN IRELAND.

In Mountjoy-square, Dublin, the lady of Hugh O'Connor, Esq. a daughter.

ABROAD.

At L'Hyvrense, Guernsey, the lady of Lieut. Col. Kennedy, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 24.—At Mitham, Captain James Myers, 7th Regt. Native Infantry, Madras Establishment, to Louisa, widow of Lieut. Col. Henry Roberts, of his Majesty's 34th Regiment.
 25. At Exeter, Sam. Lloyd, Esq. of Snugborough, Cork, to Sophia, eldest daughter of Sam. Frederick Milford, Esq. one of the Magistrates for the County of Devon.
 — At Broadwater, Sussex, Grenville Pigott, Esq. eldest son of Wm. Pigott, Esq. of Doldershall-park, Bucks, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Edw. Long, Esq. of Hampton Lodge, Surrey.
 28. At Chelsea, the Rev. Henry Curtis Cherry, B.A. of Clare Hall, Cambridge, to Anne Alicia, second daughter of Major Gen. Sir John Cameron, K.C.B. &c.
 30. At Scairby, Henry Farrer, Esq. to Frances, youngest daughter of Rowland Fawcett, Esq. of Scairby Castle, Cumberland.
 — By special licence, at Cowich, in the County of Stafford, by the Rev. Frederick Anson, Chap. Frederick Baron de Hutten, to Mary Dorothea, eldest daughter of the late Nathaniel Phillips, Esq. of Slebech Hall, Pembrokeshire, and sister to Viscountess Anson.
 31. At Kensington, Capt. David Rae Newall, of the Hon. East India Company's ship, Scairby Cas-

tle, to Charlotte Jannetta, only surviving daughter of the late Jas. Falconer, Esq. of Bombay.

31. The Rev. Samuel Stearn, of Balliol College, Oxford, and Matilda, Esq. to Louisa, third daughter of the late John Miles, Esq. of Southampton Row, Russell-square.
 Nov. 7.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury-square, John Hinman, Esq. of Russell-street, to Kate, only child of the late Major Bladen, of the 10th Light Dragoons.
 9. Major P. Dunbar, of the Cavalry, Hon. East India Company's service, to Jessie, seventh daughter of the Rev. W. Leslie, of Balmaghie, Morayshire, and niece to the Earl of Cathness.
 12. At Fordingbridge, Henry Greenwood, Esq. surgeon, youngest son of the late Rev. Thomas Greenwood, Vicar of Calne, Wilts, to Anna, eldest daughter of George Hende, Esq. of Fryer-court.
 13. At Chiddington, in Kent, by the Rev. Wm. Streetfield, the Rev. Richard Peter Whish, M.A. Prebendary of Wells, and Vicar of Brompton, in Essex, to Sophia Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Streetfield, Esq. of Chiddington.
 14. At Rotherham, by the Rev. Thomas Trebeck, Thomas Trebeck, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Sophia, third daughter of the late Joseph Walker, Esq. of Eastwood, near Rotherham.
 18. At Madron Church, Cornwall, George Gilbert Cursey, M.D. F.R.S. to Mary, only child of the late John Dennis, Esq. of Alverton, Penzance.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Park-place, Edinburgh, John Williams, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, to Sophia, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Roxburgh, of the same Service.
 At Netherwood, near Dumfries, Augustus Spry Faulkner, Esq. Lieut. 7th regt. son of the late Rear Admiral Faulkner, to Mary Ann, widow of the late William Munro, Esq. Royal Regt. Artillery.

IN IRELAND.

At Lorr Glebe, County of Tipperary, Usher Lanstaff, Esq. to Rosina Eleanor, fourth daughter of the Rev. Edward Price, Archdeacon of Killaloe, and grand-niece to the late Marquis of Ely.

ABROAD.

At Paris, Placide Le Vasseur, Jun. Esq. of Blackheath, to Charlotte Mary, only daughter of Paul Newman, Esq. of Melksham, Wilts.
 At Naples, Augustus Wm. Heyman, Esq. of the second Regt. N.B. Dragoons, to Miss Cockburn, daughter of Gen. Cockburn.

DEATHS.

Oct. 16.—In the New Road, aged 27, Robt. Robinson, Esq. Lieutenant of the R.N. youngest son of the late Gen. Robinson, of Denston Hall, Suffolk, and nephew to the Earl of Powis.
 19. In Great Corn-street, in his way from Scotland to Geneva, Dr. Alexander Macrost, aged 62.

20. Captain Savage, late of the 52d Regt. and of the 1st Life Guards (son of Admiral Savage, of Queen's square, Westminster) who put an end to his own existence with a razor, although in the last stage of a consumption.

21. At Hounsey, John Latham, Esq. who destroyed himself with a pistol.

25. In his 66th year, after an illness of 4 months, James Sowerby, Esq. F.R.S. M.C.S. &c. well known as the engraver of the plates, and publisher of *English Botany*, a work exhibiting a complete Flora of Great Britain. Mr. S. was a most assiduous cultivator of natural history, as is amply shown by the numerous works in which he was engaged.

— At his family seat, Hardwick, Shropshire, Sir John Kynaston Powell, Bart. who represented that County in Parliament during 40 years. He having left no issue, his title and estates devolve on his only brother, the Rev. Edward Kynaston, Rector of Kirby, and Farnham, in Suffolk.

29. In Fludyer-street, Westminster, in his 80th year, Richard Frewin, Esq. Chairman of the Commissioners of Customs in England.

30. In Finsbury-square, after a long illness, Asher Goldsmid, Esq. aged 71.

— At Grosvenor-place, Bath, in his 60th year, Admiral Peter Puget, late Naval Commissioner at Madras and Trincomalee. He commanded the *Chatham* in Vancouver's Voyage of Discovery round the world.

31. At Bath, aged 59, Major-Gen. Henry Proctor.

— At Kennington, aged 18, Richard Maldman Budden, eldest son of Major Budden, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— Eliza, the lady of Richard Benyon de Beauvoir, Esq. daughter of Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. and only child of the Hon. Lady Smith.

Nov. 2. In Pall Mall, in her 17th year, Catherine, youngest daughter, and one of the heiresses of the late Benjamin Hayes, Esq. of Cork, Barrister-at-law.

— At Tetbury, aged 65, William Wood, Esq. Banker.

3. At Sandford Hall, aged 30, Thomas Hugh Sandford, Esq. of Sandford, in the county of Salop.

6. At Hackney, aged 67, Benjamin Spencer, M.D. of Shaftesbury.

— In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, in her 25th year, Ann, second daughter of James Allen, Esq. of Buckingham.

7. At Floors, Northamptonshire, Mary, the wife of J. B. Daniel, Esq. Deputy-Assistant-Commissionary-General to the forces, aged 28.

— In Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, in his 54th year, Samuel John Symons Trickey, Esq.

— At Chertsey, aged 69, Mrs. Ogilvie, relict of Dr. Ogilvie, of Englefield-green, Surrey.

8. At Wandsworth Manor-house, in his 8th year, Henry, tenth son of the Right Hon. Christopher Magnay, Lord Mayor.

10. At his seat, Thoby Priory, in the county of Essex, James Grant, Esq. late of Demerara.

— In his 80th year, the Rev. Charles Onley, of Stisted-hall, in the county of Essex.

11. At Woolwich, aged 20, Charles Proby, midshipman, R.N. only son of Commissioner Cunningham, of the Royal Navy.

12. At his house, in Sloane-street, in his 82d year, the Right Hon. Wm. Lord Grantley, Baron Markinfeld, in the county of York, Lord High Steward of Athertonshire and Guilford, Colonel of the 1st Royal Regt. of the Surrey Militia, F.R.S. &c. &c. His Lordship, who succeeded to the title on the decease of his father in 1788, held for many years a high diplomatic situation, and represented in Parliament, at different times,

the county of Surrey and the Borough of Guilford. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by Fletcher Norton, Esq. eldest son of the late Hon. F. Norton, Esq. Senior Baron of his Majesty's Court Exchequer, in Scotland, who was his Lordship's second brother.

14. At Wimbledon-house, Surrey, the lady of Sir William Beaumaurice Rush.

— In Wimpole-street, aged 10, Henrietta, daughter of the dowager Lady Knatchbull, and the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. of Mersham Hatch.

15. In Upper Gloucester-street, Regent's Park, Mr. John Debrett, formerly an eminent Bookseller in Piccadilly, and Editor of the "Peerage," and "Baronetage," and "Parliamentary Papers." Mr. Debrett also published a work, entitled the "New Foundling Hospital of Wm."

16. In York-street, in her 75th year, Lady Bloxam, relict of Sir Matthew Bloxam, who died on the 16th of the preceding month.

19. In Norfolk-street, Strand, Mr. G. Tralles, Professor of Astronomy in the Royal Academy Berlin.

— In his 69th year, Wm. Lewis, Esq. of Lyenhouse, Stamford Hill.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Grey Abbey, Edinburgh, Mrs. Agnes Beck, aged 104.

At the seat of his sister, the Countess of Selkirk, in St. Mary's Isle, James Wedderburn, Esq. His Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland.

At Elgin, James M'Andrew, Esq. late of London, and formerly of Lisbon.

At Hamilton, Robert Burns, Esq. of Westport, Bothwell, in his 65th year. This gentleman was the fourth pupil of the celebrated Mr. Braidwood, of the Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb Institution.

IN IRELAND.

Hans Hamilton, Esq. M.P. many years Representative in Parliament for the county of Dublin.

The Hon. Lady Anne Jocelyn, sister to the Earl of Roden, aged 24: her remains were interred in the family vault at St. Nicholas, Dunkeld.

At Moor Park, near Kilworth, in the county of Cork, in his 53d year, Stephen, Earl of Mountcashel. He succeeded his father the first Earl in 1790, and is now succeeded by his eldest son Viscount Kilworth, besides whom he leaves four sons and two daughters.

ABROAD.

At Almunia, Don Martin de Garey, Councillor of State.

M. Deselne, Sculptor to the family Bourbon Conde, whose monument of the Due D'Enghien was noticed in our last No. page 484.

At Venice, Oct. 12, in his 65th year, Antonio Canova, the illustrious Italian Sculptor. His obsequies were celebrated on the 19th, when a funeral oration was delivered by Count Cicognara.

At Marguise, near Calais, Richard Usher, Esq. This gentleman, who is said to have been one of the handsomest men in Europe, was killed by his gun going off accidentally, owing to the trigger coming in contact with a twig.

At Rome, Madame Letitia Buonaparte, mother of the late Ex-Emperor of France. The chief heir to her immense wealth is her grand-son, the young Napoleon: to her eight children now living, viz. Joseph, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, Caroline, and Hortensia, she has bequeathed 150,000 scudi (37,000*l.*) each; and to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, a superb palace fitted up in the most costly manner.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. C. Hatch, B.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, presented by the Provost and Fellows of that society to the perpetual curacies of Kersey and Lindsey, Suffolk, vacated by the death of the Rev. J. A. Trush.

OXFORD.—The Degree of Doctor in Divinity has been unanimously conferred in convocation on the Rev. J. A. Mills, B.D. of Magdalen College, Chaplain to his Majesty's forces in the Canadas, and now resident at Quebec.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. H. Godfrey, D.D. President of Queen's College, elected Vice-Chancellor of this University for the year ensuing.—Nov. 15, a Grace passed the Senate to confer the Degree of Doctor in Divinity, by Royal Mandate, on the Rev. D. Creswell, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College. The Beatonian Prize for the present year, has been adjudged to the Rev. E. B. Elliot, M.A. for his poem on *Antiochus Epiphanes*.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Collier, Compton-street, Brunswick-square; for improvements upon machines for shearing cloth.—Sept. 27.

W. Goodman, Coventry, hatter; for improvements in looms.—Sept. 27.

J. Bourdieu, Lime-street, London, Esq.; for improving the preparation of colours for printing wove cloths.—Sept. 27.

B. Boothby, iron works, Chesterfield; for an improved method of manufacturing cannon-shot.—Sept. 27.

J. Moxon, Liverpool, merchant, and J. Fraser, King-street, Commercial-road, engineer; for improvements in ship caboozes or hearths, and also for apparatus to be occasionally connected therewith, for evaporating and condensing water.—Sept. 27.

F. L. Fatton, New Bond-street, watch-maker; for improvements on watches or chronometers.—Sept. 27.

T. T. Benningfield, High-street, White-chapel, tobacco-manufacturer, and J. T. Beale, Christian-street, Saint George's in the East, cabinet-maker; for improvements on steam-engines.—Sept. 27.

J. Frost, Finchley; for a new method of casting or constructing foundations, piers, walls, &c.—Sept. 27.

J. Witcher, Helmet-row, Old-street,

mechanic, M. Pickford, Wood-street, carrier, and J. Whitbourn, Goswell-street, coachsmith; for an improvement in the construction of wheels.—Sept. 27.

S. Pratt, Bond-street, trunk-manufacturer; for improved straps and bands for the better securing of luggage.—Sept. 27.

T. Binns and J. Binns, Tottenham-court-road, engineers; for improvements in propelling vessels, and in the construction of steam-engines.—Oct. 18.

W. Jones, Bodwelty, Monmouthshire, engineer; for improvements in the manufacturing of iron.—Oct. 18.

S. Wilson, Streatham, Esq.; for a new manufacture of worsted.—Oct. 18.

U. Lane, jun. Lamb's Conduit-street, straw-hat manufacturer; for an improvement in the platting of straw, and in manufacturing bonnets, &c. therefrom.—Oct. 18.

J. Williams, Cornhill, stationer; for a method to prevent the frequent removal of the pavement and carriage-path, and for laying down and taking up pipes, &c.—Oct. 18.

J. Brindley, Finsbury, near Rochester, ship-builder; for improvements in the building of ships, &c.—Oct. 18.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 15 Nov.	Hamburg. 15 Nov.	Amsterdam 20 Nov.	Vienna. 6 Nov.	Nuremberg 11 Nov.	Berlin. 13 Nov.	Naples.	Leipsig. 11 Nov.	Bremen. 7 Nov.
London ...	25.40	37.11	39.7	10.7	fl. 10.0	7.1	—	6.19	612
Paris	—	20 ¹ / ₈	56 ¹ / ₂	119 ¹ / ₂	fr. 119 ¹ / ₂	83	—	80	17 ¹ / ₂
Hamburg .	182	—	34	146 ¹ / ₂	146 ¹ / ₂	153 ¹ / ₂	—	147 ¹ / ₂	133
Amsterdam	56 ¹ / ₂	104 ¹ / ₂	—	141 ¹ / ₂	141 ¹ / ₂	146 ¹ / ₂	—	142	128 ¹ / ₂
Vienna ...	250	148 ¹ / ₂	34 ¹ / ₂	—	40	103 ¹ / ₂	—	100 ¹ / ₂	—
Franckfort.	3 ¹ / ₂	148	34 ¹ / ₂	100 ¹ / ₂	100	103 ¹ / ₂	—	100 ¹ / ₂	111 ¹ / ₂
Augsburg .	250	148	34 ¹ / ₂	99 ¹ / ₂	99 ¹ / ₂	103 ¹ / ₂	—	100 ¹ / ₂	—
Genoa	472	82	87 ¹ / ₂	61 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig ...	—	148 ¹ / ₂	—	—	99 ¹ / ₂	103 ¹ / ₂	—	—	111 ¹ / ₂
Leghorn ...	511	88	94 ¹ / ₂	56 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	535	30 ¹ / ₂	42	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz	15.75	93 ¹ / ₂	100 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	432	—	80 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15.75	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	16	95	101 ¹ / ₂	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ...	535	30 ¹ / ₂	42	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Nov.	Breslaw. 6 Nov.	Christiania. 2 Nov.	Petersburg. 1 Nov.	Rien. 4 Nov.	Antwerp 15 Nov.	Madrid. 6 Nov.	Lisbon. 26 Oct.
London	151 ¹ / ₂	7	72	9 ³ / ₄	10	40.2	38 ¹ / ₂	53
Paris	79 ¹ / ₂	—	40	104	—	¹ / ₂	16.5	522
Hamburg	146 ¹ / ₂	152 ¹ / ₈	187 ¹ / ₂	9 ¹ / ₂	9 ¹ / ₂	34 ¹ / ₂	—	40
Amsterdam .	141 ¹ / ₂	146	176	9 ¹ / ₂	10 ³ / ₄	195	—	44
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	820